

Mugpie

A BROKEN FIGHTER

2020

One

In this world nothing was simple. Ran by the carnivorous species in the most places, the feathery flockers were perceived a little less than a citizen. Even with recent reforms to make it a little bit better. The avians, after centuries, were reduced to a mere enjoyment for the other species. The worst of all – regardless if they ate meat or not.

Everyone wanted to see some blood time to time.

Denver was a black Asil chicko, trained since proper age to fight and kill other combatants. And to listen to the trainers and owners. He already switched hands a few times due to quite above average skills.

Right now he was owned by Cario Santana: a tall cheetah male who owned a small firm somewhere in the city. Of course, Denver only heard about the city but never went there. However, the cheetah had a fancy house in the outskirts of the city that could be considered country already. If anything, the asil chicko could only see the tall buildings from afar, if let outside to walk around and not to grow stuporous in rather small enclosed space. It was bigger than the prison cell for sure, but still not very pleasant to be for a longer time.

And that constant light and dark switch at the same time everyday. It basically blended every single one into the timeless mess consisting of "get up, eat, fight, eat, fight more, go to bed" steps. Sometimes having a short break but it was a rarity.

Once in a month, Denver had always been taken to a fancy building that everyone nicknamed the "Hen House" but was nothing more than a breeding place, faking its normality as a fancy club for feathery fighters. In fact, it was the only "normal" place where the black chicken guy would

get some relax. Even with rather questionable underlining of entire organization in there, as Denver – if he was lucky and won a fight – could lay a few hens. So the more fighters could be bred, again and again.

All that however had a grim price.

That night belonged to Denver, as he was to fight a fight with some falcon. Nothing unusual outside the province, but for the place the black asil belonged to it was a novum, as the entire fighting ring had only used the roosters and male chickens.

And Denver never fought with any falcon before. Only one of the older fighters had that privilege but lost horribly. Then ended up as a food afterwards. Nobody liked the severe losers, even – or rather especially – after the remarkable achievements.

Cario walked into his cabin and looked at the black feather. His spotty appearance had always been a thing Denver liked in his recent owner and the bird could swear he was no older than by just a mere decade.

"You look healthy for today's fight, Denver." The spotty male placed his hand onto the other's chest and rubbed at it. "I have a good faith into you, given how good was your career in the ring. Just look where you are now."

Despite being the actual owner in this forsaken shady area, Cario was rather a good guy. Or at least appeared to be so. It made the black chicken a bit more confident into being touched and even leant into that at times, giving out a soft spot in this violence-ridden underworld.

Then he felt the cheetah's maw around his neck. Denver closed his eyes. Yes, that feline was a heavy avian fetishist. He loved the flockers in

a more intimate sense than just liking their appearance and uses for the amusement of many. That included more physical contact with them.

As it was a form of amusement too.

"Sir, I am having a fight today. I think we shouldn't--"

The cheetah placed a finger on his beak and looked deep into his eyes. Denver sighed and turned around, dropping his own shorts and leant against the bed. He could hear the silent sound of a zipper and shuffle of other male's pants. The clawed fingers slowly grasped the black chicken male's arms. Denver felt his owner inside and clenched his talons. The bed started creaking under them as the man slowly had his fun with the flocker, thrust after thrust.

Two

"Ladies and gentlemen! We gathered here to see a fight of the century! Our glorious city has never seen such a fight between the numerous city-fighter, Denver the Black Asil and the...!"

The announcement filled the speakers set around a small ring used for major cockfighting. There was a lot of spectators of various species, lacking only the common flock. Of course, no one from the birds would even sit there. Maybe in the other country.

Denver looked at his rival. It was a beautiful-feathered falcon. He could already notice that the opponent was from the Far East, given the quite uncommon to the country Denver lived in. Before he could take another glance, he was blinded by a storm of flashlights, as the reporters also were present in there. Despite being celebrity, the local media preferred to watch the foreign flocker.

The ring was soaked with yesterday's rain. The black Asil chicken could hear it through the entire day in his cell, as it banged against the window. Of course, he couldn't sleep as well so he basically spent the entire night on looking at that window and thinking about what was to happen.

And that "what was to happen" moment was now.

"We're good!" the cheetah screamed into his earhole to shout over the crowd gathered around the fighting ring. "If you win, you'll fuck as many hens as you want! Even the foreign ones!"

