

Pride

The Parade

The morning sun cast a golden glow over Helsinki, its rays shimmering off the calm waters of the nearby harbor. **Alexandra Paul, Zendaya, Hanna-Maria Seppälä, and Victoria Justice** had just arrived at the **Senate Square**, the heart of the city, where the **Helsinki Pride 2024** parade would soon commence. The square was already a tapestry of color and sound, with an estimated 100,000 people gathering.

Alexandra, tall and slender, stood out effortlessly. Her pixie



haircut framed her face with an edgy elegance, and she flashed a bright smile at Zendaya. Zendaya's pixie haircut was tousled just right, a playful nod to the day's festivities.

While the others were wearing bright, rainbow colored attires, Hanna-Maria had gone the opposite way, wearing mostly white. Despite her plain attire, Hanna-Maria stood out from the crowd - her radiant smile, her long blonde hair and her muscular build did not go unnoticed.

Victoria, wearing a rainbow bra, moved with a grace that belied her athleticism. Her long black hair cascaded in waves, framing her beautiful face and adding a touch of elegance to her bold style.

◀ **Hanna-Maria Seppälä**

Victoria Justice ▼

As they mingled with fellow parade-goers, the square's atmosphere grew electric. Rainbow flags fluttered in the breeze, and the chatter was a mix of different languages, laughter, and the occasional cheer. People of all ages, backgrounds, and identities were there, united by the common thread of love and acceptance. Children ran around with painted faces, their giggles melding with

the beat of the music playing from the various speakers scattered throughout the square.

Hanna-Maria and Victoria, hand in hand, smiled as they took in the scene. Nearby, Alexandra and Zendaya, standing close, exchanged affectionate kisses.

The parade was set to start in just a few minutes. The crowd's chatter subsided into a collective hush as the first notes of a vibrant tune started to play. The music swelled, a signal that the celebration was about to begin.



The four friends, along with the thousands of others, began to move. The parade's route along **Aleksanterinkatu**, winding through the city's heart, awaited them, and the journey to **Kaivopuisto Park**, their final destination, was about to unfold.

The air was electric as the Helsinki Pride 2024 parade, now swelling to its expected 100 000 strong, began to move from Senate Square. The parade led off with marching bands, and dancers, all enveloped in a sea of rainbow colors.

Alexandra and Zendaya, hand in hand, walked close to the front together with Hanna-Maria and Victoria. The rhythmic beats of the music echoed through the streets, encouraging everyone to move to the infectious tempo.

As the parade progressed along the streets, the atmosphere became even more jubilant. Zendaya, ever the playful spirit, suddenly scooped Alexandra up in a cradle carry. Alexandra laughed in surprise, wrapping her arms around Zendaya's neck.

"Zendaya, put me down!" Alexandra exclaimed, though her smile and laughter betrayed her delight.

"Not a chance!" Zendaya teased, carrying her love effortlessly.

Nearby, Victoria and Hanna-Maria watched with amusement. The parade had stopped for some reason so Victoria grabbed Hanna-Maria's hand and pulled her into a spontaneous dance.

"Come on, Hanna! Let's show them what we've got!" Victoria said, twirling around gracefully.

Hanna-Maria laughed, trying to keep up. "You're too fast for me, Victoria!"



Zendaya ▲

▼ Alexandra Paul



Zendaya, still carrying Alexandra, called out, "Hey, Vic! Let's have a dance-off!"

Victoria winked at Zendaya. "You're on!"

The two experienced dancers began to showcase their moves, drawing the attention of the crowd. Victoria's elegant spins and precise footwork were matched by Zendaya's energetic and dynamic style. Alexandra, still in Zen's arms, was squealing until Zendaya put her down.

Alexandra and Hanna-Maria, less graceful but equally enthusiastic, attempted to join in. Alexandra, now back on her feet, moved to the beat with a playful awkwardness that only made her more endearing. Hanna-Maria, with her athletic build, opted for strong, rhythmic movements, matching the energy of the music.

The sight of the two couples dancing—two of them skilled and fluid, the other two charmingly clumsy—brought smiles and laughter to everyone around them.



After a while, breathless and exhilarated, the group decided to rejoin the parade procession. They linked arms and continued down the route, the music and cheers carrying them forward.

45 minutes later as they approached Kaivopuisto Park, the final destination of the parade, they could see the park filled with even more people waiting to continue the celebrations. The park was a vibrant tapestry of colors, laughter, and love, ready to welcome the parade's participants.

As the parade reached its conclusion at Kaivopuisto Park, the friends were greeted by a festive scene. The park was alive with music, food stalls, and various activities, with people scattered across the green spaces.

◀ **Chyler Leigh**



The Park

Alexandra, Zendaya, Hanna-Maria, and Victoria wandered through the park, soaking in the joyous atmosphere. The sun was still shining brightly, casting a warm glow over the sprawling celebrations. They decided to grab some drinks and find a spot to relax and enjoy the music.

While navigating through the crowd, they suddenly spotted two familiar faces. **Chyler Leigh**, with her striking red pixie haircut and attire that displayed her washboard abs, was chatting animatedly with **Jessica Alba**, who looked effortlessly stunning with her long, flowing hair. Rumors had been swirling about their relationship for a long time, but it had only been confirmed this Midsummer and this was their first public appearance together.

Chyler was wearing denim shorts and a colorful sports bra that showed off her toned abs. Jessica, equally athletic, wore a chic yet casual ensemble: a sleeveless, form-fitting tank top with a pair of stylish jeans and comfortable sneakers.

"Look over there... Chyler Leigh and Jessica Alba!" Alexandra whispered, nudging Zendaya.

"It sure is," Zendaya replied with a grin. "Let's go say hi!"

The four friends made their way over, as they approached, Chyler noticed them and her face lit up. "Hey! Alexandra, Zendaya!" Chyler greeted warmly, pulling her stablemates into a friendly hug. "We were hoping to find you here!"

Jessica smiled, extending her hand. "Nice to see you all here! Enjoying the parade?"

"Absolutely," Hanna-Maria said, ignoring the hand and pulling Jessica into a hug. "It's been amazing. And it's great to see you both here."

Jessica Alba ▶





Victoria, ever the social butterfly, chimed in, "We didn't know you two would be here... Together."

Chyler and Jessica exchanged a quick glance, their smiles broadening. "We decided it was time to stop hiding," Chyler said.

"Even though I will miss the excitement of our secret rendezvous," Jessica added.

"Who says we have to stop?" Chyler said with a laugh.

Zendaya, always playful, nudged Alexandra. "Looks like we're not the only ones making headlines! And stop staring at Chyler's abs!"

As the sun began to set, casting a soft golden light over Kaivopuisto Park, the group settled down on a grassy spot for a picnic. They unpacked an assortment of snacks and drinks they had gathered from the various food vendors.

As they ate and talked, they enjoyed the various performances happening on the nearby stage. A live band played and people danced around, adding to the atmosphere.

At one point, Chyler and Jessica took to the dance floor, their chemistry evident as they moved together effortlessly. Alexandra and Zendaya joined them. Hanna-Maria and Victoria watched, capturing the moment with their phones.

The afternoon turned into early evening, and the park was still buzzing with activity. Food vendors served delicious treats, and the sound music filled the air.



The Wrestling Match

The atmosphere was perfect, with the gentle hum of live music in the background and the laughter of people enjoying the festivities.

Alexandra and Zendaya lounged comfortably, talking and occasionally feeding each other bites of food. Chyler and Jessica sat nearby, completely lost in each other.

Victoria and Hanna-Maria, both naturally competitive and playful, were in high spirits. As they finished their meal, Hanna-Maria suddenly turned to Victoria with a mischievous glint in her eye.

"Hey, Vic," she said, nudging her girlfriend. "Feel like a little wrestling match?"

Victoria grinned, her eyes sparkling. "You're on, Hanski. But you do remember that I usually win, right?"

Hanna-Maria laughed, already getting to her feet. "We'll see about that!"

The others looked on as Victoria and Hanna-Maria cleared a small space on the grass. Chyler, Jessica, Alexandra, and Zendaya all scooted closer to watch, eager to see the match unfold.

The two women squared off, playful teasing each other. Victoria, with her athletic build, moved with a confidence that came from winning most of their previous matches. Hanna-Maria, equally muscular, was undeterred, her long blonde hair tied back to keep it out of her face.

