

Kazuto sighed as he stepped into his room, feeling tired after a long day. He put on his NerveGear fully intent on relaxing in a virtual world. He blinked when he saw a new game he was sure he hadn't downloaded, called Hell's Arena. He saw a notification saying he had a new email and opened it. He relaxed when he saw it was from the developers of the system saying they are promoting a game and people will be able to play it for one week for free.

He had seen a few times where developers asked the owners of NerveGear to promote their games and they would be automatically downloaded onto their system because of a free trial. It was something people had mixed feelings about. For a moment he stared at the game, thinking about deleting it. He would have preferred having the option instead of it already being so on his system. Still, it was free and he could always delete it after if he didn't like it. As for him, he didn't mind it so long as it didn't interfere with his games, or his systems in any way.

"What type of game are you?" Kirito pondered aloud. From the title alone it sounded like a fantasy game with angels and demons and was willing to bet you could play as either or another race. He clicked on the title for more information and saw it was a wrestling game where you create your outfit, sharpen your skills, and rise to the top and become the champion. It sounded nice, and with it being a closed beta or an early access game there probably were not going to be too many people in it.

"Well should at least see what it is like. Link start!" Kazuto cried and logged into the game. The moment he did, he used his username for SAO and Alfheim to get into the game. To his joy, his username wasn't in use and accepted. A notification appeared that thanked him for playing the game that said he hoped he enjoys his time in it. Kazuto smiled, if the game was good, and he didn't have any problems then he would at least be happy it was built properly.

The moment he was finished logging in Kirito could see dozens of people walking around, talking with their friends. The second thing he noticed was how the people were dressed in modern clothes. He wondered why they would be dressed like that in a wrestling game...only to realize that was one of the few things he knew about it. He didn't know if it had an actual storyline and plot, or if it was just a series of online matches. The young man would have been disappointed if it was just that, and would have lost interest. He liked MMORPG's, but he had never really been into sports games, mostly because he didn't care for sports.

Kirito opened the menu and was surprised to see only a bar that showed how many wins and losses he had, a list of challenges for the day and week, and a quest tab. He was surprised by how barren it seemed since he knew there had to be more, but couldn't find a guide. The young man sighed and wanted to learn more about the game. He looked for a nonplayer character to talk to, but couldn't find any indication. He sighed and went to the nearest NPC and saw a guy who looked to be in his early or mid-twenties. He had a larger build and a blunt square face with a long scar going down the side of his face that made him think of a yakuza. He asked, "Excuse me can I talk to you for a moment?"

“You may, what do you need?” the man said flatly, looking at Kirito appraisingly.

“Can you tell me what this game is about? I know it's about wrestling, but is there more to it? I saw stuff like the skills sheet, friends page, organization, and a few other things that are grayed out when I open the menu. I also noticed there was a win-lose ratio bar along with a daily and weekly challenge board,” Kirito explained.

“This game is for those who want to learn how to wrestle, but can't do so in the real world for one reason or another. You do challenges that help you refine your moves and help you rise higher in the rankings. The arena is where everything happens and is the central hub for everything, aside from getting clothing. They have sections there set up where you could practice, fight a random challenger, friends, the person right above you, and more,” the man said.

“Thanks,” Kirito hummed as he thought over what the man said. From what he said, there wasn't too much there. The arena was a key point, if not the main point of interest. Quests had to be linked to it and were probably where he was going to complete most, if not all of them. It made him wonder, what would happen and what the quests would be like. It wouldn't have a quest tab if all they had were challenges. So there had to be a storyline or something in the game.

The idea of actually having a storyline in a sports game intrigued him. He never heard of one in the genre which had one before. So it made him wonder what it could be like, after all, only one person could be the champion of the arena. Maybe if he talked to some more people he would be able to learn a bit more about the game and find out about it. He would need to get every advantage he could before he started the game and get a feel for the mechanics. Ways to make it more enjoyable, manageable, or if there were any secrets he could use to gain new skills.

Kirito went over to another group of nonplayable characters, his mind still thinking over what he had learned. He went to another group of NPC's and got their attention. He cleared his throat, and at once they turned to him. “Excuse me, could you tell me a bit about the arena?”

“The arena is where all the fighting happens,” the leader said. “There you can fight others there and improve your skills. Players from all around the world fight there to become the strongest wrestler. You can also perform a variety of other activities, like training, and challenge your friends to a match.”

“Thanks,” Kirito said, frowning. He went over to a nearby desk and thought over what he had learned.

No matter who he asked, they said some variation of wrestling matches happen at the arena and what it can do. Perhaps this was a tutorial area for people before they got into the MMO portion of the game. It would make sense why he hadn't seen a regular player, and why they put

so much emphasis on going to the arena. Not to mention why some of the stuff on the menu was grayed out like the friend's list. If he was right, he would have liked being informed if that was the case or not, just so he knew how to move the game forward.

With that thought, Kirito sighed as he decided to just go to the arena and see for himself what was going on over there. He followed the signs, which told him where he needed to go, and listened to the NPC's eagerly talk about it and the matches they would see. He followed the people walking toward the arena, wondering what it would be like. With the modern look of the city, he thought it would look like a modern building or stadium.

When he finally arrived he was surprised to see the entrance was empty aside from a woman sitting behind a table. Despite how every NPC talked about the arena, he couldn't help but feel a little underwhelmed with how little people there were walking around. The outside looked nice and it reminded him of a Roman coliseum, but he expected something grander he supposed. Still, he could see the charm to the place and why people talked about it, though he bet the true entertainment was inside. He looked over at the woman and saw her name over her head, which said she was called Kyrie. She was beautiful, sexy, with large round breasts and square rectangular glasses. She had long brown hair done up in a ponytail. She wore a low-cut button shirt that exposed plenty of her cleavage and a business suit top that screamed professional to him.

He walked over to the table and stopped in front of her, getting her attention. The NPC stopped looking over the paperwork in front of her and looked at him with brown eyes. She placed her paperwork down and cleared her throat. The woman asked, her voice coming off like a soft melody that sounded perfect for a singer. "Can I help you?"

"Yes, I would like to sign up for a wrestling match," Kirito said, being mindful to not let his eyes fall on her exposed cleavage. This might not be an actual woman, but he couldn't let himself get lax. If Asuna or any of the other girls were here and noticed him doing so they would no doubt be annoyed with him. "Could you answer a question for me?"

"If I can then I will do so," the secretary replied.

"All I have seen since coming here were NPC's. Why haven't I seen any player characters?" Kirito asked, looking at the entrance. He kept waiting for someone, anyone to suddenly walk through the doorway of the colosseum who was a real player instead of an NPC, but didn't.

"I can answer your question. The reason why you have not is because you haven't completed the tutorial match. When you do, then the rest of the players will become visible. It was believed by the developers that people would feel a little more comfortable and prefer not having to interact or see all of the other players until they finished the tutorial," the woman informed.

Kirito relaxed now that he knew why he hadn't seen anyone else. There were some MMO games made where the developers had separated players from each other for sections, or the start of the game. After they completed it, then they would be able to fully explore the game and do as they pleased. The more he thought about it, the better a good thing, they were doing so for this one. It probably saved him, and a lot of the other players who decided to join this. His first time playing Alfheim was more than enough proof why when he had trouble flying.

"Before you can take part in a match, you have to speak with the manager. It is he who organizes the matches and can get you started on them," Kyrie said. "I am to answer any questions you might have, and help you however I can."

"Great, then could you tell where he is?" Kirito grinned, feeling excited now that he was about to play the game.

"I can take you straight to him," Kyrie said, and stood up, revealing she wore a tight black miniskirt that hugged the top of her ample thighs. "Follow me."

Kirito did as he was bid and followed her inside the arena. His eyes went lower than he intended and he blushed as he saw how tightly her skirt hugged her full round buttocks. He looked around hallways, trying to divert his attention to something else. It made him glad, he didn't have to worry about anyone seeing what he did. If he did, it would have opened him up for teasing from some of his friends, or got him in trouble with the rest of the girls if they were here.

They stopped when they arrived at a large door with the word Manager on it in gold. Kyrie cleared her throat as she knocked on the door. She said, "Mr. Rodin, I have a visitor for you."

"Let them in," the manager, Rodin said.

"Yes sir," Kyrie said, and opened the door and held it for Kirito. Kirito stepped into the room, Kyrie stepping in behind him, closing the door as she did.

Kirito's eyes landed on the NPC who stood behind the desk. The manager was a handsome man in his early or mid-twenties with chocolate brown eyes. He was tall around six feet and built like a weightlifter, with fair skin and broad shoulders. He had shaggy sandy blonde hair that covered his ears that was brushed to the side. He wore a professional-looking dark blue suit with a button-down white shirt and black dress shoes.

His eyes looked around the rest of the room. The room had a trophy case filled with them to the side of the room, along with a large fridge to house refreshments. On the other side was a large couch for people to sit on. Monitors filled the back of the room that showed the arena from various places, along with a safe. Pictures of professional wrestlers lined the walls, some he recognized as actual ones, and others he couldn't place.

“Hello there, welcome to Hell’s Arena, what can I do for you?” The man said, his voice a strong charming baritone.

“My name is Kirito,” Kirito said and shook his hand. The NPC’s grip on his hand was strong, his hands rough. “I would like to fight in the arena. Could you start the tutorial match for me?”

“Of course, we can set you up with a match immediately. It’s always nice to see a new wrestler want to take the stage and show the world what they can do,” Rodin said. “The tutorial is simple enough. As long as you attack your opponent in ways that would work in real life then you’ll do damage them. Performing actual wrestling moves do more damage than attacks like punches and kicks.”

“Great,” Kirito said cheerfully. Well, it sounded simple to him, but considering he had never cared for wrestling before and had no idea what was truly a wrestling move it would help him immensely. They would probably show him a few simple wrestling moves during the match and as he advanced, they would show him more. He wondered what moves he would learn as he got better and if they were actual ones that he could pull off in real life. They probably wouldn’t be as powerful of course, but if they were, then it could help him if he had to fight.

