



WTFBA Presents:

The Tank

by A.F. Combat



Mona Abrams watched the third car in the last hour to pass her by with little surprise: They'd all had small children in the backseat, and those were the kiss of death for a hitchhiker. It was early, and the truckers were still eating breakfast. Soon they'd hit the road, and her chances of a pickup would start to improve.

It was almost May in California, but around the mountains it was still cool enough for a sweater. That suited Mona fine.

In her experience, she got more rides when drivers couldn't really see her arms.



THE TANK

It was a trucker that ended up giving her a ride: Two hours through the ups-and-downs of the Sierra Nevadas, then dropped off at a motel a couple of miles from her destination.

Motel

Hourly

No Vacancy



The choice of motel may have been a mistake, however.

She'd been in worse rooms, but not many.

After a "discussion" with the manager about getting the bed some sheets that hadn't been slept in, she decided to walk into town and see if the gym she'd heard about was still there. It had been a couple of weeks since she'd gotten in a good workout, and was starting to feel it.



Such a sleepy little town.



Hard to believe the first heavyweight champion got her start here.

The gym was right where Google said it was, complete with a little rusted sign that said "Home of Becky Barnes!" in old-fashioned type. It was mostly empty this early in the day: Kids and 9-to-5ers would fill it up later.

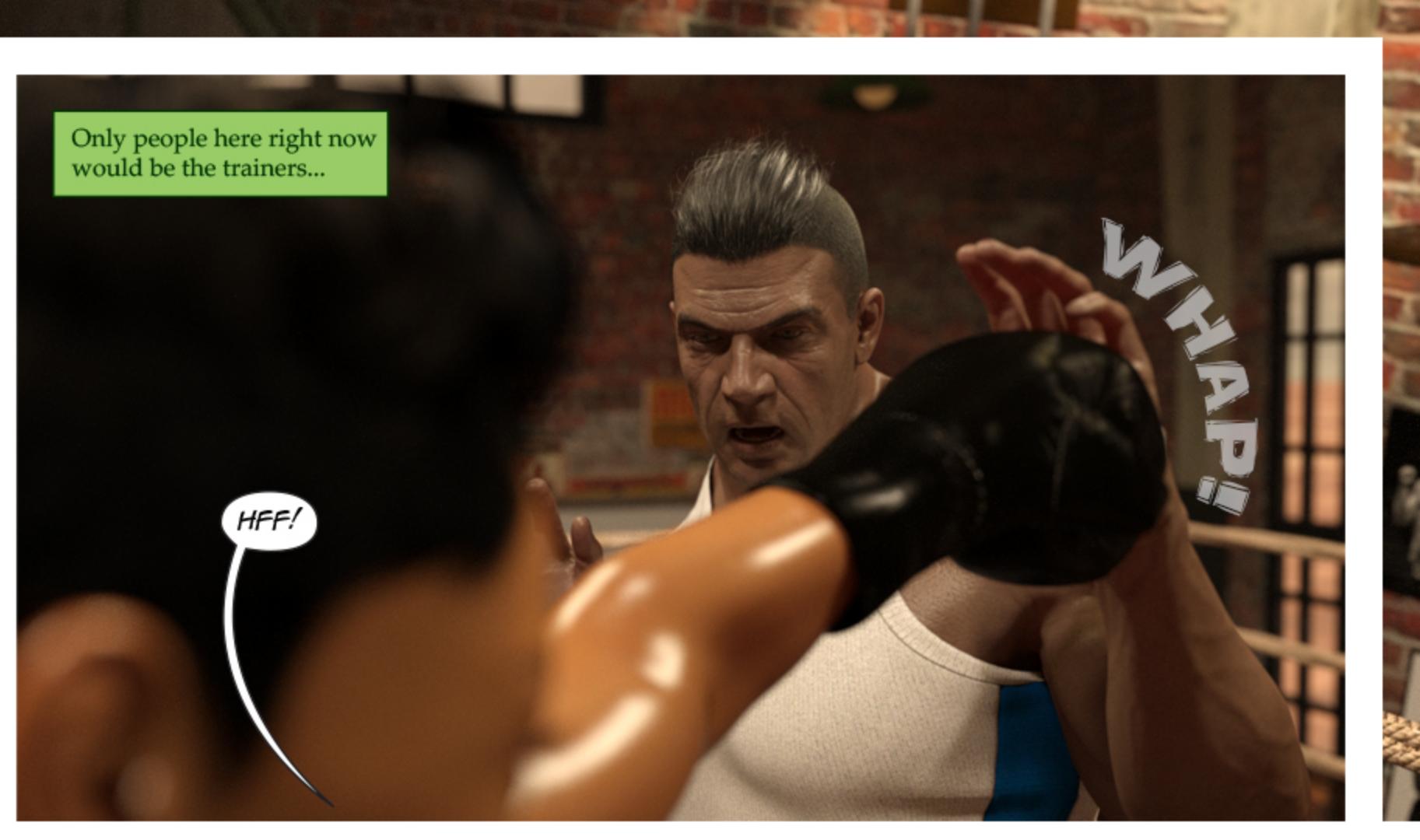
OKAY...
1-2!



Only people here right now would be the trainers...

HFF!

WHAP!



HFF!

WHAP!

DING!

...And the pros.









Gloves, headgear, boots, mouthpiece...
It was like being back in uniform.



NO PROBLEM. I'VE REALLY MISSED PUTTING THE GLOVES ON, TO BE HONEST WITH YOU.

HEY, I JUST WANNA SAY THANKS AGAIN FOR DOING THIS.

WELL, IF WE'RE BEING HONEST, I PROBABLY WOULD'VE ASKED YOU EVEN IF DEBBIE HAD SHOWN UP.

SEE, MY BROTHER'S A MARINE...



...AN' HE TOLD ME ABOUT THIS LIL' TANK GUNNER THAT BEAT THE HELL OUTTA THE BIG GIRLS. THAT YOU?

'S WHAT I THOUGHT. NOW I REALLY WANT TO GO A FEW ROUNDS WITH YA.

...PROBABLY.



UM, AREN'T YOU FORGETTING SOMETHING?

WHAT, LIKE A TOP? THIS IS THE PROS, GIRL!

"SAME RULES AS THE MEN!" THEY'RE ALL FOR EQUALITY IF THEY GET TO SEE TITS, Y'KNOW?



Finally. Back on the battlefield.



She had a good jab.



Quick, but still had a solid THUD when it connected.

