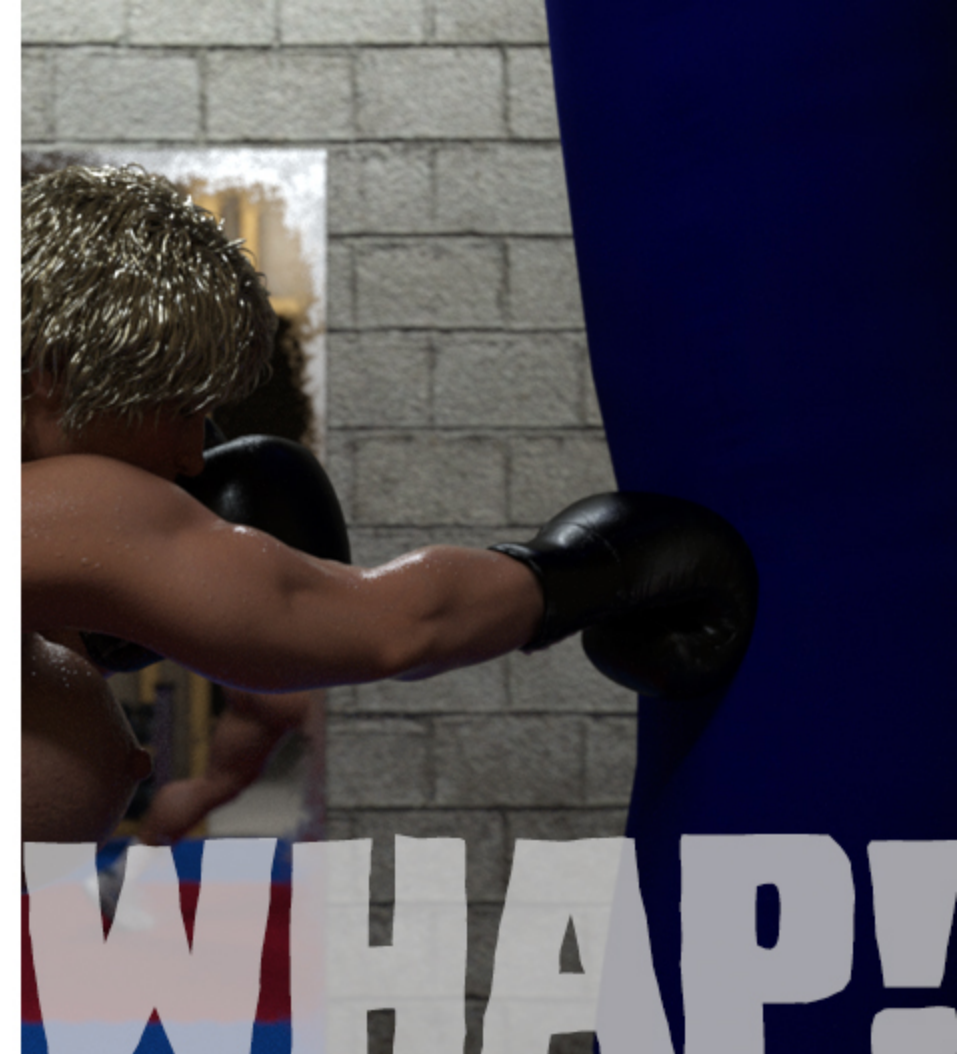




**BIG KNOCKOUTS BOXING #3:**

**SUGAR VS. SPICE**  
**BY A. F. COMBAT**







15 0:00

BEEP  
BEEP  
BEEP



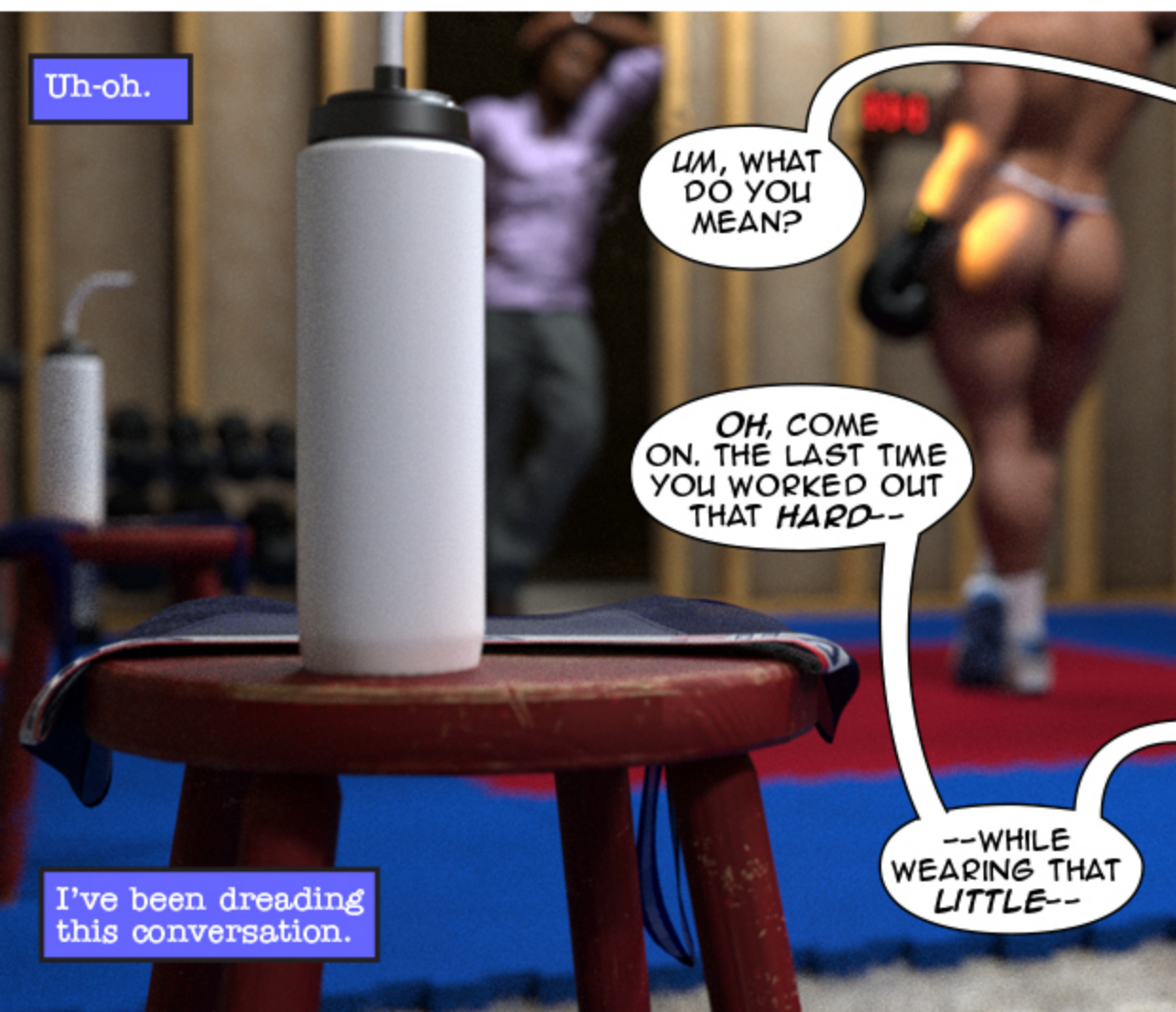
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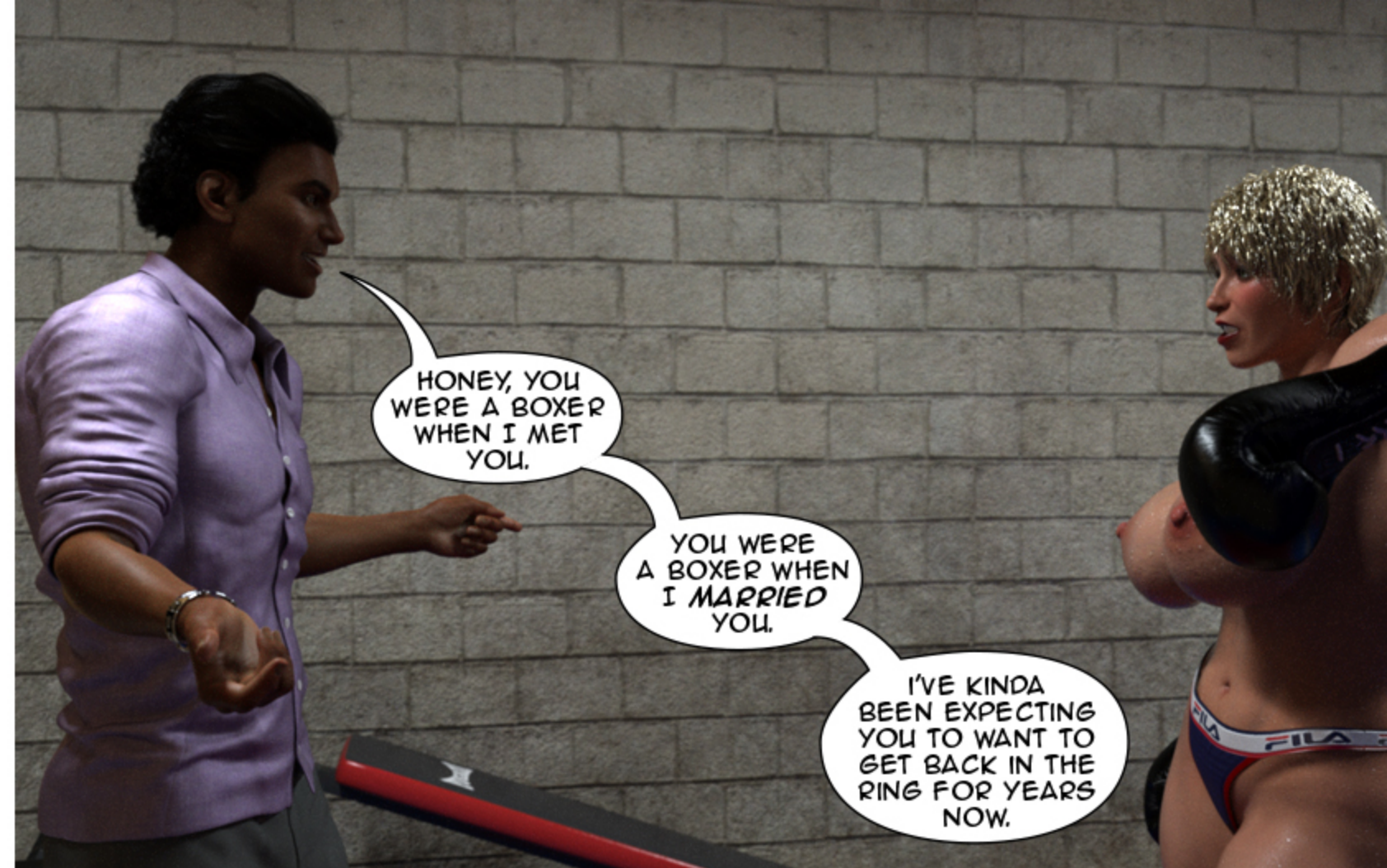


BEEP  
BEEP  
BEEP



HAHH...  
HAHH...





...But my phone call with Eagle Parsons, BKBO owner and promoter, was another story.

With the eagerness of a fisherman who hooked the big one, he had a contract and terms in my email before we even got off the phone.

(Good terms, too.)



He already had the perfect opponent in mind for me, he said, but he wanted me to get some training time in with a fighter with some BKBO experience first.

He had someone available for that, too; She'd be fighting nearby in a couple of days, so I could go see her in action and chat her up afterwards.