“Just know it goes both ways, and to truly get the closest experience possible to wrestling, the damage you suffer from the match will be felt. However the pain will be more like an uncomfortable amount of pressure being applied rather than actual pain,” Rodin said. “It might seem a little harsh, but it helps players learn the game a little better. You can adjust the pain you feel at the end of the tutorial.”

Kirito gulped a little nervous about feeling actual pain and was reminded of some rather unpleasant moments back in SAO and Alfheim. Just like in SAO, players didn’t feel pain, but discomfort that swelled based on how much damage they had taken. It made him wonder how much the pain absorption for the game was set, and if it was around the same level Still he wouldn’t let what he might feel get in the way of him playing this game, and said, “I got it.”

“Alright, then please sign your name for the terms of the agreement at the bottom line,” the secretary said, her voice still as calm as soothing as when they first met.

Kirito took the pen and immediately signed at the bottom where he was told. He had been used to seeing this whenever he started a new game, especially MMO’s where people had to maintain a certain level of conduct. It was standard practice and something no one truly read. So much so, that despite it being an important document he didn’t pay it any mind. He was surprised to see it took him this long to encounter one. Usually, they appeared at the start of the game before logging. When he finished signing the paper he put the pen down and gave the paperwork back to the secretary.

“If you could follow me please I will take you to your locker room. There you’ll stay until the start of the match,” Kyrie said. She went over to the door and opened it for him. Kirito followed her out of the room and shut the door behind him.

The moment the door was shut, Rodin grinned and went over to the fridge and pulled out a bottle of wine and a glass. He put a few cubes of ice in there and poured the red wine into the glass. He went back into his chair and lounged in it. Everything was coming along perfectly and soon would reach the point of no return. The moment it began, it would be too late for Kirito to do anything, even if he did realize something was wrong.

“And soon we will have another beauty on our roster,” Rodin commented as he took a long sip of his wine. He was honestly excited to see the match but more excited to see what was happening during it. He savored the sweet fruity taste of the wine and let out a content sigh. He looked down at his drink and wished one of his girls were here, sharing wine with a special someone always made wine taste better.

Kirito breathed in and out as he sat on one of the benches in the room. He hadn’t been in here long, only a few minutes at most, but still, he felt anxious as he waited for the match to begin. He started stretching, pulling his arms and his legs. This might not mean anything here in the virtual world, but it helped relax him and gave him something to do. This would be his first true wrestling match, and because of his lack of experience with the sport, he didn’t see it going well, even if it was a tutorial. Not to mention, what was said about the pain system. He wished he could adjust it now, or get an idea of what to expect, but reminded himself he wouldn’t be in actual pain and could adjust it afterward.

It was a little strange that he hadn’t immediately started the match. The game probably needed some time to load his opponent in since the game did just come out; the game probably still had some bugs that needed to be patched or updates to make it run better. The fact he had to be led everywhere by one of the NPCs, only added to his thoughts, when they could have simply used a quest marker, something basic in all games. If they listened to player feedback, then they would hopefully do so soon, or else other players might get confused about where they needed to go.

“I can’t lose,” Kirito said, determined to win. There might not be anything on the line, like when he was fighting in Sword Art Online, or Alfheim, but his competitive spirit wouldn’t accept anything less. Just like with Alfheim he didn’t have the benefit of being a Beta tester. It didn’t stop him then, and it wouldn’t stop him now.

“Kirito, it’s time for your match,” the manager said, over the intercom in the room.

Kirito breathed in and out as he went over to the door, his heart pounding a little faster. He blinked when he saw Kyrie standing outside. He asked, “Can I help you?”

“I’m here to inform you about how you should enter the arena. Once your name is called over the speaker, then enter the arena. Feel free to put on a little fanfare and play with the crowd. Also, do you want to be introduced with a title?” Kyrie asked.

Kirito thought over what he would have liked to use and remembered a few he had earned from players. He would have used Black Swordsman if he could, but since this game didn’t have any weapons it wouldn’t fit. Beater wouldn’t have fit either, and he didn’t want anyone else to think he was a cheater if they knew what it meant. Kirito said, “No, just introduce me by my name for now. I might think of something after this.”

“If you are sure then just walk down the corridor and wait for your name to be called,” Kyrie said.

Kirito nodded and did as he was told. He went down the corridor to enter the arena, looking at the walls and saw they were inscribed with pictures of wrestling. He couldn’t help but grin as he walked down the corridor, standing straighter and clenching his hands. There was just something about the scenery that made him feel stronger as if he was a champion the people had come to see triumph. This might not have truly lived up to modern wrestling, but it did make him and no doubt others feel energized.

***INTRODUCING THE CHALLENGER FOR TONIGHT, A YOUNG MAN DRESSED IN BLACK,
KIRITO!***

Kirito confidently walked onto the stage of the arena. He looked around at the crowd, feeling empowered as the people cheered for him. He was reminded of his first match against Kayaba back in Sword Art Online. These might not have been actual people, but the way they were cheering made him forget they were for a moment.

Kirito looked around, and couldn’t help but wave at the ground, who roared louder for him. They might have been nothing more than NPC’s, but their cheers swelled his spirit.

***AND NOW STEPPING INTO THE RING FROM THE OTHER CORNER IS THE UNDISPUTED
CHAMPION HERSELF! THE EMPRESS OF THE ARENA! THE QUEEN OF DEVIL
HUNTERS, NELA SPARDA!***

Kirito blinked in surprise. Out of all the people he thought he would be fighting, the current champion of the arena was the farthest person he had in mind. He thought it would be another player or some training dummy the game had set. Something felt off, it might have been part of a story mode, a goal to strive for, but he couldn’t quite place it.

He looked at the other corner where his opponent would be entering from, and his face darkened as his eyes locked onto his challenger. When he first heard of the champion he expected the figure would be some larger than life man with muscles that looked like they could bend steel. With biceps larger than his head, and legs that looked like they could rival tree

trunks. Perhaps some references to the pro wrestlers of old, or some current ones currently in the sport.

He was certainly not expecting the champion to be a woman who looked to be in her early or mid-twenties. She was beautiful and looked like she should have been on the front cover of a modeling magazine rather than a wrestler. She had short silver hair that went past her ears and the brightest blue eyes he had ever seen, which looked more like sapphires. A cute button nose that perfectly suited her face and highlighted her already beautiful feminine appearance. She had soft pillowy looking lips, which looked perfect for kissing, and in the back of his mind wonder what it would look like to get one from her.

The champion was easily the most curvaceous woman he had ever seen in his life, something her outfit made abundantly clear. She wore a red halter top with flames on the cups of it, and a pair of tight black short shorts. On one arm she wore a red and black armguard, and on the other wore a demonic-looking prop. Around her waist was a gold championship belt. She had wide hips round hips that swayed seductively. He didn't even need to look behind her to know she had a huge butt that would bounce with every step she took. The most noticeable thing about her was her enormous boobs. They were huge massive round spheres that rivaled her head and gently bounced with every little movement, despite how tightly her top restrained her bosom.

The young woman walked into the center of the arena with a confident swagger to her hips. The cheer roared for her, far louder than they did for him. She shook her upper body and blew kisses to the crowd, making them grow wild. She laughed, clearly enjoying how she had the crowd wrapped around her fingers.

Kirito looked around the crowd and wondered if he could still get the same type of reaction he had when he first entered the arena. He raised his arm but didn't get any sign of support from them. Instead, they all let out cheers for her, even chanting her name. A giggle drew his attention and saw her smiling playfully at him.

"Sorry kid, but looks like you don't have the same type of appeal as I do," Nela giggled. "Don't worry you'll get the crowd to fall for you in time. Maybe."

Kirito turned back to her, and his face flushed of his own will. He thought she looked beautiful before, but being so close only made him realize how pretty she truly was. Especially how curvy she was. It made so much sense why the crowd suddenly went crazy for her, especially the men. His eyes went over her body again, taking in her more than ample curves. They stopped when they landed on her breasts and the mesmerizing exposed cleavage of her top.

"Hey, my eyes are up here!" Nela laughed playfully.

Kirito blushed and forced himself to look up at her face, having to fight his eyes from staring at her bust. He gulped as he tried harder, but the more he resisted the harder it was to fight. The image of them flashed in his mind, and he couldn't help but groan. He wasn't some pervert and had a girlfriend, and yet the way this woman flaunted her body, made it all but impossible for him. After a few awkward moments, he finally felt some semblance of control again and managed to stutter out, "S-sorry."

"Relax little boy, you can look as much as you want. I'm used to it," Nela waved off, giggling mischievously. "Are you hoping to get a feel of them during our match? If you do I won't mind. After all, grappling holds, and pins, are all part of wrestling."

Kirito bit his lips as his face turned atomic red. He couldn't think of anything he could properly say to her. The words he wanted to say and thought of both jumped and twisted into random gibberish right after they formed. He breathed in through his nose and out through his mouth and reminded himself of what was happening. He would finally get to play and see how difficult the game really was and what it would feel like to fight.

A hum broke his current train of thought as she looked him over appraisingly. Kirito blinked and wondered what she was doing. When she was finished she sighed with a playful smirk. "It's almost a shame, I'm going to have to pound such a cute face, but a match is a match after all. Besides, I'll do anything for Rodin, so if he wants me to fight you then I won't be holding back at all."

Kirito blinked at what she had just said, his mind going over her dialogue. The way she acted this whole time, from flirting with him, calling him cute, all of it seemed a little too human. It was a very real possibility she could have been programmed to call everyone that, but it would have been immediate wouldn't it? Not to mention how she playfully called him out for staring at her breasts. If she was an NPC she wouldn't have said anything about it. Not to mention she told him to relax and that he could look as much as he pleased and didn't mind if he groped her during their fight.

