

# Abby's Masterclass

*A Foxy Boxer's tale by Gemma Rox*

“Look I’m not telling you what to do, I’m just saying that I think you’re jumping into this a little to fast!” Abby sighed, looking at the bruised face of her room-mate Sarah as she finishes lacing the red head’s gloves

“How are they? Tight enough?” Sarah replies, ignoring Abby’s words as she tends to do when they’re not what she wants to hear. Abby pounds the 8oz hurt-makers together, the dark green leather thumping hard and she nods in approval as she turns and starts jabbing the heavy bag with them

“I’m just saying, you don’t NEED to do this! You know I’m happy covering rent and things!” Abby continues as Sarah walks around and steadies the bag. She is a graceful girl, only 20 years old but level headed and with a zest for life. Of course you wouldn’t know it right now looking like she does...

3 nights ago Sarah had her first ever boxing match against an opponent who Abby protested was WAY out of Sarah’s league, The Black Widow. Or Devon to her friends. The African-American powerhouse made short work of Sarah and delivered some brutalising shots on the poor outmatched blonde. The coup-de-grace came with a sensational KO after she trapped Sarah in the corner and pulverised her. Now that pretty face is wearing two black eyes, a split lip and an awful lot of puffy swelling. That being said, even the biggest beating of her life couldn’t sway her from stepping through those ropes again.

“I know you’re ok with paying the rent but I’M NOT OK with you paying the rent! I want to contribute! And hell... I want to fight! I’ve never felt more alive than I did out there!” she beamed, even though the simple act of smiling was causing her pummelled face considerable pain.

“Ugh... fine. OK. I get it.... Just.... For fuck sake, stick to lower tier fighters and work your way up the ranks next time!” Abby fired back

“Yes mom” groaned Sarah as the familiar sound of leather pounding canvas filled the dressing room again as Abby finished her warm up.

In truth Sarah had little choice in her first opponent. The organisers of Underground Foxy Boxing like to test the mettle of new fighters. All too often they get sorority girls who thought it’d be ‘rad’ or lazy bitches out to make a quick buck so they’ll often throw them in against a veteran who more often than not will pound the ever-loving shit out of them so hard they never want to set foot in the ring again. And if Sarah was one of those girls? She’d be long gone too... but she wasn’t.

Every now and then you get a girl who signs up, who steps in the ropes, who gets fucking destroyed and who comes back for more. That’s the talent this league looks for. The women who have a heart for it. Women with drive, passion, desire and tenacity. And Sarah had all those things and more. Now all she needs is talent...

“You’re up Abby, take it to the ring” the backstage hand says, knocking on the door

“OK Sarah, watch and learn” Abby grins, breathing in deep before slipping in her gumshield...

As the pair walked through the curtain they were immediately hit by the heat... the packed out hall was trembling as the adrenaline in the hall reverberated off the old stonework. Often the fights take place in old warehouses, huge industrial complexes and other such places where they can be sure to be left alone but every now and then when there is an influx of high rollers in town they'll hire a venue of more standing.

These nights always draw the best fighters as the purse is pretty hefty. Abby stands to make a cool \$10k just for stepping through the ropes, she'll make \$25 if she can manage the step out with a victory. Of course the downside of fighting on one of these cards is you know you're gonna be up against some stiff competition.

“Ah fuck...” Abby groans as she sees her opponent for the first time

“What? What is it?” Sarah asked, whispering in her ears, trying to take in the grandeur of this ancient hall

“Karen O'Mally...” Abby growled back

“What, your opponent? Is she good?” Sarah asked. This is her first time working the corner for Abby, the first time she's ever seen her fight even. Until now she's just heard her tales back in the house but this? This is all proving quite overwhelming for her

“Good? Nah.... She's bad. REAL bad. Dirty fucking bitch is what she is. Just my luck.” Abby frowned. “Fought her 3 times, won twice, lost once. All three were fucking painful. This... this is gonna be a long night.”