They circled each other for a moment, sizing each other up. Then, with a playful growl, Hanna-Maria lunged at Victoria, aiming to take her by surprise.

Victoria laughed and deftly sidestepped, grabbing Hanna-Maria around the waist and throwing her down onto the grass. They rolled together, laughing and struggling for dominance. Victoria always made sure their matches were fun and safe, never pushing too hard.

Hanna-Maria managed to break free for a moment and tried to pin Victoria down, but Victoria's experience and strength quickly came into play. With a swift but gentle maneuver, Victoria flipped Hanna-Maria onto her back and pinned her shoulders to the ground.

"Gotcha!" Victoria said triumphantly, grinning down at her girlfriend.

Hanna-Maria laughed breathlessly, accepting her defeat. "Alright, alright, you win this time. But I'll get you next time!"

Victoria helped Hanna-Maria to her feet, giving her a quick kiss. "You put up a good fight, as always," she said affectionately.

Hanna-Maria smiled, wrapping her arms around Victoria. "And you're still the strongest," she said, her voice filled with love and admiration.

The group settled back down on the grass. They continued to enjoy the music, the company, and the beautiful evening.





Midsummer

A week before the Helsinki Pride parade, a group of UUC fighters from various stables had once again gathered to celebrate the Finnish Midsummer, a magical time marked by the midnight sun, the beauty of the lake, the warmth of the sauna, and the glow of the midsummer bonfire. The atmosphere was festive, with food a plenty, music, dancing, and laughter filling the air.

The partiers included fighters from ***Raccoon, Hayden's Powergirls, Hellfire, Badass Barbies*** and others. It was a perfect night, full of joy and celebration. [Would it be any](#) different [from last year?](#)

The girls had enjoyed a series of walks through the forest, savoring the natural beauty and tranquility of their surroundings. This time, their navigation skills had improved, and no one had gotten lost, a welcome change from previous outings. They filled their days with a variety of activities: playing lively games of beach volleyball, their competitive spirits evident, and swimming in the refreshing, clear waters of the nearby lake.

Their meals were plentiful and satisfying, complemented by ample supplies of alcohol that contributed to the festive atmosphere. Being in Finland added a unique touch to their experience, as they indulged in the traditional Finnish sauna. The sauna was more than just a place to relax; it was a social hub where the girls could unwind and enjoy each other's company, with the intense heat and steam adding an element of intimacy to their interactions.

With a group of two dozen UCC fighters—known for their competitiveness and uninhibited nature—gathered in one place, the environment was charged with a mix of energy and unpredictability. The combination of their competitive edge, their relaxed state after the sauna, and the effects of the alcohol led to a series of events that were both exhilarating and chaotic. Their interactions ranged from spirited debates and games to more personal and flirtatious encounters, creating a dynamic and memorable experience for everyone involved.

Arm-Wrestling: Hanna-Maria vs. Yasmine

Under the golden glow of the midnight sun, the peaceful Finnish countryside was alive with laughter and celebration. It was Midsummer, a time when the sun never set and the world seemed suspended in eternal twilight.

The evening had been perfect. After a feast of fresh fish, new potatoes, and strawberries, the group had enjoyed a traditional Finnish sauna, the heat and steam leaving them invigorated. They had cooled off with a dip in the nearby lake, the icy water shocking their senses awake. Now, with the night wearing on but the sky still light, they had settled on the porch, sipping on some locally crafted vodka.

As the conversation meandered from topic to topic, **Hanna-Maria Seppälä** and **Yasmine Bleeth** began eyeing each other. Both women were in peak physical condition, their athletic bodies a testament to years of dedication and training. Yasmine, shorter but powerfully built, had a compact frame packed with muscle, while Hanna-Maria's taller, more slender form concealed a swimmer's strength, with muscles sculpted from years of rigorous practice in the pool.

"Come on, Hanna," Yasmine teased. "You've got those swimmer's muscles, but I bet my *Baywatch* muscles can take you in arm-wrestling."

Victoria and Alexandra exchanged glances. Alexandra, who had always been fascinated by strength and fitness, leaned forward eagerly.

Hanna-Maria laughed, her blue eyes sparkling in the soft light. "Are you challenging me, Yasmine? You might think you're strong, but I guarantee you, I'm stronger! I'm not going to go easy on you."

"I wouldn't want you to," Yasmine shot back, flexing her bicep playfully. The muscle bulged impressively, the definition clear even in the dim light. Alexandra let out an appreciative whistle, and even Victoria raised an eyebrow.



Hanna-Maria, not one to back down, rolled up her sleeve and flexed her own bicep. Her muscle was leaner, not as bulky as Yasmine's, but perfectly defined, with a peak that showed off the years of swimming. "What do you think, Victoria?" she asked, turning to her girlfriend with a grin. "Think I can take her?"

Victoria studied Hanna-Maria's bicep, her expression thoughtful. "You've got the strength, babe, but Yasmine's looking pretty tough," she said with a playful smile. "I know how strong you are, though." She added with a wink, "After all, I usually beat you when we arm-wrestle."

Hanna-Maria blushed slightly but didn't lose her confidence. "Well, let's see who's stronger tonight."

They cleared a space on the wooden table, and the two women locked hands, their elbows planted firmly on the surface. Alexandra and Victoria leaned in, their eyes glued to the impending match

◀ **Hanna-Maria Seppälä**

“Ready?” Alexandra asked, her voice breathless with excitement. Both women nodded, determination etched on their faces. “Go!”

The initial struggle was intense. Yasmine’s power was immediately apparent; her bicep swelled, the veins popping as she pushed hard against Hanna-Maria’s resistance. Hanna-Maria’s face tightened with concentration, her own muscle straining as she fought to hold her ground. For a moment, it seemed like she might be overpowered, but then she dug deep, her swimmer’s endurance kicking in.

Alexandra didn’t know who to root for, naturally she would love for her Baywatch *little sister* to win, but she was afraid that Yasmine would then want to challenge Alexandra... to prove that she was tougher than her *big sister*. She was surprised how defined Yasmine looked. On Baywatch Yasmine had always been a bit rounder than the others, softer... with a more “womanly figure”, but now her arms looked very hard and defined. And Alexandra loved it.

The two women were locked in a stalemate, muscles trembling with effort, neither willing to give an inch. Sweat beaded on Hanna-Maria’s forehead as she gritted her teeth, but Yasmine’s face remained calm, her experience in strength showing. Slowly, almost imperceptibly at first, Yasmine began to gain the upper hand. The muscles in her arm were larger, more defined, and despite Hanna-Maria’s best efforts, Yasmine’s strength began to win out.

Hanna-Maria’s arm wavered, the tension unbearable as she struggled to hold on, but inch by inch, Yasmine forced her hand down. With a final burst of strength, Yasmine slammed Hanna-Maria’s hand against the table.

“Winner!” Alexandra shouted, clapping her hands with glee.

Hanna-Maria’s shoulders slumped, her hand still locked with Yasmine’s as she stared at the table in defeat. A single tear welled up in her eye, a combination of frustration and exhaustion. She had given it her all, but it hadn’t been enough. Yasmine, ever the gracious victor, immediately pulled Hanna-Maria into a warm hug.

“That was incredible,” Yasmine said softly, her voice full of admiration. “You’re so strong, Hanna-Maria. But clearly not as strong as I am!” she added with a laugh.

Victoria was at Hanna-Maria’s side in an instant, wrapping her arms around her girlfriend. “You did amazing, Hanna,” she whispered, wiping away the tear with a gentle thumb. “You almost had her.”

Hanna-Maria managed a small smile, her heart warmed by the support of her friends and her girlfriend. “Thanks, Victoria,” she said, her voice still a little shaky. “I just... I really wanted to win.”

“And you almost did,” Alexandra chimed in, her admiration for both women evident.

The tension dissolved into laughter as they continued to celebrate the midsummer night. The midnight sun still hung low in the sky, casting a warm, golden light over the group as they relaxed together, the bonds of friendship and love stronger than ever.



Yasmine Bleeth ▶



Beach Volleyball

The day had been perfect, with the Finnish Midsummer sun shining high and the cool breeze blowing off the lake. After a morning swim and a hearty breakfast, the group of friends had decided to head to the sandy beach near the cabin. It was the ideal spot for a bit of friendly competition, and the game of choice was beach volleyball. The teams were quickly decided: **Team tall Girls** — **Alexandra Paul** and her girlfriend **Zendaya** versus the **Baywatch Babes** — **Pamela Anderson** and **Yasmine Bleeth**.