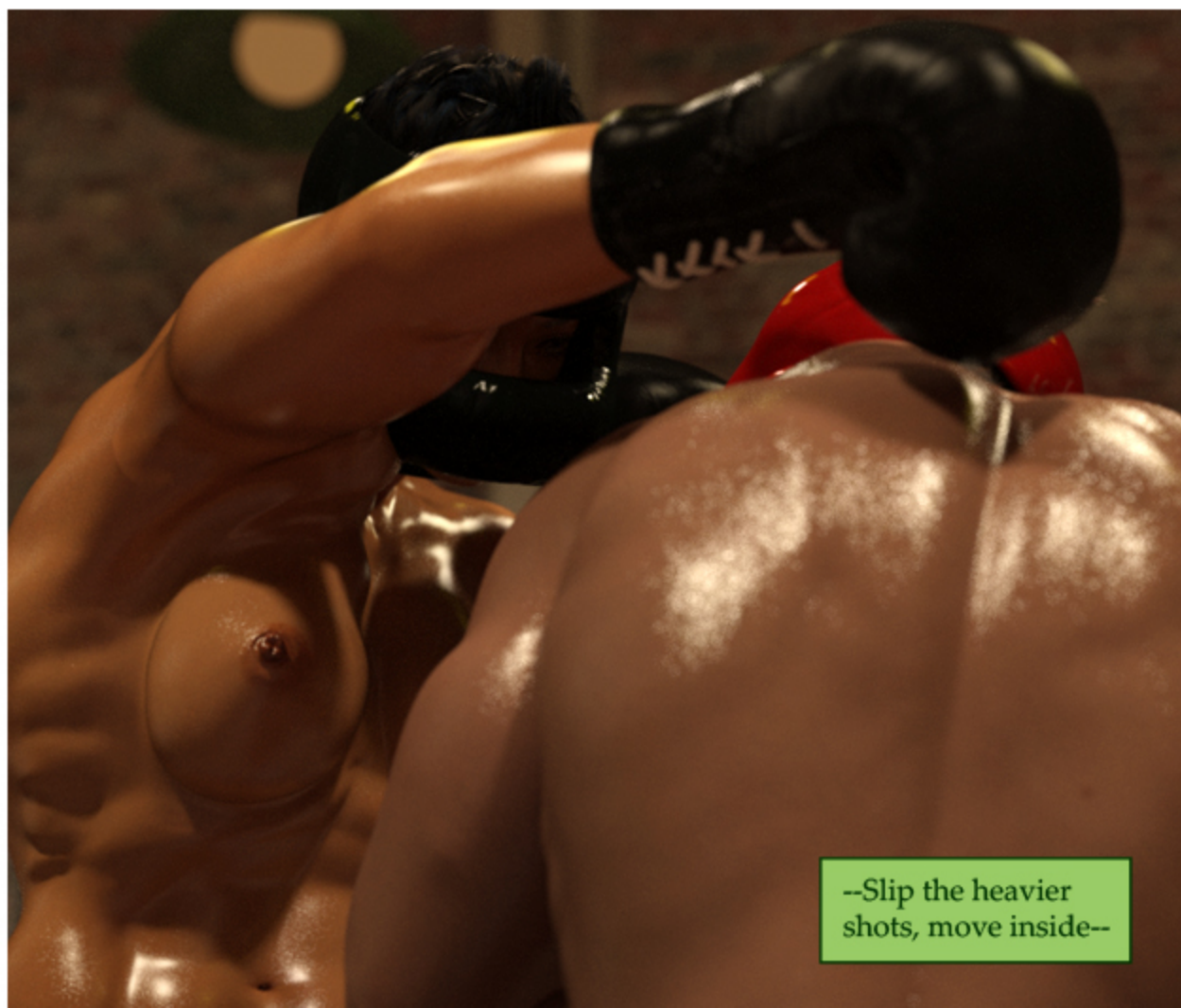
If it stayed a jabbing contest, Abrams knew she'd always lose.



She'd go with her usual strategy, then: Eat the jabs--

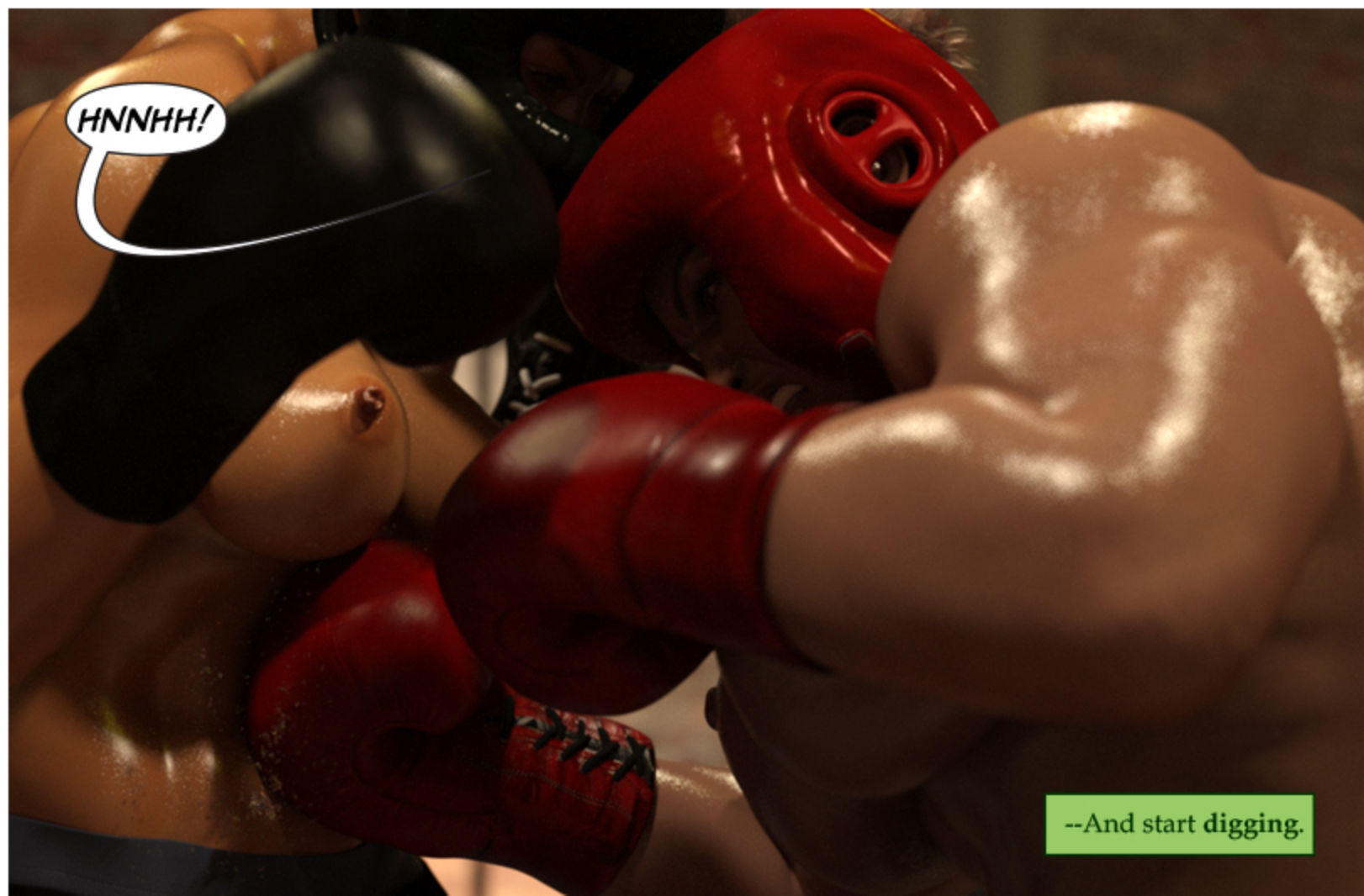


Abrams had her guard a little loose. Wanted to see what Cindy would do with the opening.



--Slip the heavier shots, move inside--

HNNHH!



--And start digging.



There'd always been bra, padding and jersey standing between breast and glove before. The wet slap of rough leather detonating on unprotected flesh was all-new and devastating. Abrams thought she had to be bleeding.



MMPHH!

She forgot all about defense.



LNNHH!

Cindy reminded her.