Now, I tend to cover more of the "mainstream" fighters and events for Gloves & Globes, and don't get a lot of contact with the gimmicky types on the strip-club circuit...

...So this was my first time seeing "Professor Punch."



--I couldn't deny she was teaching Frannie a lesson in there.

While I doubted she was actually a professor, any more than her opponent Frannie Mae was actually a farmgirl--

--Like I said, gimmicky--



Seemed like she had a solid understanding of how the BKBO rules worked and how to use them to her advantage...



...Especially against a girl who had a few inches and pounds on her like Frannie.

Size quit mattering once she was sitting on that bottom rope...



...And could lock a smother in.

NEED TO PUNCH YOUR WAY OUT, FRAN...

That's what I was really going to need help with.

I knew how to fight on the inside and in clinches, sure... But not like this.



Thankfully, it looked like the "professor" was an expert.



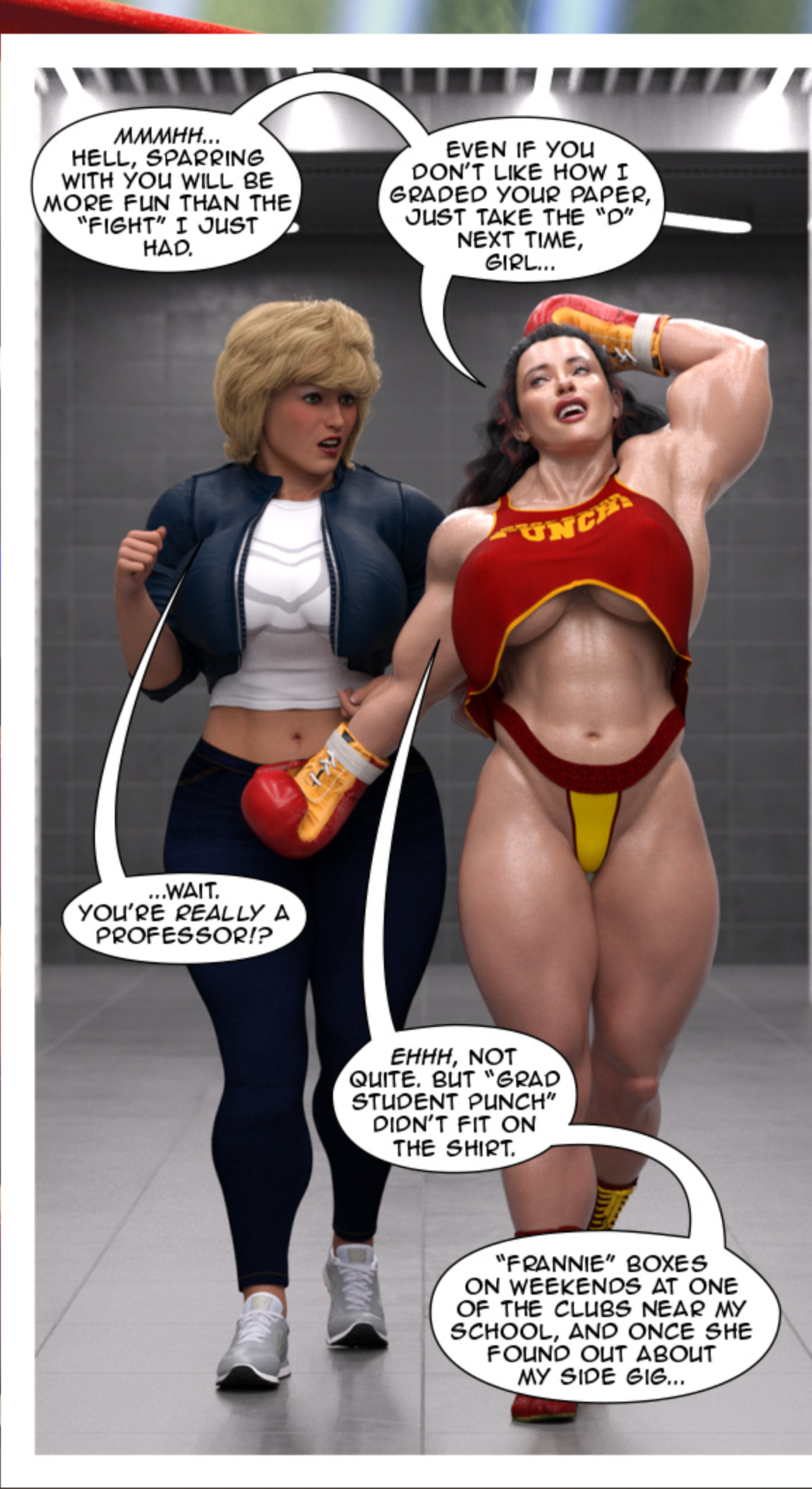
EIGHT!

