

*Another big one for my big gal Sedna. I've got a few chapters loosely planned out for her, but do want to make the most of her time in Alaska doing as many ideas as I can before I try getting her into minor leagues on the mainland. Also technically covers two matches, but the first is quick just to show her progress so far.*

*I did a lot of exploring of her character in little ways here. She's got a lot of heart, and I think that comes from her being a big titboxing nerd. So if you're reading it, she shares the fetish with you and likes to gush about her dorky fangirl stuff about fighters and the league and the kink. So I let her nerd out some here, meeting a fellow fan. It made me pause for a long time because I felt like she had to mention her thoughts on Astrid and Masha as the big names in the league during their gossip. When I had her name Astrid as one of her "top five" (because of course she would, the dork), I took a few days to really think about who her favorite would be. Which was a lot of reflection on who she would admire and what traits she looks up to compared to what she has herself.*

*Diance was real fun to write for. Felt like the best way to contrast Sedna's laid back and heavyweight style with a thin but curvy city girl who won't stop swearing. Her whole idea came from me jotting down "calls you a fuckin' bitch affectionately." I dabble around with her accent, but I figured her as being from Staten Island/New York.*

Sedna was working harder at her training than ever. She had worked on improving everything from her strength and endurance to her footwork and reflexes. She took on every match she could find, usually from her coach finding her opponents. There were only so many titboxers living in Alaska, so she took whoever she could find that was willing to give her some practice. The only problem that came with that was that as she got better, actually challenging opponents became scarcer. She found herself falling back on earlier opponents to stay in practice.

It had been a couple months since Sedna had first faced Carol Dawson. The reindeer woman was a weightlifter first who occasionally boxed, but her casual practice and raw power had been enough to overtake the rookie in their first match. Ever since then, Sedna was hitting the gym nearly every day while taking on any opponent Lonnie could find her. The coach had limited options in this part of the world, which had left her in some strange situations. When she couldn't find someone on Sedna's level, the seal had to make do with whoever else was into boxing at the local gym. She had reached a point where casual practitioners and the local moms or college students doing it for exercise weren't even close to a challenge. A few KOed milfs later and they had gone looking for Carol once again.

Carol had finally found the time in her schedule to get in a rematch, and this time the gloved and topless women met in the ring, things were clearly different.

Sedna withdrew with a quick sidestep, letting Carol's heavy hamaker hit nothing but air. She leaned back in while the beefy reindeer tried to recover, pelting her firm muscle tits with three quick jabs. Carol's boobs bounced from the hits and she went for a clinch, but Sedna took a step back along with it. She kept the same distance between them and shifted her right foot to

throw her hefty weight into an uppercut. It smashed into the underside of Carol's breast, sending it flying up in a streak of spraying milk and sweat. It splashed against Carol's shocked face, stunned by the pain coursing through her tits. Sedna had hit the perfect spot to punish her breast, smashing into her muscle while making the softer flesh wobble out of control. The sting coursed through her boob until her aching hard nipples flashing with a deeply intimate pain.

Sedna let out a quick huff of air and went back on the attack. She slammed hooks into Carol's muzzle, knocking her head around and keeping her disoriented while sneaking in punches to her boobs along the way. The reindeer's eyes fluttered dizzily, getting knocked senseless until her muscular back was against the ropes. Sedna hit her with a huge wallop across the face, making Carol's head jerk aside with a spray of spittle. She crumbled to all fours on the mats, breathing heavily as she barely caught herself. Her muscles bulged with exhausted effort to keep herself up, and the bent over position and deep breaths combined to make her tenderized boobs puff up and down against the mats. Her nipples sent jolts of pain each time they hit the ring. Sedna just shifted her weight from one foot to another, hopping lightly in place.

"Come on now. Don't slow down already. I'm barely breaking a sweat," she teased.

It was an exaggeration of course. Her fur was slick with sweat and she had a few grazes and light bruises on her arms and sides, but she was far better off than Carol so she was feeling confident about her position in the fight. Plus her uniquely cheerful form of trash talk had always been effective at throwing off her opponents. Carol hefted herself up to one knee, leaning on the other as she tried to catch her breath.

"Just takin' my time," Carol joked as she heaved herself up.

Her muscles pulsed with more effort just to keep herself up, her broad shoulders squared up and struggling to keep her gloves up. Sedna moved back in, picking and choosing her hits with her better endurance and now the advantage in speed since she'd worn the deer out. Carol still got some clean hits in but they lacked her usual power with her head spinning. They glanced off the blubbery girl as her thick muscles failed to fully penetrate her jiggy armor.