Team Tall Girls

The match promised to be an exciting one. Alexandra and Zendaya had the advantage of height and reach, both standing 5'10" tall and lean, with Zendaya just half an inch taller and slightly more robust than her girlfriend. Their long limbs would serve them well on the sand. On the other side of the net, Pamela and Yasmine were a formidable pair. Although shorter, both women were powerful and athletic. Pamela, in particular, had been the captain of her high school volleyball and beach volleyball teams, and her experience and strength were well-known.

Pamela, with her long blonde hair tied back in a ponytail, looked every bit the seasoned athlete. Her muscles, honed from years of physical activity, rippled as she moved into position. Yasmine, too, was in peak condition, her shorter frame packed with muscle. She exchanged a determined glance with Pamela, the two of them ready to give it their all.

On the other side, Alexandra and Zendaya, in their purple bikinis, shared a quick, encouraging smile. They knew they had their work cut out for them, but they were confident in their abilities. Their height would give them an edge at the net, and they hoped to use their reach to outmaneuver their shorter, stronger opponents.

The game began with Pamela serving first. The ball sailed over the net with speed and precision, but Zendaya was ready, her long arms reaching up to make the pass to Alexandra. Alexandra set the ball high, and with a powerful spike, Zendaya sent it flying back over the net. But Pamela was quick on her feet, digging the ball out of the sand with ease.



Team Baywatch Babes

The rally continued, both teams displaying impressive skill. Pam and Yasmine's power was evident in every move they made. Pamela's spikes were forceful, her years of experience shining through as she placed the ball in just the right spots to challenge her opponents. Yasmine's strength was equally formidable; her digs and serves were a testament to her athleticism, making it difficult for Alex and Zen to gain the upper hand.

Despite their best efforts, Alexandra and Zendaya found themselves struggling against the combined might of Pamela and Yasmine. While their height advantage allowed them to block some of the more direct shots, Pamela's clever plays and Yasmine's relentless energy kept them on the defensive. Every time they managed to score a point, Pamela and Yasmine seemed to come back stronger, their teamwork impeccable.

As the game wore on, Alexandra and Zendaya began to tire. The sandy terrain made it harder for them to move as quickly as they wanted, while Pamela and Yasmine seemed to thrive in the environment. Pamela's serves became even more difficult to return, and Yasmine's spikes grew fiercer.

Finally, with the score tied and both teams one point away from victory, it was Pamela's turn to serve. She took a deep breath, focused her energy, and sent the ball hurtling over the net. Alexandra lunged to save it, but the ball slipped through her fingers, landing just inside the boundary line.

"Game!" Pamela shouted triumphantly, pumping her fist in the air as Yasmine rushed over to give her a high-five. The two women were all smiles, their victory well-earned after a hard-fought match.

On the other side of the net, Alexandra and Zendaya were out of breath but not disheartened. They knew they had faced tough opponents, and they had put up a good fight. Alexandra walked over to Pamela and extended her hand. "Good game, Pam," she said, a genuine smile on her face. "You were amazing out there."

Pamela shook her hand warmly. "You two were fantastic as well," she replied. Zendaya, still catching her breath, grinned. "Next time, we'll get you."

Yasmine laughed, giving Zendaya a playful nudge. "We'll be ready. But you guys did great. It was an awesome match."

Arm-Wrestling: Pamela vs. Yasmine

The Midsummer festivities had carried on well into the night, with the warm light of the midnight sun casting an almost surreal glow over the Finnish countryside. The air was still buzzing with energy from the earlier activities—the beach volleyball match, the food, the sauna, and of course, the armwrestling showdown where **Yasmine Bleeth** had narrowly defeated Hanna-Maria Seppälä. The victory had boosted Yasmine's confidence, and she was still riding high on the adrenaline when her Baywatch co-star, **Pamela Anderson**, approached her with a playful grin. Pamela, known for her athleticism and physical prowess, had been watching the earlier match with a glint in her eye. She had always been competitive, and seeing Yasmine's strength had sparked something in her. With her long blonde hair now pulled back into a sleek ponytail, and her toned muscles highlighted by the soft light, Pamela looked every bit the strong, confident woman she was.



Pamela Anderson

“Think you can take on someone your own size, Yasmine?” Pamela teased, flexing her bicep. The muscle bulged impressively, her years of fitness training evident in every inch of her strong, athletic frame. “We all know I was the **Muscle Girl** of Baywatch.”

Yasmine was always up for a challenge, “You really want to go up against me, Pam?” she asked, her voice a mix of amusement and determination. “I’m not going to go easy on you.”

Pamela laughed, the sound light and confident. “I wouldn’t expect you to. But let’s see if your strength can match up to mine.”

The challenge was set, and the atmosphere shifted as everyone gathered around, eager to see this new match-up. **Alexandra Paul**, already a bit breathless from the excitement of the evening, felt her pulse quicken. The sight of these two powerful women about to go head-to-head was almost too much for her. She had always admired strength and fitness, and the thought of witnessing Pamela and Yasmine in direct competition sent a thrill through her.

The table from earlier was quickly cleared, and Pamela and Yasmine took their positions, locking eyes. Pamela, two inches taller but equally heavy, knew she had a minor advantage in size and muscle, but she wasn’t about to underestimate Yasmine, who had proven her strength time and again.

As they prepared to begin, Alexandra couldn't resist stepping forward, her eyes wide with excitement. "Mind if I... check the biceps first?" she asked, her voice almost breathless. Both Pamela and Yasmine laughed, but they obliged, flexing their arms for her.

Pamela's bicep was large and solid, the muscle clearly defined beneath her tanned skin. The peak was impressive, a testament to her dedication to fitness. Alexandra's hand trembled slightly as she measured it, her heart racing. Yasmine's bicep, while slightly smaller, was equally impressive, the definition sharp and the muscle hard under Alexandra's touch. Alexandra could barely contain herself, the sheer strength and beauty of these two women making her dizzy with admiration.

"Alright," Pamela said with a grin, pulling Alexandra out of her reverie. "Let's see who's stronger."

With Alexandra stepping back, trying to calm her fluttering heart, the match began. Both women locked hands, their elbows planted firmly on the table, their muscles immediately straining as they pushed against each other. The initial tension was palpable, the air thick with anticipation as they tested each other's strength.



Yasmine Bleeth

Pamela's size advantage was apparent from the start. Her larger frame and stronger muscles gave her the upper hand, and she began to slowly push Yasmine's arm down. But Yasmine, ever the fighter, wasn't about to give in easily. She dug in, her muscles trembling with the effort, and managed to halt Pamela's advance. For a moment, the match was at a standstill, their arms locked in a battle of wills and strength. Pamela's face was a picture of concentration, her bicep bulging as she applied more pressure. Yasmine's expression was equally focused, her eyes narrowing as she fought back with everything she had. Sweat began to bead on their foreheads, the effort evident in every tense muscle.

But despite Yasmine's best efforts, Pamela's strength was undeniable. Slowly, inexorably, Pamela began to gain the upper hand once more. Yasmine's arm wavered, her muscles straining under the pressure. With a final push, Pamela forced Yasmine's hand down to the table, winning the match.

The crowd erupted in cheers, but Alexandra barely heard them. Her vision swam as she watched Pamela and Yasmine, her heart racing with such intensity that she felt light-headed. The sheer display of power and strength had been overwhelming, and she swayed slightly, her legs threatening to give out.

Pamela, noticing Alexandra’s unsteady stance, quickly moved to her side, her arm still warm from the match. “Alex, are you okay?” she asked, concerned as she placed a supportive hand on Alexandra’s shoulder.

“I... I’m fine,” Alexandra managed to say, though her voice was shaky. “It’s just... that was amazing.”

Yasmine, still catching her breath, joined them, a good-natured smile on her face despite her loss. “I think we might have overdone it a bit,” she joked, but her eyes were soft as she looked at Alexandra.

Pamela chuckled, her hand still on Alexandra’s shoulder as she gently guided her to a seat. “Take it easy, Alex. We’re just having fun.”

Alexandra nodded, finally sitting down, her heart still pounding but her excitement tempered by the genuine care of her friends. As she looked up at Pamela and Yasmine, she couldn’t help but smile, her admiration for these strong, beautiful women only growing deeper.

