

“Son of Notoriety”

“Wake up, bitch,” echoes in the darkness.

“Ay,” silence. “Wake up... puuuh-see,” more silence.

“That’s it,” the voice blurts. “I’m drawing a dick on your face,” footsteps begin but Stubbs groans just in time and they pause. His eyes open and he is able to see Lucid standing at the foot of the couch.

“Not *this* nigga,” Stubbs groans.

“Yeah, ‘*this* nigga!’ Why, you got somethin’ to say?” Lucid plays.

Stubbs sits up off the couch. He is able to do it with no pain. He realizes he can see clearly now and there are no more shapes. His energy is back. He smiles with joy and he lifts his hand to the back of his head and feels for the cut.

Nothing’s there!

Stubbs looks at Lucid. “Dude, I owe you one big time,” Lucid smiles.

“Don’t mention it, man. This one’s on the house,” Stubbs smiles back. He gets up off the couch and checks the time.

12:34 PM.

Stubbs examines Lucid. He dressed in a sports outfit. He has long black sports shorts that cover his knees and a black tank top that says “SON” in red.

“What’s the occasion?” Stubbs asks.

“I was about to leave to go to my fight. If you want, you can come check it out,” he invites.

“Dude, hell yeah! I was hoping you’d ask. I got nothing to do here,” Stubbs announces excitedly.

“Then let’s get going!”

“Let me grab some stuff! I’ll meet you outside!” Stubbs runs to his room. He searches for his weed just in case he wants to smoke. He finds it on his bed just sitting there. It’s about an ounce in a large plastic Ziploc bag. He grabs a handful and places it in his Altoids can. He then looks for his pipe which is on his pillow. It’s a pink pipe that looks like a brain on the bowl. It’s called the *lobotomizer*. He puts it both in his pocket and scurries out the door.

He meets up with Lucid by the elevator. There’s a leopard girl on her phone standing by the other elevator besides him. She looks about 16 or 17. She’s wearing grey skinny jeans, black and white checkered Converse, a black and white coat; she wore a grey scarf that looks handmade, and she has her blonde hair in a fohawk. She looks like a punk.

Stubbs approaches Lucid. He catches his eye, looks at the girl, back at Lucid, and looks at him with an eyebrow raised, curious if he will say something to this girl.

Lucid shakes his head saying no to whatever Stubbs is thinking about. Stubbs decides to do it anyway.

"Hey, baby," Stubbs says smoothly. "Are you a model?" He grins at her.

"Pfft," she looks up from her phone and at Stubbs with a small smile. "Do I look like one?"

"Absolutely," he checks her out and bites his lip. She notices and she scoffs again and looks back down at her phone with a grin on her face blushing lightly. "What's your name, beautiful?" she pauses for a second thinking if she should tell Stubbs. She decides it's safe.

"Airin," she answers.

"Nice to meet you, Airin. My name is Stubbs and this is my roommate Lucid," Lucid smiles at her when she looks at him. She smiles back. She looks back at her phone.

Lucid thinks this girl is attractive too. She has the nicest curves, bright blue eyes, and a white smile. She has black gauges in her ears and snakebites.

"You smoke tree?" Stubbs asks confidently. She smiles and looks up. She meets his eye.

"Why, you got some?"

"I got it all, baby,"

Airin nods with a grin. She asks quietly, "You sell?"

"Ever hear of Lucifer? Or Lucy?" her eyes widened and she nodded. "I know her personally. We're good friends. She can hook you up with whatever you like that's not hard like heroin, meth, krokodil, bath salts, crack, blah, blah. Things like weed, dabs, acid, shrooms, ecstasy, salvia, coke, DMT, Special K; we even have a contact that can get us peyote if you really want that."

"Wait, you *know* her?" she exclaims no longer as awkward as she was before. "How?"

"She's a good friend of mine. That's all I can say,"

"True," she understands. "Do you have her number?"

"Yeah, write this down," he waits so she can get Notes open on her iPhone. The elevator closest to her dings and opens. She ignores it so she can write the number down. When she's ready, she says okay. "555," he pauses. "3097," she finishes typing and looks up at Stubbs with a smile.

"Thanks, dude! You're hella rad,"

Stubbs laughs lightly. "Make sure you tell her I sent you,"

She nods and starts to walk inside the elevator. "I live right down this hall if you want to stop by sometime and hangout," she flirts. "Room 207. Just knock on the door," the elevator doors are closing.

"I'll make sure to do so! Have a good day!" he manages to say before the doors close. He looks back at Lucid who looks at him impressed.

