

CHAPTER 98

We danced around the fighting ring for a minute- or two, It was I who did retreat- while Poncho was the one to pursue; barking out- **“STOP RUNNING FROM THIS ASS WHOOPIN’- YOU SCARY ASS LITTLE BITCH YOU!”**, while fervently continuing to pursue

Obliging his demand, I engaged him within a wrestling Match- hand-and-hand; tussling with him for a short bout, until his strength- I could no longer withstand

Poncho lifted me right up off of both my planted feet- horizontally, spun me around and then did body slam me; crushing me beneath the pressure of his full two-seventy plus weight, like a motorcycle stuck beneath an S-U-V

He climbed from off of me like a street john, then reached down and snatched me up like a prawn; lifted me high over his head, spun me- and then slung me across the Tap-Da-Gon

I painfully crash landed and skidded across the damn ground- like a speeding military fighter jet that had been downed; at which point the fight crowd edged One Punch on with loud hoots- and whistling, as I did thrash- thrash- thrash my arms- legs- and torso around

Following a short beat- he stepped over to me and forced me back onto my feet; of where he spun me around in circles, and sent me skating across the concrete

My feet quickly carried me at a straight line over to the referee- who reached out his arm and caught me with a clothesline; that did instantaneously drop me 'SMACK' down to the ring floor, on my head- neck- buttocks- and and misaligned vertebrae spine

Guttaman loudly protested in my defense, while climbing the fighting ring fence; until security pulled him down, and the situation became rather tense

Big Tree- the official ring referee, who had made it appear as if he'd somehow clothes-lined my neck accidentally; helped me up from the ground and performed a quick follow my finger test, turned me in Poncho's direction- and then he pushed me

Propelling me straight into Poncho's right hook, that instantly left my brain on shook; next- he hit me with a headbutt, that dropped me down to my knee like a prayer book

He then grabbed a hold of my lowered chin and aligned it with his retracted boxing-gloved fist, going for the knockout win; but following a few seconds of hesitation, he surprisingly dropped the glove and hit me with his right - one- mo'- 'gin

.....Toying with me!

“I’m gonna take my sweet timeAnd enjoy this ass whoopin”, he did mockingly chime; as I wobbled repeatedly from left to right, never once attempting to climb

He threw another swift right- that I did quickly combat by grabbing hold of his right wrist like the grips of a baseball bat; I then dropped backwards with both legs extended out, pulled him forward- launching him over my head like a fat black wombat

Poncho landed three yards away- inbound, where he bounced and skidded across the ground; causing those supporting me to cheer- and shout, with a most loud and jubilant sound

With the precision of an armed heat seeker- I expeditiously kangaroo hopped back onto my left and right sneaker; of where I took a brief moment to shake off my lingering discombobulation- all thanks to my ring tossing squeaker

As Poncho rose back onto his toes, I caught him from behind in a Python close; that I struggled to maintain, as he swung me around- with wild bull'ish thrashing throws

It wasn't until he had backed me into the fence, that I began to feel my hold slipping- along with my confidence; that he did ram me backwards into several more times, while delivering swift elbows to my ribs most hard- and intense
.....'Til I let go!

With a bloody nostril downpour, I slide down the fence- down to the fighting ring floor; but I quickly gotten right back up, and readied myself for more Tap-Dat-Ass ring war

As One Punch Poncho ragefully rushed for my can, I began to see visions from the KungFu flick- 'Bloody Streets of Shang Tan'; a scene in which a farmer's son kicked the tax collector's ass, as he attempted to imprison his delinquent old man

My body and mind became in sync, nor did my eyes ever one time close or blink; timing the approach of that gorilla-faced- jewelry box thieving- hobo dink

As Poncho approached- I side stepped him to the right, causing him to stop and turn around after losing me from his eyesight; and when he had turned- I instantly surprised him with ten-to-twelve swift punches to the gut, that gave him quite the groaning bite

Next- I delivered two low roundhouse kicks, that did buckle his legs like pretzel sticks; then swept him low- right up off his feet, perfectly- just like in all the Kungfu flicks

He fell down to the floor hard, harder than a motorcyclist in a crash- who did not have a helmet or a chin guard; at which point I did a front flip- and drop landed a foot to his nuts, resulting in him loudly moaning like a retard

I then quickly climbed on top of him, getting in position for a ground and pound; yet- when I pulled back my fists, Big Tree appeared and blew out a red powder compound

.....RIGHT INTO MY FACE!