NINE!

TEN!

Enough of one to knock Frannie Mae out in two rounds, at least.

Gimmick or not, it looked like Eagle had lined me up with a good teacher.



MMMHH... HELL, SPARRING WITH YOU WILL BE MORE FUN THAN THE "FIGHT" I JUST HAD.

EVEN IF YOU DON'T LIKE HOW I GRADED YOUR PAPER, JUST TAKE THE "D" NEXT TIME, GIRL...

...WAIT. YOU'RE REALLY A PROFESSOR!?

EHHH, NOT QUITE. BUT "GRAD STUDENT PUNCH" DIDN'T FIT ON THE SHIRT.

"FRANNIE" BOXES ON WEEKENDS AT ONE OF THE CLUBS NEAR MY SCHOOL, AND ONCE SHE FOUND OUT ABOUT MY SIDE GIG...



...SHE THOUGHT SHE COULD GET SOME REVENGE.

ANYWAY, WE CAN DO THE USUAL GYM STUFF NO PROBLEM...

...BUT I'VE GOT A PLACE WE CAN HIT NEXT WEEK FOR SOME REAL TRAINING.

Which is how I ended up in my fight gear in a spa of all places...

THAT'S NICE, BUT WHY ARE WE HERE?

MY FRIEND'S MOM OWNS THE JOINT, AND I HELP OUT SOME DURING THE SUMMER. SHE'S FINE WITH ME USING IT AFTER CLOSE AS LONG AS I CLEAN UP AFTER.

BECAUSE EVEN MORE THAN REGULAR BOXING, BKBO BOXING DRAINS YOUR STAMINA.

AND THE BEST PLACE I'VE FOUND TO BUILD THAT UP...



...IS THIS ROOM.



TA-DAAAA!

NICE SAUNA,  
HOT AS FUCK,  
BUT NICE.

SO, WHAT  
KIND OF SPARRING  
ARE WE SUPPOSED  
TO DO IN HERE?



WELL, WE  
CAN'T REALLY  
WEAR HEADGEAR  
FOR THIS, SO FACE  
PUNCHES ARE  
OUT. BUT...



...SEE THAT  
BENCH THERE?

YOUR GOAL  
IS TO GET MY  
ASS ON THAT  
BENCH...

...AND MY  
FACE BETWEEN  
YOUR TITS.

YEAH...



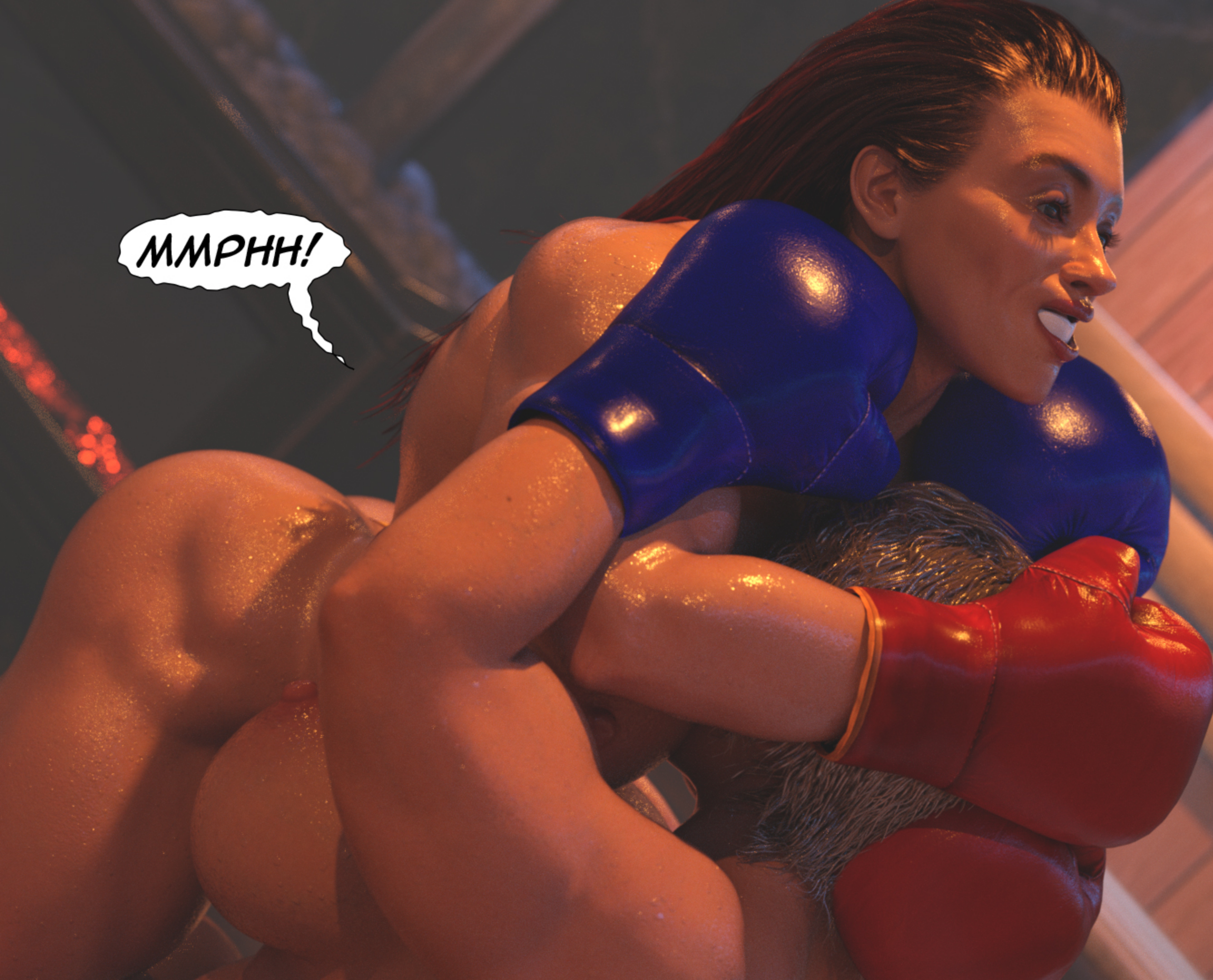




HOOLIGH!





