

HGC: Breaking Down Four Key Fights

TKO Magazine, with agreement from the Hellfire Girls Club stable, has procured exclusive interviews with four key HGC members.

Chloe Bennet, Jennifer Connelly, Kaley Cuoco and Kira Kosarin all had career defining matches during UCC XII in Greece.

What follows is a round by round account of their fights, in their own words.

TKO Magazine is grateful to all four women for taking time from their business schedules to write these reports.



Bennet versus Antariksa: The Perfect Score

In her own words, by Chloe Bennet

Round One

UCC XII: My match at Hadrian's Reservoir in Athens was my chance to promote myself to the main event card. A victory against Lulu Antariksa should be enough to get me there. Winning will give me three victories in a row and the best momentum heading into the Welterweight Evening Gown Tournament.

All I have to do is defeat Antariksa. Easy? Nope, not at all.

Antariksa started the first round aggressively and I was forced to defend. I used my defence to my advantage, blocking her attacks and striking back with a kick right to her breasts. Antariksa does have a very nice pair of breasts and my kick was right on target. It felt like a great way to start our fight.

I forced her against the cage and went to work pulling her hair. I know that seems like a school yard tactic, but not only does it put your opponent off balance, it fucking hurts like a bitch.

Once again I pushed her into the cage, this time I stepped back and launched a flying knee. That hit her in the face and slammed her backwards into the cage and then down to the canvas.



I think Antariksa already knew nothing in this fight was going to go to plan. She hit me with a headbutt and then attempted an armbar, but I escaped with no real problem.

I got cocky as the round neared its end. I thrust my hips at her, I threw some solid punches and then called her out for having "nothing I couldn't deal with".

Round Two

Into round two and I started strongly by taking Antariksa down. That didn't really work out for me, I almost fell victim to a kimura and then triangle hold.

Referee Utada Hikaru was happy with us being on the canvas, she got us back up and then Antariksa nailed me on the chin with some good punches.

Of course I shot back, landing some uppercuts. One of which was powerful enough to knock Antariksa down again.

When she got back up, I knocked her down again with another uppercut. I went for an elbow drop, which probably would have ended the fight, but somehow Antariksa managed to block it. She's a crafty little thing.

Just as the bell rang to end the round, I again pulled on her hair and tossed her to the canvas. It's vital to end a round with the upperhand and I did exactly that.

Round Three



Antariksa thumped me really hard as this round began. The little bitch landed a hook right under my boobs. It hurt like a bitch but my comeback was vicious. I punched her in the head and forced her back against the cage. Then I went to town on her pretty face, landing punch after punch after punch. I punched her square on the nose!

When she tried to fight back I locked her in a double collar thai clinch and forced her back into the cage. Then I went back to punching her in the head.

I switched from punching to using my knees. One knee shot hit her in the eye, then I pushed her head down again and kneed her in the cheek. She tried again to fight back and again I went for her long hair.

She tried kicking me, but all she got was a kick from me. Right to her bruised head.

I mixed it up again. This time driving my knee into her boobs and backing off, only to take her down by catching her ankle.

I wanted to leave my mark on this fight, so near the end of the round, when I had her on the ground, I went to headbutt her right in the pussy. Lucky little Lulu got her knees up...just in time.

Round Four

This could not have started better for me. Antariksa tried to grapple with me, but I lifted her up cleanly and slammed her down on the mat. The crowd were loving this and so was I.

I got nasty and locked in a crotch claw, if I couldn't headbutt her pussy. I'd inflict damage with a pussy grabbing claw move.

She was struggling to get up off the canvas, I attempted a guillotine submission and she escaped and managed to get back to her feet.

The next time we grappled I again punched her square on the nose. But this time I smacked it open and blood started flowing. Then I shot knees to her chin and then an uppercut. The curtain was closing on this fight.

At a distance I kicked her flush on the head, she tried to kick me back, but she was losing her strength and I blocked her far too easily.

Then I was able to fly my knee into her gut and send her down again. This time my elbow drop landed and I drove my elbow right in between her titties. Was she hurt badly? Damn right, she was.

I wanted to channel Hulk Hogan and follow up with a leg drop, but sneaky Lulu managed to roll away.

When the bell sounded to end the round I had inflicted so much damage on Antariksa, I was sure the final round would only take a few seconds.

Round Five

This was the round for me to end this. My first move was a head kick, followed by a roundhouse punch that opened up her cheek. Then I drilled her other cheek with my right hand.