There was also the way she talked about the manager, and how she would do anything for him. He couldn't think of a reason why there would be a personal connection between the manager and this NPC. She might answer to him, but it wouldn't have instilled the loyalty and adoration she had for him when she said his name. The way she talked about him was lovingly as if he was her boyfriend or husband rather than her boss. To make an NPC like that seemed strange, especially in a fighting game. He wondered if this really was an NPC, or a player, or even an AI?

Kirito stumbled as it suddenly felt like the platform was starting to rise. He looked at Nela and the referee and saw they weren't at all surprised by the sudden change. The young man looked around and jumped when four poles suddenly shot out of the ground. Three thick hazy blue lines appeared between them and flashed, for a moment blinding him. When he looked again, he saw black wrestling rope had formed where the blue lines had been. He walked over and

pushed against the rope, getting a feel for the strong material. It wasn't soft like he thought it would be, but rather a hard rough canvas, with a little cushion between it and the metal underneath it.

"Alright you two get ready I'm going to start the countdown!" The referee said, breaking Kirito's train of thought. "On three the bell will ring, and the match will begin."

Kirito nodded and then looked over at Nela who took off the championship belt around her waist and it vanished in a blue flash. He watched her crack her knuckles as she stared at him with an eager savage grin. She cracked her neck and moved into a low fighting stance, her hands open and ready to move. He reached up to grab his swords but stopped when he remembered what type of game he was playing. The young man gulped and tried to imitate her stance as best he could, but it felt off to him. He knew his stance wasn't as stable as her, or as refined. To a clear expert like her, it would no doubt be easy for her to break, and gain the upper hand.

"1...2...3! Begin!" The referee cried and quickly stepped away as the bell rang. The names above everyone's head disappeared in a quick flash, something which surprised Kirito.

The moment the bell rang, Nela launched herself forward and wrapped her demonic-looking arm around his shoulder, and placed her other on his shoulder. Kirito tried to force her off, but it felt like he was trying to move a boulder. She smirked and in one quick motion flipped him over his shoulder as if he was a large pillow. Kirito groaned as his head felt like it was spinning and swore there were three Nela's looking down at him as she let go of his arms.

As he laid there, his shoulders started to move inward, letting out low cracking noises as they did so. Kirito winced from the pain of his shoulders and chalked it up to being on the receiving end of her move and how he collided with the crowd. They rounded out as they started to curve inward adding a more feminine appeal to his body. When they finished changing, his shoulders weren't as far apart as they were before and made his body look more feminine.

Kirito groaned, surprised by the level of pain he felt. He didn't think it would hurt this much. The manager did say it would be uncomfortable and even a little painful, but he didn't think it would be like this. He expected his body to just feel stiff as if he was having a muscle spasm or something. This was on another level entirely from anything he played before. It was almost as if he had been flipped over on his back in the real world. It made him wish he could adjust the pain he felt right now.

He heard footsteps and turned to them, the world still spinning to him. He blinked when he saw it was Nela and quickly leaned up. He turned and adjusted his stance on the ground, bracing himself for another assault, but she didn't. She stood there, looking him over as if she was a teacher, making sure their student was okay. It unnerved him, and despite how she seemed genuinely worried for him, he couldn't help but think of it as a ploy to catch him off guard. Even if this was an NPC, he couldn't help but think it was, even if this was a tutorial match.

“Are you alright? Can you keep going? I know this is your first time, but I thought you would be able to handle it,” Nela said as she kneeled and placed her human hand on his shoulder as her demonic arm patted his back.

“I can keep going,” Kirito said as he forced himself to stand, and struggled to stay standing up straight. If this was a real wrestling match he would have already lost the fight and she would have already pinned him. It made him glad they did have a tutorial match first, so he can get a better understanding of the game before he interacted with everyone else.

Unknown to the young man his body started to change as he unknowingly got older. He grew two inches and became a decent 5’8, as he became 22 years old. Any hair which should have formed from him getting older didn’t form, as if he was never there at all. His clothes felt a little tighter on him as they rose, exposing a little bit of his stomach and his ankles. He never noticed the sudden change in height, as if he was always that tall, or acknowledged, his foe suddenly seemed closer to his height.

When he finally found his balance, he got back into a stance, trying to imitate the one she had before. The headache he had started to end and he felt like he could continue without issue. He locked his muscles and didn’t feel any sense of dizziness overcome him. He wasn’t sure if the dizziness he felt would have gone away in the real world so quickly but welcomed the fact it did. It added an extra thrill to the match and made the fight here feel a little more real and made how he would act more important.

“Are you ready to go again?” Nela asked as she got back in her stance.

“I’m ready,” Kirito said, bracing himself for the attack he was sure to come.

Kirito moved forward and tried to grab her arm, but the reverse happened. Nela grabbed his arm and pulled him closer, pressing her body against his own. The young man blushed from the immense bust being pressed into his body and would have even found it enjoyable if not for the pain from how she was holding him. He winced in pain and tried to twist his arm out of her hold, but her hand was like a tight wristband and burned his limb. He tried harder as his wrist started to burn from how hard he tried to escape.

Unknown to Kirito, any trace of hair on his arm was destroyed as her arm passed over it as if the scales on her limb were small razors. The moment her arm passed, the skin there was clean of any trace of hair, and was as smooth and clean as a baby’s bottom. It was as if every little hair on his arm had been meticulously picked clean to ensure they would be as hairless as possible. Any blemish or imperfection on them was gone as if they had never been there in the first place.

Nela let go of him and pushed him away from her and quickly grabbed his other arm and forced it behind his back. She looked down the front of his shirt and saw what little hair was over his chest was starting to disappear. She smirked and grabbed the arm she held earlier and rubbed

it, marveling at how soft and smooth it felt. His skin was so soft and smooth that she wanted to strip him of his clothes and look him over completely. She had no doubt if anyone were to look over his body and try to find any hair they would see he had soft smooth hairless skin, no matter where they looked. It made her want to see for herself if that was true, but she stopped herself. As curious as she was, she could wait, and that was a little too mean to do in the first round of a match for her liking.

Nela wrapped her arms around his waist as if she was pulling him into a bear hug. The young man struggled and tried to push her away, but he couldn't as she lifted him off of the ground. Her demonic arm and fingers glowed slightly as they dug into Kirito's side, causing his waist to curve inward. The young man struggled in her grasp, but no matter how much Kirito's waist changed, Nela was able to keep her arm wrapped tightly around him. With every little move, it served to only emphasize the diminishing width. The young woman couldn't help but admire it and bounce her fingers off of it as if his waist was a table. It finally finished shrinking, when it was an appealing slender waist that had no place on a young man and looked more fitting on an athletic young woman.

It wasn't just his waist that had started changing, but also his stomach. What pudge he had on his stomach started to gurgle as if it was boiling water and growl. By no means was the young man fat, but he wasn't the perfect example of health either. After a few moments, his stomach started to compress at an accelerated rate as the flab hardened and formed into hard muscle. It finished changing when he had a hard flat stomach with the faint hint of a six-pack visible when he moved.

The moment Nela couldn't feel anything more changing she slammed him down on the ground. Kirito cried out in pain the moment his back hit the floor as if a horse had kicked him into a wall. He vaguely saw Nela moving to pin him and he rolled away, ignoring the pain in his back. The champion didn't chase after him and merely watched as he put some distance between them. When he was on the other side of the ring, the young man shakily got up, using the rope to support him.

Nela quickly rushed forward and put him in a headlock. She brought him down to his knees and pushed his face harder against her immense bosom. A faint blush from the stimulation she was going through appeared on her face, but it did not stop her. She wished she could see her opponent's face right now. The only person who got to feel them and have fun with them for a long time was Rodin. The rest only got a momentary touch before she slammed them down on the mat, or the rope of the arena, whichever was more appealing. She hoped the young man enjoyed it because so many men would gleefully kill him to squeeze her breasts for more than five seconds.

Kirito blushed from his face being pressed into her gigantic boobs as his hands wrapped around her human arm and tried to move it so he could slip out of her hold. But it was like an iron bar that had been placed under him, and his breathing was impeded by the limb. Still, his mind

acknowledged the full situation he was in, and especially how his face pressed against her breasts. Her boobs were soft, just like a new pillow with a soft blanket over them, and the perverted part of his mind screamed at him to shake his head as if he were a dog, as it embedded the softness of her breasts into his memory. The rest of his mind worked on trying to figure a way out of this situation, and ways he could escape and turn it around in his favor.

The champion softly patted Kirito's head with her demonic hand almost as if he was a student she was proud of. With every pat on his head, Kirito's hair grew a little longer, as if her demonic arm was laced with a hair tonic that accelerated its growth. As it billowed down his head it gained a new shine to it that made it seem healthier than it ever was before. His hair finished growing when it became long beautiful inky black hair, which touched the floor of the arena.

Kirito tried harder to get out of the hold he was in, but it was no use. It kept getting harder to breathe and with where he was positioned he couldn't kick her off. He placed his feet firmly on the ground and jumped forward. For a moment her grip loosened when he pulled down, and he was able to get a large breath of air. He grinned, happy he was able to weaken her hold before he went down and lost consciousness. He moved to try and get away, however, before he could fully free himself from the hold, Nela was able to put him back in it.

"Way to go kid," Nela complimented as she placed her hand on the back of his shirt. "You almost had me there. I didn't think you had in you with how this match was going so far. I better stay on my toes or else you'll get out of this again, but next time it won't be so easy."

Her demonic arm glowed as its powers started to change the boy's top, making the bottom of his shirt rise higher as it started to shrink. As it was shrinking, it clung tighter to his body the higher it got. The soft cotton fabric changed into a stretchier, tighter lycra nylon material. A diamond-shaped cut appeared above his chest and grew larger. The fabric around his neck crawled up and formed into a tight choker as the fabric around his shoulders was completely gone and formed into straps. White splotches formed on the center of his top as if the color there had been purged. The splotches spread and formed into neat squares in front of his chest, and on the sides of his chest. Small little studs appeared near the ends of the cut, on the straps, and on the choker around his neck. It finished shrinking, just under his chest, and fully exposed his hard flat stomach and waist, looking more like a woman's halter top.