“You both were incredible,” Alexandra said softly, her voice full of awe.

Pamela and Yasmine exchanged a warm glance, “Yes we were,” Pamela said, as she ruffled Alexandra’s hair playfully. “Now, how about we rejoin the party? I think we’ve all earned a bit of relaxation.” The midnight sun still hung low in the sky, casting a golden light over them as they returned to the warmth and laughter of their friends.



▼ *Kiira Korpi*



Sanni ▼



Sauna & Swimming

What would Midsummer be without Sauna?



▲ Alexandra Paul



Chyler Leigh ▲

Besides the “locals”, **Alexandra Paul** was the only one who did it the right way... that is, naked. ¹⁾ **Chyler Leigh** wrapped herself in towels...



▲ Keira Knightley



Olivia Rodrigo ▲

As did **Keira Knightley**. **Olivia Rodrigo** didn't trust a towel, but wore a bikini.

¹⁾ Malign sources claim that this particular photo of Alexandra Paul has been “enhanced” in the chest area! The sources claim that the vain and jealous Ms Paul has increased her tiny AA-cup to a solid D-cup.

Even if Victoria Justice's girlfriend Hanna-Maria Seppälä was butt naked in the sauna, Victoria sinned by following Olivia's example and wore a bikini.

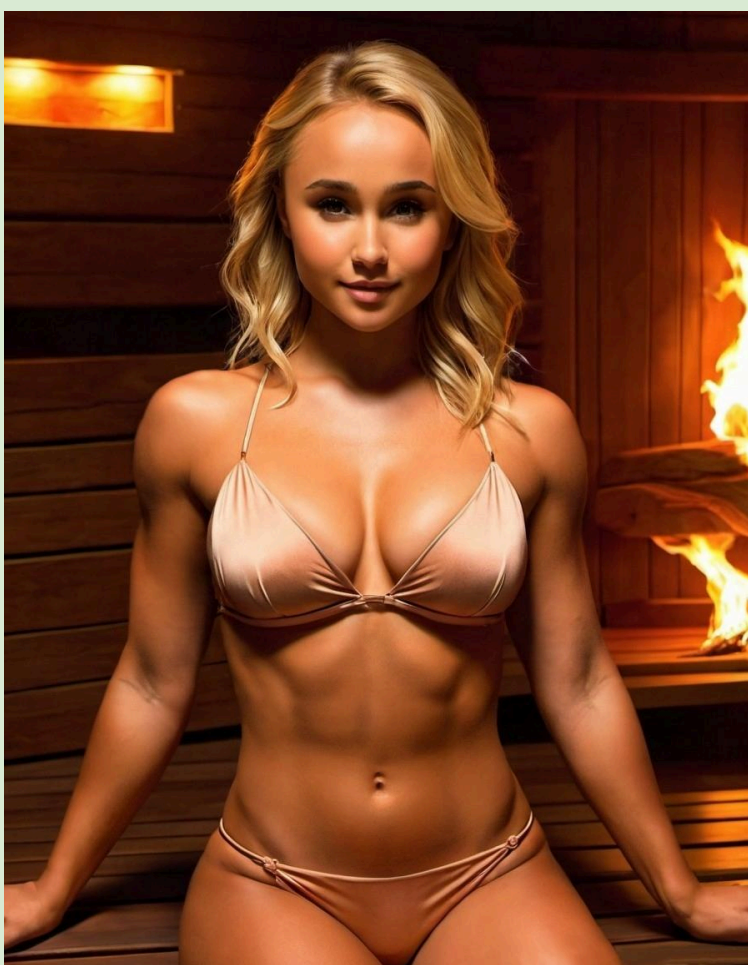


▲ *Victoria Justice*



Hanna-Maria Seppälä ▲

It was not surprising that **Naya Rivera** rivera followed **Hayden Panettiere**'s example and also wore a bikini to the sauna.



▲ *Hayden Panettiere*



Naya Rivera ▲



▲ *Katie Cassidy*



Evangeline Lilly ▲

After all the activities of the day, **Katie Cassidy** and **Evangeline Lilly** just took a moment to simply float on their backs, letting the gentle waves carry them as they enjoyed the beauty of the Finnish landscape and the endless daylight.



▲ *Alexandra Daddario*



▼ *Chyler Leigh*

Emily Ratajkowski ▲



As the midnight sun was barely above the treetops, **Alexandra Daddario**, **Chyler Leigh** and **Emily Ratajkowski** enjoyed the cool waters of the tranquil lake.

Olivia Rodrigo didn't appreciate being splashed by Chyler.

Olivia Rodrigo ▼





▲ Katie Cassidy



Evangeline Lilly ▲

Even out in the wilds, **Mila Kunis** and **Kendall Jenner** cannot help posing when they see a camera.

Megan Fox could not stop eating the delicious strawberries after someone said they are magical and have hallucinogenic powers. **Zendaya** dismissed the claims, but had a few anyway.

▼ Megan Fox

Zendaya ▼



Melanie Chisholm had no problems running around without a swimsuit.



◀ Melanie Chisholm

Arm-Wrestling: Chyler vs. Jessica



The atmosphere by the lake is a mix of laughter, playful banter, and a bit of tipsy bravado. **Chyler Leigh** and **Jessica Alba**, both feeling the effects of the long evening and perhaps one too many glasses of wine, start teasing each other about who is stronger.

"Alright, let's settle this," Jessica smirks, flexing her arm playfully. Chyler, not one to back down, grins and nonchalantly reveals a toned bicep.

Mila Kunis, sitting nearby with **Alexandra Paul**, **Miley Cyrus**, and **Kaley Cuoco**, catches onto the tension and eggs them on.

The impromptu arm-wrestling match is decided right there on a makeshift table—an old, sturdy log near the water's edge. Chyler and Jessica lock hands, and the tension builds as they start to push against each other.

The others are half-cheering, half-joking, and entirely enjoying the show. "Come on, Chyler, show her what *Supergirl's sister* can do!" Alexandra shouts, laughing.

Kaley, sipping her drink, adds, "Don't underestimate Jessica, though—she's got that *Dark Angel* strength!"

The match is evenly matched at first, with neither Chyler nor Jessica willing to give an inch. Their faces scrunch in concentration, but suddenly, Jessica makes a quick move, throwing her weight into it. Caught off guard, Chyler wobbles and laughs as her arm gives way slightly. But she quickly recovers, using her **CrossFit** training to regain control.

The others are in hysterics, especially as Miley starts a mock commentary, referring to TV shows and movies. "And it's Jessica '**The Flipper**' Alba against Chyler '**The Kickboxer**' Leigh! Who will prevail in this epic battle of brawn?"

Finally, with one last burst of effort, Jessica manages to inch Chyler’s hand closer to the table. The cheers grow louder as it looks like Jessica might win. But just as she’s about to slam Chyler’s hand down, an ear piercing scream and a large splash distracts everyone.

Mila, giggling uncontrollably, sat in the lake where she had stumbled. She was miraculously still holding a full wine glass in her hand. Why she had ended up in the water didn’t matter, but the distraction it had caused did. Both Jessica and Chyler look up and in that moment of distraction, Chyler takes advantage, flipping Jessica’s hand down to win the match.

The small group erupts in laughter as Jessica, mock-pouting, accuses Mila of sabotage. “You threw off my concentration!” she says, while Chyler stands and does a triumphant but silly victory dance.

“Hailee pushed me!” Mila complains, looking at her wet dress.

“I did no such thing!” Hailee responds looking as innocent as possible.

“Okay, okay,” Miley grins, “but the real winner here is that lake—because I think it’s calling our names!”

Without hesitation, the group races toward the water, shedding clothes and jumping into the cool lake. The arm-wrestling contest is quickly forgotten as they splash around, the midnight sun still lingering in the sky, filling the air with warmth and joy.



Gal Gadot and her Strawberries ▶



◀ Sanni and her Girlfriend

The Secret

As most of the group gathered around the bonfire, dancing and enjoying the warm glow, two figures slipped away from the lively scene. They made their way to a quiet spot, sitting on a rock that overlooked the serene lake, illuminated by the never-setting sun.

The two figures were Alexandra Paul and Kristen Stewart. They sat close together, their hands entwined, reflecting on the events of the past year.

Alexandra looked out over the lake, her expression thoughtful. "Do you think we should tell them?" she asked quietly, her voice just above a whisper. She pulled out a chain from underneath her shirt; there was a ring on the chain... a wedding ring.