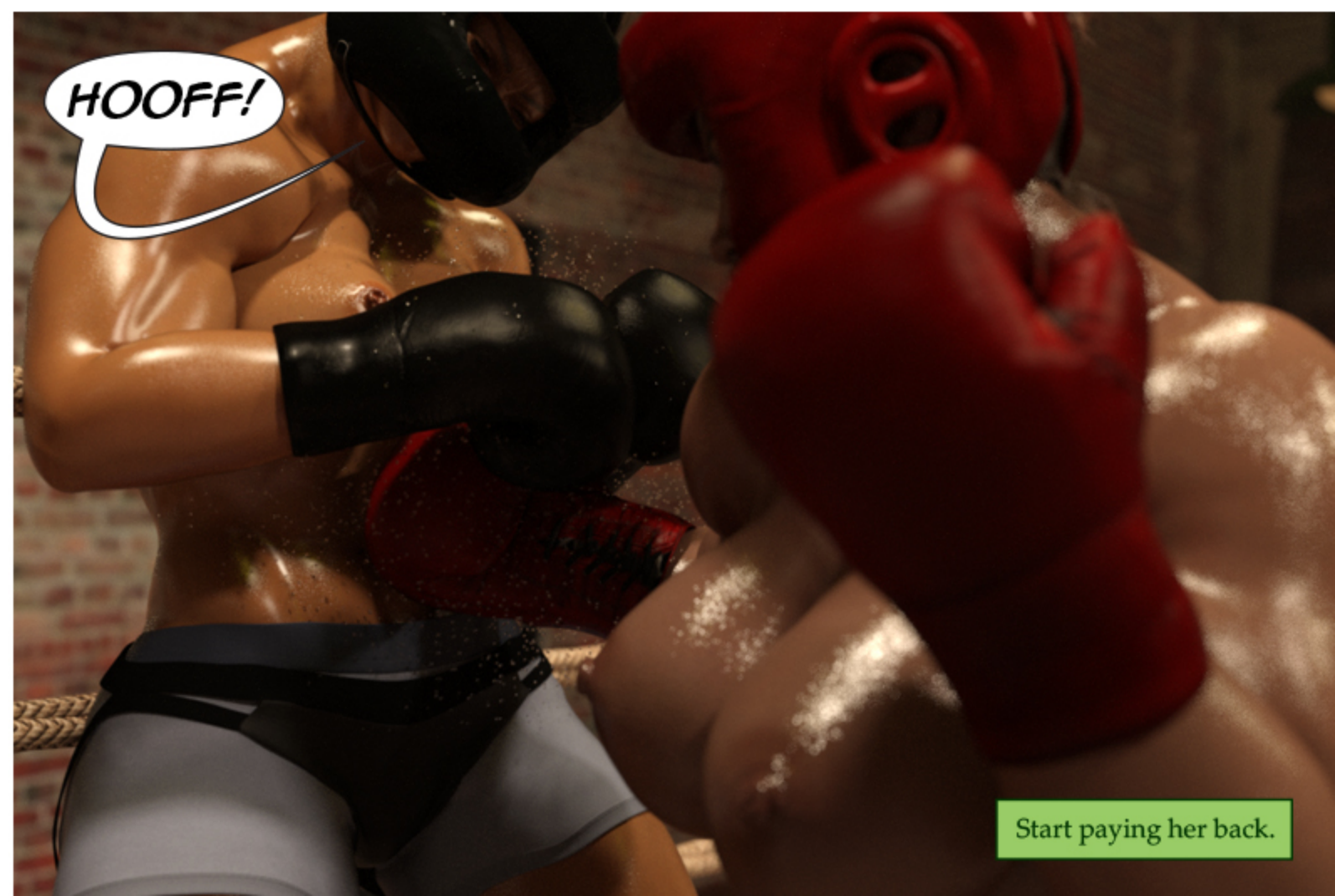


WHLUFF!

No going back now, though. Ignore the pain. Get back inside.



Pump those thick legs. Muscle her to the ropes.



HOOFF!

Start paying her back.





After a few hard shots apiece, both had forgotten this was sparring.

Now it was a fight.

LINNHH!



HOOFF!



No holding back.



They were going all-out.

They probably should have.



...MY RIBS... THINK I BROKE MY RIBS...

DON'T TRY TO GET UP... GIVE IT A FEW MINUTES, THEN WE'LL GET YOU CHANGED AND OVER TO THE HOSPITAL.

...FUCK FLUCK FLUCK FLUCK...



AAHHH! FLUCK!



...SHIT.



Vic closed up quick and hustled Cindy to the hospital. Abrams found a diner for a late lunch, then walked back to the motel.



It may have been a lucky punch, but she still felt responsible.

She was going to have to see what she could do about that tomorrow.



WELL, SHE'LL LIVE, BUT YOU CRACKED A COUPLE OF HER, RIBS. FIGHT'S CANCELLED, OF COURSE.

IT'S NOT JUST THE PURSE, WHICH WAS NICE...

CINDY GONNA BE OKAY?

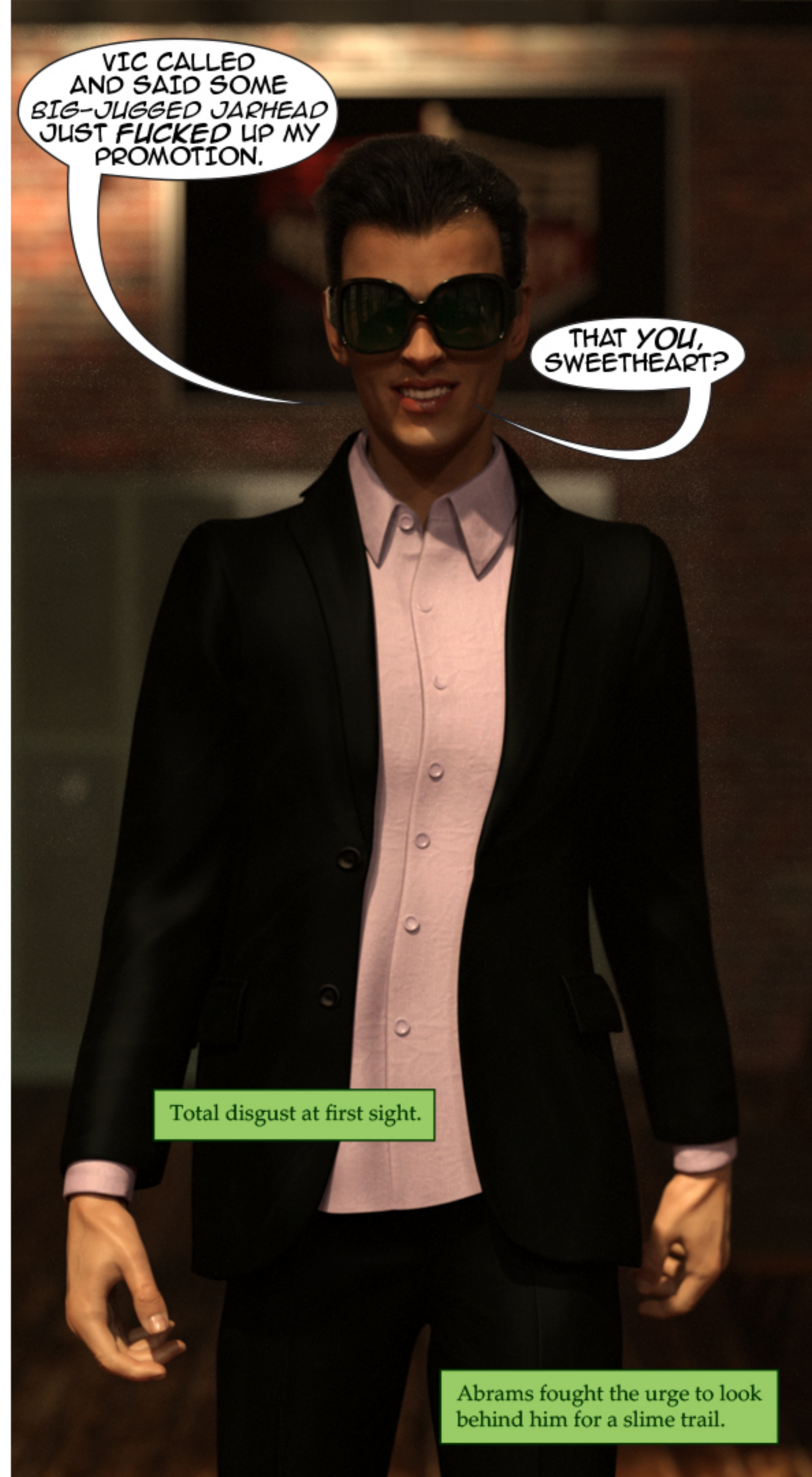
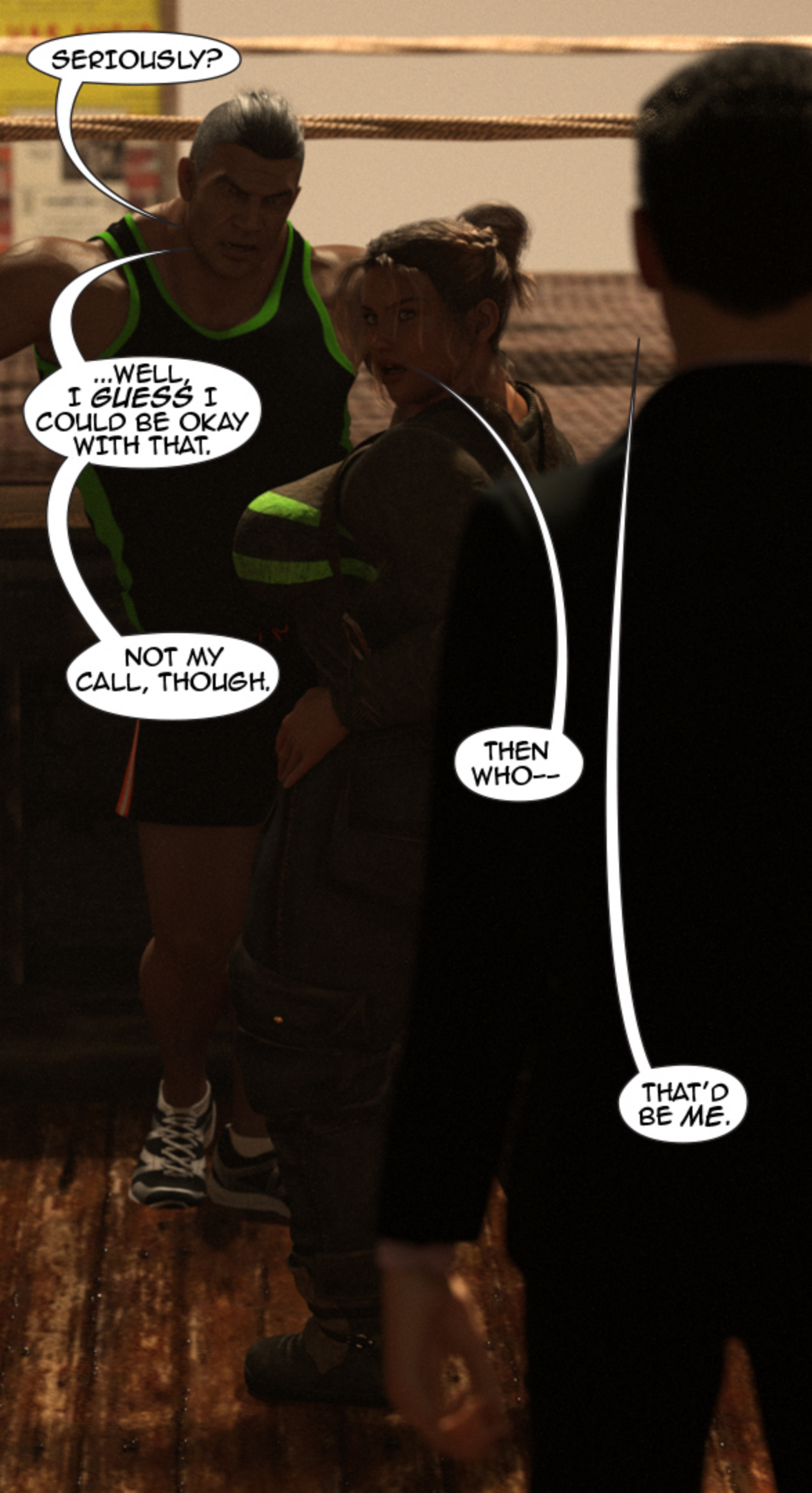
SHIT. SHE MUST BE LOSING OUT ON A BIG PAYDAY, HUH?



