



Bailey Vs Siew

Dirty Boxing at the Valkyrie

Siew: The next match-up will Be a brutal debut match for Siew and Bailey. Most of the rules out the window and humiliating stakes for the fighters on each knockdown until one of these to hellcats can no longer continue. I walk out of the back wearing a white silk robe, my tapped feet, and ankles and my 6oz red gloves visible as I make my way to the ring "Fighting out of the red corner. Making her way to the ring first, standing 5'8 and weighing in at 132lbs... In her debut match...SIEWWWWW".... I step up into the ring walking a few paces to the middle of the ring looking out at all the spectators. I try to keep a cool appearance despite the butterflies in my stomach I pull open my robe revealing a tiny red thong bikini before heading to my corner and

setting my robe out of the ring. my 36DD breasts looking like they will burst out of my top...I lean back to the corner as I wait for my sexy opponent...

Bailey: I saunter down the aisle, taking bouncing steps, my 36Ds wiggling deliciously with each step. Siew is ... dangerous. Iniquitous. Delicious. But I'll be damned if I'm going to let her walk out of here... "And her opponent, in the blue corner, standing 5'5, 113, also debuting here in the Valkyrie Club, BADASSSS... Bailey HIIIRRRRSSCHHH!!" I'm already in my metallic blue cheekies and matching top, royal blue gloves matching. I opted to walk down without any adornment, giving the fans plenty of bounce for the ounce, biting my lip as I step up the steel staircase, and bending under the top rope, and blowing Siew a kiss... before walking back to my corner... it's time...

Siew: I like my lips as I see you heading to the ring. My body twinges as I look your body over as you step through the rope into the corner opposite me... I stare daggers at you from across the ring as my eyes lock with yours... I tap my small gloves together a few times... Whap. whap. whap... my nipples visibly hard in my top. As the bell finally rings... I show my eagerness to get to beat this beauty into the ground. raising my gloves in a guard and moving straight to the middle of the ring extending my right glove out offering you to tap it...one last show of civility before this starts...

Bailey: One last... I extend my left glove and pop your extended leather. It's the cessation of civility, the commencement of assault. It's one last way of us letting the other know, "point of no return..." I shift and shuffle, light in my feet. I'm breathing well, guard up, chin tucked behind... you're taller. You've got me in overall size... so I've gotta use my speed. I keep circling with you, our orbits decaying steadily as we close in... I snap out with a left, left jab combo, high, looking to see what your defenses are...

Siew: you tap my glove and that sets up into motion... I watch your body glide over the ring on your toes and we draw back into each other...as I see you moving your left darts out at me high my right hand comes up and I twist slightly taking the jabs in the arm...then turning to square up with you as my left comes in low for your ribs and as my body twists for the punch I lean to shift my weight as my whip my right foot at your knee. ..

Bailey: I'm bouncing about as you intercept my jabs... kinda figured you'd have done that; you're not here because you stand still and just soak up abuse. Yet... but that left arcs in, my guard only barely absorbing it. Your kick? Yea I wasn't looking for that one... I see it coming in, last minute, and take the full brunt of your attack, feeling needles stabbing up and down my thigh and tingling into my toes... With your leg outstretched, I grit my teeth, and crank into a nasty right hook, aiming for your side, just under the ribs, and then snapping a left jab toward your nose... god that kick...

Siew: I grit my teeth hard as your right smashes into my side below my ribs...my tits bounce as my body jerks to the side... your punch was hard and the dull pain radiates up my side... you jab pops in and my head jerks back... I growl as my hand cups my nose for a moment...my guard

coming back down... "You're going to pay for that bitch" I hiss just loud enough for you to hear... I want to hurt you and I want control and I get an idea...I take a deep breath and then dart forward at you...my right hand cocked back as I move in quick, my fist flinching like I'm going to punch for your cheek. trying to get your guard to raise as I move in close to you, set my left foot, and try to drive my right leg forward. the point of my knee aiming for your womanhood...

Bailey: I narrow my eyes when your threat is leveled and I bounce back, shifting light and on the balls of my feet. When your arm flinches, I'm already out of range... but that's not even the real danger. The real fun comes when you flick that right knee forward. Ooohhh you'd just LOVE to see my vulva turned into strawberry preserves... I twist my hips, and take that strike to my right hip, feeling like you've channeled a car wreck into the point of your knee... my thigh twinges and knots up immediately... but at least I can still ostensibly bare children... I howl and hobble, circling back to my left... I just need you to step in a few more inches... I don't want to overextend on this but, sometimes I get a bit impatient and I just want to lash back out... in a flash, I've snapped my leading left jab out at your face, stepping into a right cross aimed for the same, and then crank my hips over a left arcing sidekick, aiming the ball of my foot for your navel...

Siew: "fuck" I mumble as my knee misses my intended target but still drives into your hip. I see you hobble back and I want to keep pressing you. so I bring my arms in and advance still. your left and right punches come in high but my guard is up though and I slap your jab down parrying it away and have to absorb your cross on my arm again...I feel confident as my defense works me in through your offense...but then you shift to the right quickly and out of my sight with my guard up high. I turn my head and drop my guard on my left to get my eyes back on you and I realize your gambit... your foot slams across my belly and my hips pop back from the force doubling me over some as the breath is knocked out of me by the force of your kick...I thought I remembered someone saying you were a kicker in high school...I step back with my right hand holding my stomach as I cough hard my left up. ...

Bailey: That reinvigorated me... I don't know what it says about me, but hurting someone is a balm for my body and mind. There... maybe something wrong with me... I get my stability under me again and press my advantage. I step in, leading with a right jab this time, double-tapping the blue leather at your face, then stepping in behind a nasty left hook, raking it low to high... god I want that liver so bad I can taste it...

Siew: you jab with your right and I'm glad in that moment my left is still up and able to absorb them but they still have me on the retreat. I see you step in as my right is finally coming up again as I take deep breaths. I move to block your left but as I'm still a bit breathy I miss my block and your left slam hard into my side over my liver..."Ouuuuugggg" I twist and try to throw my left hand at your chest as I try to back up hoping I can flatten your tit but really just needing to keep you back as my body reels from your attack on my core...