I used my knees and then an uppercut to send her to the canvas yet again. And yet again I let her get up, only so I could pound her with some quick jabs and then sweep her legs out from under her and send her bloodied body back down to the mat.

Again I let her back up. Utada Hikaru gave her a second to recover and then I grabbed two fistfuls of her hair and I threw her back down onto the cage floor.

While I removed the strands of hair from between my fingers, Antariksa got back to her feet again! She was like a yo-yo!

I slammed a kick to her leg, then a kick to her body and then a kick to her head. Pow, Pow, POW!

Then I kicked her head. The crowd erupted when my foot landed 100% flush with the side of her head. How she managed to stay upright I'll never know. She was taking everything I had and I was running out of steam. There's only so much offense I can throw at someone!



I knew the end of the round was near, so I grabbed her in a last ditch effort and I slammed my knees repeatedly into her.

The final bell rang and we both collapsed back into our corners.

The judges called it. Five rounds of perfection from yours truly. Three judges, five 10's per judge. 150 from 150. Perfect. So perfect, I was awarded the welterweight Win of the Night. Perfect.



Connelly versus Stewart: The Bloody Face Slap

In her own words, by Jennifer Connelly

Round One

Stewart became the center of attention in the UCC after she took part in a series of interviews and challenges with members of the Raccoon stable. Going into this fight with her I needed to back up my comments to Jennifer Lawrence and Scarlett Johansson. And I needed a win to recover some dignity and ranking after a run of losses.

Dita Von Teese was refereeing our match, she's known for her strictness in the cage. So I decided to keep this as professional as I could.

Clinch fighting seems to be the tactic of choice these days in the UCC, so I went straight to work when the bell rang. I thought I was off to the perfect start, but Stewart landed some solid shots and I knew I was in for a fight.

Within the first minute I'd landed a flying knee and hook that puffed up Stewart's left eye. We exchanged some solid punches and Stewart clipped me on the chin, inflicting a small and insignificant cut.

Stewart had her hair pulled back in a ponytail and I just couldn't resist going for it. She escaped a few times, but eventually I grabbed hold of her hair and when I pulled it I almost brought her to tears. That gave me the opportunity to push her against the cage and kick her in the tits.

I thought I had the first round in the bag, but just before the bell I made a couple of mistakes. Stewart punched me again on the chin and then slapped me open handed across the face. That was a move she would live to regret.

Round Two

I started the second round still bleeding from the cut on my chin, for some reason Von Teese thought it may affect my vision.



Stewart attempted a flying knee, but of course she missed. My retaliation was a knee of my own, which I landed and which sent Stewart to the canvas.

To her credit Stewart did manage to kick me when she was on her back, something that I shouldn't have let her get away with. But I think my mind was on offense, because I fully dropped my knee into her belly and even though that took the wind out of her, she managed to again kick me from the ground.

I'd had enough of that, so I taunted Stewart into standing up. And as soon as she was up, I grabbed her by the waist and took her down again. It was time for some ground and pound action.

The blood from my chin was really starting to flow now. It was obviously a lot worse than I had thought. Von Teese got us back on our feet, but again I took Stewart down. I had the advantage and was wearing Stewart down, until she illegally headbutted me. Ever the professional, Von Teese stepped in and gave me a moment to recover.

Stewart slowed the fight down as the bell to end the second round rang.



Round Three

Stewart came out all guns blazing in round three. She missed her first high kick, but her second hit me full force.

I took it and landed a body hook in retaliation, Stewart ate that and then took me down hard onto the canvas. I went for her eyes, probably out of frustration more than anything else. Von Teese saw it and this time she gave Stewart a chance to recover.

Then we exchanged hooks, each punch taking a toll on us.

We hit the canvas again and spent the rest of the third round struggling with each other on the mat. The endless cycle of one of us getting advantage over the other, until I managed to get my hands on Stewart's dress and I tried to strip her. I failed.

We would have continued on the ground, had the round not ended and Von Teese hauling us back to our feet.

Round Four

This time it was my turn to start the round with a power move, I dodged a strike from Stewart and my reply landed flush on her right cheek. I followed that with an uppercut to the same cheek.

Despite all the blood I was still leaking, I knocked Stewart down again. But when she recovered her feet she punished me with some vicious knee shots. And again we went to the canvas, back and forth until Von Teese separated us and forced us back to our feet.

