

"You sure you wanna play hero kid?" The kangaroo smirked, flanked by two of his crew, a wolf and a cheetah. The three of them slowly approached, each brandishing their own blunt instruments menacingly. They stepped forward slowly, glaring down the young fox who was foolish enough to interrupt on their fun." Well, we're all yours then" The roo licked his lips, tongue trailing along his snout to lick the bit of blood that leaked from his nose. "Course you're gonna have to punch a hell of a lot harder than that now that you have our full attention."

The fox shifted, taking a step backwards and feeling his back bump into the alley wall. He raised his trembling fists to fighting level, meeting the gaze of the trio baring down on him. Escape was unlikely, especially when fully cornered. He knew he'd have to fight to make an opening to even get a chance at fleeing. Even though he shook with fear the would-be hero held firm, watching as his assailants bore down on him

Two of the trio spread out, flanking from the sides. The wolf moved to the left, lifting the baseball bat from his shoulder, gripping it with both hands as his fangs glimmered in a broad smile displaying a hunger for bloodlust. To the right, the cheetah stepped in closer wearing an angry snarl. He swung a length of chain, spinning it threateningly. Finally the kangaroo stepped forward approaching straight on with a cold glare. He tapped a crowbar against the flat of his palm with every step forward. The roo, obviously the leader of the three, took the initiative. He suddenly charged in and swung hard for the fox's face.

The fox yelped and put his arms up defensively, wincing in pain as he felt the impact go straight to the bone, no doubt cracking it at the very least. The young vulpine grit his teeth and made a grab for the weapon, attempting to disarm one assailant atleast. He missed the crowbar, trying to grab the roo in a clumsy arm lock and receiving a knee to his gut in retaliation. Now gasping for breath, the fox found himself spun around and pulled back standing, the cold metal bar pressed against his throat.

The fox's assailant tightened his grip, bar under his opponent's chin, cutting off his air. The kangaroo laughed while his victim gasped for air and struggled. He grinned sadistically watching the fox futilely attempt to push the bar off his windpipe "Well, looks like you might have some fight in ya-" The mocking words were cut short as the roo felt the vulpine's heel stomp hard on his large foot and the smaller mammal's elbow slam itself into the kangaroo's paunchy gut. He doubled over as the air was knocked out of him, his grip loosening enough for the fox to duck down and escape only to be caught in the side by a heavy blow.

The wolf's bat hit hard against the fox's gut, sending him tumbling forward. The fox fell to his knees clutching his gut while gasping and coughing. "Aww don't run the fun is just starting!" The wolf cackled as he stepped up from behind, a manic grin across his snout as he raised the bat with both hands high above his head. The sickening crack of bone echoed the alleyway as the wolf brought the bat down hard. The fox screamed out in pain trembling choking back a sob as he crumpled to the floor curled up.

"Hey!" The roo yelled out, his voice gruff and low "I told you not to go for the head till *after* we've taught them a lesson!"

"Relaaaax I just smashed his shoulder real good. Remember they don't usually scream like that when you crack their skull." The wolf pointed out before giving the fox a sharp kick making him squirm and whine "See? He's still plenty conscientious."

"I think you mean 'conscious'." corrected the cheetah.

"That's what I said!"

"Boys please, we can talk definitions later. But yes, good boy Walter, you didn't get carried away this time." The kangaroo gave the wolf a pat as he praised his lacky. He used a foot to force the fox on his back, pushing the heel of his boot into the shattered shoulder, making his victim yelp and writhe. "Yes, he's good and lucid, perfect." The leader of the group leaned forward, putting more weight on the fox, feeling the broken bone and joint shift and crack all the more. "Wouldn't want our friend here to miss such an important lesson. You see little hero, when picking a fight you should know your limits. Sure our first little plaything got away, but all you've really done is trade places. I know what you're thinking. Better me than them right? It's a downright shame for people to think like that this day and age. So now my associates and I will have to break you of this little martyrdom habit of yours." He stomped hard making the fox yelp again.

The fox writhed and tensed curling under the kangaroo's heel, futilely grasping and tugging on the marsupial's ankle. "P-please.." he whimpered, the pain and helplessness of the situation sapping the foolish fox of his fighting drive. "I'm.. I'm sorry! Let me go!"

"If only it were so simple." The kangaroo sighed. "But a few frantic words of apology is no guarantee you won't relapse in the future. We need to give you incentive to remember this. A nice reminder of what happens when you butt into the affairs of others. Now answer me this: Why did you act? What compelled you to blindsight me with that punch?"

"You were mugging someone.."The fox muttered through his gritted teeth between gasps of pain "I-I thought I had to act. I just.. My legs moved on their own-"

"And before you knew it you had landed that sucker punch." The roo interjected, rolling his eyes. "Stand him up." He ordered to the other two. "That Is what I was afraid of." His attention turned back to the fox who was now being pulled back to his feet roughly by the arms. "Acting without thinking. A troublesome habit, can be quite difficult to break." The kangaroo approached, spinning the crowbar by its curved hook, almost like a cane. "But lucky for you I think I have a perfect thing to help provide a constant reminder" He flashed a menacing grin,

baring his teeth with sadistic glee as he took hold of the straight end of his crow bar with both hands.

The fox's ears laid back, a fearful whimper escaping him as he began to struggle and kick. "W-wait! I-I'll remember I swear!" His pleas fell on deaf ears. The only response to his struggles being a tightening grip on his good arm and pulling it up behind his back and a forearm around his neck.

"You'd better hold still." A low voice purred into the fox's ear. "Wouldn't want the boss to miss. Otherwise he'll just have to take even more swings." The cheetah spoke into the captive's ear, swishing his tail slowly as his arm tightened around the helpless and trembling fox.

Crunch! The roo's swing hit home, shattering the fox's left knee. Yelps and sobs of pain echoed through the alleyway as a few more swings impacted the leg, cracking bone causing the lower leg to bend sideways in an unnatural angle. Bits of bone now protruded from the bloody mess that was once a leg. The fox could only gasp and sob shivering in pain, tears streaming down his cheeks.

"There now, you certainly won't forget all this so easily won't you?" The kangaroo spoke in a cold firm tone as he brought the bloodstained curve of the bar up to the fox's chin using it to lift the quivering broken vulpine's gaze to his own. "Won't you?" He repeated for emphasis.

"Y-yes.." the fox nodded weakly choking the word out between his agonized weeping as tears rolled down his cheeks.

"Good" The leader nodded, signaling the other two to let go, letting the fox collapse to the ground as they left their victim in the cold damp alleyway to crawl back home.