As Abby steps through the ring the announcer, swaggering around in a suit that should never have left the 70's, grabs the mic and starts to work the crowd up

“LLLLLLAADIES AND GENTLEMEN!!! FOR YOUR NEXT FIGHT TONIGHT WE HAVE TWO BITTER RIVALS, A BATTLE OF THE RED HEADS, WHO'LL GO TO EVERY LENGTH TO ENSURE THE OTHER IS TASTING BITTER CANVAS BY THE END OF THE FIGHT!”

The crowd screams and roars, the high rollers at their tables at the front smile with casual amusement and anticipation. In truth they are no more enemies than any other girl in the scene but an announcer's job is to work the crowd and he's getting the job done.

“IIIIINNNN THE BLUE CORNER, HAILING FROM PHILADELPHIA, STANDING AT 5'6" AND WEIGHING IN AT 140lbs... KAREN... “THE CELTIC CRUSHER” O'MALLY!!!!”

The crowd roar and cheer as the red head steps out of her corner, wearing a tiny G-string which shows the Irish flag on what little fabric there is to see. Her considerable 36DD breasts jiggling as she gives the crowd a show. She's wearing a pair of red boxing gloves and looks ready for action

“AAANNNDddd IN THE RED CORNER, HAILING FROM CALIFORNIA, STANDING AT 5'1" and WEIGHING IN AT 135LBS... ABBY “THE ANVIL” RHODES!!!!”

Abby steps out, giving the crowd a wink and a smile, her red hair tied back in a tight ponytail and her 34d's on full display. Her thong is dark green to match her gloves as she does a circle of the ring to warm the crowd up

“NOW.... LET’S GET IT ON!!!!” the announcer roars before leaving the ring to the two girls and the ref, a stocky brute from Brooklyn who officiates almost all of the underground foxy boxing matches that take place on the east coast

**\*DING DING DING!\***

As the bell rings Abby comes out fast, taking the centre of the ring and making Karen dance around her... Abby wastes no time firing off three quick jabs, each one dealt with easily by Karen as she circles and moves, keeping the ever advancing Californian at bay. Sarah watches awe struck as she sees her friend box for the very first time. She was confident going in against Devon a few days ago as she’s always taken good care of herself and ever once backed down from a bully. But seeing Abby move in there put into light just how far apart the two girls were.

Her feet were nimble and graceful, skipping and shuffling with speed and dexterity, never crossing over or providing a weakness. When Karen came in to try and land some blows Abby was gone, pivoting around her larger foe and pelting her with counter punches. Karen was no slouch in the ring either, right away Sarah could see just how fluidly the Philadelphian moved. Despite being the bigger of the two girls Abby seemed to have the most momentum in there, bullying the movements of Karen and keeping her in the edge of the ring as Abby guarded her centre ground fiercely.

As the round ticked on both women attempted to engage, Karen rushed in for a clinch but Abby punished the taller woman’s body with some rib crunching hits inside her guard and soon shoved the bigger fighter back onto her heels. Abby followed up, catching Karen with a stinging right cross that slammed into her left eye before narrowly missing a left hook that would have taken O’Mally’s head clean off!

“ABBY ALMOST LANDED A BRICK OF AN OVERHAND LEFT THERE LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! THIS LOOKS SET TO BE A REAL BRUISING AFFAIR!”

Karen got in a few good hits mostly jabs and crosses, using her longer reach to dart in and score on the smaller Abby but as the bell went for round one there could be no denying that Abby took the best of it.

The commentators chattered on and kept the crowd entertained as Abby sat down on the stool, panting slightly but nothing too much as she controls her breathing and recharges for the next round. Across from her she sees O’Mally breathing harder, her corner shouting and lambasting her for a poor start.