The sleeves of his shirt ripped as they started to shrink. The ends of the sleeves tore off and formed into hard bands with studs embedded in them. The fabric around his shoulders did the same and formed into black bands with metal studs in them as well. Whatever fabric hadn't been used to form the bands surged into them or his top and melded with it.

'Damn it!' Kirito cursed in his head as he tried to pry her arm off of him. He was so close to getting out. It was still possible for him to get out, but she would be better prepared this time. It would take a little extra work, and as long as she held him like this, she could just hold him like this until he tired out. Still, he wouldn't give up and refused to let it end like this.

A loud bell started to ring multiple times and Nela immediately let go of him. Kirito gasped as he fell onto the mat of the arena. He greedily breathed in and out filling his lungs. He wondered what was going on and why she suddenly stopped until he remembered rounds were a thing in wrestling. The young man let out a sigh of relief, glad that he had made it this far.

THE FIRST ROUND IS OVER AND NELA HAS JUST DOMINATED THIS MATCH FROM START TO FINISH! IT MAKES YOU WONDER IF THE CHALLENGER EVEN STANDS A CHANCE.

The young man watched the champion walk to the side of the stage where a small stool was in front of a poll. She sat down on the stool and lounged in her seat, as a water bottle appeared next to it. She placed her arms on the rope as she sat there looking so calm and relaxed as if she was about to watch some television rather than get into another brawl.

Kirito looked at the other side of the stage and saw a small stool next in front of a poll. He breathed heavily as he stood up, showing his new longer hair reached his mid-back and stood out like a shiny waterfall behind him. He went to the other side of the arena and sat down in the chair, groaning in relief the moment he did. His muscles burned and his body still ached from how he had landed earlier. It wasn't as bad as it was then, but it was still noticeable. His throat and lungs burned slightly, making him lick his lips. He wished he had something to drink right now, anything.

The young man jumped when he saw a water bottle appear on the side of him in a bright blue haze. For a moment, he stared at it and poked it, as if making sure it wouldn't blow up. After nothing happened and seeing the sloshing of the liquid inside, Kirito picked it up. He greedily drank the water and could feel it travel through his body and land in his stomach. His throat and lungs cooled down and he felt stronger the more he drank. When he finished the bottle, he placed it down and it vanished in a blue mist. It never occurred to the young man, how oddly refreshing it was drinking it or how he could feel the water move through his body.

Kirito felt like he could think clearer and frustration welled within him as he thought about how the first match went. The announcer was right when they said Nela had complete control over the match. She treated him almost like a dance partner throughout the match with how easily he moved him to do what she wanted. The way she held him both of his arms behind both arms and moved in front of him and then that headlock. If she wanted to, she could have ended the match in seconds. It galled him how she was playing with him and didn't even seem to take him seriously. Even if he was new to this, he should have seemed like one to her.

The thought made him think over the differences between them. The amount of experience she had over him was like comparing a mountain to a snowball. He only knew a few moves, while she must know dozens of maneuvers she could use, and no doubt had plenty of tricks she could pull on him. The only way he could win was by trying to fight smarter. He could use the ropes of

the stage to his advantage, and give him a little more power, or bounce her into them to stun her. If he was smart and clever enough he might be able to pin her if she landed on the ground, even if that would lead to the hardest part of the match.

ALRIGHT, IT'S TIME FOR THE START OF THE SECOND ROUND! NOW THAT THE WARM-UP IS OVER ITS TIME FOR THE FIGHTING TO REALLY KICK OFF!

Kirito got out of his stool, as Nela did the same. The two walked toward each other and stopped when they were just outside of each other's reach. The two circled each other, like a pair of vipers waiting for a moment to strike the other. Kirito felt a little more confident now that he had an idea of what to expect from her. The desire to win sang in his mind like a symphony and he wanted to make up for his poor showing in the first round. He carefully moved closer, wondering how she would attack and how he should. It was clear he wasn't going to win if he stayed on the defensive and would be dominated by her if she had the momentum.

The young man quickly stepped forward and moved to grab her arm, but she stepped back and batted his arm away, almost without a care. He tried again and was met with the same result. He narrowed his eyes and this time charged forward. She raised her arms and stepped back from his charge, forcing her back against the post. He started to punch her and she kept her guard up. Every blow to her body filled him with vindictive joy, at finally managing to do something to her. She moved one of her feet onto the bottom rope as she curled up deeper into herself deeper into the ball to block his blows. Her other foot got onto the other lower rope. She continued to climb higher between his blows and managed to get to the second level of rope.

Kirito growled as he grabbed her wrists and tried to pull her down, or at least move her arms, but they didn't budge. He stepped onto the lowest rope to get a better position and she stepped onto the second rope level, sitting on the post in response. The young man moved higher on the ropes and stood at his full height over her, while she remained balled up. He balled his hands and started to slam his fist into her upper back, but she didn't show any signs of weakening, not even letting out grunts.

Suddenly, Nela wrapped her arms around his waist, but even so, Kirito didn't relent. In one quick move that threw him off, she stood up and put him in a headlock. He did the same in retaliation, but her chin stopped him from making it as effective as it could have been. She slammed her free arm into his side and then stopped and broke the hold she had and ripped out of the hold that Kirito put her in. She grabbed his head and headbutted him, making the boy wince. She brought her head back as she moved his back and then slammed her head against his cranium again.

Kirito fell back and wobbly landed on the floor of the stage and almost toppled down. He brought his hand up to his head and held it as the world spun, the noise dying down and getting louder all of a sudden. He could barely stand straight and shook his head as he ran his hand down his face. He turned to where his opponent was and watched her step onto the top of the post, who

was smirking as she looked down at him. She jumped off the post and he sloppily jumped back to avoid her arms and kicked her in the gut in return. The champion gasped as she bent over and held her gut.

“Got you!” Kirito cried and moved to put her in a headlock with a delighted grin. He placed her arms underneath hers and moved to lock his hands.

Nela smirked as she broke out of his hold before he could lock it and dropped down to the floor. As she did she grabbed his right thigh and rolled forward, causing Kirito to fall back onto the floor of the arena. She quickly got back up and grabbed his legs with her arms. She tightened her grip, making Kirito hiss as the young man tried to buck her off, but her grip was too strong. The champion raised his body and twirled his position, so the front of his body was facing the floor of the arena. She brought her right leg over the other side of his body and slowly started to squat down, almost as if she was going to sit down on a chair. Her butt hovered just above Kirito’s own as she tightened her hold on his legs.

THIS COULD BE IT, FOLKS! NELA’S GOT HIM TRAPPED NOW IN THEE WALLS OF JERICHO!

Kirito squirmed painfully and gritted his teeth as Nela held the pose. His arms flailed and moved about as if they had a will of their own. He tried to move his legs and get out, but his foe held them tight and the only thing he could move was his toes and slightly turn his feet. It was as if he was being stretched out and forced into being a human pretzel and desperately wanted it to end.

Unknown to him, his toes started to get smaller in his shoes, as if his feet were being roughly squeezed by her. His feet let out small faint cracks that couldn’t be heard because of the crowd roaring approval as they started to shrink. He couldn’t feel them getting smaller because the hold he was in and had made his lower body go numb. The toenails on them evened out and cleaned up as if they had recently come out of a pedicure. His shoes loosened the more his feet compressed in on themselves. When they were finished changing, he had cute feminine feet that had no place on the rest of his masculine legs.

The changes traveled up his legs, as they started to grow sleeker, when it reached the bottom of his thighs, they started to grow larger. They swelled larger in Nela’s arms who admired their growing size and playfully started squeezing them. The more she squeezed them the more force she had to use for her fingers to get deeper. With every little squeeze, there was less ripple to them as they grew tighter, as his flabby thighs filled with strong tight muscle. As they continued to swell, Nela laughed and adjusted her grip so she could continue to keep him in the hold she had on him. They finished growing when they became strong thick sexy thighs, which could rival Nela’s own, who hummed in admiration for them and was pleased by the final result.

Kirito hissed as Nela applied more pressure to his body. His arms continued to spasm of their own accord. No matter how he tried to move his lower body in her hold it would only increase the pressure on his body, making him gasp and flinch in pain. The young man knew he needed to get out of it. If he didn't get out of this soon, then he would need to tap out, if the referees didn't reach the count down first. Suddenly an idea came to him of how he could do so. It was...out there, but it would certainly give her the shock needed to make her let go. He was glad that Asuna and the rest of his friends weren't here or else he wouldn't have heard the end of it.

Kirito gritted his and forced his body to turn around, almost as if he was trying to escape. The pain was growing immensely, even more so when Nela applied more pressure to try and make him break, making him gasp. It was as if pile after pile of brick were being placed on his body. The more he tried to twist himself around, the more painful it got. The desire to tap out was growing more appealing as the pain grew and felt like someone was digging a metal glove with sharp spikes on the knuckles into his back.

After much effort, he was able to turn himself around just enough so his face was facing Nela's badonkadonk. The raven-haired young man stopped for a moment and blushed at how close his face was. His mind stalled as he admired that wonderfully huge round booty in front of him and gulped. He could see her spandex shorts straining to contain her pants, which made every little bounce of her bottom quite noticeable. His member hardened from watching it bounce and gulped as he desired to reach out and grab it. He felt like he could watch it bounce all day, if not for the pain she was putting him in, and broke him out of his admiration.

Kirito breathed in as he quickly grabbed her hips and pulled her butt into his face, smashing her ample behind into his face. The feminizing young man let out a pleased moan as he moved his face from side to side between her clothed bottom, as he lustfully fondled the outer part of her soft tight ass with his fingers. As much as he didn't like the champion of the arena right now, he couldn't deny her body was nothing short of divine with how big and perfect her tits and ass were. He would never say it to Asuna or any girl he had met in the real world, or the virtual, but they just couldn't compare in terms of curves.

