

THE REMATCH - ALEXANDRA PAUL VS. PAMELA ANDERSON

“Alexandra Paul is a bloody mess! Pamela Anderson has really pulped her up. I'm amazed Alex is even thinking of fighting on.

Pamela Anderson throws a one-two combo then fakes a move to fire a big right hand to the chin!

The strikes hit home! Alex is going to go down! She's hurt badly...the crowd are on their feet!

Down Alex goes! She's out cold! That phenomenal knockout has put the rest of Pam's division on notice!

Alex has a nasty cut on her Chin. Blood's seeping from that wound. This might be enough for the referee to end the fight.

The winner is Pamela Anderson by KO (Punches) at 2:50 Round 3! Congratulations!”



Knocked Out

That was the end of the **Alexandra Paul** versus **Pamela Anderson** fight in The **Vagabond Hotel** (Miami, Florida, USA). Despite the [extreme training](#) Alexandra had gone through with **Hailee Steinfeld**, **Yasmine Bleeth** and **Zendaya**, Alexandra was unable to beat her longtime friend and stable leader **Pamela Anderson**. The lost fight had been one more in a long list of competitions she had lost to Pamela

Before the [UCC XXVII](#) fight Alex and Pam had agreed that the loser of the fight would have the right to challenge the winner for a rematch, a boxing match.

After Alex had recovered from the severe beating she had received, and discussed it with her trainers, Hailee, Yasmine and Zendaya, Alex had decided to use that right and challenged Pam to a boxing match. The fight would take place in Alex and Zen's home gym in one month's time.



A month later, Alexandra Paul's confidence soared to an all-time high. She felt stronger than in a long time, and her cardio was perhaps even better than when she was a triathlete.

Her boxing skills had also improved significantly. She could now go five intense rounds with Hailee Steinfeld, and even Yasmine Bleeth had to admit that Alexandra was every bit her equal...well, *almost* her equal. The progress was undeniable, as before the training she couldn't last a single round. Alexandra felt ready to face Pamela Anderson with renewed determination and strength.

Alexandra Paul the Challenger >

As they awaited Pamela's arrival, a nervous energy crept through Alexandra. Sensing her unease, Zendaya and Hailee reassured her that, win or lose, she had become a good boxer.

Sitting on her stool, Alexandra felt Zendaya's gentle hands massaging her shoulders, offering comfort and support. Hailee stood in front of her, running through every possible scenario, causing Alexandra's mind to drift. She stared blankly at Hailee, imagining what it would feel to squeeze Hailee's bulging biceps and run her hands over Hailee's washboard abs... "Yes... I understand, she said and snapped back to the here and now.



"I think she's got it, Hailee," said Zendaya, her voice filled with confidence. "It's all up to my Alex now."

< Yasmine Bleeth the Trainer

Zendaya the Girlfriend >





It only took a few minutes before Pamela entered the gym. Alexandra's eyes were glued to the blonde as she made her way up to the ring, accompanied by **Gena Lee Nolin** and **Nicole Eggert**.

Pamela split the ropes and headed to her corner, removing her hoodie and pulling off her sweats. Alexandra immediately started hyperventilating as Pamela stretched, showcasing her ripped muscles.

"Breathe, just take some slow breaths," Zendaya encouraged, her voice calm and steady, trying to soothe Alexandra's rising anxiety.

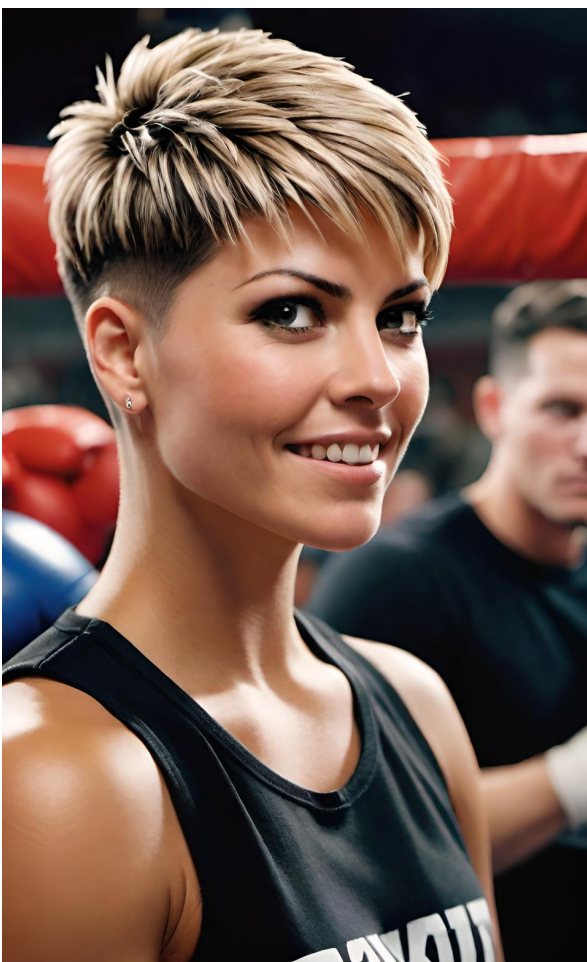
< **Gena Lee Nolin the Cornerman**

Chyler Leigh, the agreed-upon referee, brought the two

fighters to the middle of the ring and gave them their instructions. "The rules are simple, ladies. Three 10-minute rounds with a minute between each. I will score the fight on a 10-point must system. Standard boxing rules apply, and only three knockdowns or standing 8 counts are allowed per round."

"Listen to my commands and defend yourself at all times. Any questions?"