“You were... amazing!” Sarah stammers, holding up the water for her room-mate

“Sheesh Sarah, it’s only the first round” Abby chuckles back, giving Sarah reason to blush “This bitch is tough... she might not have the gas tank I have but she’s mean and she’s dirty... I’m gonna need you to keep an eye out and scream at the ref if she tries any funny shit. You’d be surprised how much that fucker lets fly if nobody calls him on it... you got that?”

“S... sure... but what do you mean by funny shit?” Sarah stammers

“Elbows are the worst but she’s been known to headbutt too” Abby replies matter of factly

“HOLY SHIT! They get away with that here?!?!” Sarah gasps

“Wake up Sarah. There’s \$25k up for grabs for the winner... hell... I might slip a rabbit punch in myself for that kinda money. Besides... we’re fighting for the rich and decedent with our tits out, you think this is Queensbury rules? Just scream and roar at him if you see anything”

**\*DING DING!\***

The bell sounds for round two and Abby charges out just like she did for the first but this time Karen isn't backing down... the two fighters collide in the middle of the ring and start hammering on each other!

"UGHN! UGN! UUGGHH!" Abby gasps as Karen smashes in two left hooks to her ribs and a right uppercut to the solid slam of abs she has at her core but before Karen can rest on her laurels Abby swings up and SMASHES her opponent with a momentum shifting right uppercut! The wavy red hair of the Philadelphian whooshes up as her head is snapped back violently.

"THAT'S IT ABBY! KEEP UP THE PRESSURE!!!" Sarah screams

Abby earned the nickname "The Anvil" for a reason... she's adept at taking some punishing shots and marching on unaffected. So often she's won a match off the back of some bruising hits... a fighter will wail on her, pound her down, get over-confident and then BAM! she wakes up on her back wondering why the room is spinning. It takes an Iron might to be able to weather damage and keep throwing unaffected...

"THE ANVIL SOAKS UP SOME BIG HITS FROM O'MALLY THERE AND CAME BACK WITH A THUNDERING COUNTER!" the commentators roar, whipping the crowd up into a frenzy as the two women start exchanging harder now. Abby moves in hard on Karen and traps her against the ropes

"BODY SHOTS! ABBY IS TURNING KARREN'S MID SECTION INTO GROUND BEEF WITH THOSE BOMBS! SOME BRUTAL RIGHT HANDS LANDING THERE MAKING THE IRISH LASS WINCE!"

"COME ON ABBY! YOU GOT HER!" Sarah screams as Karen moves in for a clinch to try and save her body some pain before...

"UGGHNNN!" Abby's head rocks back as the diminutive fighter is dazed by a vicious headbutt from her opponent!

"REF!!! HEADBUTT!!! SHE FUCKING HEAD BUTTED HER!!!" Sarah screams but gets no response as the big lug lets it slide.

Karen is quick to take advantage, using her size to bully the smaller fighter around and put Abby's back to the ropes.

"MOVE ABBY! YOU GOTTA GET OUT OF THERE!" Sarah cries out but soon she's left wincing as she watches Karen unleash a torrent of abuse on her friend's face!

A one-two left-right combo rocks the dazed beauty, a left hook snaps her head to the side before a right uppercut rocks her head back hard. A mist of sweat rising up as the red leather smashes her head up brutally

"ABBYS ON THE ROPES! HER KNEES ARE WOBBLING AFTER THAT VICIOUS UPPERCUT! KAREN IS TAKING HER FOE APPART AFTER THAT *UNFORTUNATE* CLASH OF HEADS IN THE CLINCH!"

Karen puts the palm of her left glove over the chin and mouth of Abby pushing her head back hard and banding her over the top ropes, her body arching and strained as she's forced to look up at the blinding hot lights above then..

"UUGGHH!! AAAGGHHH! AAUUGGHHH! FFUUUCK! UUGGHNNN!"

She starts HAMMERING heavy right hands into those exposed and vulnerable breasts! Smashing the soft tissue hard and crushing those perky tits against her rib cage!

“SOME BRUTAL TIT SHOTS THERE! ABBY IS IN A WORLD OF HURT NOW! THIS COULD BE A QUICK FINISH IF SHE DOESN’T GET SOME OFFENCE GOING FAST!”