"Ahh!" Nela squealed as a dark blush formed on her face. Her grip loosened and she instinctively clenched her bottom cheeks as she moved to stand up, but to keep her position meant that she had to keep her behind closer to him than she would have liked. The crowd hollered and cameras flashed at what they had just seen. She tried to keep a calm composure, but her smile looked a little shaken and forced to the watchers.

The moment Kirito felt the champion's grip on him loosened, he grinned and quickly used the opportunity given and pushed her off by her thick butt as he bucked his legs in her arms. Nela's arms slipped off of his thighs as she stumbled forward and landed on the floor of the arena face first. Kirito's lower body quickly twirled around into a more comfortable position, earning a sigh of relief from him. The crowd cheered, making Kirito grin as he quickly got up.

AND IN A SHOCKING TWIST, THE CHALLENGER WAS ABLE TO ESCAPE THE CHAMPION'S HOLD AND EXPERIENCE PARADISE AT THE SAME TIME! I WONDER HOW MANY PEOPLE WISH THEY WERE IN HER FOE'S SHOES RIGHT NOW AND FEEL WHAT THAT ASS IS LIKE?

The feminizing young man ran toward the downed champion and jumped as he brought his elbow up as Nela turned herself over. The champion's eyes widened and she raised her arms to block, but it was too late and Kirito's arm slammed into her gut. Kirito smirked vindictively in joy at finally getting one over her, and it grew when the crowd cheered for him. He grabbed Nela's leg and moved to put it into a submission hold he had seen in some fighting anime.

The champion let out a low hiss as he tightened his hold, which made him smirk. He doubted his hold was perfect and there were ways for her to break out, but it was working and that was more than he could say about anything he tried earlier. To his shock, Nela was able to lift him off the ground with her leg and slammed him down on the mat. The young man growled as he struggled to keep his hold, but it was getting harder by the second. She started kicking as she slammed her leg down like a wild animal. The young man tightened his old and scrambled to try and adjust himself, but much to his dismay she was able to kick him off before he could.

As Nela moved to stand, Kirito quickly ran forward and lifted her off the ground. He spun himself around, forcing Nela to move with him, and threw her at the rope of the arena, hoping she would fall out, or be stunned by it. Much to his shock, Nela bounced off the rope of the arena like a pinball and held her demonic arm as she ran back to Kirito, who was stunned by the recovery. Before the young man could dodge, her arm crashed right into his face, sending him crashing down on his back.

Kirito laid there, wincing in pain as his face started to change. It softened as any of the imperfections from the smallest scar to the largest pimple disappeared. His jawline let out small faint popping noises as it started to change as his cheekbones moved higher. The nostrils of his nose shrunk as they caved inward as it became a smaller upturned nose. His eyebrows thinned down as if they were being neatly trimmed by a stylist at a salon. His lips grew larger and became perfectly plump lips that many men would imagine wrapped around something of theirs. His face finished changing when it lost every trace of masculinity it had before and became a beautiful womanly one that deserved to be on a magazine.

Kirito groaned, his body aching and too heavy for him to do anything at the moment. The crowd cheered louder as the countdown happened once again. The tired young man looked over at his opponent who swept her short hair to the side and sent a charming smile to the crowd. The moment she was done, she turned back to him and walked to him. He tried to move to get away, but couldn't gather the energy to stand at the moment.

Nela lifted him onto her shoulders, making the crowd cheer louder. She wrapped one of her arms around his plush thighs and the other around his right arm. Kirito squirmed in her arms,

trying to break out, fearful of what she might do next and having a good idea of what it might be. The way Nela had positioned her arms, made it hard for the young man to break out, especially with how much pain his body was in. He tried to lower his arms to grab hers, but it felt like he was trying to reach over a huge wooden table.

Nela moved her demonic arm, which was around Kirito's thigh, and moved it closer to his crotch. She pushed on his penis with her demonic pointer finger. The moment her finger made contact, Kirito's penis started to recede into his body. The young man squirmed in her grasp, but Nela held on tighter as she continued to push his masculinity inward. Kirito's mouth trembled as he felt an increasing warmth between his legs at what she was doing, and tried not to let out a moan. It felt almost as if his manhood was being played with and gently rubbed up and down by someone. He wanted to reach down and stop the cause of this sensation, feeling a sense of finality, as if the moment it reached its peak there would be no going back for him. The shaft of his scrotum was sucked inside of his body and formed a pair of new lower lips.

Kirito gasped as a sudden pleasure went through his body, which made his legs shake as if he was in a blizzard in the nude. Moments later his balls started to rise higher as if they were chasing after their companion. They quickly rose to the hole and were momentarily stuck before they managed to force themselves into his body, one following in right after the other. They changed inside his body and formed into a pair of ovaries, completing the now, former young man's downward slope into womanhood.

The former young man moaned erotically, as a wave of pleasure went through her, unlike anything she ever felt before. Her body felt weak, but unlike the tiredness, she felt throughout the match this was far more pleasant as if it was a reward for completing a hard exercise. Her mind was stuck in a pleasure-filled haze with the only thought she had being how she could please herself more. Her fingers slowly opened and closed, almost as if the brunette was making sure her arms still worked.

Nela giggled slightly from how the new woman suddenly went slack in her grasp. She looked at her foe's face and noticed the glazed look in her eyes made her smirk. She didn't think that she would be able to get such a look from her when the changes reached this point. Was this what Rodin saw when they were making love with each other? If so she understood why he was so happy to get it from her, just like how she was to earn his pleased smile when they went at it. Well, as happy and content as the new woman might be she couldn't stay like this forever. This was a wrestling match after all, and there needed to be a fight.

In one quick motion, the champion fell backward, driving Kirito down to the mat on her back as Nela's weight crashed on the front of her body. Kirito slammed down on the ground, and gasped from the sudden pain, bringing her out of her pleasure induced high. She moaned as Nela got off of her, who stood crouched like a tiger ready to pounce. The brunette held her stomach and winced from the pain in her shoulders. Pain racked her body and she tried to stay off the tender parts of her body, but it was futile. She shook off the pain as best she could and spied Nela

nearby. Before she could move, Nela quickly pinned her down, her breasts pushing down on Kirito's face again.

Kirito struggled in her grasp and tried to break out, growling as she moved around like a wild animal. The countdown started and as the countdown got closer to ten her erratic movement quicken. It wasn't just because of that. It was getting harder to breathe as her opponent's breasts kept pushing down on her face. The only way she could get in a small bit of air was by moving her face around in them, blushing from having to do so. The silver-haired woman's boobs were like a pair of pillows being mashed down against her face, preventing her from breathing.

Kirito growled and kept shaking her head back and forth, to try and breathe better as the crowd cheered at what they were seeing. When she thought about her match and how it would go, she thought she would have lost because of her opponent's superior skill. The idea of being forced down onto the ground and put in a hold she couldn't escape was a possibility she acknowledged, but this wasn't something she thought would happen. It was so ludicrous, so out there that the fact it was happening filled her with rage. The mere thought of losing in front of all these people because a pair of giant breasts knocked her unconscious filled her with strength. There was no way she was going to lose this match because she got smothered by boobs.

An idea struck her, and she started to slow her movements, and relax as if she was losing energy. She paid close attention to the time and hoped this gamble would work. There was just as much of a chance of it backfiring on her and making her loose. Yet, it was the only way she could think to turn the match in her favor. With every rising number, Kirito felt her heart pound faster and had to fight the instinctual urge to fight.

The moment the referee said eight, Nela's body relaxed, Kirito quickly moved and slipped her arms out of Nela's hold. She brought her legs up between them and slipped her feet against Nela's stomach and pushed her off. Nela went flying back and the gamer quickly stood up and moved back to put some distance between them. She breathed heavily and raised her arms in a defensive stance, grinning cheekily.

Kirito stood there waiting, her pants started to change. They grew tighter on her body, as her pants changed. Much like her top, the fabric of her pants changed from strong denim into tight spandex that hugged her lower body's curves. The front and back of her pants turned from a bright blue into a dark black. The fabric on the sides of her pants started to get thinner, almost as if they were losing fabric and became a thin pantyhose. Small studs formed down the center of her pants legs and continued to do until one they reached the end of her thighs, not too far from the pantyhose like material. On the outer side of her thighs, jagged white patterns formed, which vaguely resemble teeth.

The moment his pants finished changing, his shoes started to morph. The collar of her shoes crawled up her body as if they were being stretched out like elastic. They finished growing when

they reached under her knee caps, looking similar to boots. The shoes hardened as white-lined formed on them. They finished changing when they became a stylish pair of black boots with white lines running around them.

Nela stood up, smirking as she examined her foe's changed outfit and body. With her new clothes, Kirito truly did look like a professional wrestler, and her body was pretty much on display with how it hugged her figure. There was nothing left of the boy who stood there previously. Only a woman with plush thighs, but aside from that, no real curves, which she would be rectifying that soon enough. She giggled at the thought. With how far the transformation had come, Nela was going to stop playing around and complete her opponent's transition to womanhood. The moment Kirito gained her curves, she would end this match with no hesitation.

Kirito stared her down, waiting for the silver-haired woman to do something, her anger growing from how her opponent was acting. It had to be a ploy to soften her up or make her paranoid. The damn smile on the champion's face annoyed her and made her want to wipe it off her face with a good punch to the face, or putting her in a painful hold to make her squirm. If that bimbo wasn't going to do anything, then she would be the one to go on the offensive. Her toes curled as she lowered her stance to jump her and try to get her in a headlock, making Nela lower her stance. As Kirito was about to launch herself, a loud bell started ringing, making both wrestler's stop.

AND THE SECOND ROUND IS OVER FOLKS! THIS MATCH HAS ONLY GOTTEN BETTER SINCE IT STARTED! AND I THINK WE CAN ALL AGREE FOLKS THAT WE HAVE BEEN BLESSED WITH SOME WONDERFUL SIGHTS! WOULDN'T YOU ALL AGREE?