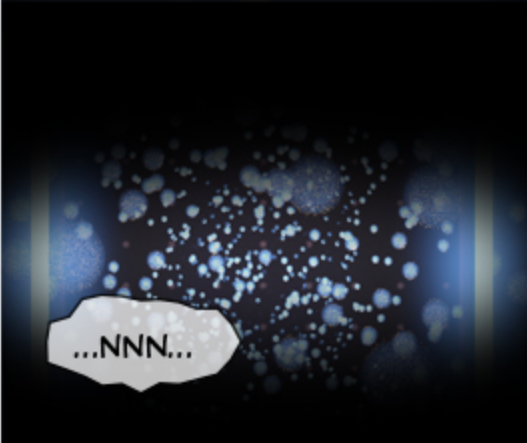


MMPHH!

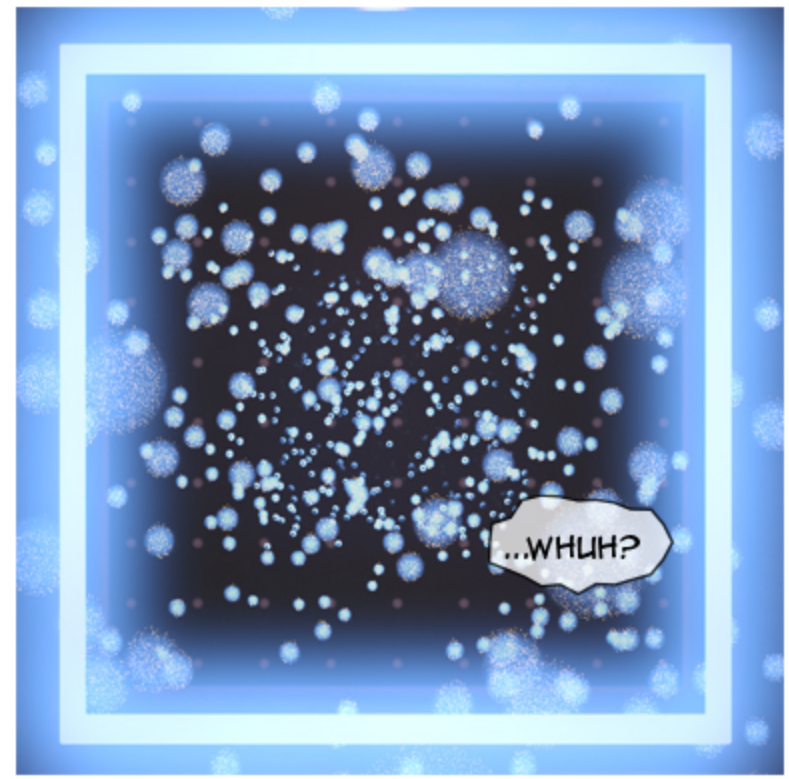


...MMHH...

...HHH...



...NNN...



...WHUH?



KAFF!  
KAFF!



WAKEY  
WAKEY! NOT  
TOO BAD FOR YOUR  
FIRST TIME.

KAFF!...  
IF YOU SAY  
SO...CAN WE GIVE  
THAT ANOTHER  
SHOT?

WHENEVER  
YOU'RE READY.  
HEH. ATTITUDE LIKE  
THAT AND A FEW MORE  
WEEKS WITH ME, YOU'LL  
BE A MATCH FOR  
ANYBODY IN THE  
LEAGUE!



SPEAKING  
OF, DID EAGLE  
EVER TELL YOU  
WHO YOU WERE  
FIGHTING?

OH, HE'S  
GOT THE PERFECT  
NAME LINED UP FOR  
ME. FIGHT'S GONNA SELL  
ITSELF; HE JUST HAS TO  
PUT US ON A POSTER  
THAT SAYS--



# SUGAR VERSUS SPICE

BY A.F.COMBAT

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, IT'S TIME FOR TONIGHT'S MAIN EVENT!



INTRODUCING FIRST: MAKING HER RETURN TO THE RING AFTER A TEN-YEAR ABSENCE...

...AS WELL AS HER B.K.B.O DEBUT, PLEASE WELCOME BACK "THE SPICE RACK" BRANDI!!!!!!!!!!!! SIIIIIIICE!



REMEMBER I'VE GOT A BONUS FOR YOU IF YOU BUST HER TITS OPEN.

YEAH, YEAH...

The woman working the corner was Bethany "Bazooka" Blake. BKBO fighter, and Eagle's wife.

She hates my guts. No idea why.

...AND HER OPPONENT... UNDEFEATED IN B.K.B.O. WITH A THREE-FIGHT WINNING STREAK ...SOPHIEEEE "TOO SWEET" SUGARRR!



NO EYE GOUGES, NO BITING HARD ENOUGH TO DRAW BLOOD, AND NO HITTING ANYTHING ABOVE THE KNEE WITH ANYTHING BELOW THE KNEE.

KNOCKOUTS HAVE TO BE BY BREASTSMOTHER TO A TEN COUNT. THE COUNT DOESN'T START UNTIL HER FACE IS SEALED IN AND SHE'S ON HER KNEES OR LOWER. A SMOTHER IN THE CLINCH OR ON THE ROPES DOESN'T COUNT.

IF SHE BREAKS THE SEAL, YOU STOP AND LET HER GET TO HER FEET. ANYONE DOWN HAS A TEN COUNT TO GET UP BEFORE I PULL 'EM UP.

GO BACK TO YOUR CORNERS AND COME OUT FIGHTING AT THE BELL.



MAKE HER WISH SHE'D FUCKING STAYED RETIRED!

TAKE YOUR TIME, WEAR HER DOWN.

I already know the first question my fellow reporters will ask me:

ROUND 1:



HNNHH!

How did it feel to be back in the ring?



UGGHH!

In a word... Painful.