"You just made a friend, a sale, and a date in less than five minutes. You got one hell of a silver tongue, dude," Stubbs chuckles and shrugs.

"That's what the bitches tell me," he jokes.

"I can dig it," Stubbs laughs aloud. Lucid grins and shakes his head. He then presses the button beside him that calls the elevator. While they wait, Stubbs looked at Lucid's tank top.

"Why does your shirt say 'SON'?" he asks.

"It stands for 'Son of Notoriety'," Lucid answers. "It's like my signature name for fighting. I go in the ring, people read my shirt, and they know who I am,"

"Are you good?"

"At fighting? I guess. I usually win, but I just do it for fun. I make some easy cash with it," the elevator door opens and they start to walk inside.

"That's pretty rad. Will I be able to see you fight today?"

"Yeah," he nods. He presses the button and they begin to descend to the main lobby. "I'm fighting this guy named Tyrant. He's a black wolf. People say he's really good. I just hope I can take him,"

"I hope so too, dude," Stubbs says sincerely. "I'm not much of a fighter. I'm usually able to talk my way out of a situation. If the person is too ignorant to listen to reason, then I'll fight,"

"True. For me, I just fight because it's fun. If someone comes up to me or any of the family trying to start shit, I'll fucking kick their ass. But I usually refrain from violence outside the ring," the door opens and they walk out into the lobby. They pad outside and into the cold on their way to Lucid's car; a simple black truck with four doors and snow canopy.

They both get inside and Lucid starts the car. Heat hits them from the AC. Stubbs wonders how Lucid can handle this weather. He himself is wearing a thick black and red plaid flannel with black skinny jeans and black Converse on.

"How are you not cold? You're barely wearing anything!"

"I'm cold blooded, dude. It takes a while before I start to feel it,"

"Oh, true. I forgot you were a lizard,"

“And a gecko,” Lucid corrects. “I’m a leopard gecko and bearded dragon hybrid” he shifts the car out of parking and drives.

“Right. That’s cool as fuck. I’m just a catdog,” Stubbs says disappointed.

“Chill, man. Not like you can choose your species. I was just lucky I guess,” they got onto the streets. Lucid’s car was stick shift unlike Inert’s whose was automatic.

They passed multiple lights. It took 15 minutes before they stopped on the side of the street on the outskirts of the city. To the right was green field, ahead of them were small buildings and stores, behind them was an empty road that led back to the house, and to their left was a gated alleyway.

Lucid got out of the car which signaled for Stubbs to do the same. Stubbs walked to the other side of the car and onto the sidewalk to meet up with his scaly friend. Lucid peered left and right making sure no one was looking and then turned and walked towards the gate leading into the alleyway. Lucid jumped the gate and Stubbs did as well.

They got maybe 20 yards into it when they stopped at a dead end. Stubbs looked at Lucid confused.

“What are we doing here?” he asked. Lucid in response got on a knee, and looked for something in the corner. He found a small rope connected to a wooden hatch camouflaged in the ground. He pulled it upwards and a door opened leading underground. There was a metal ladder to get down.

“Go on in,” Lucid said. Stubbs was hesitant, but he nodded and climbed down the ladder. It took him maybe ten feet down until he hit the cement floor. He looked around; he was in an underground tunnel a good amount of yards long. There was an orange light at the end of it.

Lucid climbed down after Stubbs and closed the hatch. He walked past Stubbs and down the tunnel. They began to hear echoes of people shouting as they got deeper inwards.

“Do not talk to anyone,” he warns. They get to the end. It’s a big ass underground chamber. Long as half a football field, about the same length deep, and there are people chanting and shouting all around this arena. They sat above the fighters on ledges. There were ledges going all the way down the chamber. There were barbed fences around the arena holding people back from the fighting and poking the brawlers if they got too close.

Stubbs walked out of the tunnel. He was standing on cement flooring that extended around the arena. Lucid walked to the right, turned a corner, and Stubbs followed.

They got to a staircase that you had to walk down and then to the right, down and then to the right, and so on. They walked all the way down until they got to the bottom floor. They walked towards the floor of the arena where these two men were fighting; one a German Sheppard, and the other a black wolf. They were matted in blood, puddles and splats on the floor, but they kept throwing punches at each other.

Lucid and Stubbs stopped at the gate. Left and right of them were ledges people were sitting on, cheering on the fight. Far to the left was another staircase that led to a platform where a man was yelling with a megaphone.