Bailey: Your left cuts through my defense (to be honest, I wasn't expecting you to throw like that ...) and I paid for it, my right breast smashed, and nearly beaten free of my top... I grit my teeth,

and try to mentally suppress the nausea... swallowing hard, I track your retreat, and something in me lashes me on to pursue you. So I step in, gloves up, breathing deeply... and offer a nasty right side kick, aiming for the meat bundle of your upper thigh, aiming to crack that flesh and steal your speed and power... I follow it up, loading a nasty left cross, aiming for your solar plexus... I want to keep bodying you into oblivion

Siew: your kick chops into my thigh making me stumble a bit in trying to get some distance the stumble has me missing my blocks again as your glove smashes my solar plex...the blow pushing my breath out again but worse this time as the impact feels like it's paralyzed my diaphragm. I know I can't run from you at this point so I try to change directions and lunge forward at you, my arms shooting out wide for a moment as I try to wrap down your arms, my chin going to your shoulder as I try to tie you up with a clinch...Then while in close I try to get dirty again and lift my knee up into your crotch while we are in close. ..

Bailey: Cornered animals are the worst... the fucking worst. You lunge in at me and wrap me up, your arms cinched around me tight; maybe it's your size advantage, but I can seem to break your grip in time enough to -

It... feels like someone took a railroad spike and drove it into my pubic bone... the knife to the system that you just delivered is horrendous. My plum doesn't stand a chance, and you pulp my already swollen sex with a rising knee strike that will have me walking with a limp for a week... the effects are immediate... my eyes clamp shut, my jaw drops open, and a guttural, hoarse cry ripples from the pit of my being, chortling as my trachea rattles from the sheer volume... my body jolts a good two seconds after the blow, still feeling the hellish aftershocks...

Siew: I feel my knee Land as a wave of satisfaction washes over me...I break the clinch as your moan of pain echoes like music to my ear...my face twisting in a cruel smile as I step back pushing you out to half an arm's length with my left on your shoulder. I step to my right as I raise my right hand and arc it over my shoulder and swing my overhand right down at your jaw as I step back from you...

Bailey: I mean, it's an open shot on goal. I'm still only vaguely aware that I'm in a fight, much less that you've aimed a fucking howitzer at me... my addled brain can't compute when your gloves fist detonated against my face and blasts my skull back a foot... even gloved, there is a sound of flesh on flesh, and when my head snaps back, the rest of my body follows in a grizzly arc, devoid of movement. My arms drift behind my body some, and as I slam into the mat, they sprawl out at my side

Siew: my fist smacks across your jaw...and I see that look in your eyes as your arms drop to your side and you fall to your back...I stand over you for a moment then looking over to your Wife blowing her a Kiss. as I walk back to my corner to start counting for you... I'm Acting strong and tough at the moment but really my abs and side are throbbing...I get to the corner leaning back as I start counting down slowly...trying to lean back into the corner to try and recover a bit... 1... my eyes scanning the room to see who all is watching... 2... I flick my eyebrows up at Remington again as I lean back... 3...

Bailey: Hard stop, what just happened would be considered assault if it had occurred anywhere but inside this rain. I lay sprawled out, basically not even on this plane of existence for what feels like an hour. When my eyes finally do flutter open, I roll to my front and begin pushing up to all fours. The count keeps rising, even though for this fight... Well, for this fight the first to knockdowns are a bit... Different. They're a bit... Special. The count keeps rising past four, 567, all the while I struggle toward the ropes, grabbing the middle, hanging there for a moment, as the count reaches eight... I pull myself up to a kneeling position by 9... but sadly, I am unable to get to my feet, in a place where I can adequately defend myself by 10... the count curiously shifts to 11... then 12 before I'm up... I sag against the ropes and glare at you... "so... what's it going to be bitch..."

Siew: you get up finally and that excites me even more than the rush I got knocking you down...I put my arms across my chest and then tap my chin making a big to-do of deciding... "you know what honey I think I wanna see those cute little titties of yours" I say and lean back...

Bailey: I scowl across the ring at you. My jaw is set, my face is red, but not with embarrassment. No, this is just raw, unadulterated anger. Getting to my knees, I slip my thumb in between my sweat-slicked tits, and snatch the royal blue top up in over my head, now locked in my gloved fist. As per the rules set down when we were both feeling more aroused than clear thinking, I place the garment in my mouth, and crawl to your corner, letting it flutter from my lips at your feet. "I'm going to immolate you..."
I crawl back to my corner and rest on the stool that's been offered for a moment, my eyes staring daggers into you... beating you won't be enough...

Siew: I lift up the bra as you drop it at my feet...a massive shit-eating grin on my face as I bend down and pick it up...letting you sit in the corner for a few moments as I awkwardly tie it to the ropes in my corner like a victory flag...then turning back to you..."okay girly let's say we keep it moving I got plans for you and for later" I say smugly...stepping out of the corner waving my gloves urging you to get back out here with me...

Bailey: Trash talk is all part of this. You take what you give. You let it roll off your back and you dish it out. But. Then there are times like this... times when... yea, there's no real comeback. There's nothing to say.
I slam my gloves together, and something swells inside me... the assembled warriors are anxious for a fight... well by god... let's give it to them ... I stride in, guard up, grin is paradoxically on my face. You know. The kinda wounded animal might have...

Siew: I know my shot knee was within the rules that we set...but being the one to cross that proverbial line means I know I should expect retaliation. You tap your gloves and stride out with a confidence that betrays the results of the last round... I raise my guard and welcome your reentry to the fight...I move towards you as I get closer, snapping a couple of light right jabs at your face and then twist with a low left kick at your leg...

Bailey: I bounced in, focusing, everything outside the four ropes fades into a honey tinged echo; the lights, the fans, all of it. And here and now... it's just you. Trapped in here with me... I only barely manage to evade your jabs and take that left kick to my thigh as recompense. It seizes the muscle-up and makes promises of future pain; for the duration of this fight, and even more tomorrow... and probably through the next few days. But I manage to plant and flinch a left jab, the one I've been leading with through this fight... hoping you take the bait, I rip off with a nasty right uppercut, aiming for just right at your thong line... twisting into the blow, and then swiping a left leg up, aiming for your ribs... I want you to feel like you're toting around a torso full of cherry pip filling by the time I'm done with you...

Siew: you move in and as I set my foot from the kick your left glove flies at my face, a punch I've blocked all night so far but I don't realize it's a setup as your right sinks into my lower belly...I can feel your glove rattling my womb and washes me with a wave of nausea as my guts seem to curl inside of me...my arms drop fortunately this top co holds my lower belly and my right arm takes your kick right below the elbow...absorbing most of the impact...I try to raise my right arm to try and hook your leg while it's in the air still...it lands too low on my arm to get a grip but enough to stale your let returning to the ground. I twist to my right my left trying to hook into the inside of your left breast as your leg drops back down...