...SHE WAS ALSO GETTING MONEY FROM SELLING TICKETS. WITH NO MAIN EVENT NOW, THEY MAY CANCEL THE WHOLE CARD.

...WELL, CAN I TAKE HER PLACE, MAYBE?

WITH HER STILL GETTING THE PURSE.







AND YOU DON'T FLUCK OVER ANOTHER MARINE'S FAMILY.

I SCREWED THINGS UP FOR YOU PRETTY GOOD, AND THIS IS THE ONLY WAY I CAN THINK TO FIX IT.


YOUR BROTHER'D DO THE SAME THING.

SIGH... OKAY.

YOU WANT TO DO THIS, I WON'T STOP YOU. I'LL EVEN HELP YOU TRAIN. *BUT!*

AFTER, ONCE WE'VE BOTH HEALED UP, I WANT A REMATCH.

HEH. THAT'S FAIR.



Fight training felt like being back in the Corps, getting ready for the annual fitness tests.

Only with swimming swapped for roadwork.

C'MON! FASTER!

Better for the knees.

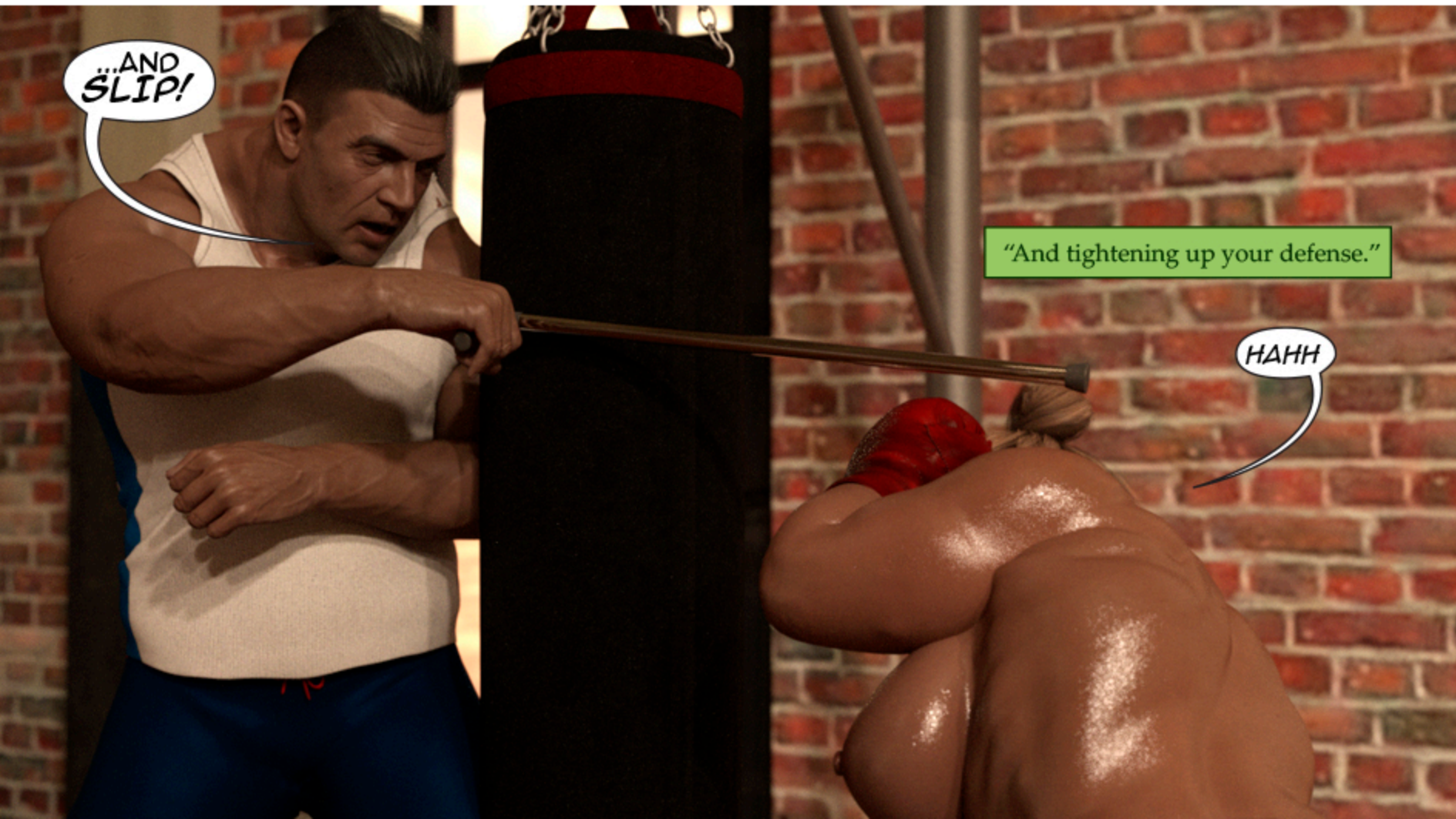


"You've got the skills," Vic said,
"And you're strong as all hell."