She lands 4 more unanswered shots before winding up her right hand hard and DRILLING Abby in her stretched-out abdomen!

“OOOooooouuggghhhhhhhh...” She groans. The wind knocked out of her. As Karen steps away she drops to her knees clutching her stomach. But before the ref can step in...

**\*THWACK!\***

“OH MY GOD! KAREN JUST PULVERISED ABBY WHILE SHE WAS DOWN! A MONSTEROUS LEFT HOOK JUST SMASHED THE SMALLER FIGHTER DOWN AND SHE’S NOT MOVING!”

“REF! REEFF!! WHAT THE FUCK?!?! WHAT THE FUCK WAS THAT?!?! SHE WAS DOWN!!!” Sarah screams and this time the ref steps in hard

“Back it up der Karen! Whad’ya think youz playin’ at?” he growls and she just grins and flutters her eyes

“Sorry big boy. I didn’t know she was kneeling down, Honest! The girl is so short I just sometime get confused is all” she smirks as the ref backs her up into a neutral corner before starting the count

“Are... ARE YOU KIDDING ME?!?! YOU’RE NOT EVEN GONNA DEDUCT POINTS?!?!” Sarah shrieks

“Ah-ONE-aaahhhh..... Ah-TWO-aaahhhh.....” the ref starts counting and Abby starts to stir, placing her glove knuckle down on the canvas she pushes herself up to her hands and knees.... Her vision is blurring slightly but righting itself fast. She’s got a cut above her right eye from that clubbing left hook but she powers up determined... getting to her feet by the 7 count

“Youz good to carry on? How many fingerz iz I holdin’ up?” he asks

“Two... my vision’s fine ref, how’s yours?” Abby snarls back

“Don’t youz be getting’ lippy wit me doll. Ya knew what kinda fight this was before ya stepped through dem ropes” he fires back and signals for the two girls to get it on.

Karen rushes in fast, keen to take advantage of her momentum and fires in two left jabs at that cut above Abby’s eye

“LOOKS LIKE O’MALLY HAS A CLEAR GAME PLAN NOW FOLKS, SHE’S TRYING TO CLOSE UP THAT EYE AND POUR ON PRESSURE FROM THOSE HEAVY LEFTS!”

It’s a good plan... and Abby knows it. She’s kicking herself for letting Karen get that close... but she turtles up, raising her right hand and protecting that eye as best she can. Karen keeps on firing those hard lefts but hits nothing but a well worked guard... so she goes down low for a body blow with her right that sinks deep into Abby’s gut!

“UGHHNN!!” Abby groans doubling over and as she does Karen is quick to grab her opponents right glove with her arm, pulling her hand down and...

**\*CRRRACK!\***

“ELBOW!!! ELBOW REF! CALL THE FUCKING MATCH FOR FUCK SAKE!!! THAT’S THE THIRD FOUL THIS ROUND!!!” Sarah screams as Karen sends in a left hook she had NO intention of landing... her glove sails passed Abby’s face but she sticks out that elbow and SLAMS it into her temple, slicing across and opening that cut even worse

Abby falls to the canvas dazed again but before the ref can start a count she’s saved by the ding of the bell

“THAT’S THE SECOND ROUND DONE FOLKS AND KAREN “THE CELTIC CRUSHER” O’MALLY IS TAKING A COMMANDING LEAD!”

The corner crew rush in and drag Abby back to her stool, washing away the blood and tending to the cut

“Oh shit Abs... are you ok? That was... I mean.... WHAT THE FUCK?!?!” Sarah stammers, blown away by the flagrant rule breaking on show here.

