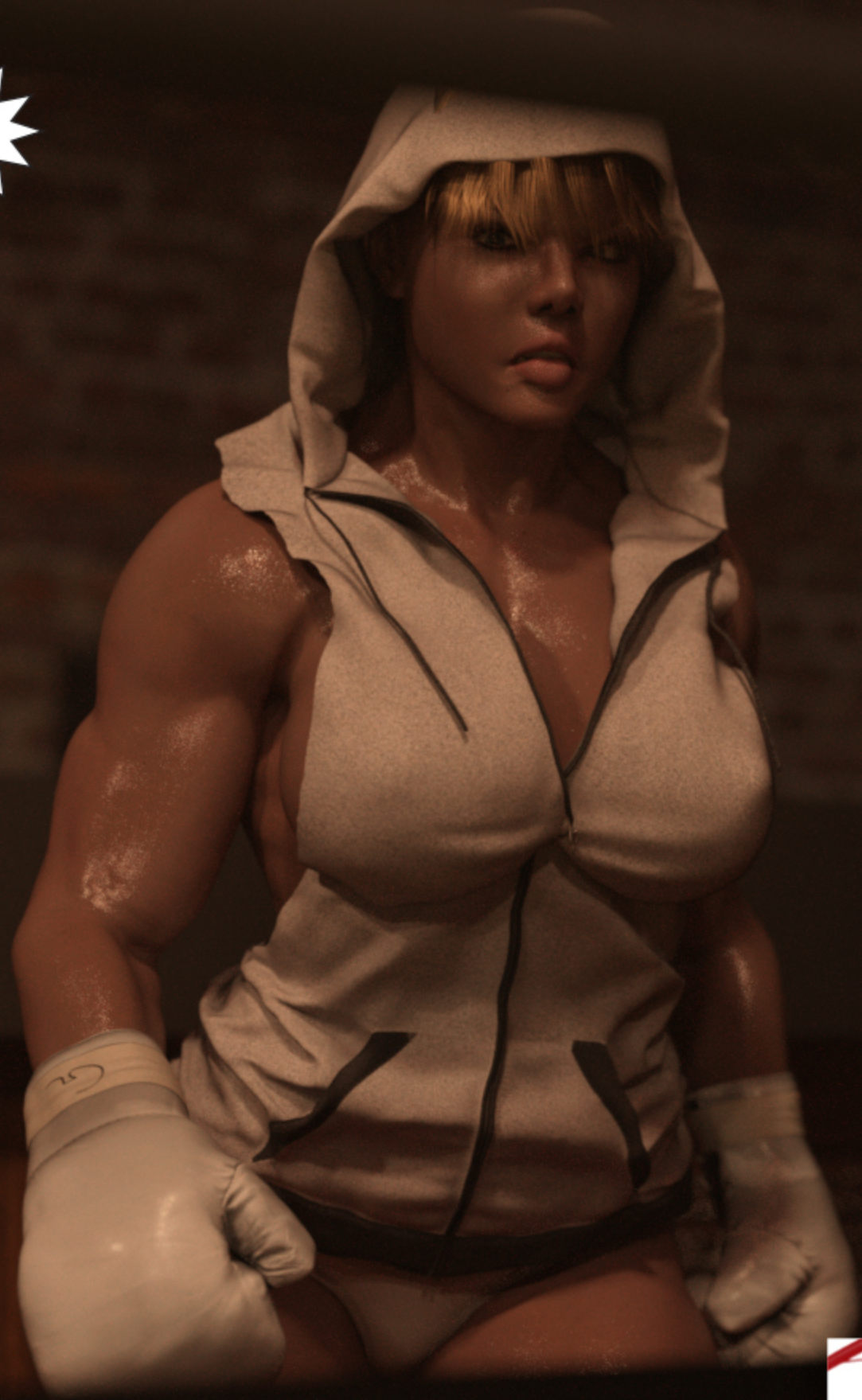




WITH THE MISMATCH

By A. F. COMBAT

...AND IN THE
BLUE CORNER...
BROOKE, "THE BLONDE
BLEEDER" HATLEN!



Dear Rugrat,

This story is a good example of what NOT to do in boxing. Other than sparring at the gym, it had been almost six months since I'd had a real boxing match, and I was kind of desperate for a fight at this point. So, when I got a call asking me to be a last-minute replacement on a card that was only a couple of hours away from home, I jumped at the chance.

The people running things seemed legit: Your "Aunt" Angel had fought for them before, and was fighting that night as well. I'd be able to chip in some gas money and ride down with her.

The only things I knew about the girl I was fighting was that she was called Becky, "The Butcher," and she was only an inch or so taller than I was. I didn't ask any questions; like I said, I was desperate.

