

# The Toughest Briton - Jessica Ennis vs. Emma Watson



Just a random fight between two UCC fighters.

The MMA weigh-in was a tense, high-energy event, with fans and spectators eagerly awaiting the face-off between the two formidable fighters, Jessica Ennis and Emma Watson. As the two women made their way to the stage, the atmosphere was electric with anticipation. The two women, both standing at 5'5" tall, were a study in contrasts as they approached the ring.

Jessica Ennis, at 165 cm (5'5") and a muscular build, was an intimidating presence. Her shortish hair was tied into a ponytail, and she wore white Adidas sneakers, an orange cross strap sports bra, and dark blue gym shorts. Her bare arms, shoulders, back, abs, and legs were a testament to her strength and conditioning. She was a seasoned fighter with a fierce reputation.

Emma Watson, also 165 cm (5'5") , was a striking figure. Her short pixie haircut framed her face, and she wore black platform high-heels and a form-fitting black lace minidress. Her bare arms and legs were a showcase of her athletic and muscular build. In her heels, she towered over Jessica, and her confident demeanor suggested that she was not intimidated by her four years older opponent.



As the two fighters took their places on the stage, they exchanged a tense stare-down.

Jessica's hazel eyes seemed to bore into Emma's similarly hazel ones, each one trying to intimidate the other before the big fight.

Jessica took a step forward, her muscles flexing beneath her bare skin. She bared her teeth in a fierce grin, her hands clenched into fists at her sides. "You're going to have to do better than that, kid," she growled, her voice low and menacing.

Emma smirked, unphased by Jessica's aggressive posture. She took a step back, her eyes never leaving Jessica's, and gave a sultry laugh. "Everybody knows I'm the best British fighter, Jessica," she purred. "Don't underestimate me."

In response, Jessica let out a fierce roar, her arms shooting up into the air as she flexed her biceps. The crowd erupted into cheers, the energy in the room reaching a fever pitch.

Emma, undeterred, raised her chin defiantly and gave a challenging smile. She ran her hands up her bare legs, her black lace dress hugging her curves, and strutted around the flexing Jessica, her platform heels clicking on the stage. Her confidence seemed to grow with each step.

As the fighters circled each other, their tension-filled stares never wavered, the air was thick with anticipation of the battle to come. Both were heavyweights in their fields - Jessica an Olympic gold medalist heptathlete and Emma a world renowned actress and model. The crowd couldn't wait to see these two powerful women face off in the ring

Jessica took advantage of a momentary lapse in Emma's gaze and delivered a powerful one-two punch, her fist almost connecting with Emma's face. Emma's eyes widened for a split second before she regained her composure.

Not to be outdone, Emma responded with a swift kick, her powerful leg shooting out as she rotated her body. The movement was so fast that Jessica had no chance to react. Luckily Emma's foot stopped millimeters from Jessica's nose. The crowd gasped, and Jessica's face twisted into a snarl.

The face-off continued, both fighters trying to intimidate the other, the tension between them was palpable. Luckily, or unfortunately, nothing came out of it. The officials were even able to measure the two combatants - Emma was 165 cm and 59 kg (130 lb), which was two kilos above her normal weight - "57 or 59, so what? It's all pure muscle anyway!" was Emma's comment. Her weight gain hadn't changed her measurements of 34-23-34."

Jessica was also 165 cm, but had a considerable weight advantage at 66 kg (145 lb). Her muscular body measured 36-25-36. "That's over a stone of muscle more than Emma has," Jessica said.

Finally, the weigh-in came to an end, and the fighters were led off the stage. The crowd began to disperse, still buzzing with anticipation for the actual fight.

Just as the crowd began to disperse, Jessica and Emma locked eyes one last time. A sudden spark of competition flared between them, and without a word, they both extended their arms, flexing their biceps.

The two fighters stood side by side, their bulging muscles tensed and ready. The crowd, sensing the impromptu showdown, quickly reassembled, their cameras at the ready to capture the moment.

Jessica, with her 66 kg of muscle, had developed impressive arms over her years of training. Her biceps flexed and throbbed, the veins standing out under her tanned skin. Emma, at 59 kg, was no less imposing, which was surprising as she was a *'mere'* actress, not an athlete like Jessica. Her leaner build was deceptive, and her biceps were just as toned and defined as Jessica's.

The two fighters stared each other down, their arms extended, the tension between them almost palpable. The crowd hushed, waiting with bated breath to see who would be declared the winner of this unexpected flexing contest.

With serious looks on their faces, Jessica and Emma continued to pump their biceps, the veins on their arms bulging. The crowd roared, their excitement building as the two fighters seemed to be evenly matched.