Bailey: I feel you rip into my bare, tanned meat, the tearing, the bludgeoning is... Gawd awful. I wince as your glove slices in, swatting the orb about and spraying the near side of the crowd with my sweat... I wince from the blow, freezing for a moment as I glisten in a cold sweat. My left leg posts... and I cover myself, my heaving bust feel likes you've taken a club to it... my eyes narrow, but the curl of my smile is intact... as I lunge back in, snapping a left, right combo for your head, then cranking a right hook, aiming for your flaring ribs...

Siew: I get my guard up for the left, but the right catches me on the cheek. My head sways to the right and your fist slams into my ribs causing my body to lurch back to the left...my guard dropping on the left to protect my ribs... I step back kicking left then right at your lead leg as I get some breathing room between us...

Bailey: I feel my shots register up my arms, especially that right into your ribs... Que Bella... I see the wince, the contortion of your face, I hear the crowd response... You're tough. You can handle it... when you lash out with your left kick, I half to step back, not trusting my leg just yet. Your right? I lift my own leg to check it; bone on bone, and that hurts about as bad as you can imagine... but hell. At least it hurt you too. And to that end, I fire on your back, lashing my right out toward your thigh again; I want to pound that leg. I want to abuse it. I want you to whimper every time you walk on it tomorrow, from your bed to the bathroom, and back... a moment later, I strafe at your body, slinging around left hook; I'm hoping with the kick low that your guard is open enough to allow my glove to hammer into the side of your right honey slick breast...

Siew: My face grimaces as you check my right kick...not entirely used to the feeling I limp back making me a slow-moving target for your kick to hammer onto my thigh..."fuck" I groan as I can feel the muscle in my thigh twisting around painfully inside. my right hand dropping to my thigh

as I lean to the side trying to massage the cramp in my leg your kick caused...As I lean down you slide to the side, your glove slamming into the side of my breast..."BITCH..." I shriek as my tit bounces across my chest...my nipple peeking out as it settles from its bouncing... I pivot back on my left leg trying to turn my right side away from you having to put my left side forward. ..

Bailey: Your right side is in some visible peril, as evidenced in your limp, your grimace... I can smell it on you. That agony. That hated pain. I stepped in, loading up my job, Lancing out two lefts before I load and fire off a right side hook; I want to tag the hinge of your jaw if I can, stepping into the blow and swinging with all my might

Siew: With my right side hurting my guard isn't what it was at the start of the match...I eat the whole bouquet of leather that you serve up. The Hook to the jaw puts me on my heels and leaves me stumbling back several steps, wincing every time I have to move my right leg. depositing me near the ropes staggered and getting desperate again...

Bailey: Desperate, while fun, maybe where I WANT you... but not where I wanna keep you... I strafe in on you, thumping my gloves together, and flashing a right jab high, hoping to draw your guard up... then slicing out with a left leg kick... again, I want to bludgeon your massive muscle group there... and psychologically open you up and see what kinda candy spills out...

Siew: I step into the block on the jab...but I see your kick coming...I don't have a lot of choices. I have to throw myself back to dodge your kick to my sore leg... I feel the ropes on my back..."shit" I think to myself, I got to get to a better position I know...I lean out trying to throw out a straight right at your tits to get you back so I can try to circle to my right to get off the ropes. ..

Bailey: Choices... choices... I opt to eat the right... it's not a fun one to make... but I can afford to take some risks. Your right jab snaps into my breasts, whipping them to the sides, and snapping the sweat off them in a slough... I grunt through the pain, but cut to the left, trying to intercept you as you retreat, snapping two left jabs, hoping to hem you in, and slow you down, then flashing a front snap kick... aiming my shin for the soft, pillowy confines of your mons...

Siew: My breast shot lands and I think I have a shot to escape but you suddenly shift in front of me again and jabbing at my head my hands come up to block giving me half step to take back but then your foot flashes up and I down have the time to react as I watch it snap into my crotch...my face clinching in pain. my hips shot back and I stumble back into the corner..."OOOoohhh Bitch" I scream as I stumble back into the ropes my hands down clutching my mound as I slide back into the corner holding my womanhood...

Bailey: There may... be something wrong with me... I shouldn't get this aroused beating another woman into marmalade. And yet... I snap two left jabs high, then rip loose with a right hook, aiming low, going for the panty line, before I slice a nasty left uppercut... I'm pouring my energy into these blows... hopefully it translates as gas onto the fire of your will

Siew: my pussy throbs from your hard kick and with my hands clutching my pussy in the corner...I'm in a bad spot...my head snaps back. my right hand moving up to guard my face when your fist sinks in over my womb again. dropping the right hand again before your left under my chin rocks my head back and drops me to my knees then falling to my knees and elbows in front of you...gasping and my head foggy...

Bailey: I lean over your prone body, spitting on the back of your head... and whispering a sweet Lil nothing... flipping my lank hair over my shoulder, and stalking to my corner... I sit down and rest my arms over the middle ropes, legs crossed at my knees, sitting like a fucking queen. On her fucking throne. My left foot bounces lightly... licking the corner of my mouth... and purring... "When you're able to remember what your name is... come bring me that bra that's now my property... and put it at my feet...

Siew: I groan on the ground holding my head and my crotch on the ground...I take a moment to breathe hard...taking several moments before I raise up sitting back on my heels...my gloves massaging on my right thigh for a moment as I look across the ring at you sitting like a boss... I grumble on my knees and hook my thumbs into my top and lift it up over my head exposing my breasts. I put the bra in my mouth and start the long crawl across the ring...coming up to you my eyes looking at you with hate and a bit of desire I spit it out into your lap then turn and crawl back to my corner...sitting on to the stool for a moment trying to take as much time to massage my right leg with both hands...

Bailey: I savor it, the sight of you humbled, penitent even :wink: crawling like a whore across the ring. The fans erupt into a sea of cheers, the whole scene is bedlam. But it goes deathly quiet when, after watching your tight tush wiggle and wriggle back over to the opposite corner, I lift the discarded bra... and drop it outside the ring on the floor... it's mine. I just want to dishonor it... And with that, I stand up in my corner, slamming my gloves together... "Now then... let's see if we can't get those bottoms off of you next... " I giggle, licking my lips and awaiting the bell...

Siew: you stand up and decide to start the next round. I steal an extra moment to massage my thigh as I stand up...my mind a roil of wrath I have for you. pushing up to my feet. and tapping my gloves. take a deep breath and head out to the middle of the ring to meet you...I crouch lower this time than I have in the last two rounds...I try to b line right for you...getting in arms reach of you I start trying to pop out lefts and rights fast...trying to swarm you into fighting from your heels. ..

Bailey: You storm in with all the caution and foresight of a drunken grizzly bear... I see you surging ahead and stride out to meet you, only to give up some crucial real estate once it's clear you're loaded for war. I bounce back, barely batting away a left... before kicking off my back foot and driving a left knee upward... hoping to sink it into your abdomen, and take some of the starch out of your panties, so to speak...