Carol went in for a harsh cross that slapped across Sedna's boobs. They wobbled sharply but the attack brought the sweaty, muscled deer right into Sedna's reach. The chubby seal had a powerful uppercut flying in to meet her, crashing hard into Carol's abs. Her muscles tightened instinctively but it was too late and she was too worn out. The abs clenched and then loosened as Carol spat a burst of spittle over Sedna's shoulder. Carol slumped over her fist before crumbling in front of her sparring partner. Sedna let her drop, but kept close enough that the deer fell with her chin falling right between the seal's cleavage. It was made very obvious that she was exaggerating when she said she hadn't broken a sweat from the smell of the stocky woman alone.

Carol's rolling eyes showed she was still barely conscious if knocked senseless as she dropped down to her knees. Her face dragged down until her face rested against Sedna's musclegut. Her

muzzle unwittingly sank into the softness basically rubbing her face in the fact that her chunkier build had outlasted her sculpted muscle.

Sedna smiled wide, even with her own aches and fatigue. She looked over to Lonnie, the older puffin watching closely as she sat on her stool near the ring. The bird waved a hand for her to hold up and threw a towel into the ring. It caught on one of Carol's antlers, and Sedna couldn't help but snicker at the image.

"That's enough. You got 'er," Lonnie assured her.

Sedna caught one of her gloves under Carol's arm, easing her back against the ropes. She gave a deep sigh as she let herself relax, rolling her shoulders to stretch her muscles and settle her tits.

"Good stuff, Selkia," her coach praised her.

"Thanks! I've been dying to have another shot at her since she beat my butt before. A little payback felt kinda nice," Sedna laughed.

"Well that's what I meant to say. I'm starting to run out of reliable contacts for you to throw hands with, and you didn't just get lucky here. You actually know what you're doin' with those gloves. I'd have to either fly some in or fly you out of the state to get any that are really on your level. I'll have to start diggin' for some some special cases to get you somebody worth fightin', but I've got a few ideas on where to look."

Lonnie started getting Carol back to her senses, pausing to help Sedna out of her gloves and giving her a towel and top of her own.

"Hit the showers, kid. You did good. You alright to keep yourself on your workouts for a week or two while I go fishin' for some fresh meat for ya?"

"You got it, coach," Sedna said as she tugged the temporary top back on.

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Sedna cleaned herself up and changed back into her streetclothes before heading back into the world. The chilly air snapped her back to reality. Even under all her layers and blubber, there was no ignoring the cold completely. It made her fights feel even more like a dream, where she might have thought her spars were just violent wet dreams if she didn't still have the bruises to prove it. She had the good fortune of working as a cook at her restaurant where customers wouldn't ask and her coworkers had gotten used to seeing her with a bit of battle damage and building muscle. It made the line between her simple day job and pursuing her real dream job as a titboxer feel so sharply separated.

Today though, she was just starving. She made most of her meals, but it was a cheat day for her to pack on some extra calories to maintain her bulk. She knew a few places in her compact, riverside town that made dishes healthy enough to match her diet. Tucker's Pub was decent, but after she'd won the gauntlet of amateur opponents, she wasn't always up for so much attention from the regulars that recognized her. She set her sights on the fish sandwich at the Seaside Diner instead.

It was a popular little place, and it looked like they had some kind of party based on the family of dolphins filling a few tables. Sedna patiently waited for a table to get cleared for her when another person entered the restaurant behind her.

"Holy fuckin' hell! I'm freezin' my nips off out there! Fuckin' BRR, am I right?!"

Sedna glanced at the newcomer, but only briefly out of interest rather than trying to be rude. She was definitely an outsider if she was that concerned with the early autumn weather. She was a curvy raccoon woman, somewhere around Sedna's age and a bit shorter, but with a leanly muscular build. She had dark gray fur with occasional black streaks, mostly around her eyes and tail. She had long, tied back hair and a fluffy tail grew from just above a thick and meaty ass. Even with her baggy t-shirt and jeans, they were loose fitting (enough for some sideboob and bra to appear by her sleeves) yet tight in just the right spaces to show off her figure. A thin waist, lean muscled limbs, big ass, round and perky tits, sharp and pretty facial features... she had a figure and sense of style that would have made Sedna a little jealous if she wasn't so committed to bulking up for her titboxing career.

She saw the raccoon girl go up to the greeter, talking casually for a moment before she exclaimed again.

"Goddamn that's a wait! I mean, I'm happy you're doin' so well for a little place like this. I know it ain't your fault so I'll tip good, don't you worry. I just ain't goin' back out in that fuckin' cold, you get me?"