Kristen squeezed her hand, a surprisingly gentle smile playing on her lips. "Do you want to?"

"We've kept it to ourselves for a year. It's been our special secret..."

"I like it that way. It's simpler." Kristen said dryly.

"But I love you! I want to tell the world! I want everybody to know that I love you!"

"Are you sure? Remember how worried you were when [Anonymous](#) announced he was going to investigate the rumors about a wedding!"

"Yeah..." Alexandra looked sad, "I couldn't sleep for a week."

"Luckily Anonymous is a hack! He and his *team*" didn't find any evidence ...about anything... and then they made up some cockamamie story about mind altering berries!"

"We dodged the bullet, that's for sure!" Alexandra smiled, "But they were right about the strawberries."



A year ago...

Kristen took Alexandra's hands in hers, "Have you thought this through? Everything will change... what about Zendaya?"

Alexandra fell silent and looked down. "I... I don't know... I love her... and--"

"Like you love Pam?" Kristen smirked. "For someone who claims she's inexperienced, knows nothing about dating, is introverted and shy - you have a horde of women you love!"

Alexandra blushed, "But... I do love her and I do love Pam...and you, of course. It's different... You, you are my *Mistress* and--"

"Pamela is your *Dream Girl*," Kristen interrupted again, "and Zendaya is your *True Love*, your *Soulmate*."

"I don't know... I'm confused." There was a tear running down her cheek, "I just want to be honest... to tell the truth to Zendaya."

"You are right about one thing - I am your Mistress and you are my *'boi'*... my *maid*, my *sextoy*... my *punching bag*... and my *wife*! Nothing will change that!"

"Yes, Mistress..."

Kristen pondered about how revealing her being married to a wimp like Alexandra would affect her reputation. She had overpowered **Pamela Anderson** and made the blonde her bitch, she had overpowered the musclebound oaf **Hanna-Maria Seppälä** and made her cry, she had dominated **Chyler Leigh** and **Jessica Alba** and made them beg for mercy... fuck, she had dominated almost the entire Raccoon stable! All of them were afraid of her. Everybody knew she was the top dog, the queen bee... yet she had fallen for someone as Alexandra.

"So...? What do you want to do?" Kristen asked.

Alexandra hesitated. "I... I think it's time," Alexandra said, "If that is okay with Mistress."

"This time I will let my pretty little wife decide," Kristen said, leaning in to kiss Alexandra.

Alexandra succumbed to the kiss, wrapping her arms around Kristen's shoulders, caressing her muscular back and strong arms.



"It's been such a wonderful year," Alexandra said after a while. "I want to share that happiness with them. I just hope they understand why we waited."

"I wouldn't count on that..."



Alexandra smiled, kissing Kristen softly. "They will."

Kristen smiled back, her eyes shining. "Alright. Let's do it."

They stood up, hand in hand, and walked back toward the bonfire. As they approached, they could hear the laughter and music. Alexandra felt weak in her knees and a swarm of butterflies had invaded her stomach. Nobody had even noticed they had been gone.

Alexandra cleared her throat. "Hey, everyone," she began,

barely audible, her voice filled with emotion. It was unclear if anybody had heard her but it didn't matter as just then Chyler Leigh stood and called for everybody's attention.

"I have an announcement, something I'd like to share with you all." The group fell silent.

Chyler took a deep breath, "As some of you might already know... Jessica and I," she took Jessica's hand.

"Yeah, yeah, we know – you're fuckbuddies," a drunk Sanni laughed.

"NO!" Jessica jumped up on her feet. "No, we're... engaged!"

Chyler continued, "Yes, last midsummer, Jessica and I got engaged. We've kept it a secret, just between us, for the past year. But now, we want to share our happiness with all of you."

There was a moment of stunned silence, and then the group erupted in cheers and applause. They surrounded Jessica and Chyler with hugs and congratulations. Except for Alexandra and Kristen whose thunder had been stolen.

"I thought Chyler had something going on with Katie Cassidy!"

"I'm so happy for you both!" Zendaya exclaimed, hugging Chyler and Jessica tightly.

"Why didn't you tell us sooner?" Hanna-Maria asked.

"We wanted to keep it special, just between us, for a little while."

"And we were worried about how it would affect the UCC... I'm the leader of HP and Chyler is the former leader of Raccoon..."

Zendaya walked over to Alexandra and scooped her up in her arms. "What do you think about that, my love?"

"I...uh," Alexandra stammered.

"Perhaps we should take that step too..."



The Midsummer night was in full swing, the celebration vibrant and alive with laughter and music. The air was cool and fragrant with the scent of pine trees and the nearby lake. Under the glow of the midnight sun, the sky remained a dusky blue, casting a soft, ethereal light over everything. Amidst the revelry, Kristen Stewart and Alexandra Paul exchanged a subtle glance, one that held a world of unspoken understanding.

Kristen, with her usual quiet confidence, moved through the crowd, her dark hair falling in casual waves around her face. Alexandra, tall and graceful, followed her lead, her eyes betraying the anticipation she felt. When Kristen reached out and took her hand, Alexandra's heart skipped a beat. Kristen's touch was firm yet gentle, and it sent a thrill through her. Without a word, Kristen led her away from the laughter and chatter, away from the watchful eyes of their friends.

The two women slipped through the trees, the soft rustling of leaves their only accompaniment. They didn't need to speak; their connection was deep, built on years of love, trust, and shared secrets. They knew the paths of each other's hearts as well as they knew the forest paths they now walked. After a short distance, Kristen slowed, finally stopping in a secluded clearing where the light from the midnight sun filtered through the canopy above, casting a golden hue over the scene.

Kristen turned to face Alexandra, her expression serious yet filled with a warmth that made Alexandra's breath catch. She reached up, cupping Alexandra's face in her hands, her thumbs brushing lightly against her cheekbones. Alexandra leaned into the touch, her eyes closing briefly as she savored the intimacy of the moment.

When Alexandra opened her eyes, Kristen was gazing at her with a mixture of adoration and something deeper, something more commanding. Kristen's grip tightened slightly, and Alexandra felt the familiar stirrings of the dynamic that had defined their relationship since the beginning. Kristen was in charge, her Mistress, the one who guided and protected her. It was a role she took on naturally, and Alexandra found herself willingly submitting to Kristen's quiet but undeniable authority.

"That didn't go as planned," Kristen said.

Alexandra said nothing.

"It was fate," Kristen continued, "it was like... the Universe didn't want us to tell them. ...That this wasn't the time."

Alexandra still didn't say anything.

"You know I love you," Kristen murmured, her voice low and husky.

Alexandra nodded, her own voice caught in her throat. "I love you too, Kristen. Always."

Kristen's eyes softened, but there was still that underlying intensity, that sense of control that Alexandra found so irresistible. "We've been careful," Kristen continued, her thumb tracing Alexandra's lower lip. "No one knows, and that's how it needs to stay. But right now, just for a moment, it's only us."

Before Alexandra could respond, Kristen leaned in, capturing her lips in a slow, sensuous kiss. Alexandra melted into the kiss, her hands coming up to rest on Kristen's hips as she let herself be swept away by the tenderness and passion of the moment. Kristen's lips were soft yet insistent, moving against hers with a languid, deliberate pace that made Alexandra's heart race. The world around them faded, leaving only the warmth of Kristen's body against hers and the intoxicating sweetness of her kiss.

Time seemed to stand still as they lost themselves in each other. Alexandra's fingers tightened around Kristen's waist, pulling her closer, deepening the kiss. Kristen responded with a low, pleased hum, her hands sliding down to the back of Alexandra's neck, pulling her even closer. The kiss was everything—tender and commanding, gentle and fiery. It was a reminder of the love they shared, the bond that had brought them together and held them fast.

Eventually, Kristen pulled back, her breath coming in soft pants. She rested her forehead against Alexandra's, her eyes closed as if savoring the closeness. "We should get back before they notice we're gone," she whispered, though her voice was laced with reluctance.

Alexandra nodded, though she was reluctant to leave the secluded world they had created for themselves. "I know," she whispered back, her voice thick with emotion. "But I wish we could stay like this forever."

Kristen smiled, a tender, almost mischievous smile that made Alexandra's heart flutter. "One day, we will. But for now, let's keep our secret just a little longer."