Siew: I'm swarming you up high trying to get you to lose ground. I see your feet set going for a kick...smiling as I know you're getting ready to go for the knee to the belly. my feet are set and

ready to go...Planning to jump on this grenade and as your knee spears up for my belly I straighten up to snap my shin up...trying to catch you in the womanhood with your leg up even if it means letting your strong leg slam into my belly again...

Bailey: Your shin snaps into my quim at something on the order of the speed of sound... I can't even tell if my knee strike landed... I don't know precisely what day it's, but if you have multiple choice, I might be able to pick out the proper spelling of my own name... that shot to my kitten... already swollen... already pulpy and thick with juice... it's just intolerable... I crumple like cheap laundry and fold into you... mewling as I arc, treating you to wrap around your shoulders...

Siew: your knee smashes into my belly and I double over gasping as you fold into me...Our breast pressing together our hard nipples brushing against each other...your hands wrap over my shoulders and despite needing to gasp for breath I think I made the right choice...My gloves holding your hips as your arms hold my shoulders...I take a few breaths and then push in with my left foot trying to pull your hips to me...my right knee driving up at your already hurting womanhood...

Bailey: It feels... juicy... full. It feels like it's swollen for all the reasons... you yank me into the hammering blow, pulling my body into the direction of a sledge blast... and when you do, my heels come up off the mat... and I christen your knee... what comes out of my mouth next isn't human... not really. It's too born and saturated in pain to be truly Homo sapiens. Something sub-human. Something more animal. The fans watching your back see my chin on your shoulder... they see my eyes go wide and then glaze... they see the drool form from my mouth... they see the moment you take my will and snap it across your knee... they see me hang limply on your body...

Siew: You may not notice this but as my knee lifts up and you scream my nipples actually get harder...you slump into me and I know I can either turn and let you drop or I can take advantage of being so close to your corner... I decide for the latter...my hands slide up your sides to your armpits and shove your back hard at the corner. Which I follow in close trying for quick 1,2 combinations for each of your breasts...before cupping your head and shoving you out of the corner to see if you stand...

Bailey: My breasts are knocked around, battered. You're taking liberties with my body and in here? If I can't stop you, no one will. They're... your liberties to take. I'm just processing through the nausea, when you tug me from the corner, and put on the single greatest no-brained in the history of experiments... when you leave my body to fend for itself... I slump, limp, and fall face-first to the mat... my head bouncing off the canvas as I skid... my god, it looks like something out of a crime scene...

Siew: PM I walk over to you and to return your favor from my knockdown I spit down on your back before leaning down to you "if you want more it's going to cost you those panties" I say as I walk to my corner still showing a limp from your work on my right thigh...sitting down on my stool in the corner and leaning back my legs spread as I stare at you...

Bailey: I take a long moment to get back up... it was a rough one. Could have been worse but... could have been a helluva lot better...

Laying on my back, I struggle out of the clingy fabric, and finally get them over my round ass, sitting up, and keeling them from my legs... I chomp down in between my teeth... and begin crawling toward you, my ripe vulva on display.

Siew: you crawl to me with your panties in your mouth...I lean forward as you get close. reaching out and grabbing your thong from your mouth. I look in your eyes as I raise them to my face and sniff them deeply..."Oh, excited sweetie well just remember our agreement when I knock you down next" I say with a wink as I lean back your panties dangling from the thumb of my glove while I wait for you to get back to your corner. ..

Bailey: I crawled back, grousing, angry... and probably concussed and definitely internally wounded... you're far too arrogant to be left standing. I gather myself as I get up to my stool, sitting on the wood, my naked ass feels hot, feverish when resting on the seat... I stare at the woman across from me... angry... controlled... and supremely desiring to end her trash-talking...

Siew: I stand up as you sit into the corner for a moment adding your thong to my trophies in the ropes..."Come on out sweetie the sooner I knock you out the sooner I can turn your horny ass into my slut" I say slamming my gloves together...my limp isn't nearly as bad as when I stepped out for the last round...

Bailey: I cleared my throat and stand grudgingly... This is turning into more of an ordeal than I'd guessed when I was just hanging out with you... but then again, I'm guessing you knew that... Slamming my gloves together, naked, and enraged... I come out toward you, engaging my guard, and striding out to meet you... okay... here we go then...

Siew: I move out to meet you my guard down at my side but I am lunging push kicks to keep you back, trying to look confident for a moment before raising my guard. I shift right and left as I start moving in. I try to dart in real close this time trying a short hook with my left and my right...trying to crowd in on you again, back in my normal ortho stance as I get close. ..

Bailey: You're flashing out those kicks... and I'm gun shy about getting anywhere near them. For good reason! I've been on the business end of a savage pussy beating from them... all damn fight it seems like... I bounce back out of range, probably you're intent from the start... as you load and then launch those hooks, I decide to use my legs more too... flinching on my left, and snapping a right sidekick, I aim for the inside of your left knee... maybe I've abandoned kicks too easily, and... I'd be out of my mind to take a tool out of my belt prematurely.

Siew: smmattt smmmaatt... my glove slams into your ribs...you flinch on your left and the still throbbing pain in my right thigh has me dropping my guard on the right and turning my knee out trying to check any kick that comes in...unfortunately for me with my right up your kick to my left buckles my knee...my eyes go wide in panic much more than pain...I try to get my right foot

down but end up stumbling back almost comically before my scrambling legs lose the race with gravity and dropping down on my butt with a bounce... my face turning red...I scramble back up..."That doesn't count I tripped" I yell...

Bailey: I lean down, and curl my left glove under your chin... leaning forward, pursing my lips... 'down is down bitch... " I hiss before I spit in your open mouth... and strut back toward my corner... on the far side of the ring... "In your mouth... like a proper whore... "

Siew: you say down is down and as I open my mouth to protest you spit straight into my mouth...my eyes go wide totally changing my expression to one of shock as my gloved hands both cup my mouth...sitting there for a moment in just a state of shock trying to process what just happened...After a moment I reached down and push my thong down over my broad hips...and shimmied them down my legs and off my feet. getting onto my hands and knees crawling and dropping my thong at your feet...my face still the same visages of stunned confusion as I crawl back to the other side of the ring to sit in my corner. ...

Bailey: I scoop the garment up and lift it just under my nostrils, staring at you and inhaling once I'm sure I have your gaze... "It smells like... cheap whore... " I giggle... once again nonchalantly tossing the thin, slick vellum of fabric over my shoulder. It's mine. Just like your self-respect is about to be... I sit and admire my handiwork, watching the thick line of cummy-drool sliding from your slit... "Making a mess on your stool, kitten... " I say, in a sing-song warning tone...

