

# **Blood Once Lost**

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*Story is a WIP. Fight scenes suck and are too quick, but I'm working on that. Hopefully within the next fight I'll be able to pull out some good stuff. Story got screwed up during upload. Quotes are missing...*

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**Chapter 1 - Blood Once Lost**

**2**

# 1 - Blood Once Lost

Now introducing, the next challenger to the Iron Fist Tournament, as well as first timer, direct blood relation of Bryan Fury... Mike Fury! A large crowd begins to boo loudly as a well built young man walks into the ring. And his opponent, returning champion of Iron Fist Tournament, Paul Phoenix! The eruption of applause and cheering and screaming is nearly deafening, and Mike has to cover his ears for the first few moment. As the noise dies down, Mike starts to stretch out, cracking his neck a couple of times before popping his knuckles.

Don't bother warming up! Paul smirks as he eyes up the newcomer. You don't have a snowball's chance in hell against me, rookie. Mike merely scoffs at Paul's comments, gripping his ankle as he raises his leg behind him, tensing up his leg before letting go. Is that all you're going to do, you wuss? The fighter opposite of Paul looks at him, a small blaze lit in his eyes. Oh, I seem to have struck a nerve. As they move towards the center of the ring, Mike takes an early shot at Paul, punching him powerfully in the side of the head. The audience jeers the cheap shot whilst Paul shakes off the blow, laughing quietly. The announcer declares the start of round one, and Paul immediately charges, nailing Mike with an elbow shot to the solar plexus, causing the up and comer to stumble backwards unsteadily, coughing violently as he tries to regain his composure. Paul smirks at the other fighter, and clutches his hands together, forming a double fist. He raises them above his head and brings them down with tremendous force, slamming them onto Mike's head, causing him to fall to the ground. He does not move a muscle purposefully for quite a few seconds, the only signs of life coming from him are his breathing, and the occasional muscle spasm. The bell rings, announcing the end of the match, Paul winning by KO. When he awakens, Mike is lying in an infirmary bed. He looks about slowly, trying to regain his sight, which is blurred horrible.

Damnit... he grumbles as he sits up.

Don't do that! a female voice snaps at him. He looks to his left to see a silhouette standing before him. He rubs his eyes, his vision returning. He then realizes he's staring directly at a young woman no older than he; she has short brown hair that has been spiked, a pair of slim-rimmed glasses in front of her eyes. He scans her, not knowing what to make.

Why the hell should I listen to you? he mutters as he forces himself to stand, but sways and falls back onto the bed. Damn... I HATE losing! he bellows as he throws a punch at nothing. I shouldn't have lost that fight!

Wake up, you idiot! He was the defending champion! This was your first fight in the King Of The Iron Fist tournament! What the hell did you expect to happen? You kicking his @\$ in five seconds flat? You should be happy Paul didn't get you back for that cheap shot you took at him in the first place! Mike glares at her, as though able to burn a hole through her. You know I'm right. That's the only reason why you're mad. Now stay in bed. You need to rest... Mike shuts his eyes and falls into a deep slumber. Three days later, he is released from the hospital, and starts a long trek back to the battleground that is the Iron Fist Tournament. He looks at the rankings and finds himself in dead last, which doesn't surprise him at all.

Sonuvadog... He makes his way to the front office, demanding to know his next opponent. A large wrestler with a jaguar mask approaches from behind and places a hand on his shoulder. Mike spins around to face King, the fighter he's looked up to since a child. No... King shakes his head. Then what? If I'm not fighting you, why are you here with me right now?

King is being gracious enough to take you under his wing. Mike shakes his head and goes to punch the masked fighter, who simply grabs Mike by the wrist, spins around, and hurls him over his shoulder. Mike slams into the wall with such force that it sends him through, causing part of the wall to collapse on top of him. As he picks himself up off the floor, he catches a kick under the chin, flying up towards the ceiling. King leaps up and tries to grab hold of him, but Mike manages to slip through his grasp, and grips King by the neck. He places his head under his arm and drops to the floor, slamming the top of King's head hard into the tiles, cracking them severely. Mike stands up and kicks King hard in the side before walking away.

Stupid bastard! Mike spits. He walks into the ring, where there is already a fight going on. He leans against the wall of the entrance tunnel, watching Jin Kazama and Craig Marduk battle it out. During the match, Mike begins to study both fighter's techniques, strengths, and weaknesses. After the match is over, Jin winning it with an amazing lightning screw uppercut that Mike had heard about but never seen until this moment, he makes his way back to the office. Who's my next fight? he inquires firmly.

You're next fight will be tomorrow against Craig.