Pamela smiled and snuggled up to Alexandra, the tension between them reaching new heights as they braced for what was promising to be a grueling fight. She placed her glove over Alexandra's



right bicep, tracing the contours of the slim, sinewy muscles with a delicate touch. Through her glove, she gave the big muscle a firm squeeze, her eyes locked on Alexandra's

< **Nicole Eggert the Cornerman**

Chyler Leigh the Referee >

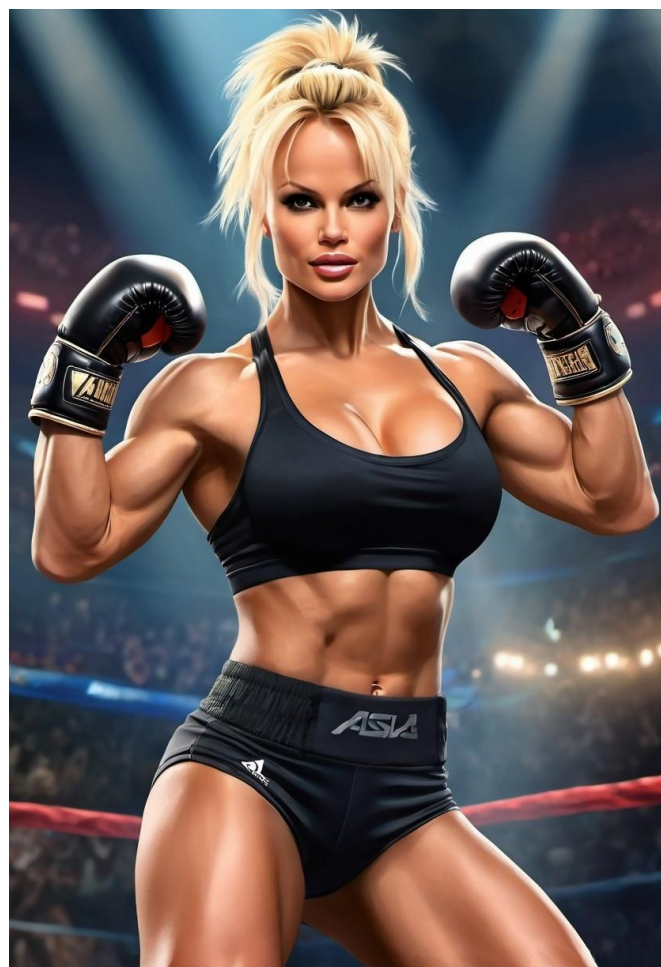


"That's really impressive, Alexandra. Your muscles are amazing. You must have really been hitting the gym," Pamela purred, her voice dripping with both admiration and challenge.

A smile spread across Alexandra's face, knowing she was in the best shape of her life. She let out a big sigh as Pamela took a step back and flexed both of her biceps.

Alexandra almost choked on her own spit as Pamela's biceps grew and grew, the definition and size so pronounced it looked as though they were about to burst. The display of raw power and physical perfection was both intimidating and electrifying, making Alexandra knees start to buckle.

Pamela Anderson the Defending Champ >



Zendaya quickly pulled Alexandra away, guiding her back to their corner as she mumbled, "They're so big. I've never seen anything like them before. Her muscles are incredible."

A light slap across the face snapped Alexandra out of her stupor. "Come on, babe. Focus on the fight, not her muscles. You've got this," Zendaya urged, her voice firm yet supportive, trying to bring Alexandra's attention back to the impending battle.

Hailee stepped in front of Alexandra, her eyes intense. "You see them? Her biceps, do you see them?"



Alexandra nodded, her voice almost a whisper. "Yeah, they're so big and beautiful."

"Listen," Hailee said firmly, "having big muscles doesn't make you a good boxer. Stick to the plan. Now go and kick her ass. Are you ready?"

With a deep breath, Alexandra squared her shoulders and replied, "I'm ready."



< Hailee Seinfeld the Trainer

THE FIGHT

ROUND 1:

Pam comes out fast, almost too fast for Alex, who takes a punch to the cheek and gets shoved back to the ropes. Pamela lands a crisp hook to the ribs before Alexandra manages to circle back to the middle of the ring.

Alexandra dips to her right and surprises Pamela with a hook to the ribs and an uppercut that slices through her guard, landing squarely on her chin. Pamela's head snaps back, her body twisting to the right. Alexandra follows up with a jab to Pam's temple and a stout cross that swivels her head to the side. Pamela quickly brings her guard up tight, elbows tucked in, and gloves resting on her cheeks.

Alexandra launches a double jab that Pamela swats away and counters with a punch that lands on Alexandra's right shoulder. A jab from Pamela gets through, but Alexandra moves to the left, narrowly avoiding it. However, she misses with a follow-up hook to the ribs.

They stand toe to toe, both with their guards tight, then start throwing down. Alexandra displays amazing technique, darting in to land a couple of jabs before backing away as Pamela's punches sail helplessly by.

Pamela works the jab with relentless precision, each punch snapping out like a whip. Alexandra, demonstrating her remarkable footwork, dips to the left and dodges Pamela's powerful swings from the hip. The intensity of the exchange keeps the crowd on the edge of their seats, every movement charged with determination and skill.

As the round progresses, Alexandra begins to find her rhythm, her movements fluid and calculated. She skirts in and out of Pamela's reach, landing sharp jabs and retreating before Pamela can counter. The sweat glistens on both fighters, evidence of their fierce exertion.

In the closing seconds, it's the veteran Pamela who manages to take control. She pushes Alexandra back with a series of well-placed shots, her experience and power shining through. The bell rings, signaling the end of the first round, and it's clear that Pamela has edged out the advantage, stealing the round and taking a 10-9 lead. Alexandra returns to her corner, breathing heavily but undeterred, ready to strategize for the next round.

Zen is busy wiping Alex down while giving her spurts from a water bottle. Hailee is all business. "You're doing great," Hailee says, "just Keep it up and I promise that you'll beat her."





Round 2:

The two fighters step forward and square off, their intensity electrifying the gym. Pamela extends her glove, and it takes Alexandra a few seconds to realize that the blonde was looking to touch gloves in a show of sportsmanship.

Chyler Leigh, steps back and raises her hand, signaling the start of the round. Pamela, with her blonde hair pulled back tightly, nods curtly at Alexandra, a smirk playing on her lips. Alexandra, her dark hair damp with sweat, squares her shoulders, ready for whatever Pamela throws her way.

From the outset, Pamela adopts a strategy of closing the distance, moving in close to Alexandra to negate her reach advantage. She starts with a probing jab, aiming to disrupt Alexandra's rhythm. Alexandra, dances on the balls of her feet, circling away from Pamela's advances. She

feints a jab of her own, testing Pamela's reaction, but Pamela remains composed, slipping the punch and countering with a left hook to Alexandra's ribs.