"The only things we can really
work on in the time we got..."



"Is beefing up your gas tank for
a lot longer fight than you were
used to in the amateurs..."



"And tightening up your defense."







FIGHT NIGHT:

The last prelim fight had just finished. Abrams figured it'd only be a few minutes until they came to get her for the main event.

They had opened up the offices in city hall to use as dressing rooms, since it was closest.





SEE, I'M A
PRETTY GOOD
JUDGE OF FIGHTERS.
LITTLE CINDY'S STYLE
OF FIGHTING IS JUST
TAILOR-MADE FOR MY
GIRL TO WORK OVER,
BUT YOU...

I FINALLY
SAW SOME OF YOUR
FIGHTS. AND, HONESTLY?
YOU'RE SOMEONE WHO COULD
GIVE PAULA TROUBLE. I CAN'T
LET HER TAKE TWO LOSSES IN
A ROW IF I EVER WANT TO GET
HER BACK TO A TITLE FIGHT,
SO I'M GONNA HEDGE
MY BET.

\$20,000
EXTRA CASH IN
YOUR POCKET, AND YOUR
THICK ASS GOES DOWN
IN THE FIFTH.

AND IF
I SAY NO?



NOT REALLY
GIVING YOU
A CHOICE.

MY FRIENDS HERE
ARE GOING TO GIVE
YOU A LITTLE TUNE-UP TO
MAKE SURE YOU CAN'T PUT
UP TOO MUCH OF
A FIGHT.

IT'S HARD
TO WIN WITH
A BROKEN RIB...
OR A HAND..

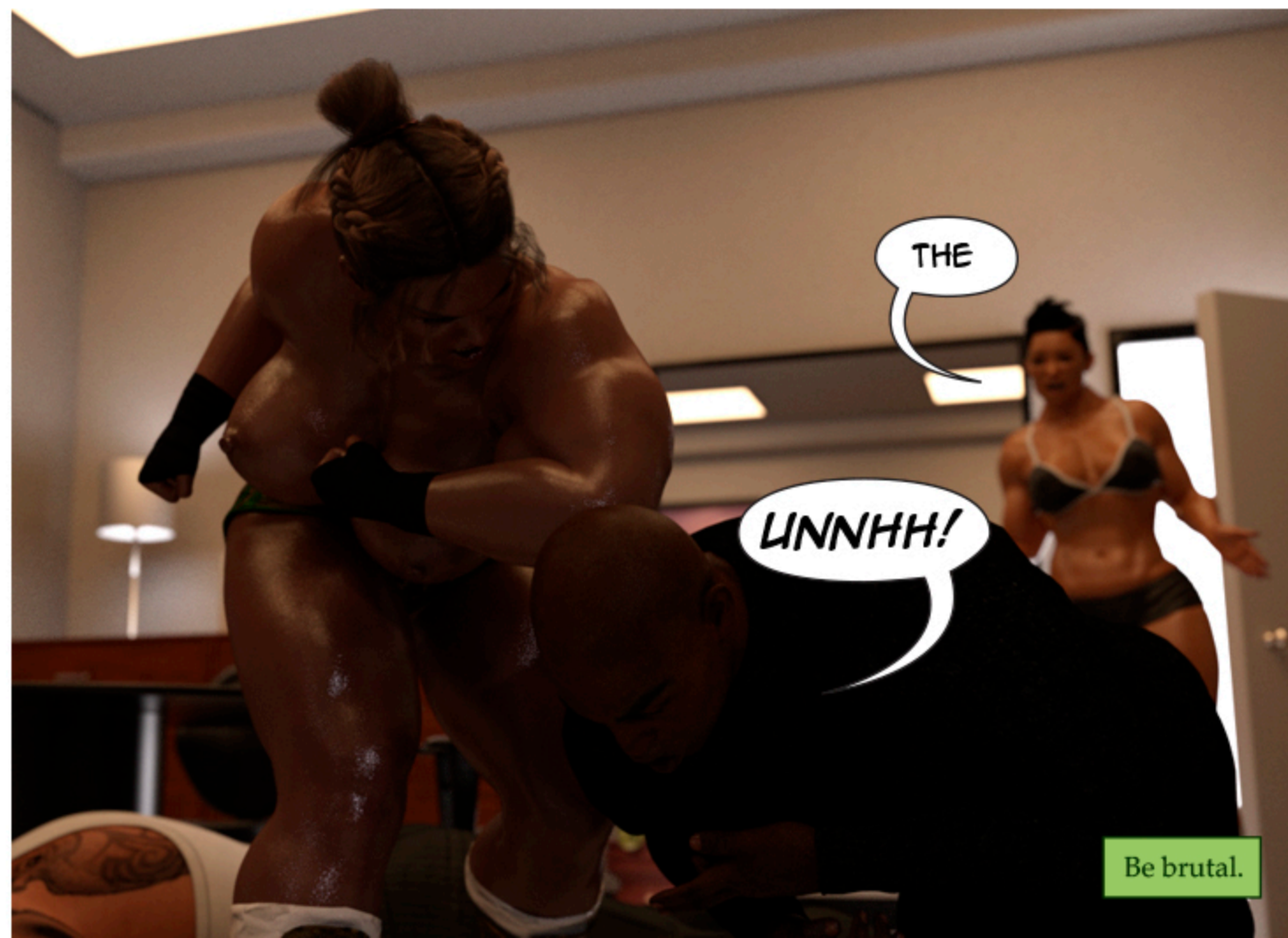
JUST LET
US DO OUR
JOB HERE, LADY,
AND I PROMISE
WE'LL MAKE IT
QUICK.

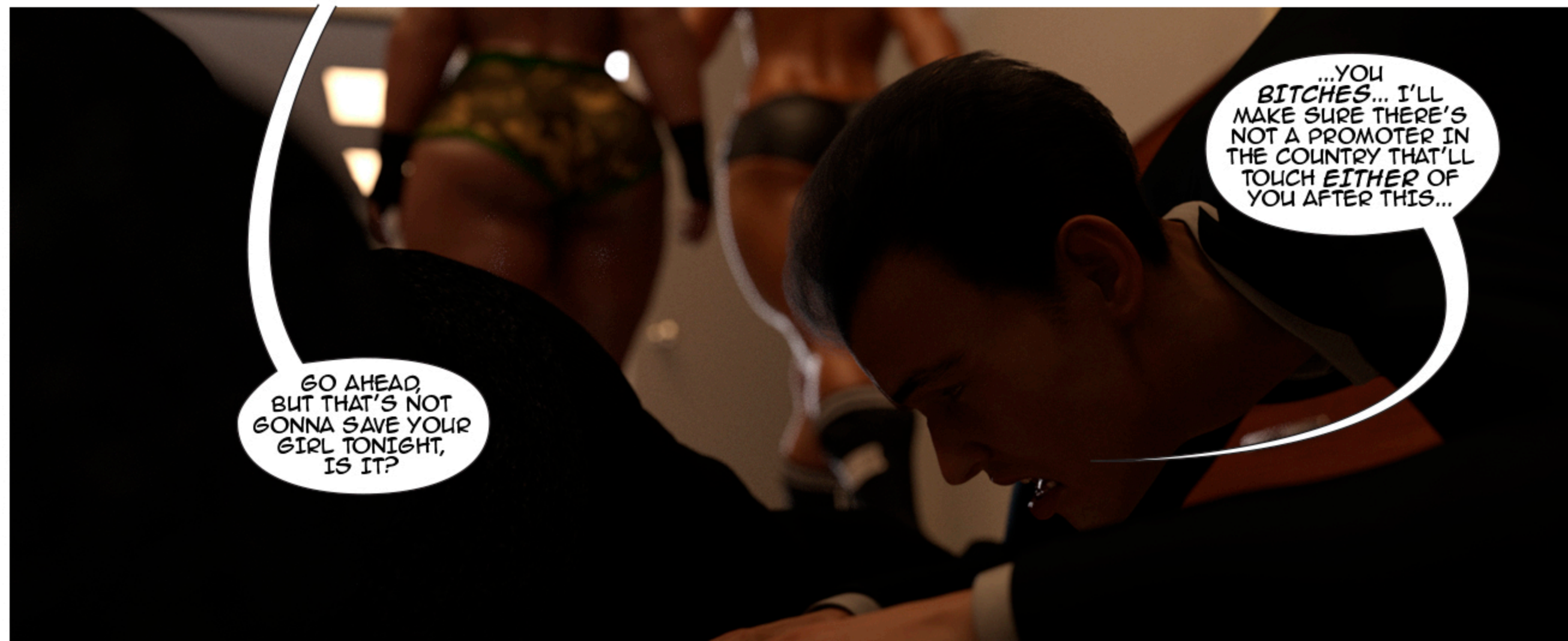


LIKE FUCK
SHE WILL!