The loud newcomer waved assuringly at her and sat in one of the chairs across from Sedna in the little waiting area. She let out a sigh, shivered a little and started messing around on her phone. Her big booty squashed out on the seat and her boobs bounced to a slow stop, but that was what made the giveaway catch the seal's wandering eye. There was a logo on her shirt of two boxing gloves pressing around a pair of circles. Harmless to any casual glance, but Sedna recognized the symbol of tits being squashed together by boxing gloves. It was commonly used for the major league titboxing's merchandise (since not everyone was comfortable walking around with half-naked women on their clothes).

"You a fan or somethin'?" the raccoon asked.

"Hmm?" Sedna perked back up to blink blankly at her.

“You had that look a’ recognition goin’ on. I’m whatcha call a real fuckin’ people person.”

It still took Sedna a moment to keep up with her thick New York accent.

“Oh! your shirt,” the big seal said, tugging on her own indicatively. She reached into her bag and took out a spare set of her boxing gloves, waving them in the air by the string. The raccoon’s eyes and smile lit up.

“Nooooo shit! You throw hands too!? Bitch, that’s amazin’!”

“Yea, I’m still training, but I hope to make it into the big leagues eventually,” Sedna said proudly.

“Well shit! Didn’t know there was a big boxin’ thing up here!” the visitor pointed out.

“Oh... there’s not,” Sedna said with an awkward laugh. “I’ve had about as many barfights as I have actual matches.”

“Oh sick! You must really want it bad then. Get it, biggie!” the stranger laughed jovially.

The curvy raccoon sat up enough to lean over and offer a hand. Sedna went to grasp it but she did a far more complicated collection of slaps and pulls that the Alaskan didn’t recognize. She just smiled and let her lead.

“Name’s Diance. I like ta go by Thrash Panda online and in the ring.”

Great, Sedna thought. Even her name had a fancy accent.

“I’m Sedna. So were you trying to go pro too?”

“Workin’ on it! I just flew in visiting some family for a weddin’. Cousin’s marryin’ some skank with a nice rack. Absolute sweetheart. Love her to death.”

“Oh. That’s nice,” Sedna said with a polite nod. She was starting to catch on that Diance threw her profanity around liberally but didn’t mean much by it. She reminded her a bit of her second.

“My family’s just been here for generations. Mostly seals, of course, but I’ve got a cousin who’s a fox. Literal fox, I mean. I think they were just surprised when I told them what I was getting into, ”

“Oh fuck ‘em, tits. You do you and don’t let ‘em stop ya. My folks didn’t think I’d make it as-” Diance ranted.

“Oh noooo no no. They’re really supportive once they understood!” Sedna assured her.

“Oh shit. Hashtag blessed, huh? My folks didn’t think I’d make it makin’ my music online when I was younger, then I got into this online artists boxing thing and got to likin’ it...”

“Sedna?” a waitress asked as she peered around the lobby.

“Oh! That’s me! Um...” she looked over at Diance. “Did you wanna share a table? I don’t have a lot of people I can talk about this with, and seriously... I’m trying not to geek out about meeting another titboxer.”

“Hell yea! Fuckin’ go off, queen. Let’s roll.”

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The differences between their personalities were quickly overcome as they bonded over boxing. Diance was very friendly despite her language, even when she was complimenting someone. Astrid could only assume some people from The Outside (as they called the rest of the US) were like that. It was more than worth it for Sedna to talk pro titboxing with somebody in person.

“Oh, dude! You see the last world title match?”

“Oh my god yesss! I loooove Astrid. She’s easily in my top five. She’s an inspiration to what a rookie can do in the big league!”

“Ehh, that fatass? I’d rather have a champ with some moves to her instead of a brick wall with tits.”

“Well, she IS a brick wall fatass who’s UNDEFEATED, soooo pretty hard to argue with the results,” Sedna muttered back, wagging a chicken strip at Diance.

“You’re so full of it! You’re like twice my weight you’re so full of it!” Diance laughed playfully.

“I’m big on Gina myself. The big bear’s due for another title shot any day now.”

“Keeping it American, huh?” Sedna asked with a quick smile.

“Oh please. If you think I don’t think Masha’s a babe just cuz she’s Russian, you’re outta your mind.”

“Top five! The accent’s half the fun!” the seal agreed.

“Top five again. So who’s your for real fav?”

“It’s always tough, but it’s gotta be Playgirl.”

Diance frowned, clearly not recognizing it right away.

“Davina McShane. That big buff rabbit from Scotland. She’s such an idol for me. She’s got that gothy scary look but she’s so sweet to fans and everyone outside the ring. Not the top of the rankings, but totally how I want to be.”

Sedna also remembered a very formative masturbation session when “The Playgirl” bunny won an especially intense match. In the afterglow of her orgasms, she had realized she wanted to actually become a titboxer herself. But that didn’t feel like dinner conversation.

“You know your shit. You gotta gimme your socials so I can give you a follow,” Diance said as she went back to her burger.