"Looks like Runt can't take anymore of Tyrant's shit! *Oh*, Tyrant gets a hit on Runt's jaw and Runt goes down! Runt is *down*! Tyrant's not letting him get up *this* time!" The black wolf is on top of the German Sheppard punching him in the face brutally while he's down. People are yelling rampant in excitement. "Looks like today's not a good day for Runt!" Stubbs is gawking in horror at how merciless the black wolf is. He's literally beating this man's head in!

Suddenly an airhorn sounds over the rampage. The black wolf gets one last punch on the German Sheppard's mangled face and gets up off of him. He lifts his bloodied fists into the air and people shout and whistle in pleasure. The other brawler is destroyed. People open the gate on the other side and rush in and drag the man out of the arena; smearing blood on the floor on their way out. Tyrant walks out after him but takes the other way and onto the ledge on the other side of where Lucid and Stubbs are. He drinks water and rehydrates himself for the next match. The crowd quiets down.

"Dude... Don't tell me you're fighting that guy," Stubbs fears.

"Yeah," Lucid states apathetically. "That's Tyrant," Stubbs's heart drops.

"Dude, that guy is fucking crazy!" Stubbs says scared for his friend. "Do you really want to do this?"

"It's already planned. I can't back out now," Lucid says without emotion. He notices Tyrant get up from his seat, walk around the arena, and towards him and Stubbs. His fur is soaked in blood and sweat.

"Well, look who it is," he starts. "You must be Lucid. I recognize you with those pretty glowing eyes of yours. And who's this cutie?" he looks at Stubbs. "I could eat you right up," he licks his lips. "You two beauties enjoy the show? That'll be you in a few minutes lizard boy,"

"Don't get your hopes up, baby; you haven't seen shit yet," Lucid warns.

“Well, let’s see what you got, motherfucker,” He cupped his hands over his mouth and shouted at the man on the platform. “*Let’s go!*” he announces. The man nods.

“Alriiight! Lucid has arrived and he’s ready to take on our champion Tyrant! Let’s get it *on!*” The crowd starts up again. Tyrant walks towards the gate and opens it for Lucid.

“Ladies first,” he grins. Lucid ignores him and walks in. Tyrant walks in after him and closes the gate. Lucid goes to one corner and Tyrant goes to the other waiting for the start of their fight. Stubbs sits down on the ledge outside the arena and watches hopeful that Lucid won’t get too hurt. All they’re wearing is boxer tape.

“Here we are, children! The time has come for another fight! Tyrant verses Lucid! Who will win?” the man pauses and grabs the airhorn. Tyrant pops his knuckles. “*Fight!*” the airhorn blares.

It begins.

The two brawlers take steps towards each other. “I’m going to make you my bitch,” Tyrant growls, his fists up protecting his face. Lucid ignores him and throws a punch; Tyrant dodges it and gets a hit on Lucid’s jaw. This further angers him. He fakes a punch with his right fist and then hits Tyrant in the jaw with his left. He kicks him in the stomach and he backs up in pain. “You ain’t shit, motherfucker!”

“Then hit me, bitch!” Lucid invites with a smile. Tyrant goes towards Lucid and throws a barrage of punches. Lucid is able to block a few but some get through and hit him in the face, his cyan blood spattering on the floor. He backs up.

Tyrant grins and stomps on Lucid’s feet. Lucid jumps back in pain. He hits the fence and the barbed wire stabs him. The crowd blares. He steps to his right and around Tyrant.

“Nowhere to go, fucker!” Tyrant approaches Lucid confidently but Lucid throws a quick punch and hits the wolf in the face. He stumbles back and Lucid takes this chance to hit him even more. He runs towards the black wolf and kicks him in the face. He falls to his knee and Lucid punches him on the back of his head hard. He hits the floor and Lucid gets on top of him quickly. He starts punching but before he can get any hits on him, Tyrant rolls over and kicks Lucid off him and gets up on his feet.

Lucid gets up and raises his fists. He’s bleeding from his mouth. His shirt has stains of cyan blood on it and his fists are red with Tyrant’s blood. Tyrant rushes

towards him and pushes him on the fence. The barbed fence stabs Lucid and scratches deep in his back. He growls in pain. Tyrant has him against the fence as he punches him in the head. Lucid raises his fist trying to block the damage being done but he is unable to prevent all of them. The crowd screams.

"Lucid's taking a beating!" the man with the megaphone announces. Lucid has enough and pushes Tyrant back. His teeth are clenched now. He goes towards Tyrant and uppercuts him. He punches him in the face again and again his red blood splattering on Lucid and the floor. Tyrant gets a cheap shot at Lucid's groin and he retreats. Tyrant lets out a wicked grin.

"Tyrant hits 'em where it hurts!"