Siew: This time I sat for a moment before standing up..." Okay bitch... let's do this" I say tapping my gloves together...my hands moving up to the middle of the ring my hands up...eagerly waving you to get up out of the corner...

Bailey: I smile and rise from my stool... "Thought you'd never ask... er... beg... " I snap my gloves together, and trudge out, feeling myself, strong and fierce, angry and defiant. Sweat, and probably more than just a little hunny dribbles down our bodies... and as we close in, I forgo the normal caution, and drive a left, right, left, right combination up toward your face, wanting to keep you on the back foot... and aiming MY back foot, a left now, out at your thigh; GOD I want to own that leg of yours...

Siew: I'm re-focused now seething inside from the humiliation of you spitting in my mouth to stop me from talking... my right leg back as you come in my guard up like a Thai fighter blocking your flurry of fists taking half steps back as you press...I know your hunting for my right thigh... and I'm hoping for it I have a plan...as I see your hips twist step to my left lifting my right knee and leaning forward...trying to check your kick up just above your knee. ...

Bailey: Well... that hurt like a mother fucker... I feel the instant CLACK of bone on bone ... the jarring agony is hell on earth, and I step back onto that left leg, just glad to have the shin intact... "Awwww what's wrong?! Someone's leg hurting?! HMMMMMM?!" Sure, it's ham-fisted, but if it gets in your head... if it works, it works.

Siew: I smirk as I see you recoil. your ham-fisted taunt makes me chuckle a little. you step back ... my shin throbs but it's better than my thigh getting hit again...I step in. to you and my right leg flashes up like I'm going for your pussy again but as my foot swings forward gets a foot off the ground I snap it back to the ground. my dirty kick a feint as my hips pop back twisting me hard and trying to sling a wide left hook into your jaw as my body uncoils with my step back...

Bailey: You flash that kick out and I'm cranking my hips immediately. I CAN'T take another plowing to my bits... but you bring the foot back in and now I'm staring at your shoulders... you put that fake back down, and I watch you flinch, raking a nasty left up high... I won't absorb that... I can't deflect it... so I try to dive under it... feeling the leather of your glove rake across the top of my head, grazing my hair... but otherwise flitting off the top of my head harmless... and when I pop back up, I bring a right uppercut to bare, aiming for your left exposed undertit... wrenching my body into the shot as I try and ravage your femininity.
"

Siew: My left breast feels like it just exploded off of my chest as it bounces hard on my chest...Each following bounce as it settles back to the place is painful...I growl my left coming into my chest for a moment "you wanna tit box? fine with me" I say...I step in my right glove trying to hook into the outside of your left breast. then my left swinging up trying into the underside of your left breast again. ..

Bailey: Announcing your plans? To me?! Bad form :wink: I shuffle back a step, and when I see you loading up, ostensibly to make good on your threat, I bring my guard in, weathering a nasty storm, feeling your gloves hammers detonate against my arms on either side... and yea, the vicious blows knock my arms into my chest, battering my ladies around some... and that nice, delicious wide power base you're working... I snap forward, driving my right knee upward... I want to smush your leathery rose flat... I drill upward like I'm trying to bust your clit against your own pubic bone... driving off my back foot and slamming my knee out toward your pussy...

Siew: my face flushes as your knee slams into my honey pot, spilling a little as I double over hard as my body wrenches in pain...I stumble into you, my face smacking against your breasts and sliding down my hands wrap around your waist to hold myself, my knees turned inwards trying to close off my pussy..

Bailey: I wrap around your head, pressing you firmly in between my breasts. It's not technically legal? But it's far from strictly against the rules. Bullying you back, walking with you, your face in my cleavage; there's a delicious sensory deprivation that I'm going for hear... sight? Easy. HEaring? That takes a little more work. But if you love what you do, you'll never work a day in your life. I angle you back toward the ropes... and shove on your shoulders, hoping to sling you into the steel cables and trap my meal...

Siew: I moan into your chest as you grab my head leaving my nethers in hell and my face in heaven giving me conflicting feelings as you shove me back into the ropes. my arms catching the top ropes slumping down some. as I lift my head I see you stalking nearby...my pussy is throbbing but the moment you look like your close enough...I try to get you under the chin with a

front push kick as I use the ropes for support to hold me up knowing this is a high-risk high reward kind of situation...

Bailey: You lean back on those ropes... and that look in your eye tells me something is - FUCK! You whip that leg out at me, greedy, going for a head kick! Had it been to the body? Maybe I wouldn't have seen it. But you just had to get cute. Didn't you. I lean back, the ball of your foot slices the empty air... and I step in, grasping that leg... and holding it to my hip... "tsk tsk tsk... poor waddle girl named siew..." I hiss... and with your leg in my possession, I fire my own kick... the instep of my foot aimed for your syrupy loins... Drilling out toward you... striking like a viper... drawing that foot back in... and snapping out a second time... then a third... looking to bust your sex against your own pelvic girdle...

Siew: you catch my foot and my eyes go wide...my head shaking wildly as I see the spark of cruelty in your eyes...I go to say something to you but as I try to speak your foot smacks into my pussy...I start to recoil as you deliver a second that makes me bounce back into the ropes my heavy tits bouncing up and down my chest and to my horror as I start to fall you land a third launching my back up...your foot coming away covered in my honey as I collapse to the grounds gasping like a fish out of water as my whole body trembles on the ground desperately holding my pussy. ..

Bailey: I back away from you, watching you crumple like an aluminum soda can. The humane part of me would look on at this and be horrified. That's why I leave her out of the ring... I push you over onto your back... not tilting my chin... but instead just looking down with my eyes at your laid-out frame... and letting a mouthful of saliva dribble out and onto your face... "You look tired bitch..."

Siew: I lay moaning on the ground taking deep labored breaths as my hands rub and massage my hurting pussy...my face scowls at you as I work to get up to my knees again. taking me a few moments before I'm up on my knees...I know what we agreed to in order for me to continue the fight and I start crawling over to bailey...

Bailey: "Cmere... that's it, baby... come on over... no more hurting... just... I'll give you what you need..." Curling my glove to you, beaconing you. My thighs spread, and my plump, ripe pussy is on full display. MY vulva gleams in my own excitement as I watch you drag across the canvas. My arms rest on the middle ropes as I sit back on my stool...

Siew: I crawl up between your thighs, your sweet aroma filling my nose as my eyes lock on your inviting slit. I look up into your eyes for a moment from my hands and knees before leaning in and kissing up one of your thighs before my lips move over your pussy softly grazing your red lips my tongue teasing from back to front. and just as my tongue flicks over your clit I push my face into tight. my tongue plunging into you and I start lapping at your sweetness. ..