“I don’t really have one. I keep in touch with my family on Facer, but otherwise I’m just on the fight forums.”

“Oh, dude! I was on Sf’media before I even got into fighting. Nothing gets more eyes of you than some progress pics and shots of you in your gloves. Get them boner likes. I can totally talk you through it if you pass me your email.”

Diance sucked down her iced tea while Sedna thought about that. If she was going to be all over the sports news and half the town had seen her tits between the gym and her matches, It probably wasn’t a bad idea, especially if it would help Lottie by getting some attention herself.

“But obviously, I gotta punch you in the titty first. You got a place we can glove up and I can see what you’re made of?” Diance insisted.

Sedna blinked in surprise and nodded.

“Oh definitely. Goes without saying. I just got off a workout, so is tomorrow morning okay with you? Just so long as you’re ok showing up to your wedding with a black eye.”

Diance rolled her eyes.

“Trust me. Wouldn’t be the first time. Now where’s this ring?”

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They hammered out the details during their meal, and early the next morning Diance and Sedna were both in a ring at the gym. There weren’t many members there, but those that were couldn’t help but stare at the friendly spar. The two topless and busty women in boxing gloves made for quite the spectacle, plus Diance had convinced Sedna to swap out her boxing trunks for thongs. It was the raccoon girl’s preferred way to fight while Sedna didn’t even own any. She had to make the time to go out and actually buy one just for the fight. She found one that matched the pale blue of her usual gear and gloves. Her short, fin-tipped tail occasionally twitched or flexed as it got used to its existence just above her new underwear.

Diance Moore was in similar gear, though her gloves were toxic-looking green streaks over the black leather. While smaller than Sedna's, her big gray boobs bounced more perkily with her black, slightly upturned nipples hard and ready. She was built like Sedna had predicted; lean and athletic muscle but with a concentrated softness and thickness around her hips and bust. The muscles supported the curves to look like some kind of pro athlete porn star, with her longer busy tail curling up near her middle back to meet her long, black-streaked ponytail. Even standing in her corner she bounced like she was listening to a rhythm that Sedna couldn't hear.

"Okay! What are we thinking?" Sedna asked as she limbered up her powerful arms and knocked her gloves together. She was very excited to face somebody from the Outside and see what it was like.

"Well, no ref, nothin' fancier than a stopwatch... how about we go bare bones on this bitch? No rounds, we go until we're out or give up?" the raccoon suggested.

"Works for me. As long as you think you can last that long," Sedna said with a playful grin.

"Oh you're gonna be sweatin' buckets in no time, bitch! You just try not to puke on me once I'm done smackin' that gut around!"

Diance smiled wide around her insults and bounced on her boots a little more rapidly. Her bust bounced along with it just as perkily. Sedna was always happy to find somebody to swap trash talk with. She'd spent a few nights with her online ERP buddies just swapping threats and insults before she'd started going legit into boxing, and it made her muscles and pussy twitch with their mutual excitement.

"Okay. Dingdingding," Sedna chimed cutely as she moved in with her gloves up.

As they closed in, it was clear that Diance wasn't the lightest opponent she'd faced, but the smallest one to have any hint of real training. The raccoon moved with a quickness that clearly came from being light for a titboxer without lacking in muscle. Sedna clearly had the size advantage on Diance, but it couldn't be the first time the city girl had faced someone bigger than she was. The local rookie's interest in the match was piqued, but something still felt slightly off as they made their minor adjustments to their stance and pace.

Sedna decided to surprise her, firing off the first shot with a jab to the body. Diance jolted and recoiled a moment too late, taking a grace to her side. It still made Sedna crack a smile at the early success. She kept up the pressure, keeping the smaller girl moving on the defensive. Diance darted in for a counter attack and Sedna was ready, blocking her firm shots. They packed some surprising punch of their own, enough to rattle Sedna despite her greater height and weight. The big seal readied a hard hook, but she found herself striking too early. Diance stayed in close and shot a harsh left uppercut into her mammary. Sedna gasped as her nipples immediately erected in response, feeling the familiar sensation of her milk glands firing up from



the painful stimulation. Sedna threw a hasty cross for Diance's head but she ducked under, smacked a few hooks to her sides and darted back out.

"Wow!" Sedna gasped, rubbing her already aching boob.

The power behind the smaller girl's blows was a little surprising, but that wasn't what really shocked her. Especially after meeting a short tank like Jasmine.

"I never met somebody with a left upper like that," she praised with a distracted but genuine smile.

Diance grinned back and shook out her arms.

"What? You never fought a southpaw before? Whole different ball game."