By this stage my bleeding was out of control. I could see my blood staining the mat. It was affecting my vision and my focus. I could hear my trainers yelling at me, I could taste my own blood in my mouth. I must have looked like death on two legs.

But again I targeted Stewart's right cheek. I hit her hard and forced her against the cage. With her trapped against the cage I used my knees. Hammering her body, then pushing her head down and popping my knee into her chin. With my blood splattering her, I slammed my knee right into her crotch. Drilling my knee into her groin...I was laughing as I pulled her away from the cage and threw her to the mat.

When the fourth round ended I knew where this fight was going. I was bleeding out, but I felt that victory was very close at hand.



Round Five

The bloodiest round of all. Both of us were bleeding hard at the start of the final round. The UCC should officially be classified as a blood sport. Us women can lose a lot of claret in the cage.

Regardless, I poured on the pressure I'd been mounting in the fourth round. Throwing punches and jabs, pushing and punishing Stewart until she fell to the mat. Then I dropped my knee to her gut and as Stewart tried to breathe, I smashed my fists on her head. Hammer fist, blow after blow...

Stewart was writhing on the mat in pain and I took the chance to end it. I raised my foot and stomped on her. Not on her belly or head, but right between her thighs. I drove my foot into her groin and the whole arena knew the end of Stewart was very near.

I taunted her to get back to her feet, yelling and screaming for her to get back up so I could knock her down again. Like two blood soaked Amazons battling for their lives.

I could tell she was done. I knew she was spent and I remembered that she'd slapped me at the end of the first round. It seemed like a lifetime ago, but I remembered.

I opened my palm and slapped her as hard as I could. Right across that right cheek I'd been targeting all night. I opened up her cheek and the excessive blood forced Von Teese's hand.

She called the fight, one and a half minutes into the final round.

This was a hard fought victory for me. In spite of everything that's being said, Stewart is as Badass as you'll ever find. But when she got into the cage with me at The Temple of Dionysos on Mykonos, she never stood a snowball's chance in hell.



Cuoco versus Watson: Humiliating Loss

In her own words, by Kaley Cuoco

Round One

This was it. My first time fighting Emma Watson and my first shot at a divisional title belt. At the Third Tournament Series I'd won the Mini Dress event, I'd followed that up with wins against Theron and Refaeli. This was my time to shine, my time to be top of the Hellfire Girls Club. No more worrying about how to become famous, if I won this fight I'd be guaranteed to be on the cover of TKO magazine.

Boy, did I misjudge this fight or what?

Watson came straight for me as the bell rang. She avoided my takedown attempt and kicked me with a solid front kick and then a low kick. Damn, she's got some fast legs.

The few punches I tried to throw, she just avoided. But her kicks kept hitting me.

I finally landed a punch with a hook, but my follow up kick missed badly and Watson paid me back. She hit me hard and knocked me down on my ass. I tried kicking up at her, but she's just too damn quick.

Watson made me pay for mistakes. While I was on the mat she kicked my thigh and then embarrassed and hurt me badly, by stomping directly on my forehead. Bouncing my head off the mat and at the point all I could see were stars.

Luckily for me, referee Toccara Jones stepped in and stopped Watson. She allowed me to get back to my feet, but I was so dazed.

I managed to fend off one kick, but the next one caught me under my breasts. She almost kicked my tits right out of my bustier.

As the first round ended, I was on the receiving end of a barrage of punches. That bell sounded so sweet, but even as I went to my corner I knew this was not going to plan. I was in trouble. Big trouble.



Round Two

I tried to grapple with Watson, but again she avoided me. And again she nailed me, this time with a hook to my chin. I tried to slow the pace down, I tried again to grapple. Watson just kept me at a distance, punishing me over and over.

I played into her hands. She went from a low kick to a high kick, hitting me each time. Again I tried to tie her up and again she wouldn't let me.



Until she wanted to tie me up, which she did. I felt like I was being played. Outclassed. It was horrific.

It got worse.

Watson dragged me down onto the canvas. I couldn't believe what was happening, she set herself up to force me to submit to a facesit. I was lucky to escape that, damn lucky. I tried turning the tables and ripping her top off, but all I got was a handful of nothing and a vicious taunt.

When we got back to our feet I could hear my corner yelling there was only a minute left in the round, I desperately tried to signal the referee for a timeout. But of course you can't do that...

Then Watson thumped me to the ground again and the next thing I knew she had one of my legs trapped between hers.

It felt like I was being pulled in two as she pulled on my other leg with her arms. Such strength!