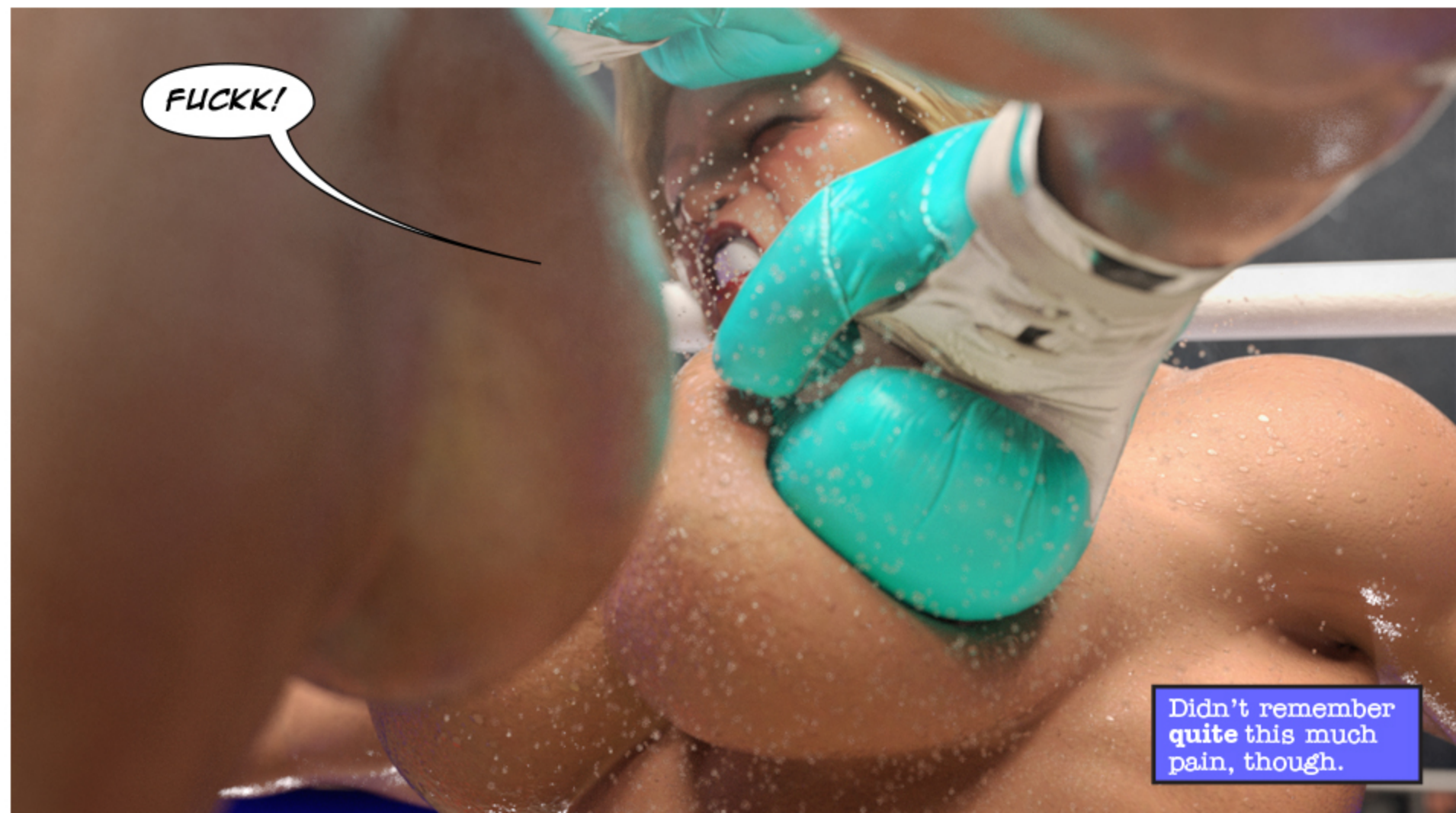
HOOFF!

But that's really kind of the point.

GNNHH!

The pain is what you're in there to overcome.