Sedna's eyes widened in her usual shift from alarm to excitement. She hadn't fought anybody left-handed before, but it was one of the earliest things she'd learned about boxing. The majority being right-handed, there were a lot of subtle differences in their styles that made them way more unpredictable. Sedna's nostrils flared as she took another excited breath.

"What's up, tits? You chickening out already?" Diance called to her.

"Are you kidding? Now I'm really hyped!"

"HA! Yea? Get it, bitch!" Diance cackled gleefully along with her.

The ladies went back for more. They traded some more testing shots, tagging each other with experimental shots that did little more than sting. Sedna stayed slow and steady, feeling out the lighter fighter's style before committing too heavily. Ultimately, Diance slipped past her guard again. Sedna was only just starting to catch on to her different pace and combos, leaving an extra split second of delay in her early performance. Diance snapped some more punches into the sides of her boobs while circling around her, outmaneuvering her and pelting her with the surprise lefts. Sedna was suddenly on the backfoot, getting herded by the outsider's body blows.

"Try an' keep up, chubs! I let my gloves do the talkin' for me!" Diance boasted as she got into her flow while Sedna was still finding hers.

"I find that pretty hard to believe," Sedna grunted as she just blocked a right to her temple.

The big seal saw she couldn't outmaneuver her like this, so she planted her boots and stopped short of her next dodge. Diance's next straight went a bit off-target and connected with Sedna's big belly. Her gut jiggled a moment before the glove connected with the hard abs just

underneath. The direct hit felt worth it when Sedna drove a huge and heavy right across Diance's snout, getting a satisfying grunt and spray of spittle bursting out of her.

Even with the natural advantage, the raccoon wasn't shrugging off the heavyweight's swings that easily. Her eyes fluttered and she staggered to one side, so Sedna brought one beefy arm swinging into her chest. It caught her like a clothesline, smashing her bicep across her tits and slamming Diance back against the ropes. The city girl grunted as her big ass and tail rested on the middle ropes, keeping her steady as Sedna let loose with her overdue counterassault. Her hard, loping blows hit like sledgehammers on Diance's unprotected rack. They bounced and swelled beneath her leather until Diance swept another uppercut to the base of Sedna's breast. It connected where her underboob met her ribs, making her squeak with pain while her bouncing breast finally splashed out a shot of white. She retreated to rub an arm across her leaking chest, even with the arousing jolt of pain that came with it.

"Holy shit!" Diance scoffed. "You walruses really pack a punch."

"Seal," Sedna reminded her politely as she tried to catch her breath.

She noted Diance taking a branching breath and adjusting her tits with a quick paw of her own chest. The raccoon shook her head, tossing her hair around behind her.

"Well I ain't silpin' on seal shit like that. I won't fall for that one again!"

"You gotta stop some time," Sedna prodded, a smile crossing her muzzle. "So why don't you just let me knock you out instead of running yourself ragged first?"

"Why don't you get used to tastin' my mitts, skank!? It'll prep you for when you're tastin' my ass on your face!"

Diance dashed in again, this time with a sudden burst of speed behind her. She moved with the same unique glovework and rhythmic footwork that moved in a dancing blur. They traded a few lucky shots before Sedna had to resort to a general guard, stopping a few lighter hits but leaving herself open for a lower shot right to the pussy. The thong made the impact even more direct than usual, burying the tiny garment up her slit rather than the vague billowy nature of her trunks. Sedna gave a high-pitched wail as the cheap shot made her legs cross, but she still stayed standing. Her glove still went to her groin as she doubled over, her face twisting in intimate pain with a guttural moan.

"Too slow! And just getting slower!" Diance gloated as she slammed a huge punch across Sedna's gawking face.

The seal grunted as sweat and spit flew from her face. Her thick body wobbled along after her. Her vision blurred as another blow smashed into her flat little nose, making her eyes water as she winced and staggered. Sedna struggled to keep her footing, slipping up and resorting to

slumping forward for a clinch. She draped herself over Diance's shoulders, leaning her bruised and sweaty body against her. She panted in her opponent's ear, dizzied by the mixed throbbing in her pussy as their heaving breasts kept bumping together.

"Love you too, fatass," Diance laughed wearily as she hugged Sedna back. It made the seal whine as her sore breasts felt pinched as she increased the pressure between their jugs, even if she heard a wincing inhale from Diance as well.

"But you're gettin' kinda heavy. Down ya go!"

Diance fired off another punch, spiking it into the side of Sedna's tit. It clapped it against the other, making the big seal flinch from the double impact. She shot in a few more but the seal held on tight, squeezing a thick bicep around Diance's neck. She leaned harder into her, bullying her back against a corner where she could thump a harsh, low hook into the raccoon's more toned stomach. She was still leaning on her shoulder to hear the deep grunt of pain and the spray of spit over her back and shoulder.