Bailey: My arms rest over the middle ropes as I watch you go to work. Your mouth it's... feverish and hot. Your tongue feels swollen as you slither inside me. My chest rises and falls as a blush

roils across my cheeks. My tummy trembles in a series of a couple of dozen micro flinches that pair up with every wriggle and thrust of your pink muscle. My jaw flutters open as I watch you work.

Siew: I know my plan...Pleasure my opponent while I get the chance to recover but leave her wildly aroused and unfinished...My tongue is licking up swirling around your clit yet every time it feels your beginning to tremble I stop and lower my tongue and lips your tease your plump lips...my hands reaching to your thighs and brushing my fingers over them lightly from every angle I can manage...

Bailey: I convulse like the victim of a botched exorcism. Hell, at this point I'm groaning like one too. I grip your wrists through gloves fists (still easier said than done) and lift your arms as I hump and grind against your face. The woodblock outside the ring announces there are only 20 seconds in the round break and... you're too bf just enough to bring me there... oh you devious -DING!!!- I slump back down to the stool, arms drape back down over the middle ropes and I retire into a puddle of juice and sweat on the stool... my belly knotted up, my thighs trembling. There's a delicious cramp in my dewy core... "get to your corner, you cunt..." I hiss...

Siew: I lean back as the bell sounds and smile as I look up at you slumping into your stool...I turn around and crawl back to my corner...my pussy still hurting but not nearly as much as it was several minutes ago... I climb up onto my stool and wipe some of your nectar still on my chin onto the knuckle of my right glove. ..

Bailey: The bell clangs and I bounce from my perch. Energy coursing through me. Frustration, a bit of fermented rage, it's all there. Slamming my fists together, I growl... "well let's get you back down so you can finish what you started..." stalking in on you with a will

Siew: I raise back up to my feet at the sound of the bell...you look... lively to say the least but I do see the bit of frustration in your eyes as you stalk in on me...I jab with my left a couple of times at your belly trying to get your guard down a bit before I throw a hard straight right at your mouth...the glove I wiped a bit of your nectar on..."Taste yourself bitch" I hiss...

Bailey: This isn't right. You're... supposed to be in awe at this point. And you're acting like YOU'RE the one who's dropped ME three times... I wince as that first left thuds against my slick belly... covering up that second... but then - CRACK - your right cross smacks me square in the lips and rocks my head back. My legs falter just for a second as I stumble back, and I shake my head, resetting my guard, and bouncing left. I slash a few left jabs as I drift and dance in that direction, and then plant, cranking into a nasty right hook. I'm anxious to lay leather to your lush, sweat-kissed body, and I want to punish your ribs a bit more before you get your second course of fine dining...

Siew: Your first jab landing before I can set my guard back up on my right side popping my head back. I get my left arm down not enough to block it but it does take a little bit out of the sting as your glove rocks me in the ribs...I grimace in pain from my sore sides but I can push on...my left

popping back up going for an uppercut under your right breast, my right following with a right for your jaw...I don't put a lot of effort into the right hook as I lift my foot and try to push into your belly trying to shove you back towards the ropes...right in front of your wifey. ..

Bailey: It's not like the right needed much on it, that uppercut rang my goddamn bell. The shot ripped my head nearly off my shoulders, set my ears to ringing, and my knees shaken. There's a euphoric warmth that comes with it, and I know well enough to know that it's not a good sign. The right skims off my arm, still a bit too stunned to block it outright... it's not... I wouldn't call it insult to injury, but it's definitely not doing me any favors. I don't see the push kick coming though, and you sling me into the ropes (a lot closer than I'd anticipated) But I can use this... the cables dig into my back, and snap me back out toward you. I'm shaky, there is an encyclopedia of things going wrong... but... this right hook could silence them. Slinging my weight behind the punch, and aiming for the hinge of your jaw...

Siew: You stumble back to the ropes my eyes fixated on you and as you bound back your right up I duck under and lunge...my right shoulder slamming into your tits as I bully you back to the ropes...leaning into you, my hips turned slightly not wanting to let you land one of those powerful kicks to my tender womanhood...as I lean into you my right glove moves down between your legs. I start using the thumb of my glove to massage your excited pussy...trying to finish off what I started during the break...as I try to work your pussy I look straight out of the ring and blow your wife a kiss.

Bailey: Oh my god, it's gruff and thick and it requires... forcing in. My lips bulge and spread open, and your glove thumb wiggles in, grudgingly allowing your entrance as I squirm and shudder... "This... This isn't... get... OUT!!" My voice sounds like a jilted lover kicking her ex out of the house... it sounds... plaintive... my gloved fists press against your shoulders... with your hips turned, I wonder if... I shove back on your chest, hoping you might just trip yourself up if I push hard enough...

Siew: you push on my chest and I have to reset my feet a bit but as I do I jolt my shoulder harder into your tits. my right glove rubbing and massaging your pussy trying to tease and stimulate your clit that I know is engorged right now...the gloves make me a little awkward though not really having a sense of touch to guide my hand but feeling pretty confident I know your body well enough to push you over the edge mid-round...my left hand wrapped around you to help hold you to the ropes I start tapping light hits into your side...my eyes locked on your wife as I smirk coyly at her. ..

Bailey: You're... hitting me inside and out. My attempt at a break was... I can't even think about it. You just shove me back across the ropes harder and plunge deeper inside me. My mind begins to scramble as you feel me... FUCK you fill me with that glove... I've never felt this sense of being so... occupied... My gloves rest on your shoulders, my head tilted back, jaw-dropping... along with droplets of my Hunny down your gloved fist... it's not that I don't feel the shots to my sides... it's just that they're like a spice... like... pepper flakes on Pad Thai...

Siew: my foot moves between your feet and kicks your legs out wider giving my hand more room to work your leaking pussy...My shoulder sliding up your chest and my sweat-soaked tits rub across yours's my nipples rock hard as my hand tapping at your side wrap-around sliding up your back and pushing forward on your head making your lips meet mine...my glove works faster between your legs as my tongue starts rolling and wrestling with yours...

Bailey: My arms flail their last resistance... and slump over your shoulders, the sweat aiding the abdication of resistance. I mewl into the kiss, drunk and disorderly... my hips, which managed to resist the urge to swivel and scrub, now ramp up into a full furor, taking your thumb inside me... feeling you stretch me... the burning is... delicious...

Siew: I feel your body starting to surrender to my molestation of your goddess figure...my ring hand pressing and pumping hard against you. I break the kiss and nuzzle against your neck for a moment before licking up your neck to your ear and in a slow husky tone, I say, "cum for me", before nibbling softly at your ear...