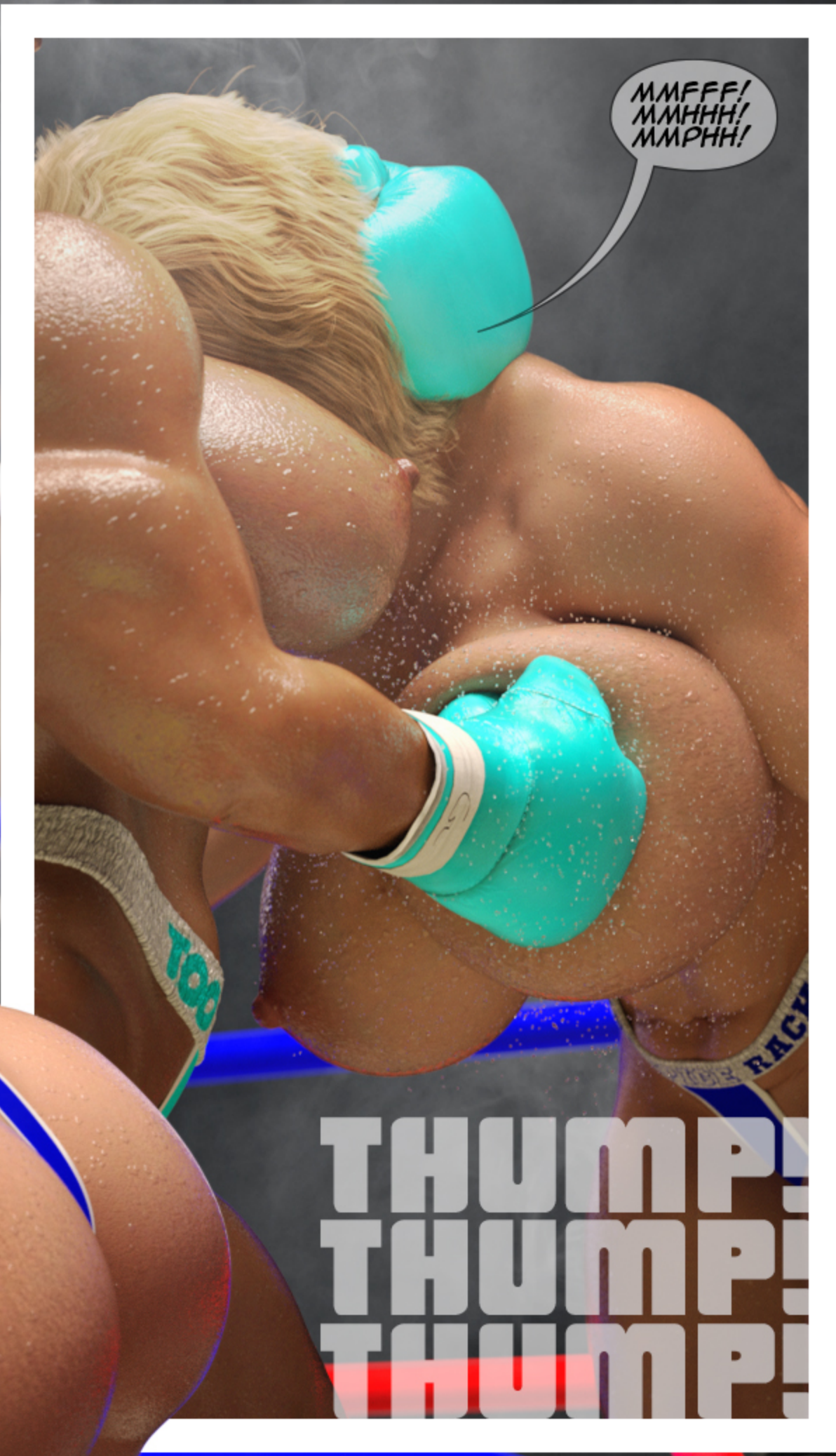






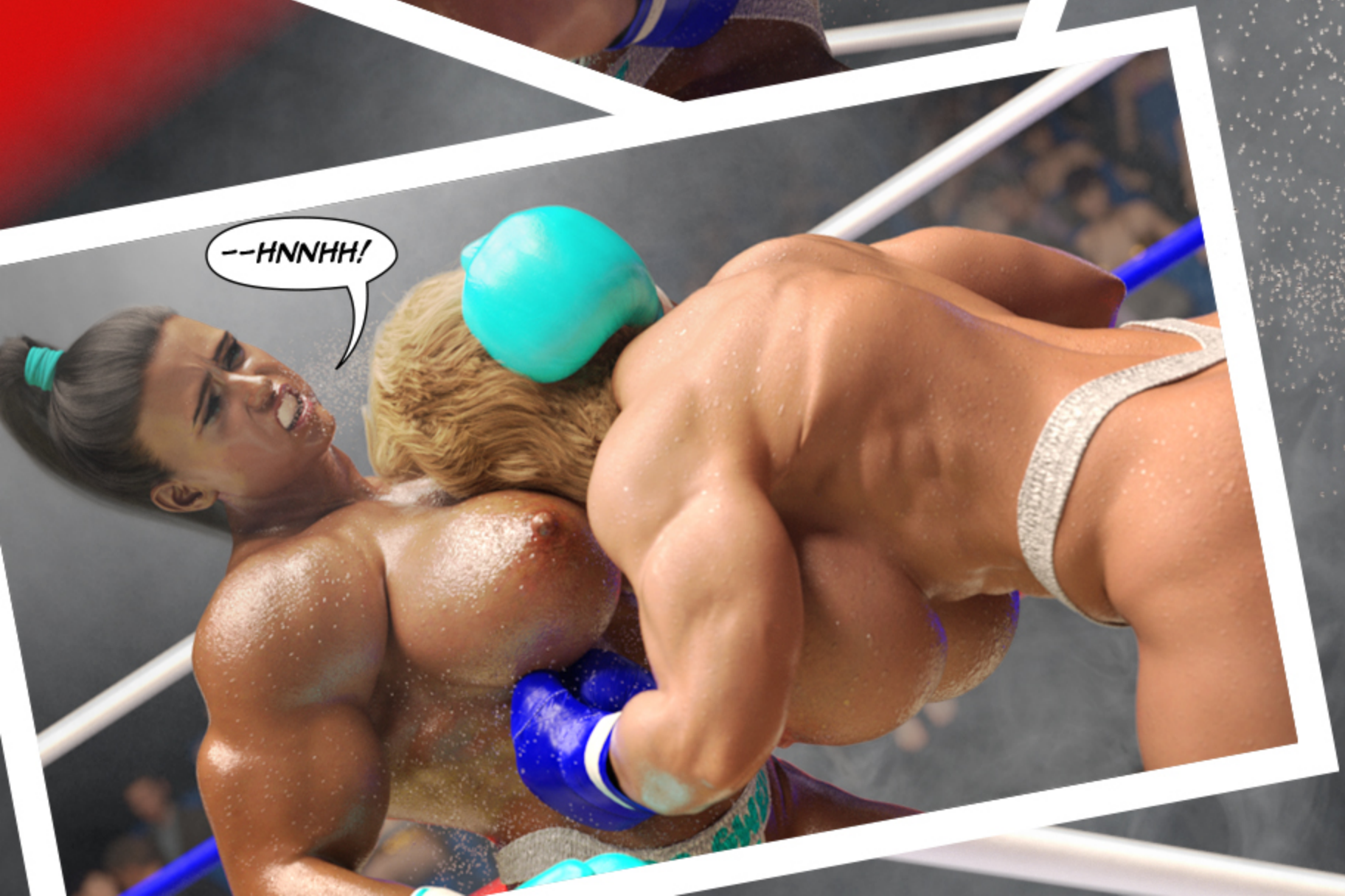


MMPH!



MMFFF!  
MMHHH!  
MMPHH!

THUMP!  
THUMP!  
THUMP!





Well, my first round back could've gone better...

UGH...

...But I finished it on my feet, at least.



OKAY, DEEP BREATH.

SHE'S GOT THE RANGE ON YOU, SO YOU GOTTA STAY LOW, STAY CLOSE, WORK HER BODY AND KEEP WHACKING THOSE TITS. MAKE 'EM HURT SO BAD SHE DOESN'T WANT ANYTHING TOUCHING THEM, NOT EVEN YOUR FACE!

HHHHHHH...  
HAHHHH...



# ROUND 2:

she gave me some good advice.













Time to start using some of those tricks the "professor" taught me in the sauna.

MMFFF!



WHUFF

Get her to the ropes.



Work her.

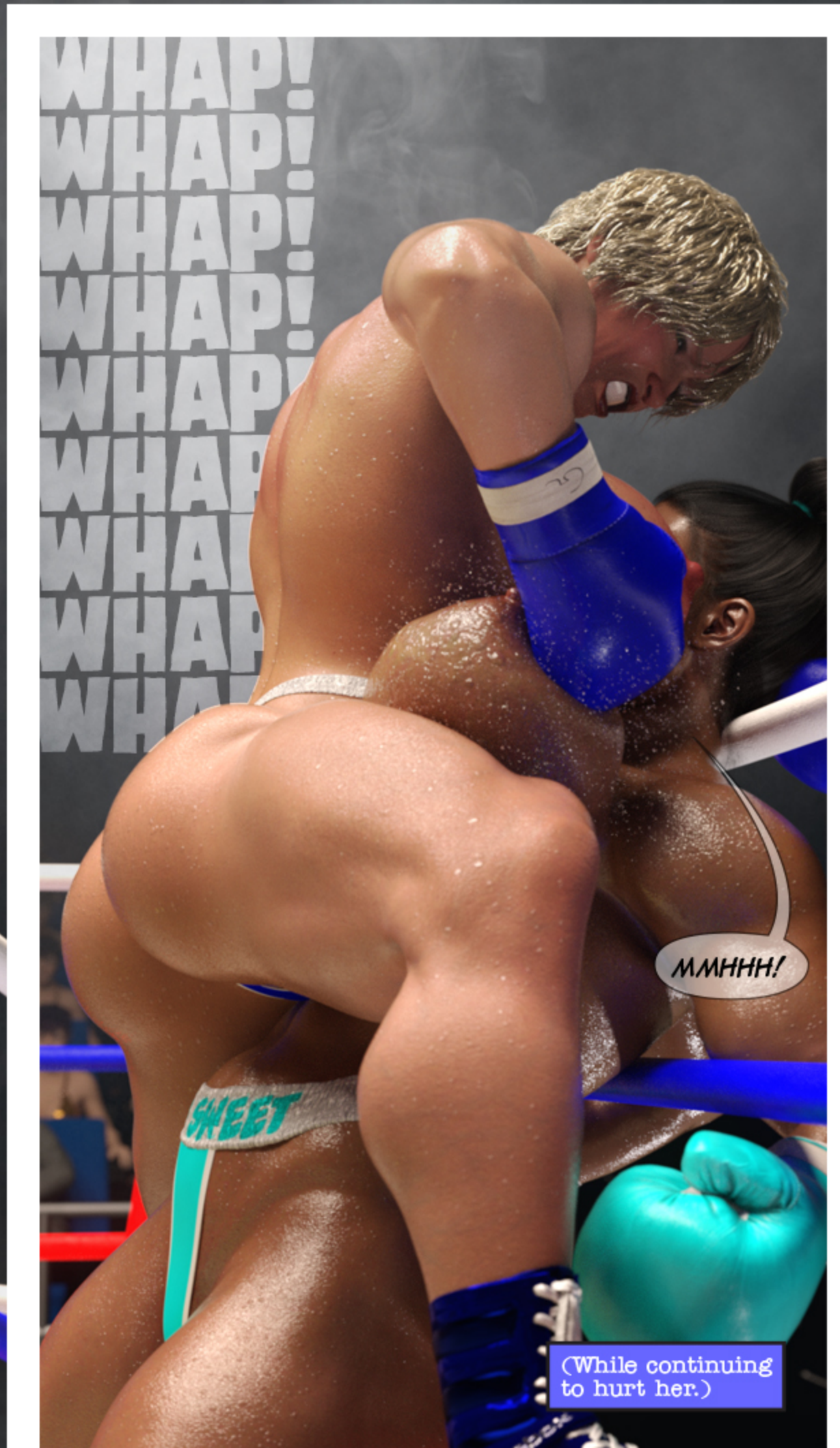
AGGHH!