She taunted me, she called on me to quit. I had no choice. I couldn't take it anymore, so I tapped out. Apparently I even begged for her to stop. I don't remember that. I was in a lot of pain, a leg spread submission is no joking matter. It might look impressive for the crowd, but to be on the receiving end is just horrible.

Watson beat me, fair, square and decisively. My first attempt at a divisional title was a failure.

But I have learned a lot. I will be back and this time I intend to keep my legs closed.

Kosarin versus Goulding: The Fading Starlet

In her own words, by Kira Kosarin

Round One

My light was burning so brightly. It was only a couple of events ago that I won the welterweight divisional title from Bella Hadid. Then I lost it to Shailene Woodley and now I find myself up against Ellie Goulding. Fighting at the historic Hadrian's Reservoir in Athens, I wanted...no, I needed to win.

The Greek crowd was certainly behind me. I could hear them chanting my name as I stepped inside the UCC cage. It's hard to believe, but Goulding was entering the cage with a winning run of nine fights! Her star was ascending, was mine going to continue descending?

I thought I started well. I grabbed hold of Goulding, but she turned the tables and thumped me with her knee, before yanking on my hair and pulling my head down. That got me another knee shot, right to my mouth.

I tried kicking her legs out from under her, but all I got from that was my own legs punished by her kicks.

Was everything I tried going to fail and be returned to me?



When we went down the cage floor, Goulding tried ripping my clothes off. I avoided that embarrassment!

Things started to go my way for a while, I landed a few punches. I avoided most of her attacks aimed at me and I landed a really solid kick to Goulding's head. When the bell rang to end the round, I actually felt pretty good. Not amazing, but good.

Round Two

Whoops. My first shot at Goulding missed and she faked a low kick, then tagged me with a high kick.

Then I fucked up again and missed my kick, Goulding took advantage again and pushed me into the cage. She nailed me with a knee shot right into my groin. I can tell you this: When someone plants their knee in your vagina. It hurts. A lot.

If I thought a knee to my pussy was bad, Goulding then launched a knee to my face. Ouch.

I caught another knee in my groin and this time Goulding called me out for being a stuck up slut! The cheek!

Actually, but the halfway point of this round. I knew that I was in deep shit. My pussy might be aching (and not in a sexy way), but Goulding had tried an armbar submission and then grabbed two handfuls of my hair and almost ripped it right out of my scalp. I was in deep, deep shit.

I made another mistake and was kicked in the head. Then she targeted my hair again and tossed me to the canvas. I was lying on my back and she stood on my hair and pulled me up by my arms...oh fuck, that was painful as fuck.



I was done, guys. I was fucked. But she didn't stop. As I lay on the canvas in total agony, Goulding dropped not one, but two elbow drops to my chest.

When the bell rang, I thought things couldn't get any worse. I was wrong.

Round Three

I tried to recover as this round began. But nothing I did seemed to work. Goulding read me like a book.

All I got for all my hard work was my hair being used against me, again. Then more knee strikes to my body and face. This felt like round two repeating itself.

I took a kick to the head and as I tried to recover, that bitch grabbed the waistband of my panties and pulled them right up. I got a fucking wedgie, right between my asscheeks. Again I tried to recover and she nailed me with punches and kicks until I fell back down to the canvas.

I was dazed and out of it when the bell finally rang.

Round Four

I took a kick to the thigh to start this round. Then another knee to my groin. All I could see was another five minutes of torture ahead of me.

I took a knee to the face and when I tried to plant my knee in Goulding's pussy, she blocked it!

I was on the receiving end of everything, and then all I could taste was blood. Was my mouth split open? My lip? Had I lost a tooth? I really didn't know.

I tried to grab her long blonde hair, but she escaped and kicked me in the head.

I was stumbling around in the cage. Aimless and staggering, such an easy target. And Goulding took full advantage, finishing me up as the bell rang by again using her knees in my face. I was bloody, broken and spent.

Round Five

I don't even know how I managed to stand up for the final round. I could hear the guys in my corner yelling something at me, but it didn't matter. Goulding had me by my panties again and she gave me another hell of a wedgie.

I couldn't even see her, there was so much blood on my face. Why did they let this fight continue?

The last thing I remember was Goulding grabbing me again. Was I going to be punched or was it more knee strikes? I tried wiping the blood from my eyes as she pushed my back into the steel cage.

I didn't feel the final punches to my face...the world went dark and that was it.