YOU
WEASEL-DICKED
LITTLE BITCH.





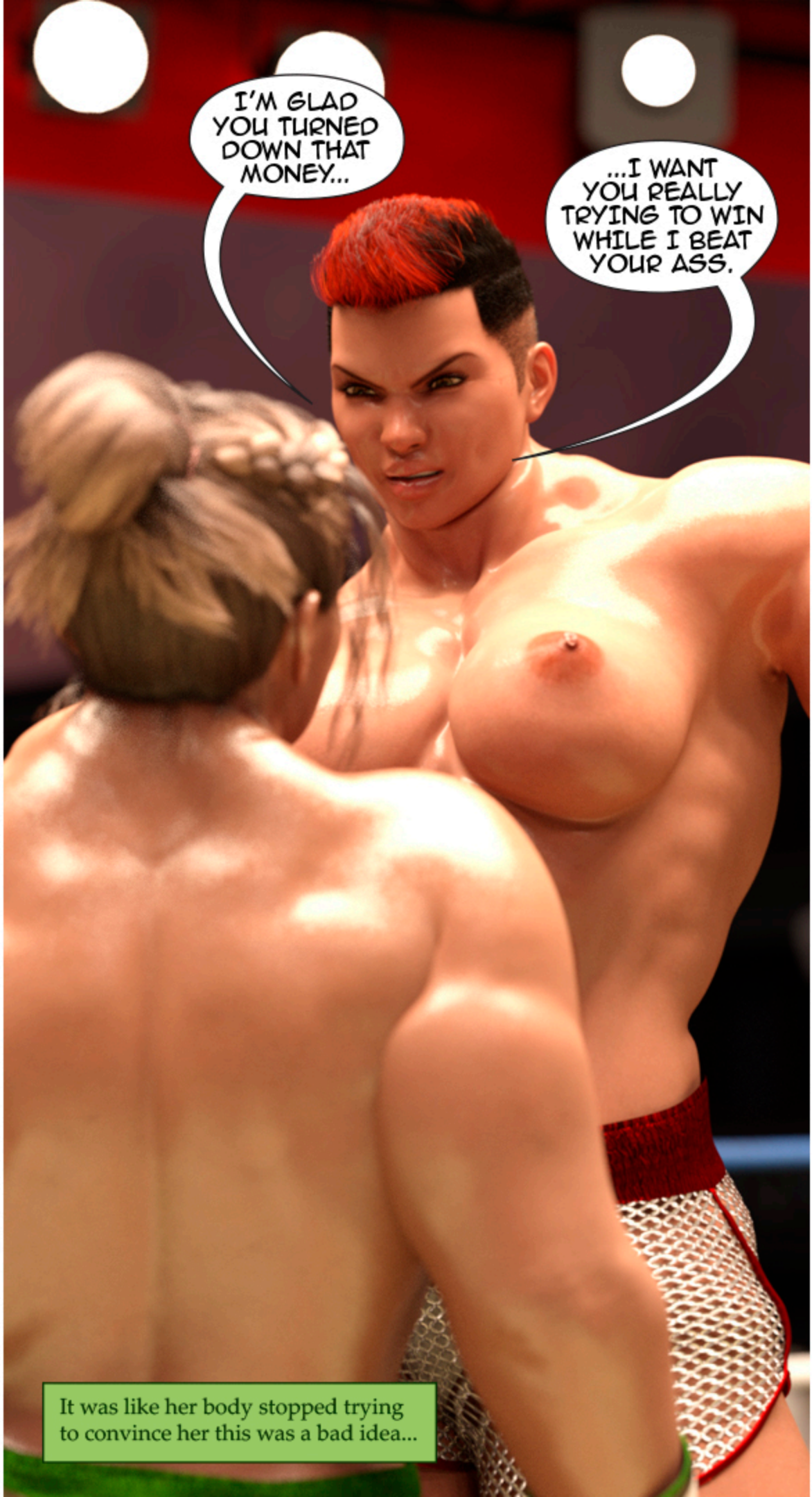
There was always a knot in Abrams stomach before a fight, but it would dissolve the second she stepped between the ropes.

...I MISS SOMETHING?

DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT. JUST GOT IN A GOOD WARMUP IS ALL.

...FIGHTERS TO THE CENTER, PLEASE...

THE MAIN EVENT:



I'M GLAD YOU TURNED DOWN THAT MONEY...

...I WANT YOU REALLY TRYING TO WIN WHILE I BEAT YOUR ASS.

It was like her body stopped trying to convince her this was a bad idea...



I'M GLAD YOU WIPED THAT SHIT OFF YOUR FACE.

...And fully committed.

ROUND 1:

C'MON BITCH...

Rolling out against a beast with longer guns.

The question is how much fire she'll have to take to get in range.

Initial barrage incoming.

First shell misses.

Direct hit on the second.

And the third.

HNNHH!

NNHH!









Force her to the corner.



NNHH!

Make her bend and break:



HOOFF!



HNNGH!

Bend her over.



Break her face.

DINGDINGDING!

One round done.

...KEEP THE LEFT UP! YOU'RE DROPPING IT WHEN YOU SLIP THE JAB, AND THAT'S WHY SHE'S CATCHING YOU WITH THE RIGHT HAND!

YOU'RE DOING A GOOD JOB ON GETTING INSIDE, BUT YOU'RE STILL GIVING HER ROOM TO PUNCH...





ROUND 2:





ROUND 3:





ROUND 4:



ROUND 5:



...OKAY, SHE'S SLOWING DOWN... KEEP WORKING THAT BODY...



ROUND 6:

Big girl's punches were losing steam.



Working the body was working.





Don't stop.



Keep driving forward.