"I SAID go down!" Diance hissed as she crushed a vengeful glove deep into Sedna's lower ribs.

Sedna gave a startled cry and her grasp weakened. Diance used it to slip out of her grasp, ducking and sidestepping away to let Sedna collapse to the mats. She rolled from her stomach to her side, moaning as she cradled the tender spot on her other side. She took the moment to suck in a few deeply needed breaths as Diance skipped in place to keep moving.

"And stay down! Look atcha. Can't be easy luggin' all that weight around. Take the L and keep makin' out with your new boyfriend: the canvas," the Thrash Panda taunted.

"It's just a one time fling with me and him," Sedna grunted out a chuckle.

She propped up an elbow under herself and forced herself back to all fours. She let out a steading huff as her breasts wobbled beneath her. It wasn't until she heard the soft tapping of her milk droplets hitting the mats beneath her that she realized her nipples were leaking like a cheap faucet. She grunted and gave them a pressing squeeze with her forearm as she dragged herself back up.

"Not gonna happen again," Sedna promised her opponent.

"You should make more hits and less wishes, babe," Diance warned as she moved in again.

Sedna warded her off with a few warding swings, but the raccoon wasn't being reckless. She dodged and deflected her punches as she advanced. It took the seal throwing a feint to bait her into an overreacting dodge. Sedna threw her real weight into the second strike, driving in a hook that crushed Diance's nipple and areola under her glove. The raccoon twitched and pivoted as her weight was thrown off balance, but she recentered herself quicker than expected. Diance

spun in a sharp arc and brought that killer left around again. It smashed into Sedna's tenderized boob, her tired pecs losing their grip on it as it flew at an upward angle and clapped against her cheek. Sedna huffed and staggered from the shocking hit, gawking and drooling over her chest that was already sticky with sweat and milk. Her gloves sagged as Diance smacked several hard straights into her face, making her eyes roll before releasing titty punches on her at a machine gun pace. Sedna's tits bounced out of control, juggled all over by Diance's barrage until the tubby seal sagged enough for a downward cross to the face. Her head snapped along with it and her body quickly followed, falling flat on her back. She blinked some pained tears from her eyes, the blurred overhead lights staring right back at her.

The lights weren't a problem for long. Diance stepped over her, casting her shadow over her instead. She was breathing heavily as her sweat dripped down her face and tits. A sluggish drizzle of milk and sweat dipped on Sedna's skin.

"Not goin' down again, huh?" the Thrash Panda teased.

She raised a booted foot and prodded at one of Sedna's swelling breasts. She bit her lip to keep from squealing. She dragged her toe around it since there wasn't any 10-count to consider.

"You might not keep your word about this kinda shit, but I sure do. Now eat up!"

Diance squatted down and planted her thick, fluffy ass in Sedna's face. The seal's eyes went wide as the sweat-soaked thong and cheeks squashed out against her snout. She let out a muffled shout and swung wildly, smacking her gloves against Diance's wiggling butt. She couldn't get a clean grip on her with her gloves on, kicking and stomping to try and buck her off.

"Don't think I get off that easy, girl! I've sat on a lot of faces for a lot of reasons over the years," the raccoon gloated.

She squatted down and bounced her butt around, making her thick cheeks smack against Sedna's face. It was humiliating, the kind of thing she only tended to see in more one-sided matches. It was sort of hot for her to realize as the striped tail waved above her face, and the skimpy thong didn't do much to hide her arousal. Diance must have noticed since her glove came firing down into her crotch. It connected with a wet smack as Sedna jerked in place, shoving her face deeper into Diance's ass crack. Her whole body trembled, and with a few more firm low blows she arched her back and squirted all over the mats. Her thong had ridden so deep into her that it didn't do much to stop her juices from getting everywhere. Even her nipples got in on the acts, fired up and leaking all over her chest.

"Damn, titty girl! You're a big fan of boxing alright! Guess that's the pretty normal reaction to me sittin' on people, though." Diance noted with a delighted laugh.

Sedna groaned wearily beneath her, a soaked mess even before Diance's own dripping sweat and milk got on her. She swallowed hard as the raccoon's low blows made her lean forward and

gave her some room to breathe, and the fresh air mixed with the post-nut clarity got her mind racing. She took a deep breath and gripped the base of Diance's tail, gave it a harsh pull and swung up with her other glove so that it hammered her in her incoming pussy. Sedna caught how quickly the glove slipped off her slick slit, showing she had hit deep and while she was aroused herself for a clearer shot at her clit. The city girl was quick, but not while she was sitting right on her face.

"AOOOH!"

