

An impromptu street fight between two heavyweight canines leads to unexpected results.

Street Fight: Stefan vs. Blue

Leaning against the side of his green Lamborghini Huracan Peformante Spyder, Stefan checks his watch repeatedly. His antsy feeling is evident by his body language - the muscular wolf is tapping his pawfoot against the asphalt and his tail is wagging in a moderate pace.

"Where is he?? I requested him to meet up here about half an hour ago! Man, he's got some serious explaining to do once he gets here." The wolf's lamentation is evident in his complaint, and the cream Nike shorts he's wearing only adds to the situation - this was a fight scene that Stefan was waiting to take part in.

His hands and feet are already laced up, so all Stefan can do now is wait for his rival to show up. Growing more agitated, the wolf exhales through his nose. But when he begins to step away, he catches some movement from the corner of his eye, which happens to be a car of some kind approaching.

Coming out of an alleyway in a gravel-crunching roll is a Black Cherry colored Nissan GT-R NISMO (R35) which pulls up behind the Huracan Peformante Spyder to park. Upon noticing the driver, Stefan crosses his arms while huffing, "About time you showed up."

Stepping out of his own R35, a profusely sweating Blue slams the door behind him, only to come face-to-face with a visibly annoyed Stefan; pointing a finger at the canine before him, Stefan quips, "You got some explaining to do, pal! You're 30 minutes late!"

Blue rubs his neck while a rosy tint colors his muzzle from embarrassment. He explains, "Some geeks thought it would be a fun move to try and carjack me. Wrong move on their part - beating them up proved to be handy... and time-consuming." Seeing the angry look on Stefan's face makes Blue raise his hands defensively, "Look man, I'm

sorry! What would you expect me to do, just let them run with my machine?"

Still angry, Stefan reasons with Blue, "What if they had a gun or a knife? What would you have done then?"

Blue scoffs and waves a dismissive hand to his objection. He informs the wolf, "They had knives, that's for sure. But if you watched it for yourself, you'd think they would actually know how to use them. Do you really think I would be here if those scumbags weren't sloppy? You're talking to a professional fighter, here!"

Stefan cracks his knuckles in argument, "I'm a professional as well, but I am not stupid. Unless you have proof that you weren't cut, my point still stands."

"Always the salty one, eh? Guess I'll be the one bashing the saltiness out of you." Blue challenged in a joking manner.

"Oh for the love of..." Stefan smacks himself on the forehead in frustration, "Dude, this is no time for jokes!"

"Can't be all hard and serious every single time now, can we?" Blue smirked at the wolf in return. He waves for Stefan to follow him while insinuating, "Now come on, we have business to attend to."

"More like a fighting match. That's for sure." Stefan moans further while begrudgingly following the German Shepherd.

(BGM: Live Forever - Hyper [NFS Rivals OST])

The wolf follows Blue into an adjacent alleyway away from their vehicles, coming to an abandoned street to use as their venue. Then, without warning, Blue whirls around and nails Stefan hard in the stomach.

WHAM!

"OH- Hey!!" Initially, Stefan nearly doubles over, clutching his six pack from the sudden collision. His demanding glare only makes Blue laugh in derision with the canine admonishing him, "Gotta be ready at all times, bro. Now let's get fightin'!"

"Oh, you're on!" Straightening up, Stefan meets Blue head-on where both canines assume their fighting stances, ready to take each other on.

After deflecting another swift hook aimed for his stomach, Stefan sends a swift hook of his own into Blue's side, ramming his fist hard into the canine. The impact actually knocks some wind out of blue, forcing the German Shepherd to step back to catch his breath.

Blue catches his side for a bit to recover, panting, "Man, you're a tank! But we'll see which one of us is stronger!"

The moment Blue recovers is the moment Stefan swings hard, sinking his left fist into Blue's abs. The German Shepherd doesn't even have a chance to actually recover and speak upon taking a heavy hit to the stomach, the impact actually lifting him off the ground!

WHAM!

