

Underground Gym

Part 3 - Revenge is a dish best served wet...

A vicious attack by Gemma Rox

Blood trickled down my face and ran off into the rain soaked gutters as I lay there, panting, crying and cursing. I struggled to right myself, my right arm was useless but I managed to finally roll onto my back and sit up through excruciating pain. For 30 minutes I sat there, the pouring rain offering no respite as I cried and cried but after I was all sobbed out I started to smoulder, a quiet rage that had been nestled deep within growing louder and louder, the cold rain did nothing to smother the burning fire in my belly as I shook, not from the cold weather... not out of fear... not out of shock but with pure untamed wrath! That bitch will pay... THAT BITCH WILL PAY!!!

6 hours earlier...

It's been 3 weeks since my first successful fight at the gym, the money certainly helped make life easier but I decided not to let it go to my head just yet, maybe the odd restraint here, a night out there. Life, for once, was pretty damn good! No university until September and my birthday just around the corner, my friends by my side and the city of Cardiff at my feet! Dressed in my favourite little goth chick get up a red and black tartan mini skirt with fishnet's and New Rock boots and a frilly black blouse covering a corset showing entirely too much breast but who cares! IT'S SATURDAY NIGHT!!!

We laughed and giggled from pub to bar to club, bouncing around the city, enjoying it's hospitality until we hit O'Neil's bar on the corner of St Mary's St... I was a little shocked at who I saw smoking on the door way... Katie... the girl who sparked off my whole wrestling experience and in a strange sort of way, the girl I owe my new found prosperity too. But I doubt she see's things quite so philosophical as I do...

"oh... um... Hi Gemma, I...uh... wasn't expecting to see you hear" she greets meekly I'm taken aback by her timid nature, the usual arrogant, self-righteous bitch of a personality nowhere to be seen.

"uh... hey there Katie... look... I'm not looking for any trouble here tonight" I start before she cuts me off

"oh god no! I didn't want to... look, can we chat a little, maybe clear the air?" she asks and to be honest I was rather glad! This is a small city and we're going to run into each other sooner or later, might as well be civil to each other!

I was amazed at the transformation! Katie went on to tell me how the money had really gone to her head and she bounced around the city looking for trouble wherever she could find it! She even thanked me for standing up to her!!! I was lost for words, the self-motivated, machine like precision

of a medical student suddenly melted and underneath was this lovely girl who just wanted a break from all the pressures of life! I never even looked at things from her point of view before, a pushy family of surgeons all demanding the same level of greatness from their offspring, the crushing feeling when her brother was cast out of the family for daring to aspire to another dream, she's 22 and she's never been allowed to live a day in her life! I felt awful, I judged her just like everyone else did then blamed her for becoming a loner and a shut out.

But tonight I was going to make amends! We drank we danced and we partied all night long! Our friends having long since retired. "Lightweights!" We laughed as we carried on until the last club kicked us out! All night Katie insisted on buying the drinks, joking "When YOU get 3 winning pay checks under you're belt, remember us losers and don't be tight with your purse!" I don't think I've laughed this much in months! How could I have judged her so wrong!

We snuck out a bottle of wine from 4play and giggled as we staggered down the empty streets, the heavens opened as we passed Queen St shopping centre and ran under the entrance for shelter, laughing ourselves to tears!

"I know a private club just off Metro's that's open till 6, you up for some more dancing or do you want me to call you a taxi?" she asks, brushing my short dark hair from my eye's. she really is beautiful... blonde hair, blue eyes, tall and shapely with a body to die for! I turn to face her, my eye's a little blurry from all the wine and shout "DANCING!!!"

We giggle some more and quickly run from doorway to door way trying to avoid the rain and failing miserably! We got to Metro's totally soaked through now, tears running down our faces as we bumble and laugh through the empty alley stopping my Metro's I turn still laughing

"Where are we headed?"