Diance howled and shot upright, and Sedna kept pounding away on her hips. She sank some satisfying punches into her ass, jiggling it around. She was much less familiar with the more indie sport of assboxing, but she assumed it was a bit like this. A few hard hits and Diance jumped up abruptly enough for Sedna to lose her grip on her. She stumbled to all fours, cupping her crotch and fumbling away. She got back to her feet, but it took her several tries, giving Sedna time to heft herself back up as well.

"Sorry. Didn't see you there," Sedna joked with a weary smile.

"NNF! Payback's a bitch and so are you! This why I love your ass," Diance groaned as she finished rubbing her throbbing mound.

She shook out her sweaty hair, her ears flicking eagerly as she took up her fighting stance. It was clearly much looser and sloppier than before, not that Sedna was at full energy herself. Diance hit harder than she looked, and she could feel the aching and swelling across her body, especially in her face and tits (with her pussy pulsing in a jealous third place, but the paingasm's surge of pleasure had dropped it out of the running). Her muscles bulged, veins thick with effort to keep her guard high. She held a lower stance than usual, making herself an easier target for headshots hence her higher guard.

The girls came out swinging once again, but they were getting clumsier. They did their best to stay conservative but leapt at a clear opening at any opportunity. Sedna did a good job shielding her head from Diance's quicker hits, but she used that to keep smacking her with quick shots to the belly. Sedna soaked up all the hits she could since that baited her into getting greedy and repaid her with the occasional shot to her fluffy cheeks.

Sedna overextended her reach, going for a long shot at Diance's face. The raccoon swept in under it and threw all her weight into a huge gut-buster, slamming her glove into the seal's wobbly belly. It rippled like a blubber-coated puddle and Sedna's eyes went wide, letting out a huge and dramatic bellow as she hugged her stomach. She reeled straight backward until her tail hit the turnbuckles, tightening up defensively in the corner.

"Better trust your gut, punchslut! Cuz it says you're gettin' your ass kicked!"

Diance moved in with a huge haymaker ready, going right for Sedna's bruised up face to finish the fight. It was the perfect time for Sedna to quit faking. She drew on her deep but mostly depleted reserves and shot forward with a surprising burst of speed of her own. She looped her arm inside and around Diance's, bending it back and away from her torso. The raccoon's eyes widened with shock as Sedna slammed a shot deep into her abs, feeling the toned muscles tense and start to give against her perfectly timed body blow. Diance gagged loudly, coughing up a mess of spit over Sedna's boobs.

"Quick tip," the seal said, thumping the back of her glove playfully against Diance's abdomen. She shoved another deep punch her way, this time crushing one of her boobs while she twisted her fist. Diance grimaced as her nipple felt like it was being treated like a corkscrew.

"All that extra meat? Makes for great padding compared to all those exposed muscles," Sedna warned.

Diance flailed with her one free arm, but Sedna had her under control with her leverage. Her gloves could barely connect with Sedna's shoulder as she held her up, pounding her boobs a few more times. The raccoon's boob started to bruise and swell as her milk splattered over her upper body and belly like it was white gore. She tried to twist her body to an angle where she could slam Sedna in the side, but her muscles stung and protested as they fell short. Her arms, chest, and even her ass hurt from Sedna's deeply penetrating blows.

Sedna had her right where she wanted her. Diance had clearly slowed down from the fatigue of the fight. Her tanking stamina was near its limit, but it was enough to outlast the lighter and cocky raccoon. Even when Sedna was getting crushed under her, the sheer amount of sweat coming off her booty had been an assurance that she was burning herself out just as quickly.

Sedna finally shot a huge uppercut right between Diance's tits. The leather scraped against the inside of her sweaty tits, irritating them and giving the raccoon girl a brief warning before it smashed into her chin. Her fangs clacked together as her head flew backward, trying to fall but Sedna still had her by the arm. She reeled her back in like a dance partner, if one that was especially drunk and battered. The seal wrapped her arms around Diance' squeezing her arms to her sides in a hard bearhug. Her arms screamed at her in pain and overexertion, but thankfully Diance screamed even louder.

"Good fight! But I got you now!" Sedna declared.

Diance found it hard to argue with her. She'd even shoved her thick leg between hers, her pulsing thigh pushing against the raccoon's pussy. Diance didn't have the strength to overpower Sedna, a challenge for her even at her best. She knew she was in trouble, her body feeling like she was in a trash compactor while her weakened tits met Sedna's like four big, bruised up mounds colliding. Sedna had full control over the hold, so she was able to angle the bulk of her boobs to put most of the pressure on Diance's rack. Her eyes watered while her nipples poured out a small waterfall between them, running over Sedna's extended leg.

“Givin’ up? You know you want to,” Sedna warned as she squeezed even tighter.