Nela went back to her side of the arena and relaxed in her seat as Kirito did the same, shooting her for a dirty look as the crowd roared in agreement with the announcer. The gamer sat in her chair, her mood soured by how most of the crowd was cheering for Nela. A bottle appeared next to her again and she gulped it down. When she was finished tossed it to the side and again it disappeared in a blue haze. She crossed her arms over her flat chest and waited for the signal to begin. Nela continued to look at her with the same damn smile that she had this whole match.

Kirito didn't care if this was some NPC or another player. She was going to win and take that stupid bimbo down no matter what she had to do. With how she had played her like a fiddle and prodded her body like she was a cheap girl she could get down at some dark alley she was going to make her regret. Her face burned at the indignity of it all, especially with how the crowd no doubt loved it. If she had to fight dirty to get rid of that smile then she would do so with a bright smile on her face.

Nela blew a kiss at the crowd and the new woman scowled at the crowd's roar for Nela. She could hear a few people cheering for her in the background, but it was clear who the favorite was. It annoyed her, especially since she couldn't see her appeal. Sure it might be her own

personal dislike for her considering how the fight was going, but that wasn't it at all. There had to be more to it.

ALRIGHT FOLKS IT'S TIME FOR THE THIRD ROUND? COULD THIS BE THE FINAL ROUND? LET'S FIND OUT!

Nela calmly stepped out of her seat, as Kirito all but launched herself at her opponent. The latter charged forward and jumped as she raised her knee to strike Nela. The champion blocked the blow with her arms, and Kirito quickly grabbed her head and pulled her into a headlock. Kirito smirked, glad she was able to start so strong. If she could keep this momentum, then maybe she could pull off the win.

Nela groaned as she pulled Kirito's arm enough and slipped her chin between it. Kirito frowned and narrowed her eyes and moved to try and slip her arm around her throat again, only for Nela to break out. The silver-haired woman forced Kirito's arm behind her back as she grabbed the brunette's other arm, and locked it on top of the other. The raven-haired girl growled in pain and winced as she looked over her shoulder. She moved from side to side, trying to break out of the hold. Nela smirked as she managed to keep her limbs in place. The former boy went down to her knees and tried to jump to make her let go, but even then the champion's hold on her remained. The champion smirked and pushed Kirito to the nearest poll, making her gasp. Kirito breathed in and out, her shoulders aching and arms burning again, and yet she still tried to push Nela off, only to be rammed back against the poll harder than before.

"Now you're getting into the swing of things girl," Nela smirked and then giggled as a naughty idea formed in her head. She removed one of her arms from Kirito's and slipped her hand down her foe's pants.

"AAAHH!" Kirito cried as she felt something snake between her butt cheeks and roughly squeeze and caress them.

The crowd cheered and hollered from Kirito's squirms, some even laughing. Camera flashes went off as cameras for the arena zoomed in. The people were able to see clearly that Nela had slipped her hand underneath Kirito's pants and was playing with her foe's behind as if it was a stress ball. The dark-haired girl's face burned in embarrassment and rage from what was happening and growled as she struggled against Nela's hold. She gulped as she forced down the aroused moans which wanted to come out and those that did, she tried to make them sound like feral growls. It got harder to do so as she felt one of Nela's fingers move closer to the hole of her butt, and worried she would put it in there.

As Kirito struggled to break out of the hold she was in, her butt started to grow larger as Nela continued to knead her behind like it was dough. Her pants squeaked as her bottom grew larger and would have dug into the crack of her ass if it wasn't for Nela's hand. The pale cheeks grew larger in her hands, and soon they grew too large for her hands to contain and didn't stop. Nela

stopped playing with Kirito's behind when her ass had become a huge large tight toned buttocks, similar to her own. No matter what the raven-haired girl did, it would get the attention of everyone who dared to stare at her posterior, whether they were attracted to women or not.

The challenger thrashed around again and gave herself a little more room. Before Nela could force her back into place, Kirito placed her feet against the poll and launched herself off it. The two were sent flying back and landed on their backs. The two quickly recovered and took several cautious steps back. They circled each other, watching each other to see who would make the next move.

Kirito breathed heavily in and out, glaring hatefully at her opponent as a growl escaped her lips, ignoring the jeers and cheers of the crowd about her ass. The humiliation she just went through, made her want to march right over there and pull that silver-haired bimbo's arms behind her back and make her beg for mercy. It didn't help that she didn't even look slightly winded as she stood there. It frustrated her that no matter what she tried she just couldn't catch her off guard and get the momentum she needed to make her squirm and have her be on the receiving end of the countdown.

"Now then you might have the butt, but you are sorely lacking upstairs," Nela commented as she groped one of the immense melons.

"A-At least I can see my own feet you cow," Kirito snapped, her face pink. For some reason. A fire of indignation and rage burning in her chest.

"If you had breasts like mine you would take pride in them," Nela countered. "I'm sure you'll understand, just like how you feel about that butt of yours."

Nela moved and quickly grabbed Kirito before the woman and threw her into one of the polls of the arena. Kirito slammed in the poll and turned to see Nela grab the front of her top and her pants. She lifted her in the air suplexed Kirito onto the ground. The silver-haired woman quickly moved and lifted her downed opponent over her shoulder so that Kirito's upper back was across her shoulder. She adjusted Kirito's legs so they tucked were around her hips, making sure they were back to back, and facing opposite directions. After securing her foe, Nela grabbed both of Kirito's arms and arms and pulled down, making the raven-haired wrestler cry out in pain.

AND NELA HAS HER OPPONENT IN A GORY LOCK! THIS COULD BE IT, FOLKS!

Nela's demonic appendage glowed again, as Kirito's chest started to expand while she tried to escape Nela's hold again. The audience rallied as two small egg-sized lumps formed on the raven-haired woman's chest, pushing her top out. The lumps on her chest continued to grow as the pain on her body did. The cameras zoomed in on her small chest and the audience cheered at how large her developing bust was getting. Nela giggled as she watched and saw her foe's chest had become the size of ripe apples and yet the developing mounds continued to grow

without abandon. If the champion could have moved to squeeze her opponent's breasts without weakening her hold she would have.

The raven-haired wrestler found it harder to breathe the longer the hold went on as her breasts continued to grow. The growing weight pulled her upper body down, making the hold on her more painful. The young woman tried to adjust her posture to make the weight more bearable as her breasts continued swelling in size. The crowd cheered louder at how big they were getting. The gamer moaned erotically from her developing chest and her face burned brightly in lust as a pleasing heat formed between her legs formed that was like a raging fire. Her breasts finished growing when they were an enormous G-cup, the size of a larger than average melon and pushed her top out.

Nela smiled at how large Kirito had gotten and shrugged, part of her wanting to squeeze the former boy's bust for herself. This was the first time that she had seen a woman who had boobs that could rival her own. It was clear to her and everyone that the former boy was smaller than her by a good margin, but that didn't matter. Having a rack that was just a few cup sizes smaller than hers was quite a sight. She let go of her opponent and quickly moved away, as Kirito's limbs slipped away from her hips.

Kirito tried to land on her feet, but her balance was thrown off by the weight on her new full bust, and landed face first on the stage. Her vision spun and she couldn't feel the floor of the stage. She could vaguely see the cheering fans, but she couldn't hear what they were saying and instead heard a loud ringing. The ringing died down after a few seconds and was replaced with the adoring crowd. She could hear the voices of the people again, and the countdown starting. She growled as she placed her hand against her head, and the dizziness started to fade, as feeling returned to the rest of her body.

"Ow," Kirito grumbled, her chest aching less than it should have due to her new breasts acting as pillows. Still, despite how big and soft they were they could still get hurt. She forced herself to stand up, stumbling for a moment. The crowd cheered at her getting back and she said lowly, "You should've kept me in that hold."

"Maybe, but I didn't want to let the match end like that, especially when you got some more fight in you. Are you ready to finish this Kiriko?" Nela asked. "If you're too tired to continue then we can stop it here."

"I'm not surrendering to you, you cow," the raven-haired woman denied with a vicious smirk. The new name settled in her mind and replaced the one she had chosen for online games. It replaced the name she had in the real world too. The name tags over people's head faded out of existence, along with any other indication this was a game world. To the young woman, this was the real world. She raised one of her hands and pointed it down, like an empress declaring the fate of the loser. "The only way I'm going to let this match is when you go down you bitch."



“I wasn’t asking you to and didn’t think you would. That would be insulting someone of your skills. Well then Kiri let’s cut to the chase then, let me know when you’re ready and we can finish this match,” Nela said as she took her stance.

Kiriko didn’t say anything in return and tried to calm her breathing and gather her strength. As much as she liked to keep the tough act in front of her up, it simply wasn’t real. She was running on fumes and her body ached and burned from all of the damage she had taken before this point. All it would take for her to lose the match now was dominating one move. If she was grabbed in a hold then she wasn’t sure she would be able to break out. If she had to go on the defensive then it would be over. There was only one way she had a chance.

Kiriko rushed forward and Nela braced herself. The two grappled with each other and tried to gain an advantage over their foe. They would pull back and try to grab their body, only for the other to break free. It continued like this with one attempting to grab a piece of the other’s body, only to fail, or not hold it long enough to keep them in place. The champion jumped back and Kiriko followed after her, intending to keep the pressure on her foe.

Nela suddenly leaped up into the air and grapevine her legs around one of Kiriko’s arms and her arms around the other. This placed her horizontally across Kiriko’s back and forced the raven-haired girl’s arms out like a crucifixion. In one quick motion, Nela lowered her bodyweight

and jerked, causing Kiriko to fall onto the mat backward, putting her on her shoulders in a pinning position with her legs in the air.

AND NELA JUST COMING OUT OF NOWHERE WITH THE CRUCIFIX AND FORCING KIRIKO DOWN! CAN KIRIKO BREAK OUT OF IT IN TIME?

Nela quickly tightened her hold and smirked as Kiriko struggled in the hold she was in, finding it harder to breathe. Her foe tried to move her arms higher, closer to her butt, and grabbed her face. The silver-haired woman raised her butt and the front of her body a little higher just in case. The last thing she wanted was her to expose her full bottom to the rest of the audience after all. If she was willing to stuff her face into her ass then she needed to be on the safe side.