Suddenly, a loud cheer erupted from the crowd as **Alexandra Paul** stepped forward to break the deadlock. Alexandra is a seasoned muscle appreciator, having once analyzed and judged the muscles of the BAB fighters'. Now Alexandra eagerly scrutinized Emma's and Jessica's biceps, her expert gaze and nimble fingers taking in every detail. She seemed a bit *too* excited...



Jessica's arm, thick and powerful, bore the marks of her heptathlon training and countless hours spent in the gym. Her biceps bulged impressively, a testament to her strength. On the other hand, Emma's arm, though leaner, was incredibly well-defined and toned, the result of a balanced training regimen that emphasized technique as much as power.

After a few tense moments of examination, the Alexandra finally made her decision. While both women were in exceptional shape, there was a slight, yet noticeable difference. "Jessica!" she declared, raising Jessica's hand in victory. The crowd erupted into cheers. Jessica Ennis, with her more extensive training, had the bigger biceps.



Emma, and her fans, weren't happy with the decision. "Of course a Raccoon will favor a Raccoon! Her arms" she pointed at Jessica with a sneer, "might be minimally bigger than mine, but they are soft... and fat - just like her ass!" Emma declared, flexing her arms, "They are not as hard and defined as mine! And not even half as strong!" Her objections were in vain as both Alexandra and Jessica had already left the stage. And so, the impromptu muscle showdown was over.



## The Fight

The crowd roared with anticipation as the announcer introduced the two fighters.



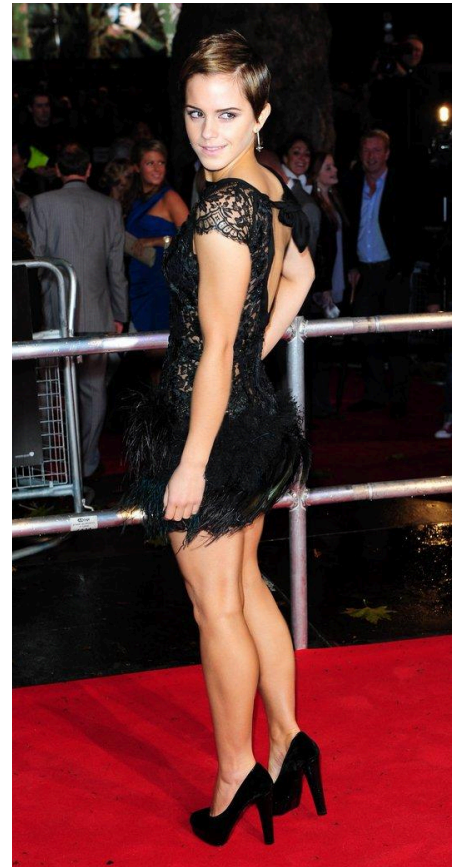
**Jessica Ennis**, the Olympic heptathlete champion, was a powerhouse with a muscular build. She was wearing white Adidas sneakers, an orange sports bra, and black gym shorts. Her bare arms, shoulders, back, abs, and legs spoke to her strength and prowess in the ring. Jess' powerful legs, honed through years of track and field events, flexed beneath her as she bounced lightly on her toes.



**Emma Watson** was no less intimidating. Her short pixie haircut framed a face that was all smiles, and her toned and muscular physique was showcased to perfection in her choice of attire: black platform high-heels and a form-fitting black lace minidress. Her unorthodox fighting attire was a clear sign that she didn't consider her opponent a threat. Her bare arms and legs seemed to promise a fight that would be equal parts elegance and raw power. In her heels, she towered over Jessica, a visual reminder of the height difference that would no doubt play a role in the match.

The bell rang, and the crowd erupted in cheers. The fighters began to circle each other, each looking for an opening.

Emma was the first to make a move, stepping forward and delivering a powerful roundhouse kick. She continued with a flurry of kicks, her platform heels clicking menacingly on the mat as she tried to assert her dominance.



Jessica, however, was not intimidated. She dodged the kicks with ease, her years of training serving her well. Jessica countered with a powerful punch, her muscles rippling under her skin, the punch hitting Emma's abs. Emma was forced back, but she didn't falter. She maintained her composure and launched herself at Jessica. The two fighters exchanged blows, their strength and skill on full display. The crowd was on their feet, the tension in the air palpable.