Doubled over in a coughing fit, Blue is left wheezing with his hands on his knees. But in spite of the intense pain his stomach is going through, the German Shepherd refuses to quit. He slowly straightens himself up, gasping for air. Between breaths, Blue pants, "You really are... a monster...!"

Huffing through his nose, Stefan knocks his fists together and delivers another swing to deck Blue across the left side of his face, only for the German Shepherd to duck underneath the incoming fist. In return, Blue retaliates with a punishing foot to Stefan's stomach in punishment.

"!" Stefan recoils a bit from the impact, only to deflect a second kick away. Then he steps back to deliver a series of fast kicks to Blue's face.

The German Shepherd fighter barely had any time to react with his head snapping around at least four times from four different impacts. Blue barely has time to recover and he shields his face to block another incoming kick. When Stefan steps back to recover, he takes note of the German Shepherd guarding his face. In a taunting manner, the wolf delivers another sweeping kick to Blue's stomach and quips, "Scared of having your face damaged, Pretty Boy?"

After being nailed further with kicks to the chest and stomach from his rival, Blue steps back once more to recover, shaking his head to regain his bearings. While the German Shepherd is hardly able to fight back, he is otherwise impressed with Stefan's fighting ability, though there is just one flaw. This he notices in the wolf's expression right as Stefan initiates a haymaker going directly for his face.

Blue leaps up with a jump kick to strike the attacking wolf on the right side of his face, turning the wolf's momentum against him whilst canceling the haymaker. Watching the 6'6 wolf tumble to the concrete, Blue assumes his fighting stance again while observing his rival.

Coughing mildly, Stefan picks himself up and assumes his own fighting stance. With a soft chuckle, Blue finally comes forward and comments, "You have a very powerful fighting style," Blue uses his arms to deflect and shield his face from a pair of high kicks aimed for his face, "very aggressive, too. But there's one problem."

Stefan launches a left uppercut, only for Blue to swing his body to the side to evade. The German Shepherd used this opportunity to whack the wolf in the face with a straight jab, only for the burly wolf to shake it off. More focused on the fight, Stefan attempts another uppercut for Blue's stomach, only to be kicked in the same area himself, canceling this out. Growing exhausted, Stefan mildly drops his guard, the information still ringing in his mind and ears. He pants, "And what would that be, Mr. Know-It-All?"

WHAM!

"OOF!!!" Blue sinks his right fist into Stefan's abs this time, knocking the wolf off the ground briefly. But after landing back on his feet, the tri-colored wolf struggles to straighten himself up, clutching his abs. Now forced on the defensive, Stefan has to recover his breath to continue the fight.

Blue snorts in mild irritation from the mocking nickname that Stefan addressed him with, yet he ignores it completely and explains what the problem is between breaths, "I can see it in your expression. You're angry constantly, and your aggression is what fuels it. This is what leads to your eventual downfall. You need to remain calm and not focus on ending the match so quickly."

Stefan pants, "Yeah, thanks for the info. Oh man, I think we both have some broken bones. I can actually feel my ribs - bruised and broken."

Blue smirks at Stefan, insisting, "We don't quit until one of us goes down." Blue goes on to dish out a pair of jabs to the wolf's face, knocking him back once more. Stefan, however, stubbornly refuses to quit. Fighting the intense pain, the burly wolf begins to straighten up and recover, only to block and deflect a series of mixed jabs and kicks from his rival, leaving Blue to step back and recover once more.

In an attempt to fake Stefan out, Blue goes right and attempts a left hook, only to strike thin air with Stefan ducking underneath. And after coming back up, the wolf motions for Blue to come on, goading the German Shepherd to strike. Blue only laughs it off, shaking his head. "Whatever, anything to make your ego big."

The wolf bluntly retorts, "I have no ego; just still mad that you were still late." Using an arm to block an incoming kick, Stefan relaxes and returns to his stance, panting.