HURT her.

And MOUNT her.



MMPFF!



MMHHH!

(While continuing to hurt her.)



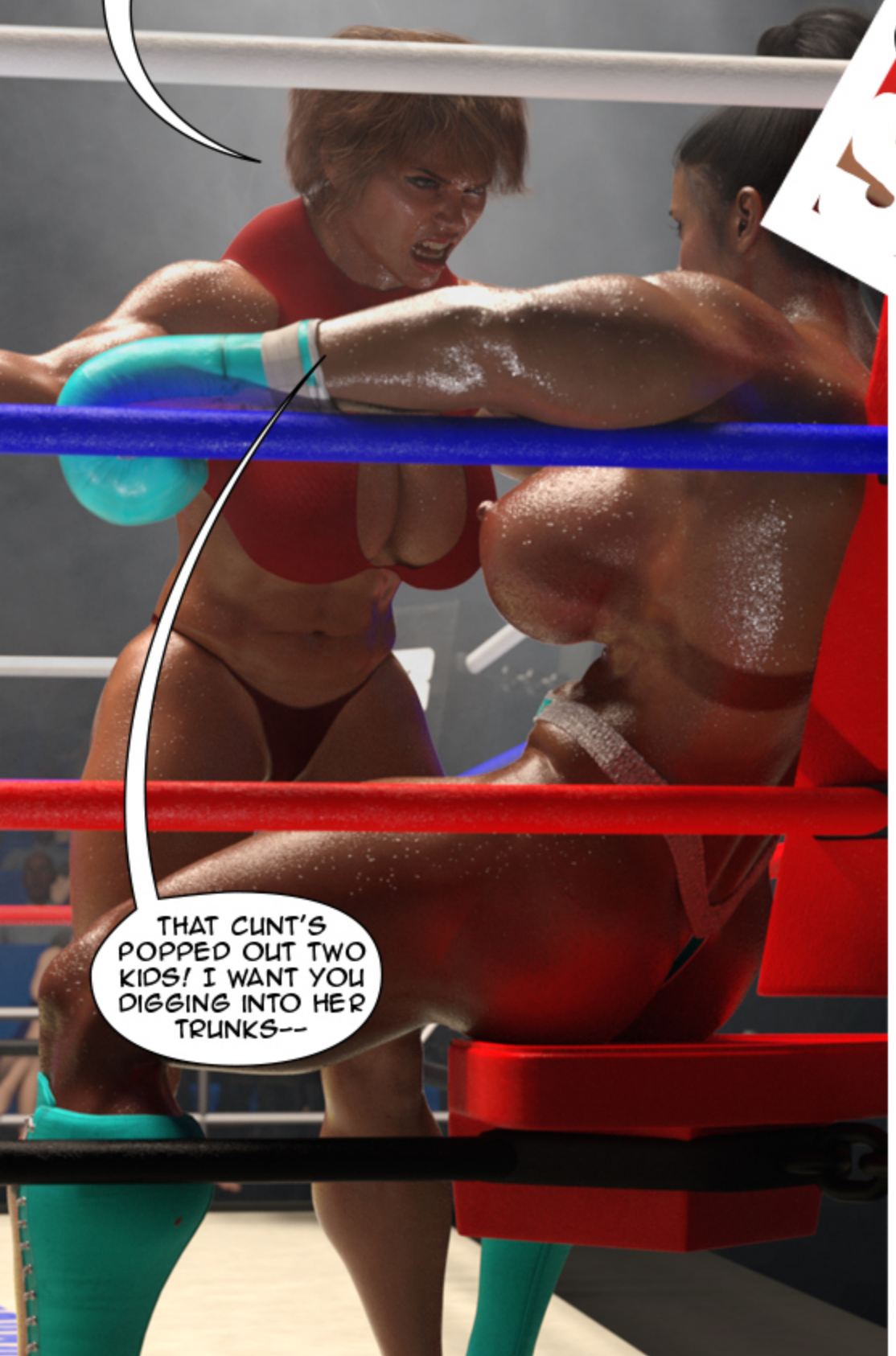
WHA--

AAA DING!

Think I tried to do that last part too soon.

WHA--

THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING OUT THERE!? YOU WON'T GET ANYWHERE THUMPING THAT BITCH IN HER EMPTY HEAD!



THAT CUNT'S POPPED OUT TWO KIDS! I WANT YOU DIGGING INTO HER TRUNKS--

--AND GOING AFTER THESE.

**SMACK!**

**ROUND 3:**

**THE SPICE RACK**

HEY!



I didn't know about Blake's "advice" until later.



All I knew  
then was how  
much it hurt.



HAHH...  
HAHH...  
FUCK...

KEEP THOSE  
PUNCHES UP,  
SUGAR.

AW,  
C'MON...



AND YOU,  
KEEP YOUR  
MOUTHPIECE IN  
YOUR MOUTH  
THIS TIME.

YEAH,  
YEAH...



FIGHT!

UGHH!

# ROUND 4:

we went back-and-forth for the next few rounds...



# ROUND 5:





# ROUND 6:

GGGKK!

QUIT DIGGING IN YOUR HEEL LIKE THAT, SUGAR!





**ROUND 7:**





YOU GETTING UP, BRANDI?

...YUH...