“Ughhnn... it’s.... it’s fine... I weathered the worst of it. Now the ref is gonna start doing his job more. I hope. He always lets a few wild ones go then gets stricter as the fight moves on” Abby groans, her corner team sponging down her aching breasts and abs. the cute red-head wincing as her cut-girl tries to control the bleeding

“Fine? You don’t look fine Abby!. Ugh... ok. Ok... well then think strategy. You NEED to keep your right eye away from her. You’re smaller, faster. Fucking USE IT! You’re an orthodox fighter, come in leading with your left side on almost, move your head to duck and weave. She’s gonna go for that head 90% of the time now, I can feel it! Lure her in, give her an opening then BAM! Nail that cunt with a counter! I want to see you HURT that SLUT!” Sarah hisses

“Holy shit roomie... you’ve got some rage in you, don’t you?” Abby giggles, seeing Sarah focussed and strategic for maybe the first time in her life

“Get it done Abs. Drop that cunt!” Sarah finishes as they move out of the ring and the two fighters step in for round three

**\*DING DING!\***

“Awe... looking a little beat up there short stuff, guess the luck of the Irish is with me tonight” Karen taunts, snapping off a jab that hits nothing but air

“Bitch, you’re from Philly.” Abby growls back, landing with a stiff right cross to her opponents left breast “You think red hair and attending Sunday service once every 6 months makes you Irish? You plastic Paddy piece of shit. Get your own culture instead of stealing someone elses” she smirks back, seeing Karen’s eyes fire up in anger

“FUCK YOU CUNT!” she roars and barrels in with a hard left hook! Looking to smash Abby’s right eye again but as she swings in Abby ducks and POUNDS her with a brutal liver shot! Her right hook drilling Karen in the sides and buckling the dirty fighter hard!

“NAAAGGHHH!” she squeals! Her whole body arched around that clubbing fist but before she can catch her breath

**\*SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!\***

Abby connects with a left right left to her huge, vulnerable 36DDs. Karen gasps in breathless shock, stunned into immobility as those huge, soft mammaries are mashed, smashed and flattened! Noticing the pain-induced stupor on her opponent Abby unleashes with a bomb of a right hook that lands sweetly into her foe's left eye! The brutal smack of leather on skin filing the ring as she pounds her cheekbone and eye socket! O'Mally wobbles on rickety legs now as Abby pursues

“ABBY IS CHASING HER! WHAT A TURNAROUND! SHE'S STALKING O'MALLY AND WORKING HER WITH ONE! TWO! THREE HARD LEFT JABS AND OOOHHHHHH A BONE CRUNCHING RIGHT HOOK TO THE RIBS! KAREN CAN BEARLY STAY STANDING!”

“FINISH HER OFF!!!” Sarah screams from outside, her voice almost drowned out from the roar of the crowd

“ABBY'S FOLLOWING IN AGAIN... OOOHHH! A RUTHLESS RIGHT CROSS TO THE JAW! OOOHHHHHH! AND ANOTHER ONE! OOOOOOOHHHH MY GOD! THE THIRD ALMOST TOOK KAREN'S HEAD OFF! SHE'S DOWN! SHE'S DOWN! THE CELTIC CRUSHER IS KISSING THE CANVAS!”

“ah-ONE-aaahhh..... ah-TWO-aaahhhh.....” the ref bellows as Abby throws her glove in the air. The crowd roar their appreciation as her heaving sweat dripping body stands statuesque in the middle of the ring. The count gets up to 4 and Karen starts moving

“Shit...” groans Abby, wincing and blinking her left eye as the cut bleeds down hampering her vision... she tries her best to mop up the cut with her forearm but it doesn't help much. By the 9 count Karen is up and nodding at the ref signalling she wants to continue.

“Dumb move bitch...” Abby snarls as she moves in. Karen answers back with her fist, firing another volley of right jabs at that cut eye but missing as the smaller fighter ducks and weaves. Although Karen has the longer reach Abby is by far the more accomplished fighter and turning her body to the side gives her damaged eye enough distance not to be caught out cheaply.