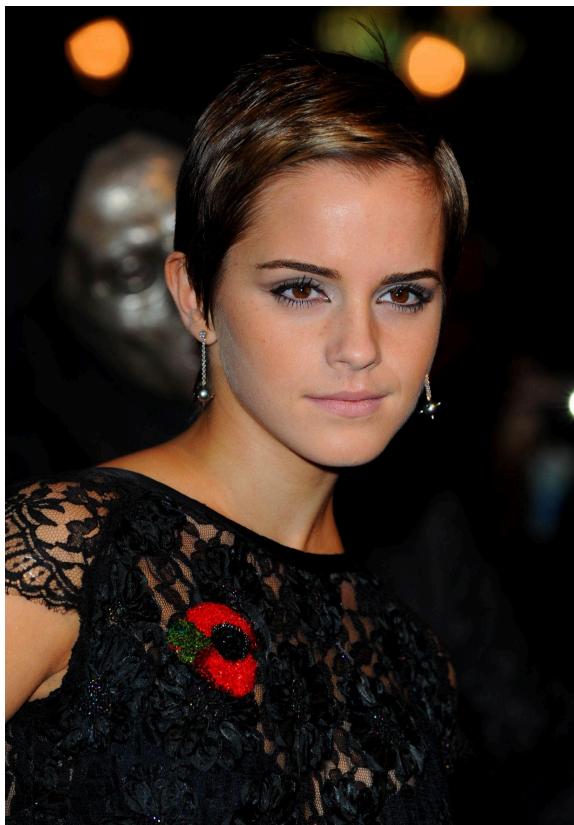


As the fight progressed, both fighters landed blows, their grunts and gasps echoing through the arena.

Wearing high heels had initially seemed like a disadvantage for Emma, but it was clear the heels did not bother her the least as was evident when she stepped forward and delivered yet another powerful roundhouse kick sending Jessica to the ropes. Jessica was not to be underestimated. Her muscular build and years of training allowed her to absorb the blows and keep on fighting.

The two fighters continued to exchange blows, their bodies glistening with sweat. The crowd watched, transfixed, as the fight continued to escalate. Jessica landed a powerful punch that sent Emma reeling. Emma stumbled but quickly regained her

footing, her high heels clicking as she steadied herself.



Sensing victory, Jessica went in for the kill - another punch knocked Emma to the ground. Emma rolled to the side avoiding a stomp from Jess. With a swift movement, she grabbed Jessica's leg and pulled her to the ground; Jess landed on her back with a gasp.

Emma quickly pounced, straddling Jessica and began raining blows on the athlete. Jessica seemed completely unable to defend herself. In a show of incredible toughness, Jessica took the blows and somehow managed to grab Emma's arms and twist, rolling Emma off of her. The two fighters continued wrestling on the mat, each trying to gain the upper hand. Within seconds Emma had the situation under control - she was too powerful to be dominated by a mere athlete, no matter how many Olympic medals she had.

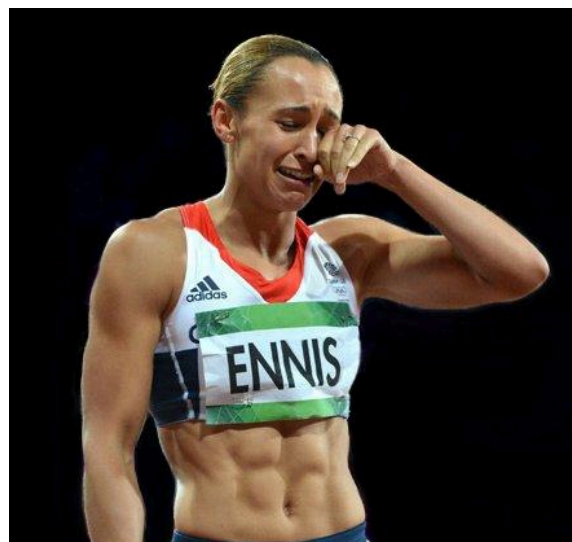
Emma straddled Jessica and pinned her arms to the floor. "I win!," Emma whispered and gave Jessica a powerful enough slap to knock her out.

Emma stood up and looked at the unconscious Olympic athlete with a grin on her face. She turned around, flexing her arms in victory. The crowd erupted in cheers, their voices echoing through the arena as they applauded Emma's incredible display of strength.

Moments later, when Jessica regained consciousness Emma was standing above her with her right foot on Jessica's chest. "Finally," Emma said, "time for you to tell the audience who's the toughest Briton!" Emma pushed with her foot, the heel from her shoe pressing painfully at Jessica's chest. She knew that this was not the smartest thing to do as there were a lot of powerful Britons who could take offence, including **Keira Knightley**, **Cara Delevingne**, **Kate Beckinsale** and many more.

Emma stepped back, allowing Jessica to get up on her knees, but when Jessica tried to get up on her feet, Emma pushed her back on her knees, "On second thought," Emma said authoritatively, "show your respects by kissing my foot!"

Jessica fisted her hands and looked up in anger, but the stern look on Emma's face drained Jessica's bravery and she shrank back. Hesitantly she took Emma's foot, tears began running down her cheeks as she gave the shiny black shoe a light kiss. The audience cheered as the humiliated Ennis left the ring leaving the beaming Watson flexing for her





fans.