With one last, lingering kiss, Kristen stepped back, though her hand remained firmly in Alexandra's. She gave it a reassuring squeeze, and together they began to make their way back to the party, their steps slow and unhurried.

When they emerged from the trees, the sounds of the party greeted them once more—laughter, music, the clinking of glasses. No one seemed to have noticed their absence, and the two women slipped back into the crowd with practiced ease, their secret still safe.

As they mingled with their friends, their hands eventually parted, and they resumed the roles the world expected of them—rivals, enemies, nothing more. But in the secret corners of their hearts, they knew the truth. They were more than anyone could ever guess. They were wives bound not only by love but by a commitment that was theirs alone to cherish.

And as the night continued, with the midnight sun still glowing softly in the sky, Kristen and Alexandra exchanged one last, fleeting glance, a silent promise that their love, their secret, would endure.



Arm-Wrestling: Kristen vs Pamela

The night was deepening, but the Midsummer sun still lingered on the horizon, casting an eternal twilight over the Finnish countryside. The party had begun to wind down, with some guests drifting off to quieter corners while others continued to enjoy the mellow, lingering energy of the celebration. Kristen Stewart, however, had her mind set on something more.

She had watched with interest as **Pamela Anderson** arm wrestled Yasmine Bleeth earlier, a smirk playing on her lips as Pamela had celebrated her hard-earned victory. It wasn't that Kristen doubted Pamela's strength—Pamela was undeniably athletic, her toned physique a testament to years of hard work and discipline. But Kristen knew something that few others did: when it came to a true test of strength, [she had always had](#) the [upper hand over Pamela](#).

Kristen decided it was time to remind Pamela of that fact. She found Pamela standing near the edge of the gathering, gazing out at the lake with a satisfied smile on her face. Kristen approached quietly, her footsteps soft on the grass. Pamela turned as she sensed her presence, her smile disappearing when she saw who it was.

"Kristen," Pamela said dryly, her voice emotionless. "Enjoying the party?"

"Very much," Kristen replied, her tone light. But there was a mischievous gleam in her eyes that Pamela recognized all too well. "I saw you armwrestling Yasmine earlier. Impressive win."

Pamela chuckled, a hint of pride in her voice. "It was close, but I pulled it off. Yasmine's strong, but I've got a few tricks up my sleeve."

Kristen's smirk deepened. "You certainly do. But you know, I couldn't help but think... you might be getting a bit too comfortable with that win."

"Oh? And why's that?"

Kristen stepped closer, her voice lowering to a soft, teasing murmur. "Because we both know who's really the strongest here, don't we?"



The Confident Kristen

Pamela's smile faltered just a little, her eyes searching Kristen's face. She knew exactly what Kristen was getting at. In the past, they had tested each other's strength more than once, and each time, Kristen had come out on top. There was something about Kristen's quiet intensity, her unyielding determination, that made her a formidable opponent. Despite Pamela's own strength, Kristen had always managed to overpower her, proving that she was, in fact, the stronger of the two.

Pamela hesitated, but Kristen didn't give her a chance to retreat. "What do you say, 'Champ'? One more round. Just the two of us, away from prying eyes. Let's see if you can really hold onto that title."

Pamela bit her lip, considering. She knew what was at stake—her pride, her reputation, and the undeniable truth that Kristen had always been the one to beat. But there was something in Kristen's tone, a playful challenge that Pamela couldn't resist.

The Worried Pamela ▶

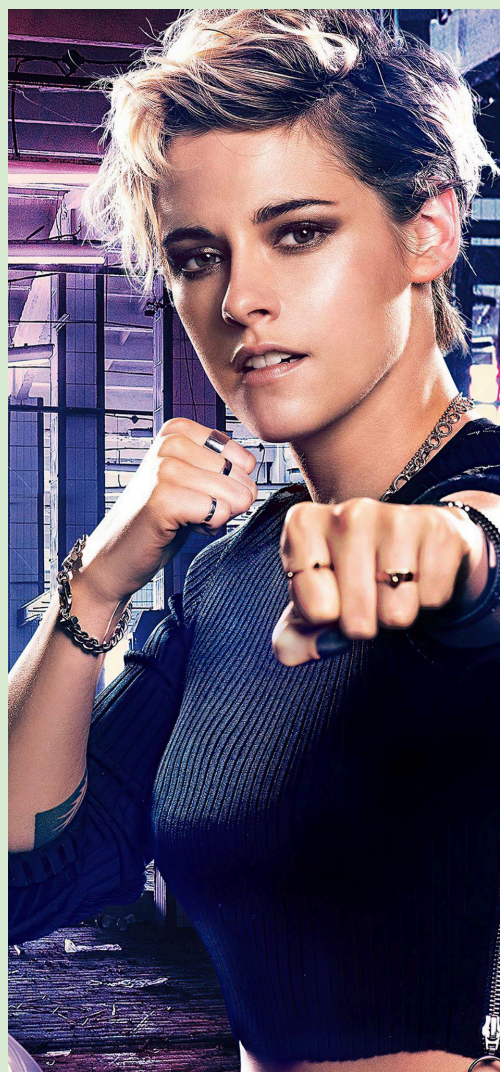


"Fine," Pamela said finally. "But only if it's just the armwrestling, and we do it away from the others."

Kristen grinned. "Deal. But there's one more thing."

Pamela tilted her head, wary. "What's that?"

Kristen leaned in, her voice a soft purr. "If I win—and I will—you'll owe me a favor. "



Pamela couldn't help but laugh at that, a nervous edge to the sound. "You're confident, aren't you?"

Kristen's eyes sparkled with mischief. "I'm just realistic."

Pamela sighed, but she couldn't back down now. "Alright, Kristen. You're on."

Kristen led Pamela away from the main group, guiding her to a quiet spot near the edge of the clearing where the trees provided cover from any prying eyes. They found a sturdy log to use as a makeshift table, and without further ado, they took their positions, their hands locking in a firm grip.

For a moment, neither moved, their eyes meeting in a silent exchange. Pamela could feel the familiar pressure of Kristen's hand against hers, the steady strength that she knew too well. Kristen's expression was calm, almost serene, but there was an intensity in her gaze that Pamela knew would soon translate into raw power.

"Ready?" Kristen asked, her voice a mere whisper.

Pamela nodded, her grip tightening. "Ready." And with that, the match began.

At first, it was a stalemate, both women applying steady pressure, their muscles straining as they tested each other's strength. Pamela could feel her arm trembling with the effort, her bicep bulging as she tried to gain the upper hand. But Kristen was unyielding. She had a smile on her lips, taunting Pamela, as if she wasn't even straining.

Slowly, Kristen began to push, her strength becoming more apparent with each passing second. Pamela gritted her teeth, fighting back with everything she had, but it was no use. Kristen's power was undeniable, a force that Pamela couldn't match. The difference in their strength became more obvious as Kristen gradually pushed Pamela's arm down, her own muscles barely quivering with the effort.

Pamela's heart pounded in her chest as she realized she was losing, just as she had before. Despite her best efforts, Kristen's strength was simply too much. With a final, decisive push, Kristen forced Pamela's hand down to the log, winning the match.

Kristen's smirk returned, a satisfied gleam in her eyes as she looked down at Pamela. "I guess I was right," she murmured, her voice soft but filled with triumph. "You owe me a favor, Pam. And don't worry, I'll make sure it's a good one."

Pamela looked forlorn, but there was something about Kristen's confidence, her quiet dominance, that Pamela found strangely alluring. She had lost, but it wasn't a loss that stung—it was simply a reminder of the dynamic between them, one that had always been there.