The impact reverberates through Alexandra's body, but she grits her teeth and pushes forward. Pamela seizes the opportunity, pressing Alexandra against the ropes with a flurry of hooks and crosses to the body. Punch after punch lands on Alexandra's midsection, targeting her ribs and abs with relentless precision. Each blow is calculated to wear down Alexandra's defenses and sap her energy.

Alexandra, feeling the pressure, fights to break free from Pamela's clinch. She plants her feet and throws a series of quick punches, aiming for Pamela's ribs in retaliation. A couple of blows find their mark, causing Pamela to wince momentarily. Alexandra seizes the momentary advantage, forcing Pamela to bring her guard in tight, protecting her body as she regroups.

The sound of punches landing is stark and intense. The trainers and onlookers hold their breath, captivated by the back-and-forth action unfolding before them. On one side, Pamela demonstrates her experience and ring savvy, using her strength to dictate the pace of the fight. On the other side, Alexandra showcases her resilience and endurance, refusing to back down despite the onslaught.

As the round progresses, both fighters settle into a rhythm, trading punches in the center of the ring. Pamela continues to work Alexandra's body, alternating between hooks to the ribs and straight punches to the abdomen. Each blow tests Alexandra's endurance, but she digs deep, absorbing the punishment and looking for openings to counter.

In a moment of clarity, Alexandra ducks under a wild swing from Pamela and unleashes a sharp uppercut that grazes Pamela's chin. The punch snaps Pamela's head back, momentarily stunning her. Alexandra follows up with a quick jab to Pamela's temple and a straight right cross that lands flush on Pamela's cheek.

The impact sends a jolt through Pamela's body, but she shakes off the blow and retaliates with renewed vigor. She steps in close again, pressing Alexandra against the ropes with a barrage of punches aimed at her now glowing red midsection. Alexandra, feeling the ropes against her back, summons her strength and weathers the storm, using her elbows to shield her ribs from further punishment.

The round draws to a close, both fighters breathing heavily as they retreat to their corners. Alexandra's corner team works quickly, applying ice packs to her bruised ribs and offering words of encouragement. Zendaya, her girlfriend and coach, locks eyes with Alexandra, her expression a mix of pride and concern.

"You're doing great, babe," Zendaya says, her voice steady. "Keep moving, use your footwork. You've got her on the ropes."

Alexandra gives her girlfriend a bewildered look but then nods, her jaw set with determination. She knows the fight is far from over. Across the ring, Pamela sits on her stool, a focused expression on her face as her corner team tends to her. Gena Lee Nolin and Nicole Eggert offer words of advice, reinforcing Pamela's strategy to maintain pressure and capitalize on openings. Pamela easily takes the round 10-9 and leads 20-18.



Round 3:

As the bell rings to signal the start of the third round, both fighters rise from their stools, ready to resume their battle. The intensity in the gym reaches a fever pitch as Pamela and Alexandra meet in the center of the ring once more. They exchange nods of respect before the Chyler steps in to restart the action.

Alexandra uses her speed to make a comeback. She darts around the ring, landing jabs and quick combinations on Pamela. A particularly sharp jab opens a cut under Pamela's left eye. Pamela, a flash too late with her counters, struggles to keep up with Alexandra's torrid pace.





Alexandra takes control as Pamela finds herself flat footed and continues to be a step behind and a second too late. Alexandra is landing a high percentage of punches but with little behind them Pamela is able to weather the storm.

With a minute left, Pamela ducks an errant left cross and rocks Alexandra with a powerful uppercut to the chin, causing Alexandra to stagger. Pamela corners Alexandra and lands heavy hooks to her belly and ribs making the tall brunette gasp. Pamela is relentless, shoving Alexandra into the corner and working up and down, landing punches to the ribs and belly. Alexandra barely makes it to the bell but it's clear the tide is turning.

Despite the frantic comeback, Alexandra takes the round 10-9 but Pamela still leads 29-28.

Zendaya is starting to look worried as her girlfriend is laboring to breathe and she can clearly tell that her ribs are bothering her. Hailee tells Alexandra to toughen up and keep her distance and work the jab.

Sweat drips down Pamela's face as she takes in deep breaths. Nicole takes the water bottle and douses it over Pamela's face then towels her off before the bell.



Round 4:

The fourth round unfolds with a renewed sense of urgency. Pamela continues to press forward, using her jab to control the distance and set up her power shots. Alexandra, undeterred by the punishment she has already endured, responds with quick combinations and lateral movement, aiming to frustrate Pamela's relentless aggression.

The fight becomes a tactical chess match, each fighter probing for weaknesses and exploiting opportunities. Pamela lands a stiff jab that snaps Alexandra's head back, but Alexandra counters with a swift hook to Pamela's ribs that forces her to backpedal momentarily. Their corners cheer as the momentum shifts back and forth, neither fighter willing to give an inch.

As the fourth progresses, fatigue begins to set in, evident in the slight slowing of their punches and the deepening of their breaths. Alexandra digs deep, drawing on her conditioning and resilience to weather Pamela's onslaught. She ducks under a wild swing from Pamela and lands a series of body shots that momentarily stagger the muscular blonde.

Pamela, sensing Alexandra's determination, redoubles her efforts. She steps in close, throwing heavy hooks and uppercuts aimed at Alexandra's head and body. Alexandra, feeling the impact of each blow, clenches her teeth and fights back with everything she has left.

The bell rings to signal the end of the fourth round, and both fighters retreat to their corners once more.

Alexandra's corner team surrounds her, working quickly to assess any damage and provide necessary adjustments. Zendaya wipes sweat from Alexandra's brow and offers a bottle of water, her voice filled with unwavering support.

"You're doing amazing, babe," Zendaya says, her eyes locked on Alexandra's. "Stay focused, keep moving. You've got her figured out."

Alexandra nods, her chest rising and falling with each breath. She knows she is in for a tough fight, but she is determined to give it her all. Across the ring, Pamela receives instructions from Gena, her expression focused and determined. She knows she cannot afford to let up against a fighter as resilient as Alexandra.