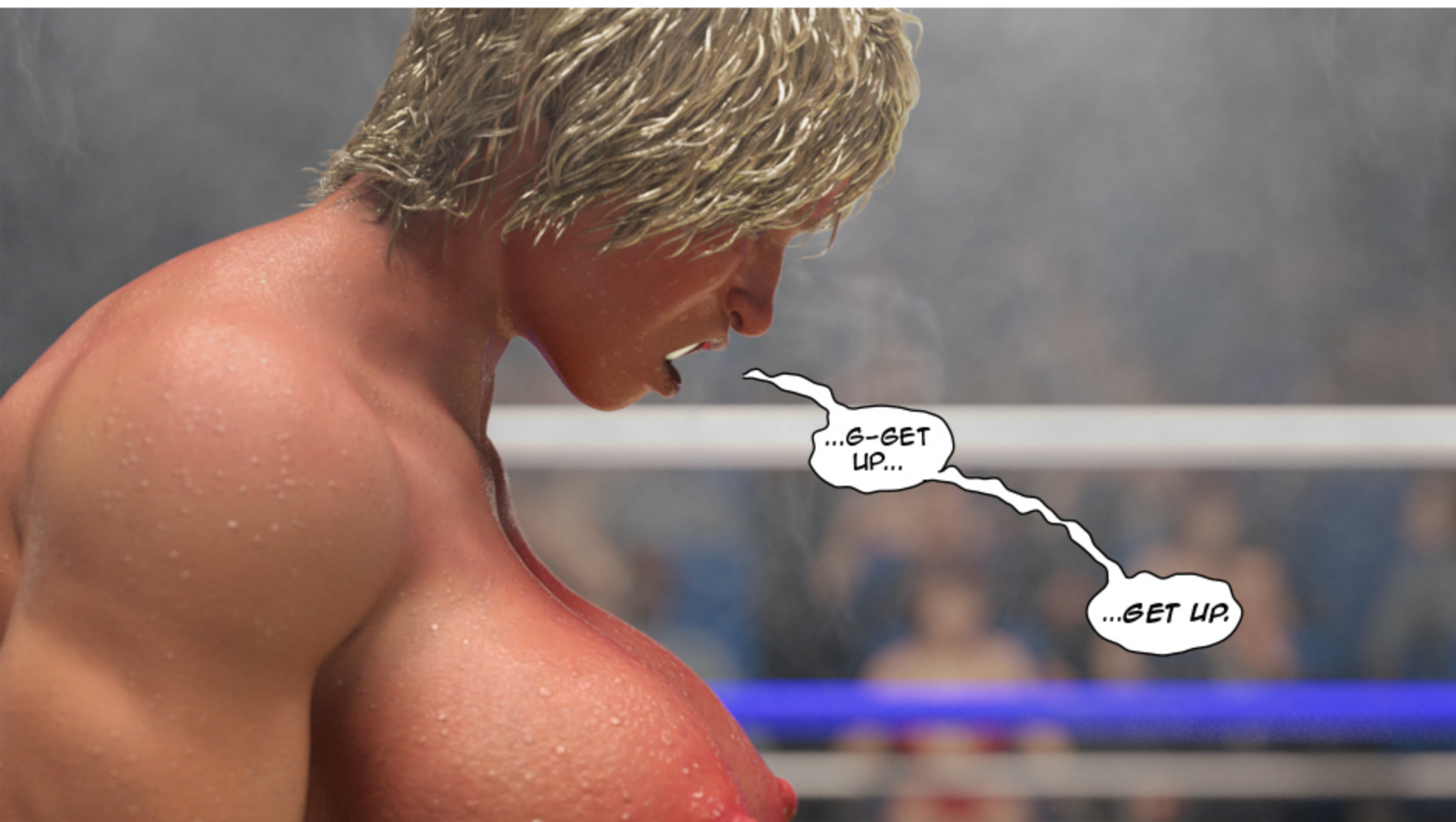
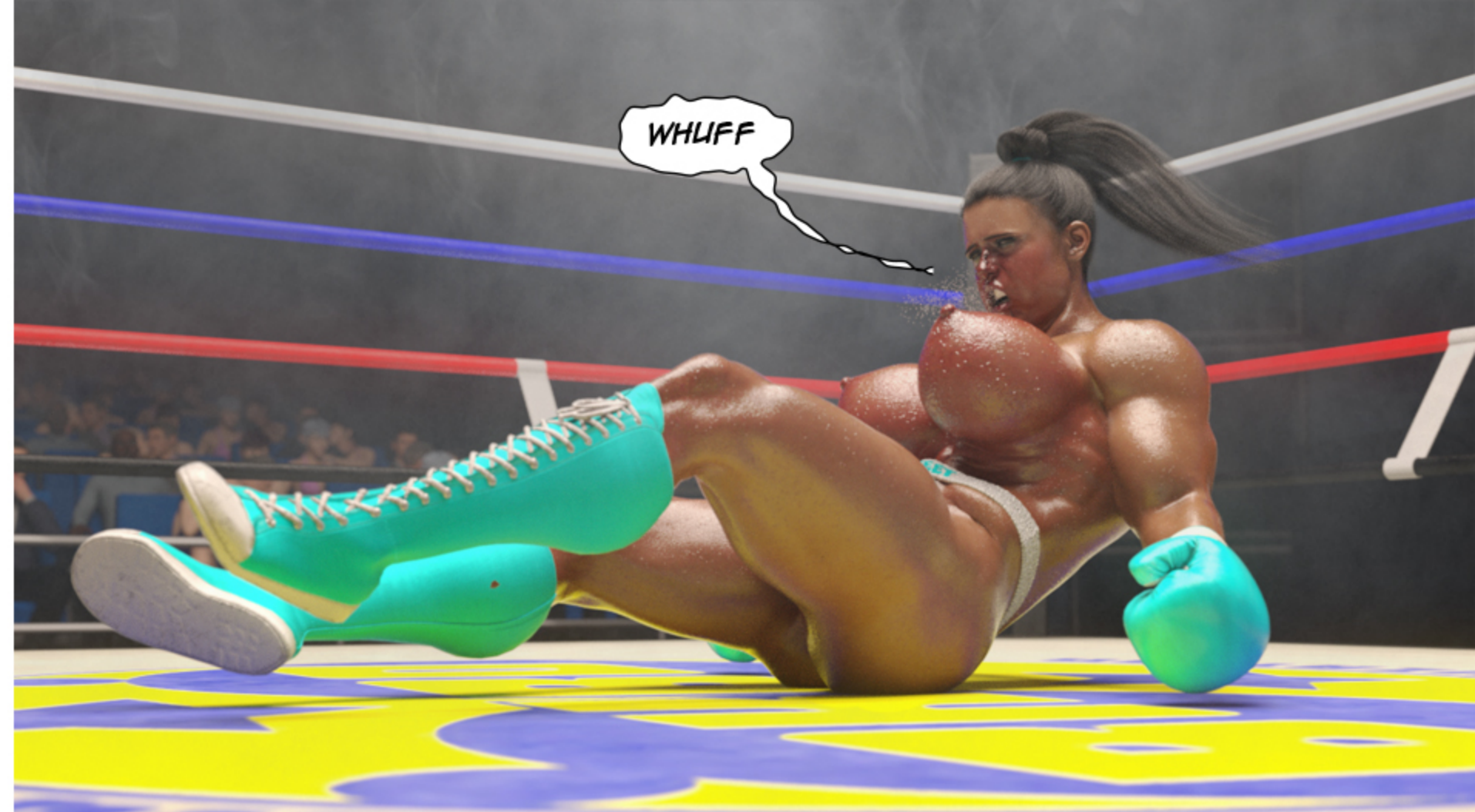
She was rushing in to lay a real beatdown on me.

If I couldn't catch her coming in, I was **fucked**.

I caught her.

CARMEN

BRANDI





Most of the round left to go.

This was my chance.



(Well, maybe  
a little fancy.)









ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

I don't remember much  
about this last part.





SIX!

SHIT!

Those of you who saw the fight can guess why.

DING!  
DING!  
DING!

YOUR  
WINNER, BY  
DISQUALIFICATION  
IN ROUND SEVEN...  
"THE SPICE RACK"  
BRANDIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII  
SPIIIIIICE!

Well, a win is a win, I guess.

And I learned two things that night: I can hang and bang with the BKBO girls...

...And after that shit Blake pulled, I've got at *least* one more fight left in me.

END