That thought, for some odd reason, couldn't make Denver happy. The black chicken just nodded and faked the smile. Thankfully, Cario didn't even notice and went to his own special place to spectate over the match. Of course, it wasn't fight to life and death, otherwise media wouldn't be here. But the falcon, despite his sleekness and supposed fragility, had something in his eyes. A soul of actual fighter who had seen a lot of fights, likely ending many of them with murder on the scene. That however, these news guys, would not even mention on these mainstream magazines.

The Asil chicken stood on the one end of the circle, dressed in shorts. His opponent, the falcon – named Hijoroshi – stood at the other side. There was some blarging out of the speakers, but they blended into the cheering of the crowd. And Denver didn't need those, as he needed to focus on Hijoroshi who could be a bit tougher than the usual motley he had met on the rings so far.

The loud gong followed, announcing start of the fight.

Denver had to sidestep, as he was almost hit with feet-talons into the face by the falcon. The light flyable skeleton gave the foreigner a lot of advantage over the black Asil chicken male, yet the latter wasn't really

a greenhorn. The chicken made yet another dodge and ended up with his hands onto Hijoroshi's feathers, clawing his feathers with a loud rustle. The opponent screeched in response and hit Denver right into the face. That wasn't anything new, but it was hard to avoid two other blows. Anyone else, including a quite few carnivores from the crowd, would basically fall down after them, but not the black bird as he was rather used to it.

The fight lasted for a few good minutes, with a lot of blows exchanged and dodged. Denver quickly realized that the biggest weakness of the falcon was his lightness as despite being light he had very little mass to offer. A few times Hijoroshi even ended outside the ring – what would promptly end up the fight. Although the local fighter didn't want to finish it quickly. A lot of people usually made bets over certain length of the match, not just for winning it. Cario had a great deal with it, so having a few more bruises also meant a better sort treatment Denver would receive in the end. But right when the black Asil was about to deliver his hidden blow, something unexpected happened.

He slipped over the wet mud and fell onto his back. Before anyone could react, Hijoroshi utilized that fact to the fullest potential by kicking Denver into the chest, disabling his respiration for a brief moment. As the black chicken couldn't get up, the foreigner made yet another kick and slowly slid the claws through the other's chest, tearing out the feathers and flesh through it.

Denver couldn't hear it, but he – as once very proud right warrior – made a very loud screech full of pain and terror. Some of the watched simply covered the ears, hearing the sound as if someone has been

butchering one of the avians before cooking them. The sound, however, wasn't that far from truth, as not only the blood slowly soaked down through the feathers and mud, but chunks of the body were basically removed. Small ones, but in a very painful and bloody way.

The loud double gong ended the fight. The fight ended. But Denver couldn't know that in state of shock. His mind, to avoid the pain, simply turned itself off.

Three

Denver woke up on the sanitary bed back in the small farm that Cario owned. It was already dawning. When the black bird wanted to get up, he quickly felt it was a very bad idea due to pain under the bandages. After a while and a few deep breaths, he looked up and the cheetah.

The latter however had a very neutral face. Even cold, to some extent.

"Denver..."

"Sir?"

The spotty feline sighed and placed his hand over his own forehead.

"You lost the fight and I had to pay off a lot of money to the ones who wanted to win you. Yet you failed and I am not happy with that."

Denver wanted to say something, but Cario continued.

"Moreover, whereas I'm not in any debt, I need to consider selling you out. This was supposed to be a damn great fight!" the cheetah almost growled, but quickly stopped with a smile. "Good thing is that it was a public fight, so you won't end up as a stew. However, your body will need to recover a bit."

The black Asil chicken said nothing, just looked away.

"That scar will never disappear, as your feathers were torn out in a very brutal way by that Hijoroshi guy. He won and gathered all the good stuff you could have. But at least, you are alive."

"And I failed you."

Cario shook his head and closed his eyes, sitting on the bed.

"True. And you'll never regain the same respect. Not after this fight and not after this scar. Damn, it was a disaster..." the cheetah touched the other's chest. "Someone else would sell you into butchery and make a soup out of you. Ended up as a very expensive and delicate post-fight dish for the hungry bellies. Including mine."

The Asil chicken male looked at his master with terror in his face, however it were rules of the world. Nobody cared, in the end, for the fighters.

"But I have different taste. Once you heal up, I shall make you way hardened than before. Even if not of the first league anymore, worldwide, at least you will learn from this failure and repay the debt. In addition, you also have a three months ban from the Hen House... I shall not get money for your seed."

The cheetah's fingers went down under the sheets towards Denver's underbelly. The latter gasped and clenched his eyes, releasing a moan as the spotty owner squished his manhood hard.

"That however has a very good upside. After all, it makes you mine... and only mine."

Characters belong to their respective owners.

~Mugpie on Weasyl

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