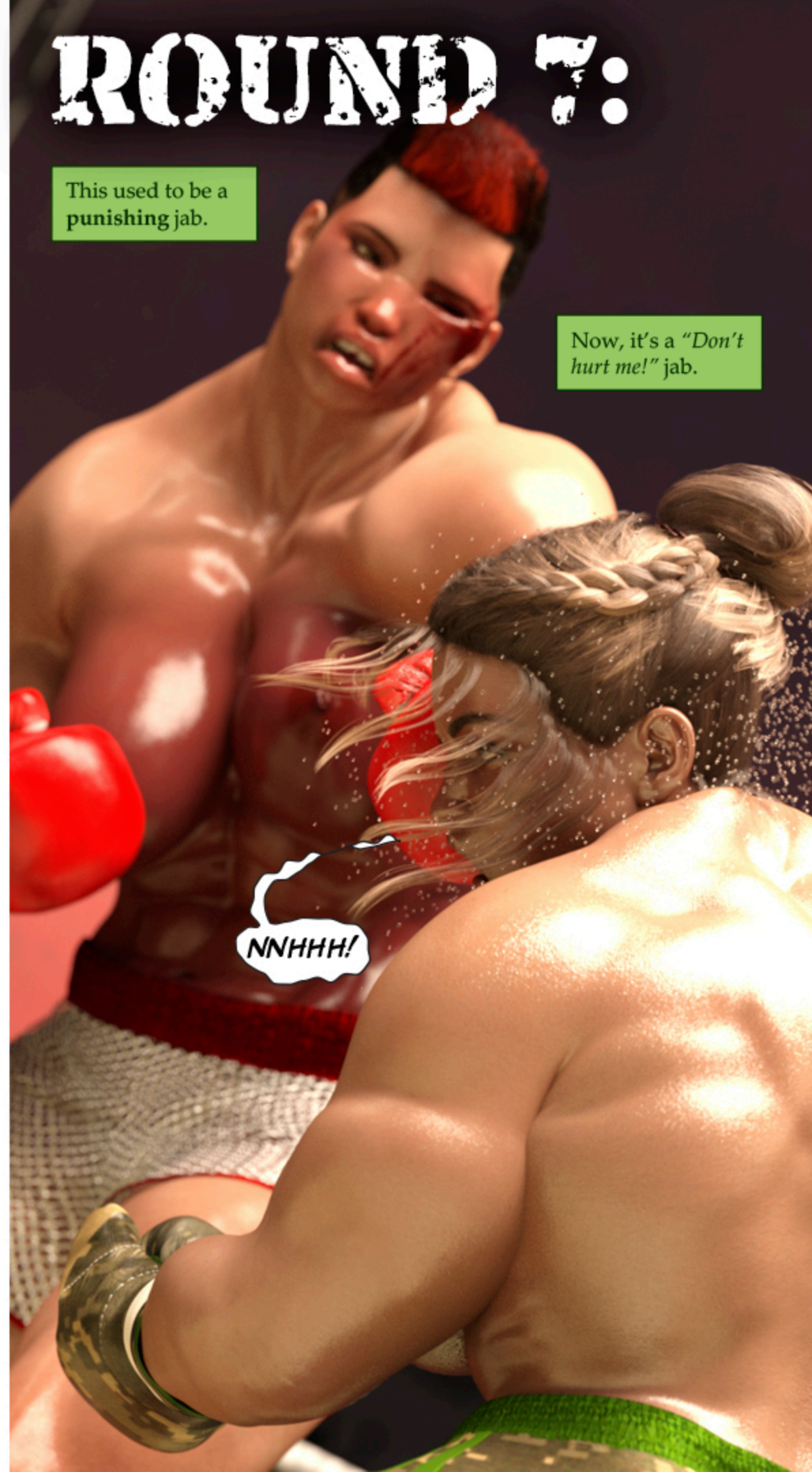


Keep firing.



YOU'RE BLOWING IT, KID!

...CAN'T... CAN'T KEEP HER OFF ME...



ROUND 7:

This used to be a punishing jab.

Now, it's a "Don't hurt me!" jab.

NNHHH!



HOOFF!

Abrams hurts her anyway.

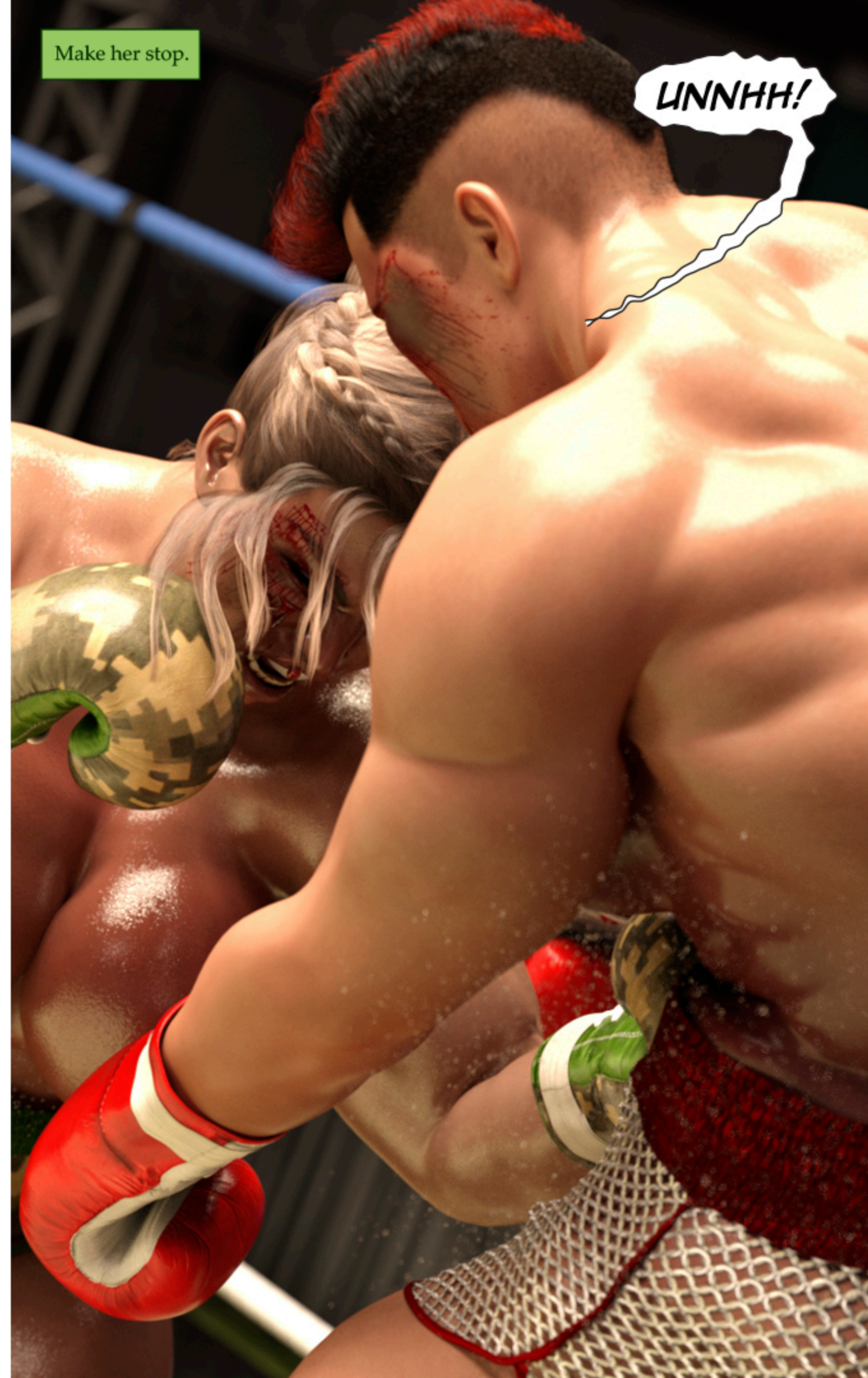




Still standing.

