

CHAPTER 83

Not much of a real shocker, Sweet Zeus came straight forward on the offensive- like some full court pressing New York Knickerbocker; as I defensively- and continuously back backed away, like an international soccer football goal blocker

While backing of my own volition, with both hands in a defensive position; he threw jab after jab- and hook after hook, with steady and increased ambition

I dashed- I dodged- I dipped- quickly wearing out the soles beneath both my shoes, as I withdrew from his incoming ones- and twos; and I could tell that Sweet Zeus was growing frustrated by the look upon his face, and the crowd- from their loud ignorant **“BOO”**s

To regain a bit of the crowd's respect, I struck back with a left and right leg check; that upon their connect, had absolutely whatsoever- no sort of effect

.....Except- **PISSING HIM OFF!**

While attempting to throw a quick jab forward- that he caught in mid lick, and swinging the other- which he too caught just as quick; leaving me in a fucked up and sticky situation, that left me feeling vulnerable and apprehensively sick

He twisted both my wrists mercilessly, until I was down upon bended knee; then snatched me up by the neck, making damn sure- that I did not get the chance to flee

He quickly lifted me sky high off of both feet, left hand wrapped firmly around my frail neck in a firm choke- he went for broke; swiftly pulling his right hand back so got damn far- and fast, that when he released it- I could have sworn that I saw and smelt smoke

The first punch struck me dead in the chest, like a rifle shell- to a bullet proof vest; knocking all the oxygen from my lungs, like a machine- for cardiac arrest

Following this chest caving punch- he then slung me far across the ring, where I painfully hit the deck like an airplane wreck; he then turned and hollered out- **“ZEUS’SSSSSS!”**- before the excited crowd, with veins bulging forth through the skin of his thick muscular neck

Discombobulated- I was in a fight, to hold onto the consciousness light; and upon looking up I spotted White Tony, yet Dungee- was nowhere in sight

Feeling bodily pain still twinging, I was quickly grabbed by the ankles and drug across the ring- with my ears still ringing; and as I looked up towards the ceiling, I saw a blinding light above- that appeared to be with much inertia swinging

.....It was an- ANGEL!

Lifting me like tackle and bait, he swung me around- at an extremely fast rate; then let go of me seconds later, hurling me straight into the Tap-Dat-Ass gate

“FLEX- GRRR’RRRHHH!FLEX- GRRR’RRRHHH!FLEX- GRRR’RRRHHH!”, he growled out- while flexing his muscle composition as if in a hard body competition; which had given me the very short window to recuperate, from my most recent Air-Zeus high flying expedition

Upon finishing his crowd pleasing showcase, he marched over to my resting place; where he attempted to finish me off, with a hard stomp aimed for my resting face

I quickly alligator rolled out of his stomp zone with great speed, a split-second before he could complete the evil deed; then delivered a swift sneaker to his jewels, that collapsed him to the ground- while wailing out sounds like an off-key double reed

I then hopped back onto my feet, as he held the left and right nut- below his gut; I raced over to him- and placed his bulging neck within a submission hold.....BUT

Unfortunately for me- faster than I did expect, he had recovered from my immobilizing nutcracker vex; standing up- he grabbed a hold of my lower limbs, then dropped backwards- with his full weight slamming down on my cerebral cortex

“ZUES’SSS!ZUES’SSS!ZUES’SSS!”, the crowd did chant out- convincing Sweet Zeus to there after take me out; and he would oblige with his Thunderbolt, of this I had absolutely- NO- doubt

Once again- both hands around my neck he did wrap, before lifting me completely up from the floor like a stolen hubcap; while at the same time- the swinging light fixture above began to flicker, just before it made a loud separating- ‘SNAP’

As I closed my eyes for the lash, Zeus pulling his fist back was my very last flash; but surprisingly- I heard a loud ‘CRASH’, and fell down to the floor- without whiplash

When I opened my eyelids up to a high raised spread, Sweet Zeus was laid the FUCK out- with the light fixture wrapped around his head; that had rained down from the dilapidated warehouse ceiling above, and did put his cone-headed ass instantly to bed

Big Tree- referee, lifted Zeus's arm- which fell back down involuntarily; before raising my arm to the sky, officially declaring my victory

“JIM'NEY MUTHAFUCKIN CRICKET!THIS RIGHT HERE IS SOME REAL JIVE BULLSHIT!THEY CAN TAKE THIS WHOLE GOT-DAMN TOURNAMENT-AN SHOVE IT!”; wailed that disgruntled man within the crowd, with a cigar hanging from his mouth- as he ripped up another losing ticket

....."KUNGFU JOEY- WINS'SSS!"