Karen tries again with that right and Abby ducks, stepping in to deliver some more punishing body shots but as she winds up her right hand she freezes. Her eyes wide and her jaw dropped I a stupefied gait

“OOOOOOHHHHHHHHHHH...” The crowd gasps in unison as Abby steps right into a BRUTAL Cunt Buster! Karen throwing her left arm hard and low and PULVERISING Abby's pussy like she's never felt before!

“ABBY IS STUNNED! SHE'S STOPPED DEAD IN HER TRACKS! THIS IS BAD FOLKS!”

Sarah watches agasp, her mouth open but shocked silent. She's never seen such... such horrific rules abuse before! Karen moves in, and wraps her left arm around Abby's neck, trapping her in a headlock and marching her around the ring, whenever the ref gets close enough to almost separate the two Karen turns again and puts Abby's doubled over trailing body between them.

“AAAAGGGGGHHHH! REFF! FUUUUUUUUCK!! NAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHH!” Abby screams as Karen GRINDS her gloved thumb into that cut!

“REF! FUCKING STOP HER! WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING?!?!” Sarah cries out but Karen is too fast for him, constantly turning and putting distance between herself and him keeping her back to him so he can’t see what she’s doing. Then...

**\*THUMP! THUMP! THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!\*** she foregoes the trickery and just POUNDS punch after punch into that eye as Abby is held powerless in that headlock!

Finally the ref gets a hold of them and pushes Karen off Abby who clutches her face trying to wipe the crimson out of her eye desperately

“If youz tries ANYTHING like that again O’Mally I’ll throw you out of this ring myself! YA GOT THAT!” he roars but she just smirks, the damage is done... Abby rights herself. Trying to stand despite the throbbing agony in her pussy but a she does “UUGHNNN!” she eats a left hook!

“AAUUGGHHH!” and another!

“KAREN IS BOMBARDING ABBY WITH LEFTS NOW AND THE YOUNG CALIFORNIAN CAN’T EVEN SEE THEM COMING! KAREN IS MURDERING THE YOUNG LASS OUT THERE!!!”

“UGGHN! AAGHH! OUUGGHH!” over and over she lands hooks, crosses and jabs into her head, Abby unable to even see them coming as her opponent moves and pivots, constantly spinning and hammering away at her blind side

“GET OUT OF THERE ABBY! GET OUT OF THEEERRREEE!!!” Sarah screams but too late as Karen connects with a haymaker that crashes into Abby’s iron jaw with furious force...

Abby spins on the spot. An arc of blood and spittle flies out of her mouth along with her gumshield that is punched clean out of her... her eyes fog up and she hits the canvas hard face down. Her left under her, her right spread out before her....

“Oh shit... oh shit.....” Sarah groans. Knowing she’s not gonna make that count

“ah-ONE-aaahhhh..... ah-TWO-aaahhhh.....”

“KAREN YOU DIRTY CUNT! YOU FUCKING PIECE OF SHIT!” Sarah roars furiously

“HEY! Careful Blondie or I’ll finish the FUCK JOB Devon started on what you used to call a FACE!” Karen fires back

“ah-SEVEN-aaahhhh..... ah-EIGHT-aaahhhh.....” Abby is moving, but just enough to get to her hands and knees. There’s no way she’s going to beat the count. No way in hell.

**\*DING DING!\***

Karen turns sharply, seeing the clock ran down to zero for the third round... “Shit. SHIT! FUCKNIG SHIT IT!!!” she roars angrily. “FINE. Pick your slut up and see if you can patch her together for another beat down” she snarls, stalking to her corner in a foul mood.

“Abs.. you still with us?” Sarah asks worried

“Yeah.. yeah... I’m fine...” she groans back

“You don’t look fine! I’ve gotta stop this” Sarah panics



“No you fucking WONT!” Abby snaps back “I TOLD you this might happen, doesn’t mean I’m gonna walk away and just give her the win! If I lose... I lose... but I’m not fucking quitting! You hear me?”