Bailey: "You... fuckin..." I seize and tilt my head away from your mouth... it all feels dirty. And wrong. I grit my teeth and plant my gloves on your shoulders again... pushing... blushing. I grit my teeth and try to create space... why won't she just. fight...

Siew: Obviously you have some sense in you still but as you start to push me away I pull my left from behind your back and slam it into your lower belly...removing my glove suddenly from your womanhood and grabbing your head between my forearms to reposition you down the ropes a bit into your corner... "fine you don't want to go down nicely then go down in a mess" I hiss at you before shoving the thumb of my right glove into your mouth to make you taste yourself...arching you back over the corner...

Bailey: You drill into my belly, rearranging my guts, pounding down to my fucking spine... It's the kind of blow you feel because when it hits your backbone it jolts the whole of your person, from toes to pain addled brain... my thighs clamp and squirm, my mouth hangs open... and that's really about all the invitation you needed before stuffing that glove thumb into my mouth, and feeding me my own quim... my eyes roll about in my head, my right arm raises up, barely over the plane of the top rope... and then it slumps back limp as I feel the last reserve of strength fail me...

Siew: my thumb shoved into your mouth making your arch back, your belly thrusting out as you arch...your arms falling limp I grind my left glove into your tight stretched belly before slamming down on your belly button... grind... and slam again...I pull my glove out of your mouth stepping back wanting to see the effects on you. ..

Bailey: You drive that glove into my core, and it's depleted. It's finished. I'd need some time to recover, and it's just not what you're willing to give me. When you blast your gloved hammer into my guts, air flies out, making my lips flap against your leather, my cheeks puffing out, my eyes rolling back and crossed... the second... it's horrific. The pain/pleasure receptors in my brain are

so addled, so drunk on the chemical cocktail that it's pickled in currently, that I can't tell one from the other... and as you kiss my umbilical scar off my spinal cord again, I spurt... and then erupt... right before you pluck that thumb from my mouth and let me support myself... for all of 2.37 seconds... until my ass slumps against the middle turnbuckle, and then bounces on the mat... arms slumped useless at my sides.

Siew — I moan as my leg is sprayed in your nectar as I watch you drop in the corner...my left glove wiping some of it off my thigh and looking to your wife before licking it off my glove...I start to bop across the ring to my corner licking my right thumb clean of the last drops of you as I leave you to writhe in a puddle of your pleasure...I sit on to my stool in my corner like it's a throne on the top of the world. my own pussy roiling with excitement wondering if it'll even take you minutes to get bathed in my excitement...

Bailey: My head rests on the pad of the middle turnbuckle, the thickly padded leather is slick with my leavings, and now, my lank mane has soaked it nearly up. I chug air in, and blast it out... my belly quivers in the aftermath of whatever amalgam of pain, ecstasy, and black magic you just wove around me. When my eyes finally do open, I just quint and stare up at the lights. No faces there. None that are catty and laughing, none that are concerned, none that are paradoxically blushing. No faces whose eyes dart from me to my opponent, back to me, and then linger on her... none of it. I let the ringing in my ears subside... and then, I decide the bill is due. And it's time to pay it. I begin to long crawl back across the ring, about halfway there, shifting my gaze from the blank canvas, up into your eyes. I'm. I'm a gumbo of all different emotions. I can't even tell what I am now. And as I arrive, my gloved hands press your knees open...

Siew: I smile as I see you come back to this realm of existence with the rest of us...Even more so as I start to watch your body slink and crawl slowly to me knowing you intend to continue..." come on baby...come here and worship me like I know you desire.." I say my gloves on my knees spreading my legs wider..."Come show your wives how much you desire me" I say before smirking out into the crowd watching. ..

Bailey: My mouth finds your vulva. My tongue slithers inside you, lashing at your warm, slick pussy, growling as I taste the arousal born off my agony. I press your thighs harder, spreading your sex open... my lips find your button, and I lash at her, beating her rotten with my tongue, fluttering against the nub, and then sucking it, as if I'm trying to uproot her...

Siew: my eyes go wide as if not expecting the fervor you would come you my wanting sex, and in truth, I wasn't expecting it...while I made sure to tease and try to leave you wanting you don't seem to come to me now with the same such plan as I would have expected...I slump down into the stool sliding forward and practically laying on it as I give you full access...my gloved hands reaching for the middle ropes... holding them as my hips flick and quiver and my moans ring out loudly through the arena...

Bailey: Not much time left. Already, I feel... vigor returning. My senses. My fire. When I catch view of your eyes, I flash you a coquettish wink, and growl with your fleshy pearl in betwixt my lips, screaming high, and then rattling my voice low... the fluctuation in vibrato can be felt in the third row, and that's not a euphemism... then my tongue darts out and I stab at the flesh peach pit... the nexus. The chakra. I wriggle and slither against your spot, anxious to ... spend you.

Siew: your mouth plays across my sex like a master musician playing their instrument...I moan loud and breathy. my hips writhe and gyrate against your mouth...my back starts to arch and my head throws back...my left hand moving to your head trying to hold you to my sex as I start to shake hard, I pop like a water balloon into your face...my scream of pleasure at the top of my lunges before drawing out slowly to low deep gasps. ..

Bailey: The woodblock clacks three times and I smear the back of my right glove across my face, wiping your filth from it. My eyes meet yours, and, now that yours are done rolling around like wayward marbles in your head, my gaze meets your own with a quiet rage. A restrained disdain. Pushing myself up from your cunt, I stalk back over to my corner and gently kick the stool out of the ring. Heaving, gathering air in huge lungfuls, my body seething. I have one goal. One delicious intent. I want to fucking retire you ...

Siew: My body is buzzing and I feel heavenly for the moment...I pull myself back up to a sitting position on my stool and brush my gloves over my hair to move it all out of my face... soon standing up...my legs shaky for just a moment as I tap my gloves together... fwap fwap fwap... "okay sugar enough games let's finish this" I say as my face shifts from post-orgasm glow to steely composure and cruel intent...raising my gloves and stepping forward...

Bailey: And, we're off. I'm gaining real estate, step by step, my guard up. My body is throbbing from the effects of this fight; I'll be in the bed for days, recuperating, but... having your self-respect in my portfolio will fill it out nicely, and I'm sure will knock a day or two off recovery. Opening up when I get in close, I snap a left, right combo, aiming both shots up high... and then I snap my left leg out, driving forward, and looking to plunge back into that restless quim... let's see how fast you bounce back...