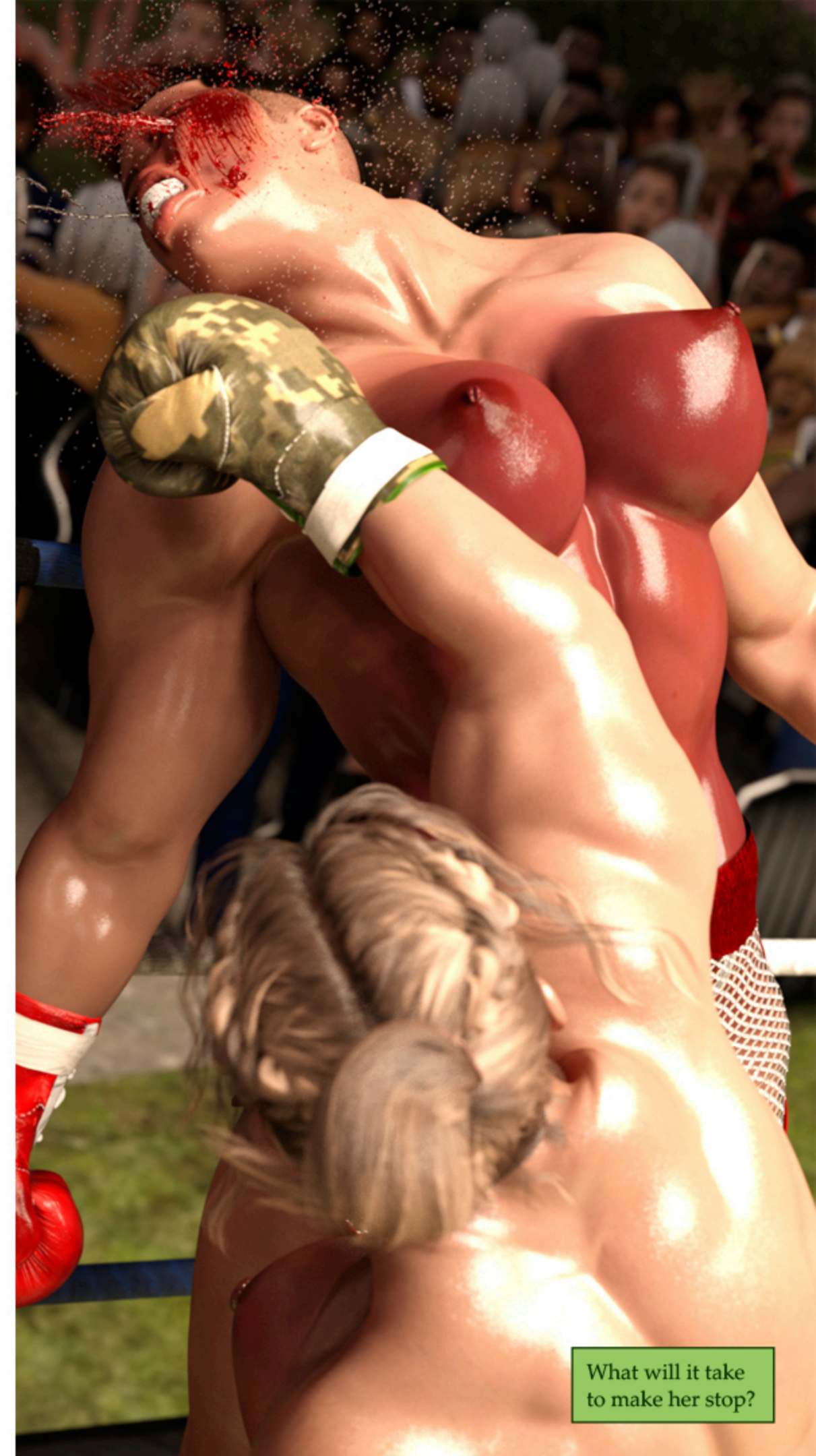
NNHHH!

Still punching.



Make her stop.

LNNHH!



What will it take to make her stop?



Just needed some
space to fall.

DINGDINGDING!

HA-HAAAA!!
YOU DID IT!!

...PIECE
OF CAKE...

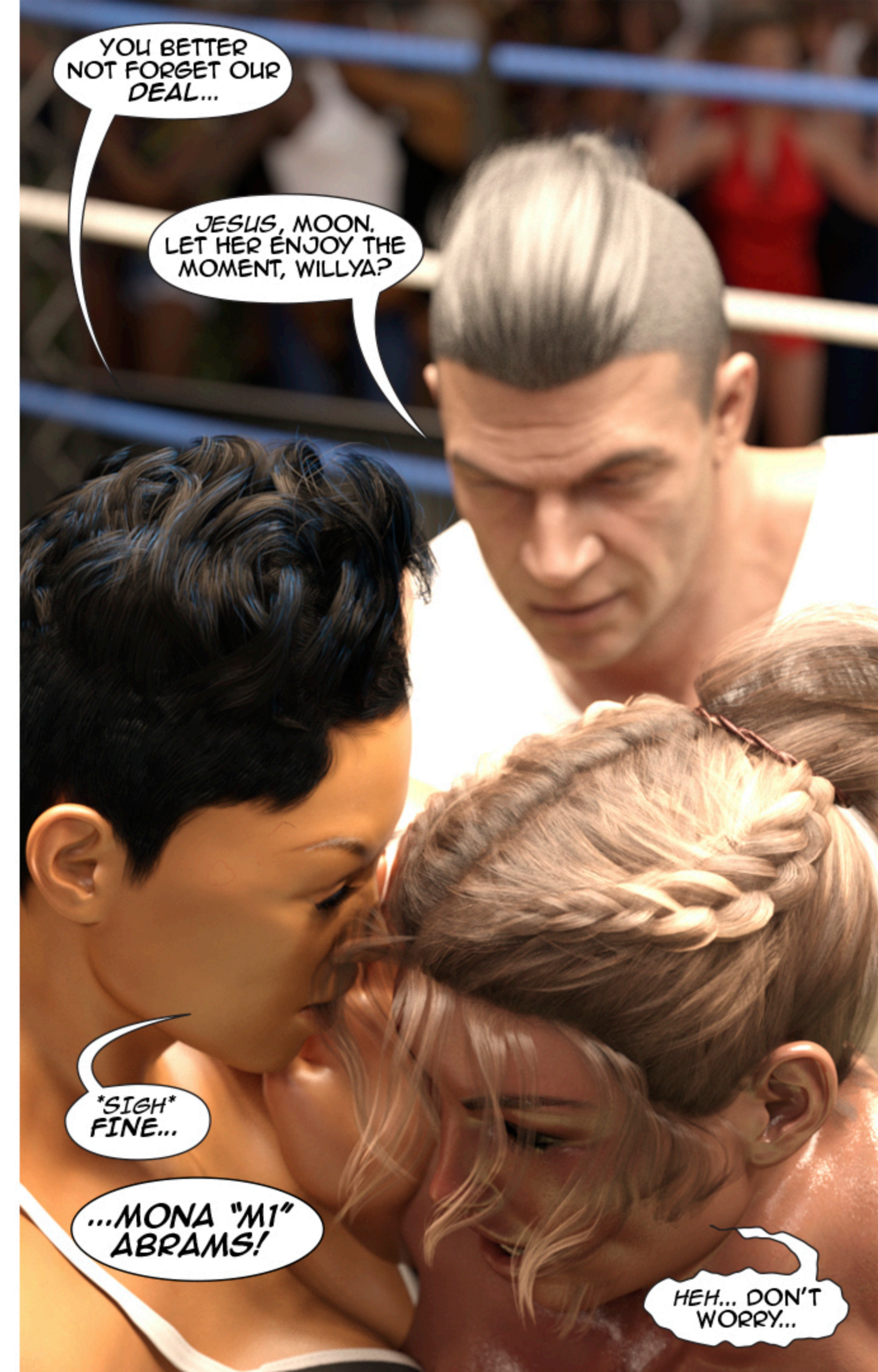
...LADIES AND
GENTLEMEN...



...YOU FUCKING
LUMP! YOU LET
YOURSELF GET BEAT
BY A FUCKING
MIDGET!

HOW COULD
YOU DO THIS
TO ME!

...YOUR
WINNER, BY
KNOCKOUT...



YOU BETTER
NOT FORGET OUR
DEAL...

JESUS, MOON,
LET HER ENJOY THE
MOMENT, WILLYA?

SIGH
FINE...

...MONA "M1"
ABRAMS!

HEH... DON'T
WORRY...

EPILOGUE:

"...I'M LOOKING FORWARD TO IT."

YOU SURE YOU'RE OKAY WITH THIS?

HEY, I SAID I WANTED A REMATCH...

Two weeks after the fight with The Beast. It was now June in California. Abrams would have been back on the road days ago, but she had a promise to keep.

...NEVER SAID IT HAD TO BE OFFICIAL.

YOU KNOW, YOU DON'T HAVE TO LEAVE. IF I WIN, HOW ABOUT YOU STICK AROUND FOR A WHILE?

YOU WANT TO RING THE BELL?

...SURE. AND IF I WIN, I'LL BE SURE TO COME BACK AND VISIT.

DING-DING!



She was back on the road
a couple of days later.

END.