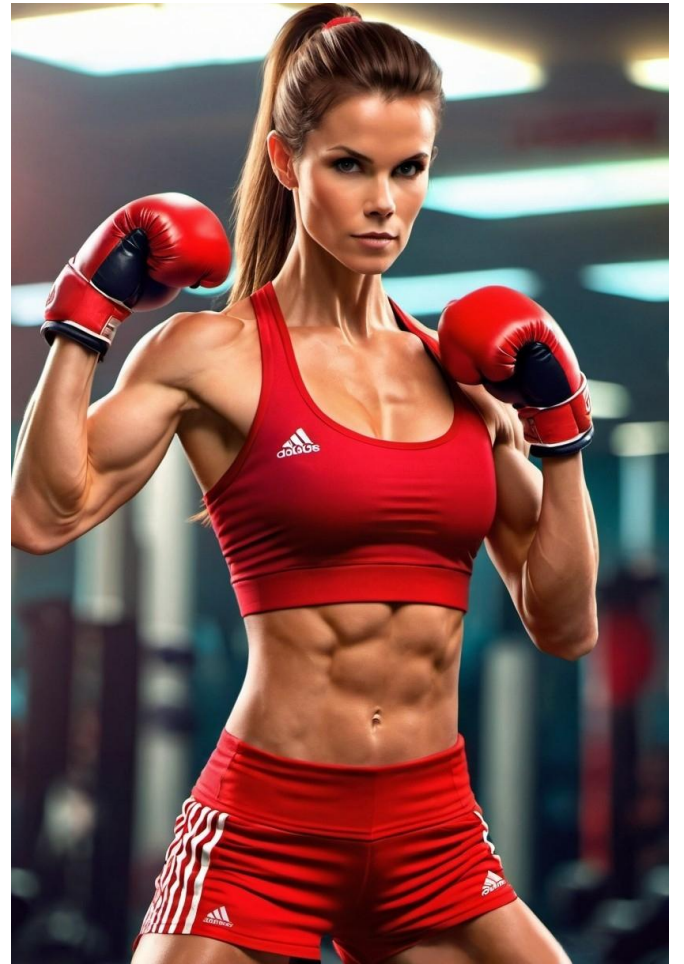
With quick hands and fast footwork, Alexandra takes the round 10-9 and we are tied at 38.



Round 5:

In the fifth round, Pamela sticks with what has been working for her so far, focusing on close-quarters combat and targeting Alexandra's midsection with precision. She throws calculated hooks and uppercuts, aiming for Alexandra's ribs and abdomen. Each punch lands with a thud, causing Alexandra to grimace and audibly react to the impact.

Alexandra shows incredible toughness and remains resilient, absorbing the blows while maintaining her guard as best as she can. The corners watch with anticipation, witnessing the ebb and flow of the intense bout between these two iconic fighters.





The fight slows as Pamela and Alexandra are pacing themselves knowing that they haven't reached the mid-point of the fight yet. Pamela seems a bit slower and her punches are losing some of their sting but she is still landing punches but not with the same authority.

Alexandra is still outworking Pamela and even manages to pin her in her own corner. Hailee is not at all pleased as she wants her fighter to use her reach and stay away from Pamela's power zone. Hailee's fears are fully realized when a wicked liver punch freezes Alexandra in her tracks forcing her to back away, her body tilted to the left.

As Pamela continues to press forward with her body shots, Alexandra's stamina is tested. By the end of the round, Alexandra appears visibly fatigued, breathing heavily as she returns to her corner. Zendaya, who has been

coaching and supporting Alexandra throughout the match, looks concerned but remains composed.

"Stay strong, Alex!" Zendaya encourages, her voice conveying both concern and unwavering support. "You've got this. Keep moving and find your openings."

Hailee steps forward, offering her perspective and strategy. "You need to counter those body shots, Alex. Keep your guard tight and look for opportunities to strike back. Pam's focusing on wearing you down, but we can turn this around. Now that she is starting to tire, I want you to start throwing punches to her arm. Do you see those big bulging biceps?"

Alex looks up as her eyes are drawn to Pam's amazing guns. "Yes, yes I see them. They're so big."

Hailee steps in front of Alexandra blocking her view. "Now I want you to start punching her in those big powerful arms of hers. You keep it up and in a couple of rounds she won't be able to lift them."

"But she is so strong."

"Trust me Alexandra, they are all for showing off and not for boxing."

Alexandra nods, her determination unwavering despite the physical toll. She listens attentively to Hailee's advice, focusing on her breathing and mentally preparing for the next round.

Pamela is showing signs of fatigue as she sits on her stool, her head slightly drooping down but she takes the round 10-9 and leads at the halfway point 48-47



ROUND 6:

As the sixth round begins, Alexandra takes Hailee's advice to heart. Pamela resumes her strategy of working in close, aiming powerful hooks and uppercuts at Alexandra's body but Alexandra responds with short sharp hooks to the biceps. Pamela fires back but Alexandra is on her toes bouncing in and out keeping Pamela off balance.

With calculated precision, Alexandra continues to target Pamela's arms, specifically her biceps. She throws quick, successive punches, landing jabs and hooks with increasing frequency. At first, Pamela seems unfazed, absorbing the blows and continuing her assault on Alexandra's midsection.

However, as the round progresses, the impact of Alexandra's punches starts to accumulate. Pamela adjusts her guard, trying to roll with the punches to mitigate the damage, but Alexandra's relentless attack continues. Each punch to Pamela's arms takes its toll, causing her to shift her stance and guard more frequently.