I REALLY should have.

MISMATCH



Angel had told me how the fights went here-- No audience, no referee, just hidden cameras to record everything and someone to announce the fighters and ring the bell. I was still surprised by how QUIET it was. Usually there's crowds, music... Hell, even fighting at the gym there's the sound of other people working out around us. Not here. Here, it was so quiet I could hear the other girl's heavy breathing from across the ring!

Then I got my first look at this "Becky the Butcher" as I entered the ring, and there was only one thought left in my head: OH, SHIT.



The bitch was HUGE!

They didn't lie when they said she was only a little taller than I was, but she was probably TWICE my weight!

It was too late to back out, though, so we met up for the usual trash-talk at the center of the ring...



SO, WHERE'S THIS GIRL I'M SUPPOSED TO FIGHT? DID YOU EAT HER?

OH, I'M GONNA ENJOY HURTING YOU...

...Then went back to our corners for the bell.

DING!
DING!
DING!



Things started off pretty well...





...But when she moved in close I expected her to clinch, and instead she lifted me up in a fucking BEARHUG!

Then she HEAVES me up against the ropes--

--Lines up her shot before I can get my guard back up--

...And I honestly don't remember much after that.

--NAILS me with a fist like a canned ham...

I'm giving the book to Angel and letting her fill you in on the rest...

Hey Sweetie!

Well, your Aunt doesn't remember much because she was damn near **KNOCKED OUT** with that first punch! She was down on her side at the ropes, and I'm behind her screaming

GET UP, DAMMIT!



UHHH...

YES!
THAT'S IT,
BABY...

She's climbing the ropes to get to her feet, but still pretty out of it. Then that tubby BITCH waddles over...



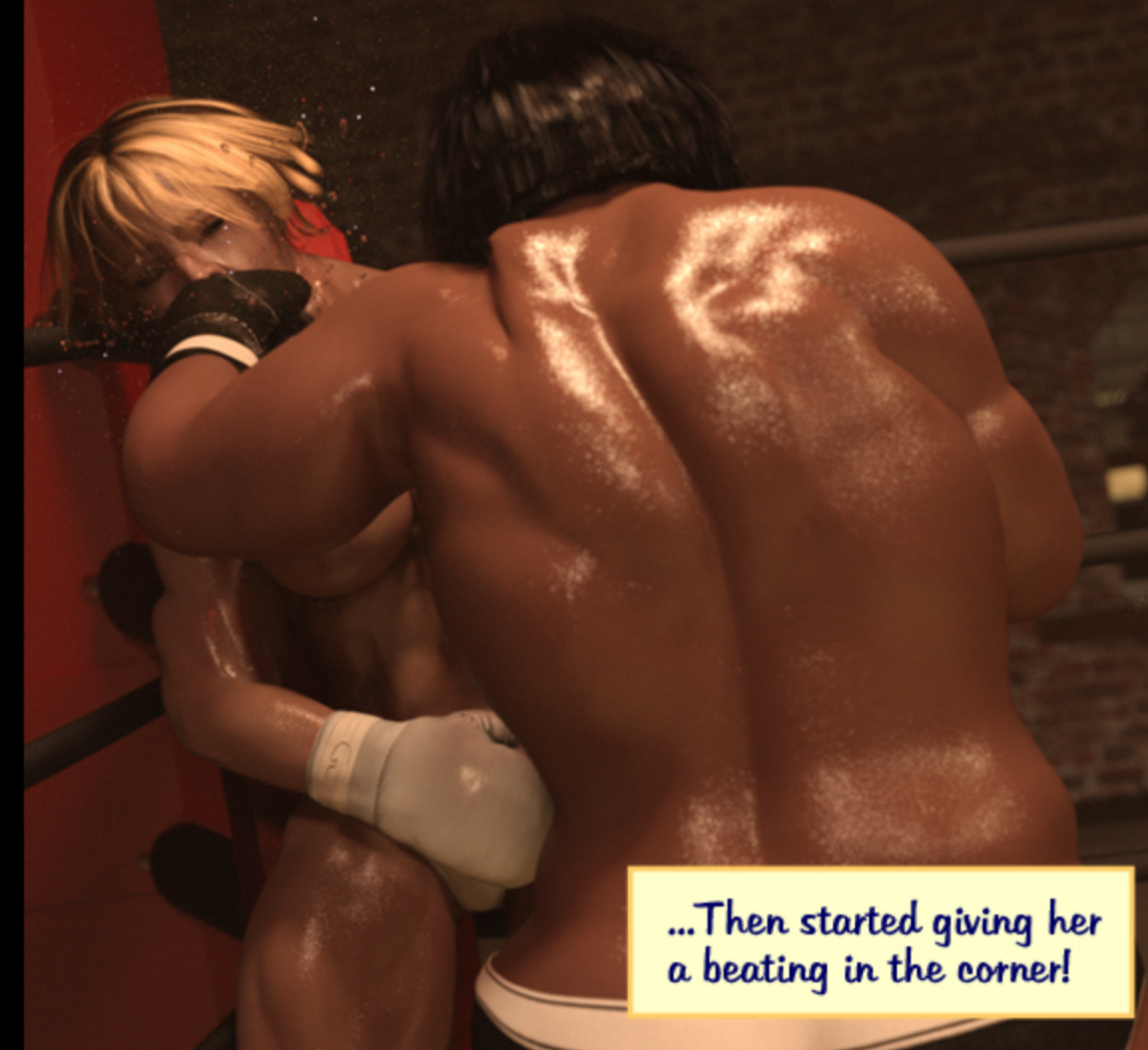
HOOFF!!