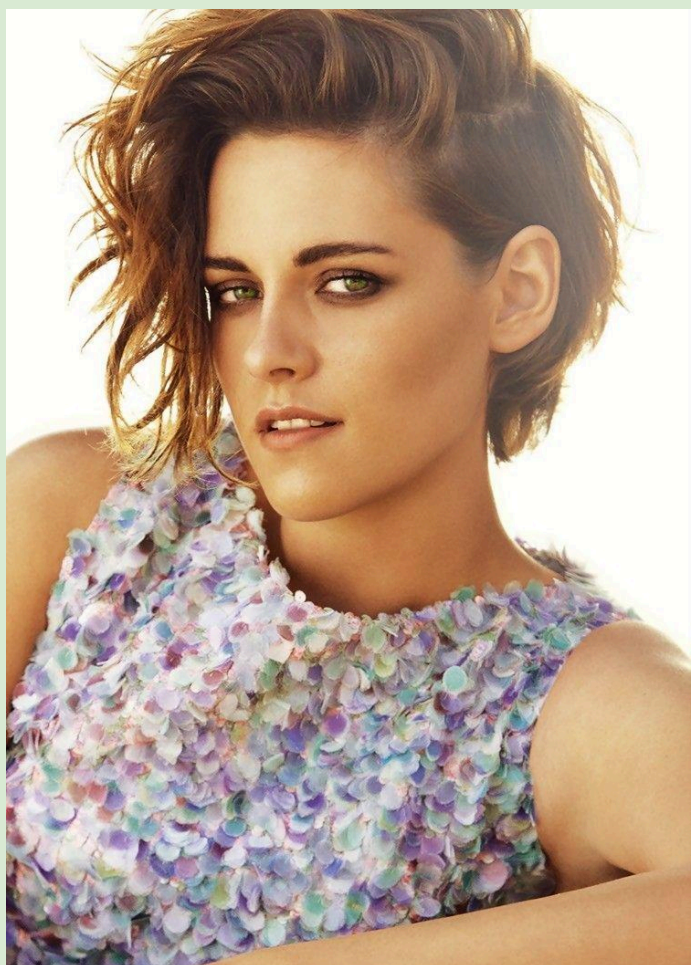


"Alright, Kristen," Pamela said, her voice tinged with both resignation and respect. "You win, fair and square."

Kristen squeezed her hand, a gesture that was surprisingly gentle given the intensity of the match. "Thanks for playing, Pam. I always enjoy our little competitions."

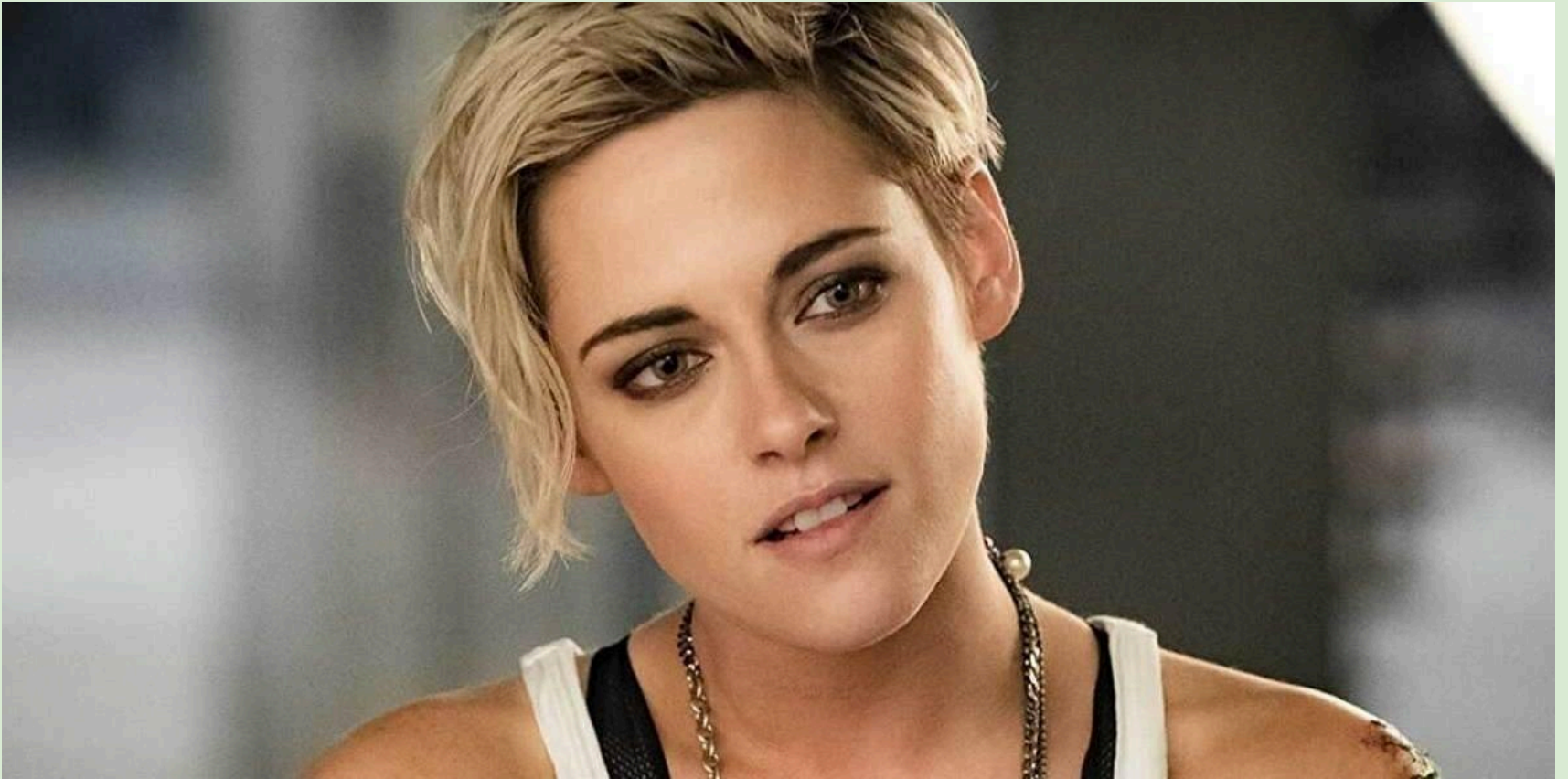
Pamela didn't reply as most of their "competitions" hadn't been particularly fun for Pam.

Kristen smiled, a soft, almost affectionate expression that Pamela rarely saw. "Just remember that you're my bitch!" Kristen said with a low, threatening voice. She then continued happily, "Now, let's get back before they start wondering where we went."



Arm-Wrestling: Pamela vs Alexandra

After their private armwrestling match, as they made their way back to the party, **Kristen Stewart**'s mind was already working. The favor **Pamela Anderson** owed her lingered at the forefront of her thoughts, and she knew exactly how she wanted to use it. A small, sly smile played on her lips as she considered the plan she was about to set in motion.



Once they rejoined the group, Kristen pulled Pamela aside, her expression serious but tinged with that familiar mischief. Pamela, still flushed from their earlier encounter, looked at her submissively.

"I'm calling in that favor," Kristen said quietly, her voice low so no one else could overhear.

"Oh, no!" Pamela thought. "Already? Wha- what do you have in mind?" she asked.

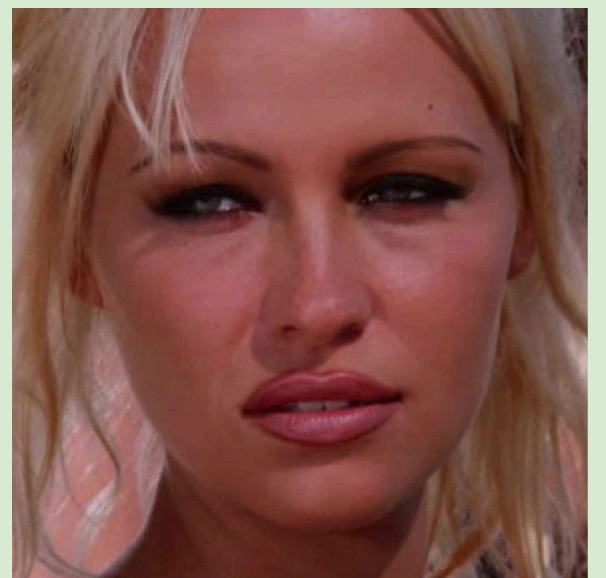
Kristen leaned in closer, her tone dropping to a near whisper. "I want you to challenge Alexandra to an armwrestling match."

Pamela blinked in surprise, glancing over at Alexandra, who was chatting with some of the other guests. Alexandra was tall and slim, her physique elegant rather than muscular. Pamela knew that she could easily overpower Alexandra in an armwrestling match. But Kristen wasn't finished.

"And I want you to lose," Kristen added, her eyes locking onto Pamela's with an intensity that left no room for argument. "It has to look real. I want it to seem like you're giving it everything you've got, but in the end, you're going to let Alex win."

Pamela's mouth dropped open slightly in surprise. "You want me to lose... on purpose? But Alex—"

"Isn't as strong as you, I know," Kristen interrupted, her voice firm. "But that's the point. This isn't about strength. It's about giving Alex a little boost of confidence. She's always admired strong women, and I think it would mean a lot to her if she felt like she could hold her own against someone like you. But no one—not Alex, not anyone—can know that you're letting her win. It has to look completely real."