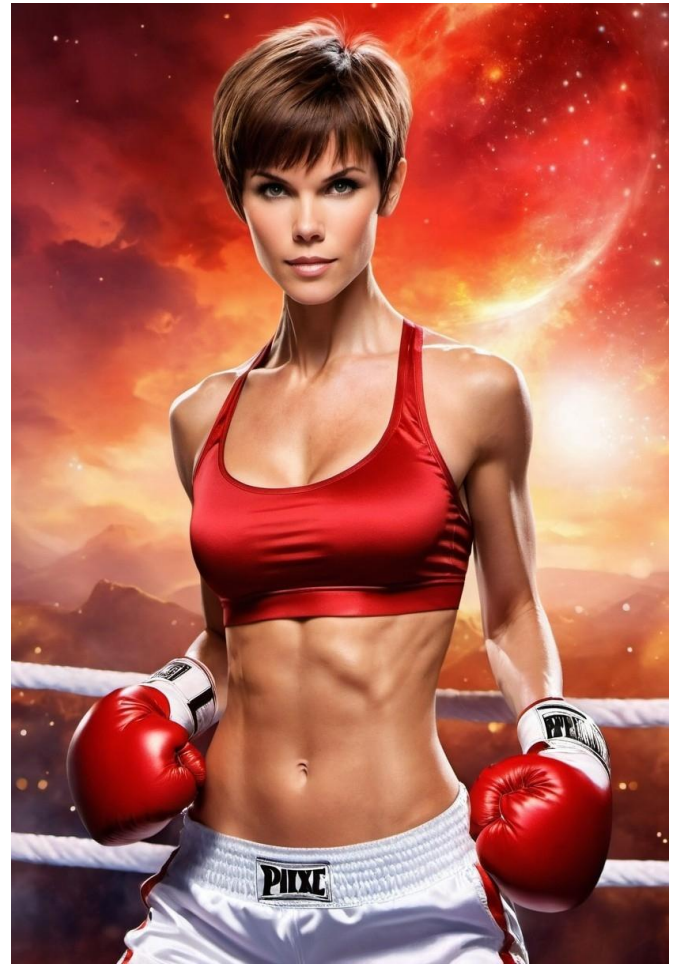
Haile sees the shift in dynamics, her excitement rising as Alexandra's strategy begins to bear fruit. Pamela's biceps, previously powerful and imposing, start to show signs of wear. The once rock-solid muscles are now absorbing a constant stream of punches, forcing Pamela to retreat and fight off her back foot.

Pamela tries to maintain her offensive pressure, but Alexandra's focus make it difficult. Alex's precision is on full display, her punches landing with a rhythmic consistency that begins to disrupt Pamela's rhythm. The relentless targeting of her arms forces Pamela to bring her guard in tighter, reducing her ability to launch her own attacks effectively.

In the final moments of the round, Alexandra's persistence pays off. Pamela's guard is noticeably tighter, her movements slightly slowed as her arms bear the brunt of the punishment. Alexandra, fueled by the momentum, continues to press the attack, her jabs and hooks finding their mark with greater frequency.

As the bell rings to signal the end of the fifth round, Alexandra returns to her corner, breathing heavily but with a sense of accomplishment. She looks to Zendaya and Hailee, who both nod approvingly.

"You're doing great, Alex," Zendaya says, applying ice to Alexandra's ribs. "Keep it up."



"She's feeling it," Hailee adds, her tone confident. "Stay focused and keep targeting those arms. It's working."

Pamela, meanwhile, retreats to her corner, shaking out her arms and taking deep breaths. Her corner team works quickly to tend to her, but the strain is evident. The once dominant fighter now faces a formidable challenge in Alexandra, who has proven herself a tenacious and strategic opponent.

As the fighters prepare for the next round, the energy in the arena is electric. The battle between Alexandra and Pamela continues, each round a testament to their skill, endurance, and skill. Alexandra ties the fight up at 57.



ROUND 7:

As the bell rings to start the seventh round, Alexandra steps forward with renewed vigor, determined to keep targeting Pamela's arms. She knows her strategy is beginning to pay off, and she's ready to capitalize on it. Pamela, aware of Alexandra's plan, tries to maintain her composure and keep her guard tight, but the fatigue in her arms is starting to show and now some nasty welts and bruises are starting to show.

Alexandra moves swiftly, her footwork impeccable as she dances around Pamela, launching a series of quick jabs and hooks aimed at those throbbing biceps. The thudding impact of each punch resonates through the ring, and Pamela's attempts to retaliate are visibly slowed. Her once powerful counters now lack the sharpness they had in the earlier rounds.

Pamela, still stronger than Alexandra, tries to push back with body shots, but Alexandra's relentless assault on her arms is cutting her output in half. Alexandra's punches, while lacking Pamela's power, are relentless, her fists finding their mark again and again on Pamela's throbbing muscles. With each successive blow, Pamela's arms drop a fraction lower, her guard not as impenetrable as before.

Gena is the first to sense it and her murmurs of surprise and admiration ripple through as they witness Alexandra's tenacity. Her strategy is clear and effective, and she is executing it with precision.

Pamela does her best to hide the growing pain in her arms, her face a mask of concentration and determination. She still lands a few solid hits, reminding everyone of her raw power, but the frequency and force of her punches have diminished. Alexandra seizes these moments of hesitation, slipping in jabs and crosses that keep Pamela on the defensive.



"That's it, Alex! Keep working those arms!" Hailee shouts from the corner, her voice filled with excitement and pride.

Hailee stands beside Zendaya, her eyes never leaving the ring. "You're doing great! Stay on her!" she calls out, knowing that Alexandra's persistence is wearing Pamela down.

With the round progressing, Alexandra feels a surge of confidence. She pushes forward, her punches a flurry of activity aimed at Pamela's increasingly vulnerable arms. Each connection is a small victory, each flinch from Pamela a sign that the strategy is working.

Pamela's face remains stoic, but there's a glint of frustration in her eyes. Her arms, though still formidable, are aching and throbbing from the constant barrage. She grits her teeth, trying to maintain her strength and composure, but it's clear that Alexandra's strategy is taking a toll.

As the seventh round comes to a close, Alexandra lands a final combination of punches to Pamela's arms, forcing her to take a stumble back. The bell rings, signaling the end of the round, and both fighters retreat to their corners.