...And decides she doesn't wanna WAIT!





She pounded poor Brooksie along the ropes...



...Then started giving her a beating in the corner!



But your Aunt just doesn't give up!



She was slugging her way out of trouble...



...Until The Butcher chucked her back against the cornerpad...



...And POUNDED on her until the bell!

DING!
DING!
DING!



YOU HAVING FUN YET, BITCH?

UHHH...

I was kinda amazed she made it back to the corner after that...



...And I had my work cut out for me to get her ready for round 2!

In fights like ours, quitting on your stool isn't an option, so I had to wake her back up...



...By any means necessary!

C'MON, HONEY...

OHHH...



SNAP OUT OF IT!!

...FUCK!!

Yeah, I DO remember that part.



So, I dragged Brooksie back to her feet, whispered some advice...

I don't remember the advice, but I remember you SLAPPING my ass...

DING!
DING!
DING!

WHAP!



...And attacked her like a rabid-fucking-WOLVERINE!



Well, it worked, because you went out there for round two...







...against another swinging
a baseball bat!

GUHHH!!

UNHHH!!

ROUND 5:





By Round 7, it was a question of who would run out of gas first: Brooke was making the big girl waste a lot of energy throwing big, looping shots that she'd duck out of the way from...



AAGHH!!



GAWWD!!

...And come back with BOMBS into that bitch's beergut!



But the Butcher was BRUTALIZING Brooksie in the clinches. Straining against someone twice her size was wearing her out...



...Then she'd get trapped against the ropes...



...And just fucking POUNDED.

And by round 9, Brooke didn't even bother with the stool and just slumped into my lap instead...

LOOK... I GOTTA STOP THIS, HONEY...

...HEH...
"IF THAT BITCH CAN'T MANAGE TO KNOCK ME OUT..."

"...THASS' HER FUCKIN' PROBLEM."

"I AIN'T A QUITTER."

SHIT.

OKAY, THEN...

...WILL YOU FINISH THIS BITCH OFF, ALREADY?!

I'M FIGHTIN' NEXT, AND I'D LIKE TO GET IN THE RING BEFORE I'M DEAD OF OLD AGE!

...IT'S JUST ALWAYS ABOUT YOU, ISN'T IT?

DING!
DING!
DING!



They were saying something to each other at the start of the ninth, but I couldn't make out what...

I was talking? Shit...



It was probably the usual:

...BITCH...



...CUNT...



MMPHH!!

But then they were back at it!



GUUHH!!







FUCKIN' SHITBAG...

UHHH...

...'Cause she FINALLY got that blobby bitch against the ropes...



...HOW'S THAT FEEL?! HUH?!

MMPHH!!

...And started force-feeding her her own tit!



...HFF... HFF...

...NNN... NUH...



OH YES!!

NNNH!!



I heard her nose break with the last one...

(Let me repeat that: Melly, your Aunt **BROKE A BITCH'S NOSE WITH A TITSHOT!!!**)



...Anyway. After that shot...



...'The Butcher' was fucking **DONE.**



SO, THAT BUTCHER CHICK EVER SHOW UP AGAIN?

SPOILERS...

Y'KNOW... I REALLY LIKE HOW YOU WROTE YOUR PART. YOU HAVE ANYTHING ELSE IN HERE?

REALLY? WELL...

HEY! WHAT'S WRONG WITH WHAT I WROTE?

AWW, HONEY... SHE JUST PREFERS MY RINGSIDE POINT-OF-VIEW IS ALL.

WELL, MAYBE YOU SHOULD GET YOUR GEAR ON AND WRITE ABOUT MY TITSHOTS FROM A FIRST-PERSON PERSPECTIVE!

END

A. F. COMBAT PRESENTS:

ALL SHE

NEEDED WAS

HER **FISTS.**

BLOODY KNUCKLES

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