Pamela stared at Kristen for a long moment, weighing the request. She understood that she had to agree to Kristen's demands. As tough as it was for Pamela, she had to admit that she was scared of Kristen and what she would do to her if she disobeyed.

"Yes, Mistress," Pamela finally said resignedly. "I'll do it."

"Of course you will," Kristen grinned, "Don't worry, I've got you covered. Now, let's make this look good."

Pamela nodded and took a deep breath, steeling herself for the performance she was about to give. She approached Alexandra with a casual air, her expression friendly and open.

"Hey, Alex," Pamela said, her tone light and playful. "How about a little armwrestling?"

Alexandra's eyes widened in surprise, her gaze flicking to Pam's muscular arms. She instantly knew she couldn't overpower Pam. She had always been in awe of Pamela's strength and athleticism, and the idea of armwrestling her seemed almost surreal. She glanced at Zendaya who smiled reassuringly. Even Kristen gave her an encouraging nod.



"Me? Against you?" Alexandra stammered, clearly taken aback. "I'm not sure that's a good idea. You're... well, you're... Pamela Anderson! You're my stable leader, my boss. I- I can't..."

Pamela laughed, shaking her head. "Come on, it's all in good fun. Besides, you never know—you might surprise yourself."

Alexandra hesitated, but with Kristen's gentle smile urging her on, she eventually agreed. They found a small table, and a few curious onlookers began to gather around, including

Yasmine, who gave Pamela a knowing wink.

Pamela took her place opposite Alexandra, who looked nervous but determined. Kristen watched from the sidelines, her eyes narrowing slightly as she observed the setup. She needed Pamela to play this perfectly, to make it convincing.



They locked hands, and for a moment, the room seemed to hold its breath.

"Ready?" Pamela asked, her voice calm and steady.

Alexandra nodded, her grip tightening on Pamela's hand. "Ready."



Pamela initiated the match, putting on a show of force, her muscles flexing as she appeared to push Alexandra's arm down. Alexandra struggled visibly, her face a picture of worry as she tried to hold her ground. Pamela allowed the struggle to go on for a few seconds, making it look like Alexandra was barely holding on. This was hard for Pamela, as Alex was quite weak in comparison, but Pam was an actress and took it as a challenge.

Pamela began to slow down, her grip loosening just enough to give Alexandra a fighting chance. Pamela's face contorted in mock strain, her arm trembling slightly as if she was genuinely struggling to keep Alexandra at bay. Kristen watched closely, her heart beating a little faster as she saw Pamela execute the plan perfectly.

The small crowd began to murmur in surprise as Alexandra, against all odds, started to push Pamela's arm back. Pamela let out a small grunt, playing the part to perfection as she appeared to be giving it her all. Slowly, inch by inch, Alexandra's arm began to overpower Pamela's, the effort visible on her face as she pushed with everything she had.

Finally, with one last push, Alexandra forced Pamela's arm down to the table.

There was a moment of stunned silence, followed by a burst of cheers and applause from the onlookers. Alexandra sat there, wide-eyed and breathless, hardly able to believe what she had just accomplished. Pamela, for her part, played the defeat gracefully, a smile on her face as she shook her head in disbelief. "Wow, Alex," Pamela said, her voice warm and genuine. "You really surprised me there. Great job."

Alexandra blushed, a shy smile breaking across her face as she looked around at the cheering crowd. The rush of pride and excitement was almost overwhelming, and for a moment, she felt like she was floating. She had actually beaten Pamela Anderson in an armwrestling match! Despite her bravado on various occasions, on the set of Baywatch, during interviews... despite claiming she was stronger than any Baywatch babe... deep inside she had always known that it wasn't true. But now, she had overpowered Pamela!

Zendaya stepped forward, placing a supportive hand on Alexandra's shoulder, her eyes twinkling with satisfaction. "I knew you could do it, Alex," she said softly, her voice full of affection.

Alexandra looked up at Zen, her eyes shining with gratitude and disbelief. "I... I can't believe it," she whispered.

Zendaya smiled, squeezing her shoulder gently. "You earned it, Alex. You're stronger than you think."

As the crowd began to disperse, Pamela and Kristen exchanged a brief glance.

For the rest of the night, Alexandra's spirits were lifted, her confidence bolstered by the unexpected victory. Kristen watched her with a quiet pride, pleased that she had been able to give Alexandra this moment. It was a small, secret gift—one that only she, Pamela, and Alexandra would ever truly understand.



Zendaya was absolutely thrilled for Alexandra. She had trained Alex, she had seen firsthand how hard Alexandra had worked, and although the progress had seemed slow, this unexpected victory against Pamela Anderson was proof that their training had paid off. The pride and joy in Zendaya's heart were overflowing as she watched Alexandra bask in her well-earned moment of triumph.

After the excitement of the evening had died down and the guests began to retreat to their rooms, Zendaya pulled Alexandra aside, her eyes shining with love and pride. She had been thinking about how to show Alexandra just how much this victory meant to her, and a few ideas had begun to form in her mind.

“Alex,” Zendaya said softly, taking Alexandra’s hands in hers, “I’m so incredibly proud of you. You’ve worked so hard, and tonight, you showed everyone just how strong you really are.”

Alexandra blushed, her heart swelling with emotion. “I couldn’t have done it without you, Z. You’ve been with me every step of the way.”

Zendaya smiled, leaning in to press a gentle kiss to Alexandra’s lips. “And I’m going to be with you for every step going forward. But tonight, I want to do something special for you, to celebrate this amazing moment.” Alexandra looked at Zendaya with curiosity. “What do you have in mind?”

Zendaya grinned, her eyes sparkling with excitement. “I’ve got a few ideas, but first, I want to give you something that’s just for us—a private celebration.”



She led Alexandra to a quiet, secluded spot near the edge of the property, where the midnight sun still cast a soft glow over the landscape. It was a beautiful, intimate setting, perfect for what Zendaya had planned. She turned to Alexandra, her expression warm and tender.

“First, I want to give you a massage,” Zendaya said, her voice low and soothing. “After your match, I know your muscles must be sore. Let me take care of you, help you relax after everything.”

Alexandra smiled, touched by the thoughtfulness of the gesture. Zendaya guided her to sit down on a soft blanket she had spread out on the grass. The gentle pressure of Zendaya’s hands on her shoulders and back was heavenly, each touch filled with love and care. As Zendaya’s fingers worked out the tension in Alexandra’s muscles, they both felt the stress of the day melt away, replaced by a deep sense of peace and connection.

After the massage, Zendaya whispered in Alexandra’s ear, “I’ve got one more surprise for you.” She reached into her bag and pulled out a small, wrapped box. Alexandra looked at it with curiosity and a hint of excitement.

“Open it,” Zendaya urged with a smile.

Alexandra carefully unwrapped the box and opened it to reveal a delicate bracelet, finely crafted with a small charm shaped like a dumbbell. The charm was symbolic, representing the strength Alexandra had discovered within herself and the journey she and Zendaya had shared together.

“It’s beautiful, Z,” Alexandra whispered, her voice filled with emotion.

Zendaya gently fastened the bracelet around Alexandra’s wrist. “I had this made a long time ago and I’ve been wanting to give it to you ever since. It was supposed to be a reward for your progress, and you beating Pam is such a milestone I think you have finally earned it! You’ve come so far, and I’m so proud of you.”

Alexandra’s eyes welled up with tears, and she leaned in to kiss Zendaya deeply, pouring all her gratitude and love into that moment. “Thank you, Z. This means everything to me.”

As they held each other under the twilight sky, Zendaya knew that the best reward she could give Alexandra was not just a physical gift, but her unwavering support and love. The bracelet was a symbol of their journey together, and the massage was a way to show care for Alexandra’s body, but the real reward was the bond they shared—a bond that had been strengthened through their shared challenges and triumphs.

Later that night, as they lay together, Zendaya whispered into Alexandra’s ear, “I love you and I’m so proud of you!”

And in that moment, Alexandra knew that with Zendaya by her side, she could face anything, because she was not just strong in body, but in spirit too, thanks to the love and support of the woman she cherished most. Yet, when she leaned in to kiss her girlfriend, it was Kristen, her wife’s face she saw.