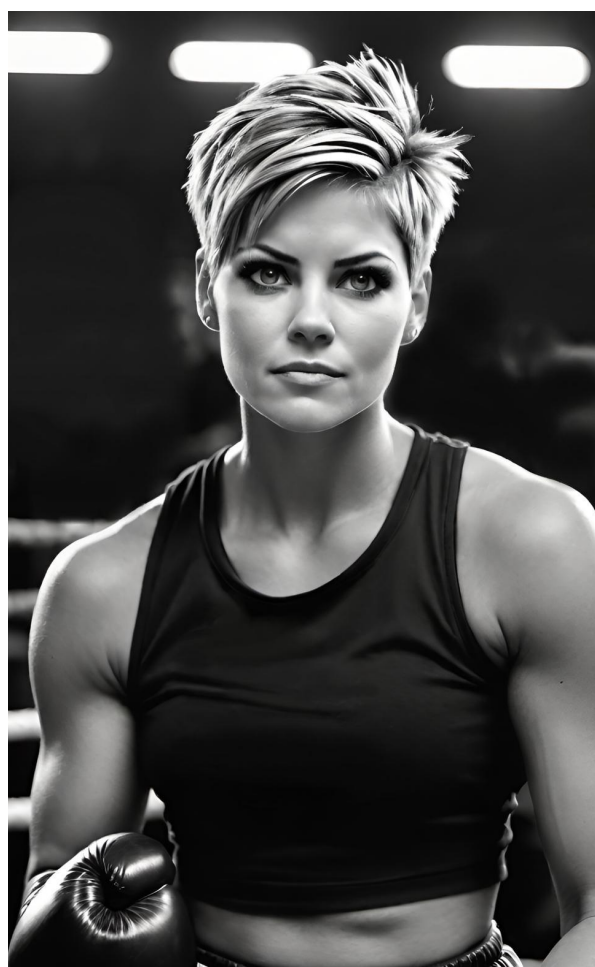
Pamela's corner team works quickly, massaging her arms and offering words of encouragement, trying to rejuvenate her for the rounds ahead. In Alexandra's corner, the mood is one of cautious optimism. Zendaya and Hailee exchange a glance, both impressed with Alexandra's performance.

"You're doing it, Alex," Hailee says, her voice steady. "Keep up the pressure. Her arms can't take much more."

Alexandra nods, breathing deeply as she listens to their advice. The next round is crucial, and she knows she has to maintain her focus and intensity. The fight is far from over, but Alexandra can sense the shift in momentum. With each round, she's getting closer to proving herself against Pamela Anderson in this epic fantasy boxing match. Alexandra takes the round 10-9 and leads 67-66.



◀ *Nicole is getting worried*





ROUND 8:

The eighth round begins, and Alexandra, fueled by her previous success, continues to target Pamela's bruised arm muscles with precision. Each punch she lands sends a ripple of pain through Pamela's throbbing biceps. Alexandra can see it in Pamela's eyes and now she can hear it as grunts and moans escape Pamela's lips and the slight winces turn into grimaces. Alexandra is hurting her, and hurting her badly.

With renewed confidence, Alexandra decides to switch up her attack. She starts pelting Pamela's body with a series of hooks and uppercuts. The shots land solidly, eliciting grunts from Pamela. Alexandra presses forward, but in her eagerness, her technique becomes sloppy. She leaves herself open, and Pamela seizes the moment.

Pamela drills a devastating right cross into Alexandra's chin, almost lifting her off her feet. Alexandra's vision blurs, and she stumbles back, her long legs wobbly beneath her. She crashes into the ropes then falls on her side. Chyler steps in and Alexandra barely makes the count, her mind dazed and confused. Chyler gives her a long look, ensuring she can continue, then waves Pamela forward.

Sensing victory, Pamela presses the attack, backing Alexandra up to the ropes. She unleashes a flurry of punches, each one a powerful statement of her dominance. Alexandra tries to cover up, but the force of Pamela's punches breaks through her guard. A left hook, then a right uppercut, followed by another hook to the body. The onslaught seems endless.

Zendaya watches from the corner, her face tense with concern. "Come on, Alex! Hang in there!" she yells, desperation in her voice.

Pamela's punches continue to rain down, but Alexandra's resilience starts to show. Pamela tries to take out Alexandra but despite her incredible strength, she quickly begins to tire. Her punches lose their steam, each one a fraction slower than the last. Alexandra, sensing this shift, digs deep into her reserves. She tightens her guard, absorbing the hits as best she can.

As the seconds tick away, Alexandra manages to stay on her feet. Her legs are shaky, and her body aches, but she's still standing. Pamela's breathing grows heavy, her initial burst of energy now gone and she is totally spent. Alexandra sees her chance, but the bell rings, signaling the end of the round.

Pamela steps back, frustration evident in her eyes. She had been so close to finishing the fight, but Alexandra's grit and determination kept her in it. Alexandra stumbles back to her corner, collapsing onto the stool as Zendaya and Hailee rush to attend to her.

"You did it, Alex! You survived!" Zendaya says, her hands working quickly to massage Alexandra's shoulders and arms.

Hailee leans in close, her voice firm but encouraging. "You see that, she can hardly raise her arms. You just need to hang in there and keep working her arms and body. You've got this."

Alexandra nods, her mind clearing from the daze. She knows she was close to being knocked out and if she didn't go to work on Pamela's arm, this fight would have been over. She also knows she's wearing Pamela down. The fight is far from over, and Alexandra is determined to make the most of every remaining second. With her corner's support and her own indomitable spirit, she's ready to continue the battle against Pamela Anderson.



Pamela takes the round 10-9 and again, we are tied at 76.



ROUND 9:

As the ninth round begins, Pamela comes out with a renewed ferocity, determined to end the fight that she let slip away from her. She charges at Alexandra, her fists flying with vicious intent. Alexandra, still recovering from the previous round, barely has time to react before a powerful right hook floors her.

Zendaya gasps as Alexandra hits the canvas, her head bouncing twice before coming to a rest. Chyler starts the count, as Zendaya holds her breath. At the count of eight, Alexandra pushes herself up, her legs unsteady but her spirit unbroken. She raises her guard and nods to the referee that she's ready to continue.

Pamela, seeing her chance to finish the fight, starts swinging wildly. Each punch is thrown with the intent to knock Alexandra out for good. But Alexandra manages to steer clear of Pamela's wild swings in some miraculous way. She dances around the ring, dodging punches and staying just out of Pamela's reach.



Pamela's initial burst of energy quickly wanes. Her punches become slower, less precise, and her breathing more labored. Alexandra, recognizing the shift, starts to regain her composure. She circles back towards Pamela, her eyes focused.