"dead end for you honey" she answers coldly and smashes a right hook across my cheek! My nose explodes as her fist clips it sending blood splatters on to the alley wall. I stumble backwards and crash down onto my arse looking up stunned!

"you come into MY gym and ruin MY life? You think I didn't notice that look of pity as you heard my life story? Well the problem with GUTTER TRASH like you is that you don't realise I LIKE MY FUCKING LIFE!!!" she screams "I'm going to achieve great things, I'm going to change lives! And so what if I don't get to go out and have a little fun on the weekends! I had my release and you took it from me! Beating me in my own gym! You little bitch! I'm going to destroy you..." her last sentence was a sobering one... no screaming... no raw emotion... just cold calculating fact.

"how come... why... WHAT THE FUCK!!!" I scream my night turned on it's head as you march towards me sober and true

"I've been drinking water all night you dumb cunt! Why do you think I bought all our drinks?" she laughs as she launches her right foot out kicking me square in the face! "AAAAGGGGHH!!!" I scream as I fall backwards, smashing my head on the cobbled stone! I can feel her grip my arm and pull me upright, Irish whipping me into the large metal bins in the alley!

"FUUUUCK!" I scream as my back and head smashes loudly into them dazed and drunk I plead with her "you don't need to do this..."



She stops inches from me... “don’t you get it? I don’t do anything because I need to, I do it because I WANT to!” and slams punch after punch into my defenceless body! A right to the ribs! a left to the breast! a hook to the face! The punches fall down mercilessly as her rain soaked body pulverises me! Feeling limp and powerless she places her hands on my shoulders and using my own words against me “Payback’s a bitch!” SLAMS her right knee deep into my pussy!

“NNNOOOOOOOHHHHHH..... FUCK!!!!” I scream doubled over she pulls my head between her legs and lifts me up with ease “NO!!! PLEASE NO!!!! YOU’LL KILL ME!!!” I beg as she readies a piledriver “don’t worry, I’m a doctor, I’m not going to throw my career away killing a tramp like you!” and with that drops down extending her left knee!

“FFFUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUCCCCCKKKK!!!!!!” I scream as I hear an almighty pop, my right shoulder bursts in agony as it’s dislocated in a perfect shoulder breaker! My body drops to the floor face first hard, tears making my dark mascara run down my face! As Katie sits down in a puddle beside my scissoring my wrecked right arm she hooks her hands over my face in a cross face gripper!

“NNNOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!” I scream my shoulder twisting and burning! The pain greater than anything I’ve ever felt before!!!

“don’t worry honey, like I said I’m a doctor! pretty soon the pain from your dislocated shoulder will make you pass out so it’ll be over soon!” she mocks wrenching harder! Tears are streaming down my face now but are indistinguishable from the pouring rain as I pound the cobbled alley with my left arm screaming as she tears my muscles and wrenches my shoulder! With one final jolt she leans back hard and with a blood curdling scream as if on queue a blinding surge runs through my brain and I fall into darkness...

I slowly awake, face down in a puddle gasping and coughing, the pain in my right shoulder unbearable! Garbage and debris are scattered on top of me and around me, no doubt a final farewell from Katie. My head swims, the brutality and the agony of her assault sobered me up as I cry into the dirty rain water. Maybe it was the shock or maybe it was the alcohol but my stomach starts turning and churning as the alleyway spins around me and I vomit painfully onto the street!

Blood trickled down my face and ran off into the rain soaked gutters as I lay there, panting, crying and cursing. I struggled to right myself, my right arm was useless but I managed to finally roll onto my back and sit up through excruciating pain. For more than 30 minutes I sat there, the pouring rain offering no respite as I cried and cried but after I was all sobbed out I started to smoulder, a quiet rage that had been nestled deep within growing louder and louder, the cold rain did nothing to smother the burning fire in my belly as I shook, not from the cold weather... not out of fear... not out of shock but with pure untamed wrath! That bitch will pay... THAT BITCH WILL PAY!!!

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