Kiriko growled as she wiggled her legs and rocked herself side to side as best she could, vaguely giving the audience the sense she was a turtle on its back. She didn't have much time, and the longer she was in this position the harder it would be to break free. There was no way she would be able to fake her way out of this one like she did before. Nela would expect it this time and would hold her down tight until she was declared the winner. She thrashed around, desperately trying to break out. She stretched her arms out and tried to grab a piece of Nela's body, whether it be her top, her face, or even her crotch.

The countdown got closer to finishing and she growled as she tried harder to breakout. Her lungs felt like they were on fire and her limbs burned as and felt as if weighed five times what they usually did. The weight on her body seemed to grow the more she moved around as if it was getting added onto her burden. She brought her legs back and tried to stand up, but with Nela pinning her, it was impossible to get her footing.

AND WE HAVE A WINNER!

The moment it was announced, Nela let go of Kiriko and stood up. She looked over the crowd and raised her arms, as walked around the stage. She blew kisses out to the crowd and smiled for them all. She did short poses for them all, like putting her arms behind her head, crooking her hip out, and placing her hand on it. Whatever she could think of that would woo the crowd.

Kiriko laid there, breathing heavily with a heavy frown. When the pain started to cease she rolled her shoulders to ease the pain until it was gone. She moved to stand up but blinked when she saw a hand out for her to take. She looked at who it belonged to and frowned when she saw it was Nela. She looked up at the silver-haired woman and her anger simmered the more she looked at Nela's dumb face.

"Need a hand?" Nela said with a warm smile.

"No I don't," Kiriko said as she hacked the champion's hand away, and stood up on her own. A moment of nausea momentarily throwing off her sense of balance.

She walked to the other side of the referee, as Nela stood on the other side of him. The crowd died down as the two stood there. The referee took their hands and cleared his throat.

“The winner of the match and still the reigning champion is Nela Sparda!” The referee cried, as he grabbed Nela’s human hand and raised it. The crowd roared in approval, and Nela smiled brightly and started blowing kisses out to the crowd again. The championship belt reappeared in her hands, and for a moment she placed it on her shoulder as she waved to the crowd. Kiriko growled as the crowd cheered for the champion, but it was completely drowned out by the people.

When Nela was finished waving she placed it back around her waist and left the stage. As she walked back to the corridor she entered from, she started high fiving the people she was passing by and shaking their hands. When people asked for a photo she would stop and take a quick one with them and continue walking down. Some asked her if they could get her autograph and she did so with a bright charming smile.

Kiriko felt her temper start to peak at all the praise Nela was receiving and jumped out of the arena she stomped back to the corridor she entered from. Unlike Nela, Kiriko didn’t bother with any pleasantries and focused mainly on getting back to the locker room. She ignored the people waving at her, and those wanting a high five, or a handshake. The only thing she wanted to do was get back to the locker rooms and stew in her rage. Still, she realized with her attitude she needed to give the crowd something good and started to roll her hips. She smirked when she noticed some take pictures of her ass. It was a small thing, but something that earned the people’s approval at least.

The moment she was back in the corridor and out of public view, Kiriko went back to her normal way of walking. She muttered curses under her breath and curled her hands into fists. She threw open the locker room door and stopped when she saw the tv was still on, and Nela and was still working on getting to her corridor. The young woman’s knuckles turned white. She quickly shut the door and went further down the corridor to go to the gym. She needed to do something to let out all this pent up frustration and beating up a punching bag, or lifting weights sounded perfect right now.

As she was walking to the gym, she saw Kyrie and stopped. She took a breath to calm herself down. She didn’t want to deal with any work or fans right now and just wanted to blow off some steam imagining herself pounding Nela’s face in. She asked grumpily, “What do you want?”

“I’m here to make sure you stop by Rodin’s office. You know he likes to see both wrestlers after a match to make sure both of you are alright,” Kyrie said. “Do you really want to blow him off?”

Kiriko looked away and pursed her lips. She would have loved to see Rodin right now but knew Nela would be there too. Rodin always liked to congratulate them for putting on a show. It was heartwarming to see how much he wanted to make sure they were okay.

“Fine, I’ll go to his office. Guess I’ll get that workout after,” Kiriko grumbled and went to his office. As she walked, she hoped Nela wouldn’t be in there. She wanted to have all of Rodin’s attention to herself for a little bit.

When Kiriko arrived at his office, she was about to open the door when she heard a feminine giggle, making her scowl. She stepped into the room and saw Nela and Rodin with a drink in hand. Seeing the two of them together made her want to grab the demonic woman and chuck her out of the room and lock it, while her and Rodin had some fun. The door might as well be paper to them, but it would be amusing. Especially if she caught them in the middle of the act.

“Ahh, Kiriko, I was wondering where you were,” Rodin said, his voice making the heel’s anger lessen.

“Sorry to keep you waiting,” Kiriko said with a playful smirk as she moved her hair behind her ears. “What did I miss?”

“Oh, we were just talking about the match and how it went,” Nela answered with a smile, making Kiriko frown as the champion looked her over. “Also the turnout for tonight and how happy everyone was.”

“Yeah we had a huge crowd tonight from the looks of it,” Kiriko agreed, somewhat relieved the conversation was moving away from the match. “We must have made a killing tonight.”

“That we did my dears, and from what I have heard plenty of people say they are coming back, and they’re going to bring their friends,” Rodin laughed. Just like with Nela he had made sure to record Kiriko’s opening match, and it was selling like hotcakes. The people loved to see a transformation match when they happened and wanted to buy the recording. After bringing in Nela, the crowd doubled in size. When he told them he was going to do another transformation match to bring in someone new, their reserved seating quickly sold out. He could only imagine how big the crowd would be for the next match, especially when he figured out who he would bring into the fold next.

“Well that’s good, glad we could bring in so many new fans,” Nela said as she snuck a look at Kiriko again. When Rodin had given her arm the power to change her opponent and told her they would be working for them at the end, she was glad. Having more wrestlers would certainly help the organization, and in turn benefit Rodin, which was enough for her. When the first change happened it was exhilarating to watch the former scrawny boy transform in front of her. It astounded how every attack she landed, the young man would change a little bit and become more feminine. She needed to know what the boy would look like as a new proud wrestler. She

didn't know how curvy he would have been by the end of it, but she didn't care. She just wanted to see what the boy would look like as a woman.

She couldn't wait to see the next transformation match and what the boy would end up looking like at the end. She wondered if she would be the one who would transform them, or if Kiriko or Rodin would do it. If it was Kiriko she wondered how the new woman would go about the process. The new attitude she gave off told her she would have some fun with her foe and humiliate them, in a way like her, though the raven-haired woman would be much more mean spirited. Either way, she was definitely going to see the next transformation in person and get a recording for later. She had already gotten a copy of Kiriko's transformation and was going to watch it later with Rodin.

Kiriko could only nod in agreement with Nela, unaware of her true thoughts. As much as she didn't like Nela, she could agree with her when things were going well for the company and this was certainly a good thing. Even if the match itself hadn't been anything great, and terrible for her, the fact they got so many new fans would make up for it. Though, the next time she got in the ring, she was going to give them a show so great she would be their favorite wrestler.

"It's going to be a while before your next match Nela, do you plan to rest up and take it easy for now?" Rodin asked.

"I'll do that in a little bit," Nela shrugged. "First thing I'm going to do now is go out there and talk some more with the fans. Answer some questions, sign some things, and even take a few photos with them. I want to make sure they all had a great time, and if they did make it an even better experience for them."

"Alright then, have a good time," Rodin said he wrapped his arms around her waist, pulling her close, mashing her boobs against his chest, and kissed her passionately on the lips. Nela wrapped her arms around his waist and returned his affection, opening her mouth and letting his tongue inside her mouth. Their tongues wrestled for dominance as their hands moved across each other's bodies. Nela's human hand moved up his body, while her demonic one squeezed his butt, as Rodin did the same. They broke apart when they needed air and smiled lovingly at each other.

"I'll see you tonight honey," Nela smiled and pecked him on the cheek. She turned around and headed to the door, a noticeable sway in her hips, which added a delightful bounce to her big buttocks.

Kiriko scowled angrily as she crossed her arms underneath her bust, propping her boobs up. She watched the champion leave the room, thinking of ways she could try to win the next time they wrestled and reviewed her performance. She was usually better than this, and could at least put her in more compromising situations. The way she was today, people would think she was just a dumb rookie who bought their way in or something. Next time she would make up for

her lousy performance today and show she was a true wrestler. Especially the next time she fought Nela. When their next match happened she would show everyone who the true champion was.

The heel jumped when she felt someone wrap their arms around her waist, and rest their hands above her stomach. She relaxed moments later, knowing it could only be Rodin. For a moment she had completely forgotten that she wasn't alone in the room. She brought her hands up and gently squeezed his arms, smiling slightly at the strong muscle underneath his suit. She bit her lips and felt her crotch heat up in eager anticipation.

"You shouldn't be all tense. Are you alright? You're normally a much better fighter," Rodin whispered into her ear, his breath tickling her ear.

"I was just off my game for some weird reason. Just you wait, I'm going to dethrone that bitch one day," Kiriko vowed as she thought over her match.

She couldn't believe how the first two rounds went with how Nela easily controlled the fight and played with her. She was happy she had managed to get over whatever was bugging her in the last one, but whatever joy she had was completely overwhelmed by what Nela did during it. She couldn't believe she let that bitch grope her like she had and how much of an effect it had on her. She wasn't some new girl who was just exploring her body and having fun the first time. There were also the times her body had been unintentionally squeezed during a match and had ignored it so she could focus on the fight. Not to mention all of the fun and training with Rodin which was far more pleasing and filled her with far more pleasure.

"Relax Kiriko, you just had a bad day where your game was thrown out of whack. One day you might come out on top and become the champion. Either way, seeing you two fight is always fun and interesting," Rodin said.