Alexandra resumes her strategy, targeting Pamela's already sore arms. She lands quick, sharp jabs and hooks to Pamela's biceps and shoulders. Each punch lands with precision, and the effect is clear. Pamela's arms, already throbbing from earlier rounds, begin to drop. Her guard weakens as she struggles to lift her gloves.

Seeing her opponent's vulnerability, Alexandra goes to work on Pamela's body. She lands a series of punishing hooks and uppercuts to Pamela's ribs and midsection.

Pamela, her arms barely able to protect her, takes the

brunt of the assault. Each body shot draws a gasp of pain, and the strength seems to drain from Pamela with every hit.

With Pamela's guard dropping even further, Alexandra sees her opening. She delivers a devastating uppercut that connects perfectly with Pamela's chin. Pamela's head snaps back, and she crumples to the canvas. Haile and Zendaya erupt as the Chyler begins the count.

Pamela, her body battered and her arms spent, struggles to push herself up. She beats the count, rising to her feet at nine, but it's clear she's in no condition to continue. Her arms hang limp at her sides, her muscles screaming for oxygen, and her legs barely hold her up.

Alexandra, sensing victory, steps forward with renewed vigor. She knows Pamela is on the verge of defeat. She presses the attack, targeting Pamela's arms and body with a relentless barrage of punches. Pamela, unable to lift her arms to defend herself, takes the hits full force.

Each punch from Alexandra digs into Pamela's sore muscles and weakened midsection. The pain is written all over Pamela's face as she tries to stay upright. Alexandra, her eyes blazing with determination, doesn't let up. She's worked too hard and come too far to let this moment slip away.

Finally, the referee steps in, seeing that Pamela can no longer defend herself. She waves her arms, signaling the end of the fight. Zendaya and Hailee jump up and down as Alexandra steps back, her arms raised weakly in triumph.



Pamela, her body broken and her spirit drained, collapses to her knees. She fought valiantly, but Alexandra's skill, and relentless attacks proved too much. Alexandra, still breathing heavily, walks back to her corner where she collapses on her stool.

"You did it, Alex! You did it!" Zendaya shouts, hugging her fiercely.

Hailee, her face beaming with pride, adds, "What did I tell you. You were amazing out there."

Alexandra, her body aching but her heart soaring, raises her gloves in victory. She had faced one of the toughest opponents of her life and emerged victorious. The training, the pain, and the perseverance had all paid off. She had proven to herself and everyone else that she was a true

fighter.

Alexandra Paul beats Pamela Anderson by TKO at 2:33 of the ninth round!

Zendaya and Hailee help Alexandra go over to Pamela who has made it to her stool but her head is draped down. Alexandra leans in and asks her if she is OK and Pamela lifts her head and gives her a nod.

"Good fight Alex, you've come a long way."

Alexandra still looks concerned. "How are your arms, are they going to be OK?"

Pamela gives her a smile, then lifts her arms and flexes her biceps. Pamela's muscles, while showing bruises are still impressive as they bulge out once again taking Alexandra's breath away. Alexandra swoons but Yasmine is there to catch her in her arms.



AFTERMATH

THE SHOWERS

Yasmine looks at Hailee and Zendaya; they nod knowingly. "Let me help you to the showers," she says and lifts Alexandra into a cradle carry. Hailee and Zendaya stay behind to talk with Pamela, Nicole, Chyler and Gena. Yasmine carried the slim yet athletic Alexandra, with ease. Yasmine's strength had always been a source of comfort and inspiration for Alexandra, but tonight it felt even more significant.

Yasmine carried the tired Alexandra to the gym's small locker room. The air in the room was thick with the scent of sweat and victory. Alexandra, elated but completely exhausted, lay limp in Yasmine's strong arms. The adrenaline from her victory against Pamela, was still coursing through her veins. This was the first time she had bested Pam physically, and neither she nor Yasmine could quite believe it.



Alexandra didn't resist when Yasmine removed her boxing attire and then stripped herself. "Come on, let's get you cleaned up," Yasmine murmured, her voice soothing. Alexandra nodded weakly, unable to muster the energy to speak. She trusted Yasmine completely, and right now, all she wanted was to feel the warm water wash away the aches and tension from her body.

Yasmine carried Alexandra to the showers, gently setting her down and turning on the water. As the steam began to fill the room, she helped Alexandra out of her boxing attire, her touch firm yet gentle. The water cascaded over them, hot and rejuvenating, washing away the grime of the match.

"Remember how you used to ogle me in the showers on Baywatch," Yasmine grinned.



"Y-you noticed?" Alexandra blushed.

"Of course, but I wasn't sure if you were looking at my biceps or my boobs," she laughs, "I didn't mind and neither did Pam."

"Pam?"

"We both knew you kept eyeing us, but as I said, it was ok." Yasmine replied. "And because of your historic win, Zendaya, Hailee and I have prepared a special prize for you!"



Alexandra ogling her castmates

"And the first part is..." Yasmine quickly stripped, "that today you get to ogle at me in the showers as much as you want!"

Yasmine's hands found their way to Alexandra's sore muscles, massaging the tension out of her shoulders, back, and legs. Alexandra closed her eyes, leaning into Yasmine's touch, her own hands exploring the hard and defined muscles of her trainer. She had always admired Yasmine's strength and dedication, and now, in this moment of vulnerability, she felt an even deeper connection.



"You're incredible, you know that?" Alexandra whispered, her fingers tracing the contours of Yasmine's biceps. Yasmine smiled, her hands never stopping their soothing motions.

"I could say the same about you," she replied, her voice soft and filled with pride. "You fought like a champion tonight."

Alexandra opened her eyes, meeting Yasmine's gaze. The intensity of their shared moment hung in the air, mingling with the steam. Unable to resist, Alexandra leaned in, her lips finding Yasmine's in a gentle kiss. Yasmine responded, her kiss tender but passionate.

The kisses deepened. Alexandra's hands roamed Yasmine's muscular form, while Yasmine continued to caress and massage Alexandra's aching muscles. They lost themselves in each other, the warmth of the shower enveloping them.