Defensively, Blue quips, "Not my fault some dumb robbers attempted to jack me! That was unexpected and I would have arrived on time if it

wasn't for that!" The German Shepherd attempts a jab, only to be blocked once again by an arm. However, Blue tries again with a left swing, but Stefan counters by decking him in the face with a kick to the head. This leaves the German Shepherd seeing stars after a flash of white colors his vision. Stefan then uses this opportunity to finish the disoriented fighter once and for all by bringing his foot up in a sweeping kick to Blue's face, hitting him on the left side of his face and sending him toppling onto the ground, stars floating around his head.

Seeing the downed fighter before him, Stefan remains active in his stance for a bit before finally relaxing and exhaling heavily, pushing hot air out of his burning lungs. The wolf then ambles his way over to the German Shepherd and proceeds to plop down beside him, eventually lying on his back.

Catching his breath next to the downed German Shepherd, Stefan rasps, "I did it... hah...! Oh man, my ribs...!"

Blue comes around and wakes up several minutes later following his knockout, and he slowly rolls onto his feet to see Stefan resting on his back. Upon seeing the resting wolf, the German Shepherd kneels down and stretches his hand out, silently begging the wolf to accept his help. Wordlessly, the burly wolf takes the hand, allowing Blue to lift him up where the two engage in a sort of celebratory hug of sorts.

"Eek! My ribs!" Stefan groans from the intense pain, leaving the German Shepherd to quickly break off the embrace. Then he starts to laugh softly, earning a confused look from the wolf. The dog then comments, "You did surprisingly well for someone in the heavyweight division. I haven't racked up a lot of losses under my belt but this... I'm amazed at your style, bud. How do you fight so well and hard?"

The bruised wolf rubs the back of his head at first and then objects in a pointed manner, "This coming from the same guy who said I have a major flaw in my fighting style. I tend to focus more on the right

itself and coming out on top. I train with my brother a lot, too. We're kinda equal."

"True, your problem is with your aggression but flaw or not, you're still amazing. Maybe I can help you with that, too." Blue gingerly smiles at Stefan, offering to assist the wolf with his training.

Stefan hums in thought briefly, pondering over the information. After some deliberation, he admits, "We need to work on our abs more, improve our core strength."

"Ah, I see. You can't handle gut punches well?" In his bruised state, Blue rears his left arm back and delivers a moderate hook to Stefan's abs as a test, leaving the wolf to double over, clutching his stomach.

"I told you my ribs are broken!!" Stefan barks in alarm and irritation.

"Sorry, man. I was just doing a test." A faint blush of red colors Blue's face in embarrassment. It leaves just as fast when the German Shepherd maneuvers himself to help the wolf up, even using himself as support. He adds with a chuckle, "We're both busted up, no doubt about that. So let's just go to a hospital, retire for now, and work on some training."

The bruised canines begin their slow journey back to their vehicles. Along the way, Stefan's face lights up in realization, "Oh, I almost forgot! I wanted to give you something earlier."

"Yeah? What present did you have for me?" Blue grins at the wolf beside him in inquiry. Yet to his surprise, Stefan explains, "Just a simple business card in case you want to talk to us. My brother and I are also lawyers specializing in criminal defense but we're open to other avenues of law service."

Bewildered and astonished, Blue begins laughing again, "You? Your brother?? Lawyers?? I'm shocked!! How are you two able to practice law and be in the fighting world at the same time??"

"Our law careers are secondary, more like a hobby than our main trade. And that's if our schedules allow it. Sometimes we're free together, sometimes only one of us is available." Stefan explained as best as he could.

"I see... I never knew that part about you until now." Blue commented, amazed. When the two finally reach their cars, Stefan dips into his Huracan to retrieve a business card from his blue suit jacket, handing it to Blue, "Our information is here - phone number and address is on the bottom. Give us a call if you ever want to hit us up."

Accepting the card, Blue eagerly hugs the wolf again, causing the tri-colored beast to flinch from the pain again. After a few seconds, Stefan sighs and slowly hugs Blue in return, leaving the German Shepherd frozen in place and resting his head on his shoulder. Stefan's tail also begins to wag mildly from side to side, signaling his own relaxation.