Tyrant kicks Lucid in the face and he falls on his back.

"Fuck, no! Lucid, *get up!*" Stubbs shouts.

"Get up, faggot," Tyrant demands. Lucid, unable to hear either of them, is dazed. Tyrant takes this opportunity to jump on him and hit him in the head a few times before Lucid punches him in the nose instinctively. Lucid manages to get on top of Tyrant and sock him in the snout multiple times. Tyrant unsheathes his claws and scratches up Lucid's stomach.

"Ahh! *fuck!*" Lucid screams. His stomach is dripping blue blood onto Tyrant's black fur. Tyrant takes this moment to get on top of Lucid and choke him while banging his head on the stone floor! A brutal maneuver!

"Looks like it's over now!"

No! Come on, Lucid!

Lucid's blood starts to splat from the back of his head. As he slowly loses consciousness, he growls loudly, "Fuck you," He knees Tyrant in the balls as revenge for *his* cheap shot.

Tyrant loses his breath and Lucid stumbles to his feet and kicks Tyrant's arm. It makes a loud snap and the crowd goes crazy. Tyrant screams in agony and Lucid punches him in the face. His red blood soars and stains the floor under him. Lucid wraps his hand around his neck and chokes him out while banging *his* head on the floor. It smashes on the ground and blood drips from his skull. The blood draining from Tyrant's head gets thicker and thicker until the airhorn sounds and Lucid stops. He pushes himself up by placing his hand on Tyrant's face; His claws glow lightly but no one notices.

He stumbles to his feet, blood seeping out of his head. He's dizzy and exhausted. He's panting. He probably got a concussion from the fight. He makes horns with his hands and raises them in the air as he sticks his blue, split, tongue out. The crowd cheers excited.

Tyrant is lying on the floor motionless. The puddle of red blood around his head is getting bigger. People come in and drag him out of the arena. Lucid opens the gate and walks out still panting. Stubbs rushes towards him.

"Dude, are you alright?" Stubbs asks worried. Lucid makes a fist and places it at his mouth. His claws glow lightly as he inhales and exhales putting his fist down. It looked as though he coughed.

"Yeah, I'm cool," He sits on the ledge out of breath. Stubbs sits beside him.

"That was fucking *gnarly*, dude! Is Tyrant cool?"

"Yeah," he takes a breath. "He'll be fine,"

"That was fucking *wicked*! You did *great*!" Stubbs says impressed as fuck. Lucid chuckles.

"Let's get out of here, dude," Lucid stands and walks towards the stairs out of the arena; Stubbs follows. They walk up the stairs and onto the top level except they go towards the back of the arena this time.

"Where are we going?" Stubbs asks. Lucid doesn't hear him and he approaches a cement wall with glass and a woman behind it. She's a white rabbit with piercings, cut up undershirt, and baggy jeans on. Her white fur is dirty.

"You did good, Lucid," she says as they approach the glass.

"Thanks, Brin," He says without a smile. He looks towards the bottom of the glass where there's a slot to pass stuff through.

"Here's your worth," She grabs a fat wad of cash full of \$100's and places it in the slot. Lucid quickly grabs it and hands it to Stubbs who is awestruck.

"Put this in your pocket quick," Stubbs obeys. He is in shock. They walk away from the glass and down the hall to the tunnel.

"Dude, holy fuck," Stubbs starts. "How much—"

"Not here," Lucid interrupts. They approach the tunnel. They walk into it and down towards the ladder. They climb up and out of the arena.

Fresh air.

Lucid and Stubbs climb out of the tunnel and into the cold alleyway. As soon as the hatch closes, Lucid puts his hand to his stomach and his claws glow and scales glow cyan. They walked towards Lucid's car without saying a word. It was sprinkling rain lightly. After hopping the gate, they got into the car, started it, and drove off.

Lucid hovered his hand behind his head while driving. Blue mist was between his hand and his head.

"Lemme see that money," he orders. Stubbs reaches in his pocket and pulls out the wad of cash. Lucid grabs it and looks at it while driving.

"How much is that?" Stubbs asks.

"Supposed to be \$10,000,"

"Ten-*thousand* fucking dollars?"

"Yup,"

"Ten... Thousand..." he trailed off. "*This* nigga," He shook his head in shock.

"I get a lot for this shit, bro. That's part of the reason why I love doin' it," he smiles. "You want another O? Let's get some pizza while we're at it," he sticks out his tongue and it waves around. He's obviously happy with what he got.

"Dude, I ain't got nothin' but love for you!" he laughs in joy. They set off to a pizza place.