Siew: I'm breathing heavily every bit of it being as much from excitement as from exhaustion...I come out knowing you're eager too...I've tried to change up my strategy every round so far to keep you on your toes...some have worked some have not...I know my plan for this round. I've been saving it this whole fight for the moment we both were running low...my guard up high to absorb your punches...when I see you set your feet for the kick I lift my left leg and cross my knee over trying to check your kick as you attempt to smash my freshly orgasmed box...when I set my foot back down I shot my left hand out trying to shove you back a few steps so I can take back a bit of the ring.

Bailey: You check my kick, and the rattle and surge that it sends up my leg are ungodly. It's like fire mixed with electricity, and a baseball bat to the shin... They call it the trifecta. You're not having it... yet. And then I pick up on what I perceive to be a slow left... I can't afford to find out

what you're doing, and I duck under what might be a jab or a nasty lead off hook? In any event, my feet are nicely set by the time you are stepping into the shove attempt, my head is submerging under the surface of your glove... and a moment later I pop back up, snapping a nasty right uppercut, aiming for your thong line... nearly jumping into the blow, and trying to ... repay you the kindness of your hospitality earlier...

Siew: you duck my shove attempt... fuck I should have used my foot to push you back...I think to myself as your leather slams into my lower belly...I can feel my womb rattling like a rung church bell inside my body...I try to punch down at your jaw just next to your ear trying to ring you hard enough to back you off as I double over losing the same ground I gained...I raise my guard back up fighting mentally on not doubling over as I continue to try and focus on defense looking for the right opportunity. ..

Bailey: I feel that egg scrambler rattle all the way up my arm... it's ... it's worth what happens next as you tag my jaw with an up close and personal counter, snapping my head a bit, and littering the mat with a fresh wad of my spittle. Not the first of my fluids on the canvas tonight... I growl and shake my head, rattled by that one... but you're a wounded tuna... and I'm a shark... I stalk toward your flagging frame, I snap a left, left jab combo up toward the face... and then flash a right front snap kick... drawing it back, I lash it out in a question mark kick instead, hoping to throw you off and crack against that bludgeoned left thigh...

Siew: My guard has been a fortress tonight against your left jabs...but it's been your follow-ups I've Struggled with tonight...the trend continuing so far...I keep your jabs out of my face when I see your foot snapping up and over at my thigh...I try to raise my leg to swallow the impact over as much of my left leg as possible...but as I lower my foot I step in on you and pop my hips to my right trying to launch forward a hard right cross at your face as I decide this is the moment to commit everything I have left into a strike. ..

Bailey: Again, nothing. That kick hits your guard and we both post... your right cross flashes out, and, nearing empty, I know it's time to go for broke... I manage to delve under you, ducking, and bobbing to my left and drilling a nasty right hook low... technically, it's probably aimed at your belly. But there are a lot of moving parts and... yea, I'll admit it's below the belt. Cranking my hips into the hook attempt, and popping back up a moment later, slicing upward with a nasty left uppercut, aiming for the point of your chin...

Siew: my eyes go wide as I realize you ducked my punch, you inside my guard in the worst way, and your hook splatters my dripping nectar...I start to double over when your love finds my chin...my head snapping up as I am lifted on my toes... the sound of the room disappearing and is replaced with the sound of a low buzz in my ears...I stumble back my arms at my side as I'm visibly punch drunk after having my head rung so solidly with your uppercut...

Bailey: And now. I'm enacting the end... I stride toward you, gloves suddenly the mass of Jupiter, your eyes are glazed, your body wrung with sweat... I rifle off a pair of hooks, a left, a right, each aiming for the opposing breast, looking to abuse your glands, and make your ladies

pay the price for self-defense in this ring where you were only meant to be my plaything... growling like an animal as I look to bully you back to my corner...

Siew: my breasts rip to the right and I moan stumbling back a couple of steps, then to the left. my gloves moving to my chest, my hands on the tops of my breasts, my forearms stopping them from continuing to bounce painfully around my chest...my back soon hitting the corner. ..

Bailey: Gloves up, gloves down... As you're shifting your guard upward, I lean in, and snap a vicious left jab high, and then step into a gawd awful right overhand, aiming for the gentle slope of flesh, just under your navel... When it's dry, I'm sure there is a little translucent Forest of peach fuzz trailing from just under your navel, to the foothills of your graceful mons... if so, I trust they're slicked with spit, and sweat... and hopefully crushed under my leather...

Siew: my head pops back twice, from your jabs, turning up the volume on the buzzing in my ears... it feels almost deafening now. your right sinking deeply into my lower belly-blasting my thicc ass into the turnbuckles partially seating me as my legs spay out wide and I lean overtaking in a deep gasp trying to replace the breath you knocked out of me...

Bailey: I step in and press you upright, my breasts slicked against yours, shimmying my shoulders until I bully your slippery ladies out to the side... my gloved fists dip down and hook under your wrists and sling your arms over the top ropes... you won't need those anymore... I'm no longer allowing you to defend yourself... I cup my gloves behind your head and crank it down... whatever comes next, I want you to have the finest seat in the house for it... Shuddering as I replay the horrors of the match through my mind...

"Remember this, bitch?" I growl, dragging my leg back, and driving my right knee forward, into your plump, glistening sex... it's wet... and thick... and I feel it plump and bulge against my thigh... I drive up into your pelvic girdle... it actually aches in my bone with I drill you... I draw my thigh back again, a thick line of bitch juice stringing from my leg to your quim... and I pound in once more... if there's a hell, I want it to feel like a spa resort compared to this...

Drawing my thigh back... Your syrup is stuck to my skin... It felt like chewed bubblegum when I smashed it that second time... I wonder if it will be ripe, warm custard now? I drive my anvil of a thigh back in, attempting to snap your tailbone off by way of your raging twat... if your womb manages to bear children, it won't be for lack of me trying... And then I hold it in. I grind it in... planting my foot on the bottom turnbuckle... breathing the scent of your busted sex in through my nostrils... and lurching as I lift your body on my thigh, planting my sole on the second turnbuckle now... and you're hung there, crucified by your cunt...

"Tell the nice people g'night, Siew..." Cranking my head forward, I drill my forehead into the bridge of your nose... holding you still... And then letting your husk drape back over the top of the corner post. Watching you flinch and convulse... your body is... useless for now. I hear the faint putter patter of drool seeping from your sex-hole. "Leave her there. Let her find her own goddamn way off..." I hiss, walking from the ring, not looking back... my tone is brusque and possessed... As I straddle the middle rope, I turn back and look at you all, "Oh, and... if anyone wants to start the count, that'd be dandy!" And just like that... my tone is back to sugar-can't-melt-in-my-mouth sweet...