After a few passionate moments, Yasmine pulled back slightly, her forehead resting against Alexandra's. "We should get out before we turn into prunes," she joked, her breath warm against Alexandra's lips.

Alexandra laughed softly, feeling lighter than she had in weeks. "Yeah, you're probably right," she agreed. With Yasmine's help, she stepped out of the shower, feeling a renewed sense of strength.

Wrapped in towels, they made their way back to the locker room.



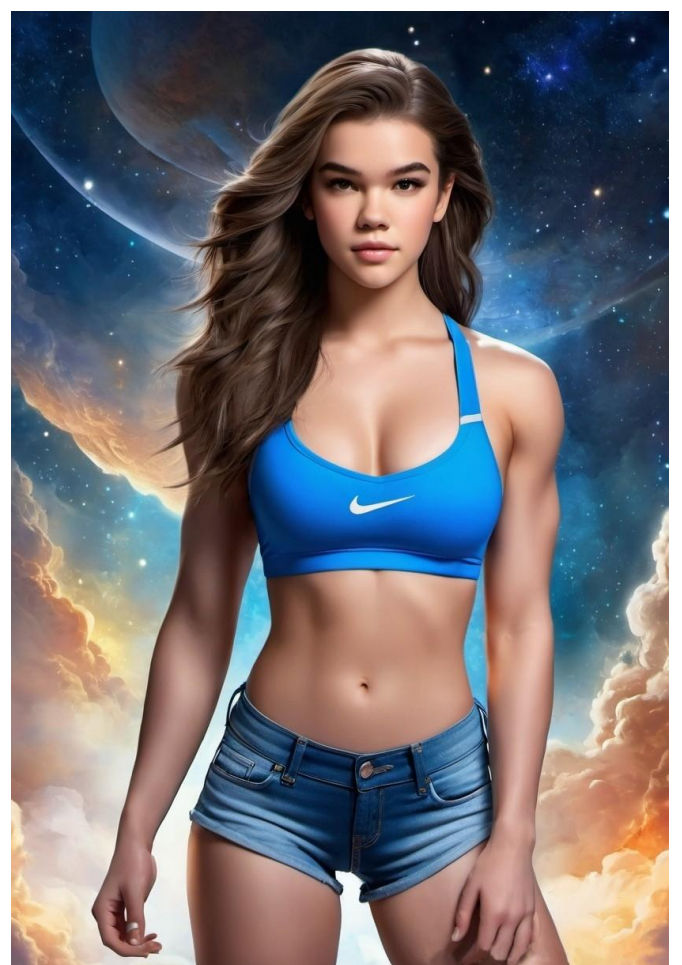
THE BEDROOM

The trip from the locker room to the bedroom was a blur for Alexandra, still riding the high of her victory and the tender moment shared with Yasmine Bleeth. Yasmine's strong arms carried her with ease, their bodies still warm from the shower. As they entered Alex's and Zendaya's bedroom, Alexandra's girlfriend Zendaya, and her other trainer, Hailee Steinfeld, were waiting. The anticipation in the room was palpable.

The magnificently tall Zendaya greeted them with a broad smile. Her athletic frame and muscular build contrasted with Alexandra's slender physique, but it was a difference that had always thrilled Alex. Hailee, her other trainer, was already prepared with ointment to tend to Alexandra's aches and bruises from the match.

Yasmine gently laid Alexandra down on the huge bed, her touch as careful and loving as it had been in the shower. "Rest easy, champ," she murmured before stepping back, allowing Hailee to take over.

Hailee's hands were steady and skillful as she began to





rub ointment on Alexandra's body. The cooling sensation of the ointment combined with Hailee's firm yet gentle touch provided instant relief. Alexandra closed her eyes, sinking into the comfort of the bed and the care of her trainers.

Meanwhile, Yasmine and Zendaya shared a knowing look. They both knew the plan and the special reward for Alexandra's hard-fought victory. Yasmine, compact and powerful, stood at 5'5" and 135 pounds of pure muscle. The prospect of a wrestling match between her and Zendaya, who was much taller at 5'10", promised an exciting and even contest.

They climbed onto the bed on their knees, the soft mattress sinking under their combined weight. Alexandra opened her eyes just in time to see them facing off. The

sight of her girlfriend and her trainer, both strong and ready to wrestle, made her heart race with excitement.

"Ready?" Yasmine asked, a playful grin on her face.

"Always," Zendaya replied, matching her smile.

The match began with a burst of energy. Yasmine and Zendaya circled each other, muscles tensed and ready. They grappled, each trying to gain the upper hand. Alexandra watched in awe, her eyes wide with fascination and admiration. This was her prize, a spectacle of strength and skill between two of the most important people in her life.

Yasmine moved with precision and power, using her shorter stature to her advantage. She managed to get a solid grip on Zendaya, but Zendaya's height and strength allowed her to counter effectively. They rolled and twisted, the bed creaking beneath them, their breaths coming in sharp, determined bursts.

Hailee, still tending to Alexandra, couldn't help but smile at the scene. "You really know how to pick your rewards, Alex," she teased softly, her hands continuing their soothing work.

Alexandra laughed, a sound of pure joy and satisfaction. "I can't think of anything better than this," she admitted, her eyes never leaving the wrestling pair.



The match continued. Yasmine's muscular frame was a stark contrast to Zendaya's lean, powerful build, yet they were perfectly matched. They wrestled with a mix of seriousness and playfulness, knowing this was as much about entertaining Alexandra as it was about testing their own skills.

Finally, after what felt like an eternity of thrilling back-and-forth, Zendaya managed to pin Yasmine down, both of them breathing heavily but smiling. "I guess I owe you one," Yasmine said, her tone light and teasing.

"Anytime," Zendaya replied, releasing her grip and helping Yasmine get up.

Alexandra clapped, "You two are amazing," Alexandra said, her voice filled with admiration.

Yasmine and Zendaya both turned to her, "This was for you, Alex," Zendaya said, leaning down to kiss her gently. "You earned it."

"Yeah," Yasmine agreed, joining Hailee by Alexandra's side. "You were incredible tonight."

Surrounded by her trainers and her girlfriend, Alexandra felt a profound sense of happiness and contentment. And then she fell asleep.