Kiriko relaxed slightly and shook her ass against his member. "Oh, what else did you like about the match?"

"I liked the way you stood in the match, and the way your hair moved as you fought," Rodin started as he played with locks of her hair.

Kiriko genuinely smiled at the compliment and nuzzled her face against his. She played with strands of her hair around her shoulder as she felt him start to massage her hips. "And?"

"The way the light shined on your skin. It made you look a valkyrie or goddess of battle," Rodin said.

The wrestler relaxed further and bit her lips as more lewd thoughts filled her mind, making her crotch burn more. She pushed her butt deeper against his lower body. Her mind filled with more

perversed ideas, and positions they could do. It didn't even need to be on the bed, the thought of being taken from behind on his desk. It would be icing on the cake if Nela saw them going at it, and got jealous of them. The bitch might join in afterward, but the look of shock on her face would be a prize for her.

"I loved the way your clothes mush your breasts in your top and the way they bounced when you moved. I also loved the way your pants hugged that wonderful ass of hers," Rodin said. One of his hands moved and started squeezing her butt, as the other went higher, and massaged one of her breasts.

Every compliment made her preen and filled her with joy, almost as if she was a school girl getting complimented by her crush. The heat building between her legs kept growing from his wondrous massaging of her breasts and butt. She licked her lips as one of her hands unconsciously moved between her legs. She gulped and stopped herself from doing so. There was no reason to do such a thing when she had someone much better and more fun currently riling her body up. Especially since they had something far better for the job.

"Seeing our tities and asses bouncing and getting pushed together must have gotten you pretty riled up. Why don't we get some extra training in?" Kiriko asked flirtatiously. "I need to make sure I'm still on the top of my game after today and this is one of the best ways I think."

"I could make some time for that. If you had won, we could have gone straight to the fun part, but since you didn't you'll have to earn it," Rodin smirked.

"You say that like that's going to be an issue for me," Kiriko smirked as she moved out of his arms and turned around. She leaned forward, giving him an eyeful of her pale cleavage, using her biceps to push her breasts together. "I might not be as big as that silver-haired cow, but I'm quite stacked myself. Name another bitch that you have seen that is as big as me."

"You most certainly are," Rodin agreed, his eyes locked onto her tits.

"Not to mention I have an ass of awe," Kiriko smirked. She turned to the side and stuck out her butt and gave it a playful smack. She placed her finger on her bum and let out a hiss as if steam was coming off it.

"Indeed you do," Rodin chuckled as he admired her figure and beauty. She was not as curvy as Nela, but only slightly smaller, and just as beautiful. The dark clothes, long black hair, and attitude would be the fantasy of many subs who wanted to be dominated by a powerful woman like her. She was pretty much the perfect dominatrix when it came to looks. Not to mention the options it gave for future matches in the wrestling ring. A hot heel who rivaled the champion in curves would certainly get attention from everyone every time, especially one who wanted to become the champion.

When they had a few more girls in their roster then they would be able to go and have an actual tournament, and explore other wrestling match types, like bra and panties match, evening gown, and some tag teams. They could even do a few non-wrestling promotional stuff like swimsuit competitions between the girls. All of these were thoughts for later he would need to keep in mind when the recruits completed the recruitment process. With just Nela and Kiriko, the only thing he could do at the moment is have them fight demons, computer programs, and occasionally each other.

“Hey, boss don’t get lost in your own head when I’m speaking to you. That’s awfully rude to do when you got a woman like me talking to you. Especially after all the build-up and comments you had for me,” Kiriko said with a devious smirk as she rubbed his crotch. “After all that talk and all, you can’t just leave a girl hanging like that. It ain’t gentlemanly.”

“Oh don’t worry I won’t leave you unattended at all,” Rodin smiled as he kissed her on the lips, intending to help in whatever way he could. After all, it would be the height of rudeness if he were to just ignore her like this. And his mother didn’t raise an ill mannered boy. He would help her any way that he could, just like a true gentleman.

Epilogue

“Kiriko, could you lean forward a little more and smile,” a photographer asked.

Kiriko did as she was instructed and put on a coy look as she looked at the camera. She leaned back in her seat and a moment later the camera flashed. The young woman was currently wearing a nice black dress that ended at her thighs and cut a little off the top to show her cleavage. The dress wasn’t too bad but she would have preferred something a little tighter. Something that really showed off the goods. Whether it be top or bottom she didn’t care. As flattering as a nice dress like this could be it wasn’t her style

This modeling gig wasn’t quite what she liked, but she could do it. It didn’t have the same thrill as she would have liked as wrestling or the bedroom had, but it did have its perks. All the outfits she could wear and pose for, teasing all the boys and girls around her. Especially if Rodin was around, and he was it was always worth looking a little sexier for him. Besides Nela was modeling as well, and whatever she got into she had to as well to try and show her up there as well. That woman couldn’t be allowed to dominate whatever field she was in. Someone needed to knock her off that perch and she would be there to do so.

“Alright we’re done for Kiriko feel free to stretch your legs and do what you want for a little bit,” the photographer said.

Kiriko went off to the side to grab a snack off the table along with a drink as she looked around for Rodin. Much to her dismay, she couldn’t find him anywhere. She held back a sigh and grabbed one of the small sandwiches on the table and ate it. At least if he was here, then this

would have been more worth it. Oh well, it didn't matter too much anyway. She could always give him a private show later and the show did give her some idea. Still with how boring this one was, she would rather be back home doing something fun.

She had recently gotten a new RPG game that she wanted to play, but due to her schedule had to hold off on it till later tonight. She still wasn't wasn't if she was going to stream it on her channel, but with how popular the game was she might. It would help raise her channel numbers, even if she was following a trend, and make her already hundred thousands of followers grow. Because of her being a wrestler it had helped her popularity grow and people wanted to talk to her. Some were fans of her and had seen her matches, while others were fellow gamers who just wanted to see a hot girl play games. It didn't matter to her, they could watch as much as they pleased so long as they weren't asshats.

The young woman was brought out of her musing when one of the dressing room doors opened and Nela stepped out of it wearing an elegant strapless silver dress that exposed her massive bust. There was a slit on the side that exposed plenty of one of her strong plush thighs. It hugged her curvaceous figure and complimented her hair and eyes. It was cut low on the back and showed plenty of her strong back. She wouldn't have looked out of place at a fancy dinner party with celebrities.

When Nela saw her, the wrestling champion walked toward Kiriko with a smile on her face that made the heel want to walk away. The dark-haired girl breathed out of her nose and had to stop herself from crushing her cup in her hand, lest the contents spill all over the floor. She was sure that Rodin and the employees wouldn't like it if she made a mess, especially if it got on her dress.

"Oh wow Kiriko that dress is absolutely stunning on you," Nela complimented. "It really shows off your breasts and figure doesn't it."

"You're one to talk to you damn cow when your own jugs are on damn near full display," Kiriko griped.

"Well you got me there. I'm still surprised with how blessed I was, but I certainly ain't complaining," Nela laughed and squeezed her breasts. "It makes it easier to have a little fun, and gives a whole variety of uses wouldn't you agree?"

Most of the people around them couldn't help but be drawn to the sight of her groping herself. Even those who had no real interest in women sexually couldn't help but be drawn to it. A few men turned away and walked a little awkwardly away. Some needed to adjust their pants as small tents started to prop them up. Even some of the women had flushed faces and cleared their throats as they looked away from the pair.

Kiriko noticed this and growled. She had gotten the same kind of reaction at times when she had done something like this, but sometimes not to this extent. If it's anyone they should have been praising it should be her. She had to be doing this on purpose to mess with her. If this stupid bitch didn't notice the reaction she got, then she didn't know what it would take to get it through her thick skull.

"So how did the photo shoot go?" Nela asked.

"It went fine," Kiriko said tightly as if she was talking to a particularly pushy reporter. She was tempted to flat out push onto the ground and walk away. The thought of throwing her on the table, making her smile slightly, especially if the table broke under her.

"Any of the outfits catch your attention?"

"A few," Kiriko said shortly.

"You disappointed Rodin isn't here either yet?" Nela said. "Damn shame he had to go get everything set up for some new hires, but if we're lucky I heard he might be back soon."

Kiriko looked at her suspiciously, wondering if she was pulling her leg or something. She hadn't heard anything about them getting any new hires. Kyrie would usually handle getting everything set up at his instructions. Not to mention if he was going to show up he would have done so by now. The brunette wondered if she should stomach her pride and ask for more information that the champion might have on these so-called new recruits. It would be good to have some fresh blood in, just as long as they knew their place. It would be good to fight other people aside from Nela and some monsters.

"Nela we're ready for you!" The photographer yelled before Kiriko could say anything.

"And that's my cue see you later Kiri!" Nela said and walked over to them.

"See you in the ring," The brunette said as she watched her hated foe walk away, noticing the bounce of her rival's ass despite the dress she wore. The idea of ripping the champs dress off and exposing her undergarments or nude body to the world would be tempting, especially to see the reaction of everyone here. But as appealing as it sounded it would only get her in trouble with Rodin, and no glee was worth that.

After a few minutes she sighed and slowly stepped closer to the shooting area, to see how Nela was doing. The moment she saw her, her ire grew at how the onlookers gawked at her. She somehow moved her body in just the right way to rile up the crowd as if she was performing some grand feat just like when she was in the wrestling. They muttered in awe and talked about how beautiful and erotic she was to elicit such reactions with ease.

The more Nela posed for the camera, the more Kiriko felt her blood boil at the expressions she was sending out. The looks Nela sent only reminded her of the girl's victories in the ring when they were fighting. Every little look seemed to the raven-haired woman like a taunt about her lack of victories against her and how much the crowd favored her. It made the heel promise to herself again that she would become the champion. Maybe not today, maybe not tomorrow but one day she would. She hoped her next match would be coming soon. She could use a little stress relief. Whether it be one in the bedroom or down in the arena with one of the recruits, she didn't care as long as she got it.