

CHAPTER 95

With not another second to spare, I made my way through the excited crowd and entered the ring mentally unprepared; where Gorgeous Jorge- The Bolivian Sandman- stood across from me, with an arrogant smirk and disbelieving eye stare

“You’re not man enough to be here- ChicoJorge is- SUAVE! HANDSOME!and so- RICO’OOO!;You are like a cold bowl of porridge Jorge is so steaming hot- he is PICO!”

With the crowd chanting my name most energetic and heady, Wang made the loud announcement for the fighters to get ready; at which point The Sandman began to continuously bounce- bounce- bounce up and down, while keeping his shoulders nice and steady

“FIGHT’TTT!” yelled out Wang, as he struck the gong stick against the gong with a rumbling- ‘CLANG’; signaling for the match to commence, which would only end- when the fat lady sang

The Sandman did rush forward and attack me, with furious kicks and hook punches- until he caught me with a thrusted knee; which had instantly knocked me back against the perimeter fence, where I collided sideways- damn near horizontally

He danced my way with smiling lips, clapping- spinning- swinging- and gyrating his hips; as I laid upon my side painfully, watching him perform raunchy cowboy dips

Once upon me- my shirt he did grip, before yanking me into a seated position and pulling back five fingertips; repeatedly 'SLAP-SLAPP'ing the dog shit from out of my face, until I was slumped back down upon the floor- with bloody nose drips

“YES-YES- YES’SSSSSS!LOOK AT ME- JORGE IS GEORGEOUS!TOO MUCH MAN FOR SUCH A LITTLE ONE!.....;LOOK AT ME’EEEEEE!”, he gloated- as he unwrapped his long flowing hair from its twisted bun

While The Sandman stood swinging his hair wildly for display, I climbed onto my feet with a mild disorientated sway; then began to stealthily creep up behind him, until the crowd grew exceedingly louder- and did quickly give me away

It was too late for him to even make a sound, as he swiftly spun back around; yet before he could comprehend anything, I had him tackled down to the ground

I quickly wrestled my way on top of him, and took the opportunity to wail away upon his gorgeous mans' face; but upon swinging a quick left and right hook, he unfortunately caught both of my fists- and held them suspended in place

.....LAUGHING!

“That’s it- Chico!Give Jorge all that you have within you to give- he can take it!”; he crooned out- as I attempted to wrest back possession of my left and right mitt

He tightly wrenched my arms with increasingly painful twists, until he damn near dislocated both of my weakening wrists; at which point he then head butted the SHIT out of my cranium, while simultaneously letting go of both my fists

My body quickly slumped off of him, until I was resting down upon the ground; where my vision had become blurry, and I could only hear a loud ‘RING’ing sound

The Bolivian Sandman got right up from off the Tap-Dat-Ass floor, and gave the crowd a dancing- hip gyrating encore; leaving me plenty of time to recuperate from my injuries, as the excited crowd loudly chanted out for-“**MORE.....**

.....MORE- MORE- MORE!”

As I rose back onto my toes, with my very own blood painted across my clothes; I began to visualize a scene from the Kungfu flick- ‘Killer Dragon Bros’

It was an energetic scene- in which Yat’ul, the eldest of the two brothers had engaged an old warlock in battle; ultimately defeating him with a deadly three move combo, before relieving him of all his magical chattel

With a leaping roundhouse kick and half spin, I booted The Sandman across the left side of his perfectly proportioned chin; causing that primadonna to stumble backwards a few steps, at which point- I then immediately attacked him again

I did dropkick him dead center his brown chest, briefly giving him cardiac arrest; before I swept him off his feet, causing his head and back to hit the deck- abreast

Immediately following his painful skydive, I dropped an elbow to his ribs with a powerful bone breaking drive; I then viced my legs around his neck- strangling him into a tapping submission- due to the air that I did deprive

Big Tree- the tournament referee, did swiftly raise my right arm high above me; declaring me the winner of the match, as so- the yelling crowd did too agree

“KUNG-FU JOEY!KUNG-FU JOEYKUNG-FU JOEYKUNG-FU JOEY!”, they did repeatedly chant and hoot-whistle out- and toot; finally giving me their full respect, in light of my prior tournament wins- which had become forgotten- void- and moot

The crowd's loud excited cheers had nearly brought tears to both my eyes, I tell- NO- lies; I had accomplished the un-accomplishable, rising above that which defies

.....“KUNGFU JOEY WINS'SSSSS!”