Diance coughed for air, spraying more spittle over Sedna’s face. She shook her head, trying to grit her teeth and wiggle out of it. Sedna reared her head back and brought her forehead smacking into the raccoon’s face, rattling her brain on top of the draining pain. Diance’s eyes rolled behind the mask of black fur, ragdolling in her grasp. She groaned and drooled, barely conscious in her grip as Sedna listlessly let go. The ragdolling raccoon crumbled to the ground with the occasional twitch but showed no other signs of moving. Sedna heaved a deep sigh as she sized her up, barely standing and feeling ready to sit down herself.

So as long as she owed it to her, Sedna turned away from her and plopped her wide, heavy ass on her face, her tail resting over Diance’s eyes as her big booty smothered her out cold.

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Sedna wasn’t sure if Diance was out cold or just stunned, but it felt like reason enough to end the fight there. She didn’t have much left in her anyway, so she let her opponent drop and collapsed into a corner. She chugged most of her water bottle in one go, soaking in the strangely pleasant afterglow of exhaustion and pain that came with a victory. If she’d lost, she’d be too unconscious to feel it, so it was always this exciting mixed feeling. She waited for Diance to get up, making sure she was ok to see herself out and make it to her wedding on her own. Diance was thrilled by the results herself, happy to recount parts of the fight with her and swapping where they’d picked up their moves. They made sure to exchange email addresses and arrange to meet up for lunch before Diance went back to the Outside. They were both definitely too sore to eat right after a match, and Sedna was too busy trying to get her one tit to stop leaking to do much in public. Diance had seemed a bit disappointed that she didn’t have any black eyes to wear to her wedding; she swore she had mastered adjusting her facial fur to cover it up.

Sedna went home that night, proud and excited to have made an actual friend through her budding boxing career. Knowing there was somebody out there walking the same path as her was reassuring and she hoped she ran into her whenever she made her way into the big leagues.

There was still one thing left to decide on. The big, bruised seal sat in front of her computer, looking at her unfinished S’media profile. She drummed her finger on her mouse as she considered the blank space for her name. She tentatively entered “Sedna,” but it felt a little empty. Diance had hers as “ThrashPanda” like she’d mentioned before. She considered some of the parting words she’d had with the city slugger, and how fighting Sedna was like fighting...

She finished typing “Sedna\_the\_Glacier” and finished signing in. She immediately sent a friend request to Diance and checked out her profile. Her profile was a mostly a bunch of pictures of

her posing in fighting gear, working out and just before or after spars. Her latest post had her in front of a mirror in her bra, showing the bruised up fur and flesh painted in purple bruises.

“Had a “friendly” meetup with some hottie while I was out. You should see the other bitch!” the text described.

Sedna quickly took a selfie, clicked the Like button and posted her image among the sympathetic and simping horny replies.

“Hi! I’m ‘the other bitch :3” she entered along with her pic.

She quickly got a series of alerts. Diance accepted her friend request, liked her post, and added a reply to her reply.

“OMG I LOVE! THIS! BITCH! My number one punch buddy! Watch her, cuz she’s goin places! Hits like a motherfucker and cums twice as hard!”

Sedna just giggled and blushed, deciding to take it as another of her vulgar compliments.

Megan Ladonna the shark

Diance Moore; thick raccoon. Greenblack gloves. “Thrash Panda”  
Davina “The Playgirl” McShane, goth scottish rabbit

Sedna Selkia the seal boxer; Chub bulk, shorter side, short silvery white hair, stub tail on booty. Blue and silver stripes gear. Titboxing fangirl, Inuit/native alaskan. Optimistic, cheerful, bad with names, but tough and competitive in the ring. surprisingly good at trash talk. Aka ice Princess, Icebreaker special hug.

Tammy “Poison” Bay: dock worker brawler rat. Pale brown, purple hair over one eye

Lonnie the puffin coach



Spec; snow leopard, wolf, skunk, hot spring monkey, squirrel, badger, wolf, walrus, otter, hyena, goat, buff bunny, baboon, beaver, hamster, sloth, cow/ox, beluga, shark, boar pig, doberman, st bernard, buffalo, raccoon, seagulls, rhino, chameleon

Grey fox cousin?

Bianca Ruiz: Husky soldier, big shoulders, very strong shape. More sculpted and buff but less bulky. Easy Point base, lot of black and white mix

Carol Dawson the reindeer; buff upper body. Boxes casual/semipro but mostly weightlifts. shoulder/mid back hair.

Stats;

[https://docs.google.com/document/u/0/d/1kFaLtgC89\\_M5OAGRfa-mUrmSFeoRFcY90FdEj4-3Vkl/mobilebasic](https://docs.google.com/document/u/0/d/1kFaLtgC89_M5OAGRfa-mUrmSFeoRFcY90FdEj4-3Vkl/mobilebasic)