“..... o..... ok..... fine... but this isn’t gonna end well, you can barely stand! And there’s no way we’re stopping that cut now, it’s gonna bleed and you’re gonna be blind on your left side again!”

“So.. I’ll have to end her fast then, won’t I?” Abby replies

“Yeah. Yeah... end her fast. Sure. That’ll work” Sarah sighs before the timekeeper rushes them out of the ring ready for round 4

**\*DING DING!\***

“I hope your little girlfriend brought a gurney... no way you’re walking out of here on your own two feet” Karen snarls before landing a stiff left jab into Abby’s left breast. Abby groans and staggers back, still weak from the brutalising she received in the last half of round 3 and Karen moves in for the kill but as she comes in to finish her weakened opponent Abby strikes!

Ignoring the pain coursing through her beaten body she HURLS a gut buster in hard! A deep, rising submarine punch that DRILLS Karen right on her navel! The dark leather glove sinking in deep and turning the Philly girl’s abs to mush. Karen stops dead in her tracks, her eyes wide and her cheeks puffed out, primed for the rising uppercut Abby delivers next.

“HOLY SHIT! THE ANVIL IS GIVING O’MALLY A HAMMERING HERE!!! JUST WHEN YOU THINK YOU HAVE THIS GIRL BEAT SHE COMES AT YOU EVEN HARDER!”

Sarah watches on, her jaw dropped as she sees her roomie transform into a wrecking machine. Her movements fluid and fresh like this was round one. Ducking, hooking the liver, sidestepping the other way to land a straight left cross. Moving in for a 4 hit combo on her opponents tits. She’s moving and striking like a trained killer in there. They should have named her The Assassin, not The Anvil.

“O’MALLY IS IN TROUBLE! SHE’S BACKED UP TO THE ROPES! ABBY IS PUNISHING HER BODY WITH WICKED HAMMER BLOWS DROPPING THE RED HEAD’S GUARD THEN THE MOMENT HER HANDS DROP SHE SMASHES THAT PRETTY FACE WITH CLUBBING OVERHAND BOMBS!”

10... 11... 12... 13... the punches stack up unanswered and with each bruising hit that lands Karen’s guard drops lower and lower until she’s NAILED with a right cross that folds her back over the ropes, her arms windmill up and hang over the top rope.

“SHE’S HUNG UP! SHE’S HUNG UP ON THE ROPES! ABBY RHODES IS KILLING HER IN THERE!”

“Lights out you dirty cunt...” Abby snarls before holding Karen’s chin up with her left, returning the favour did to her in round one then...

**\*THWACK!\***

A BRUTAL right cross to the face

**\*THUMP!\***

Another VICIOUS cross smashes into her nose sending claret pouring down...



**\*SMACK!\***

A THIRD crushing cross pulverises O'Mally's face, sending a fine mist of precipitation high into the air

**\*BAAAMMM!\***

**\*CRUNCH!\***

**\*WHACK!\***

**\*BOOM!\***

7 knock out blows land one after the other in ruinous fashion and with deadly precision. Karen so fucked that Abby can take the time to line up, measure and FIRE those hits in with real menace. The ropes and Abby's left hand the only thing keeping Karen up until the ref finally rushes in and pulls Abby off the beaten red head. As soon as he does she drops to her knees then collapses onto the canvas out cold. Oblivious to the long count out and the roar of the frenzied crowd as Abby bellows and roars like an animal, adrenaline surging through her small but powerful frame

“AAAANNND THE WINNER! BY KNOCK OUT IN THE FORTH ROUND.... ABBY! THE ANVIL! RRHHOOODDDEEESSSS!!!”

As the cheers rise up and crash down onto the ring like a tsunami of noise Sarah rushes in and supports her friend. The adrenaline surge passing and leaving her drained and weak now that final bell has rung

“Like I said... ughnn... just have to finish the cunt quick” Abby quips

“Remind me never to piss you off....” Sarah replies, helping the beaten but victorious fighter to the blissful rest of her locker room

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