

Fight, Flirt, Repeat

The flight back to Seoul was a mix of bruised egos, aching bodies, and unfiltered chaos. Snow flurried against the windows as the private jet hummed through the night sky, the air inside thick with exhaustion and anticipation for their next battle in Hong Kong.

Eunha sat with an ice pack against her knuckles, the only one who looked serene despite the storm of personalities around her. She had flattened Karrueche Tran with a knockout so clean that the crowd had gasped in unison. Dressed in an oversized beige sweater and matching sweatpants, she exuded an effortless, cozy charm. “I hope she’s okay,” Eunha murmured, her kindness making the others groan.

“Bitch got what she deserved,” **Irene** muttered, rolling her shoulders. The fearless fighter had forced Darci Lynne Farmer to tap out with an Americana, and she was still riding the high. Clad in a sleek black leather jacket over a tight white crop top and ripped jeans, she looked every bit the unshaken badass. “That little ventriloquist thought she had me.”



“You should’ve let her dummy tap out for her,” **Momo** joked, wincing as she adjusted the bandages on her face. Jeannie Elise Mai had wrecked her. A solid KO that left her seeing stars and bleeding all over the damn canvas. She was wearing an oversized hoodie and basketball shorts, anything loose enough to avoid aggravating her injuries. “Not my best night,” she admitted.

“No fucking kidding,” **Seulgi** chimed in from the seat next to her, tilting her head back with a groan. A nasty gash on her nose from Dânia Neto had her looking like a butcher’s special. She was dressed casually in a loose band tee and ripped jeans, her usual playful edge somewhat dulled by exhaustion. “At least you didn’t get sliced up like me.”

Nancy threw her legs up on the seat in front of her, stretching lazily. Wearing a cropped pink tank top and tight yoga pants, she was effortlessly sexy without even trying. “You’re all such downers. Did we forget that I won? First round, baby! Jisoo’s probably still crying.” She cackled, reveling in the fact that she had just humiliated a Blackpink member. “I should send her flowers.”



“You should send her a fucking apology,” **Saerom** shot back, ever the professional, as she wrapped her hands methodically. She had kneed Mercedeh Allen into submission without breaking a sweat. Dressed in a crisp white tracksuit, she looked like she had just walked out of a photoshoot. “I don’t like surprises in the cage, Nancy. Even when they work out.”

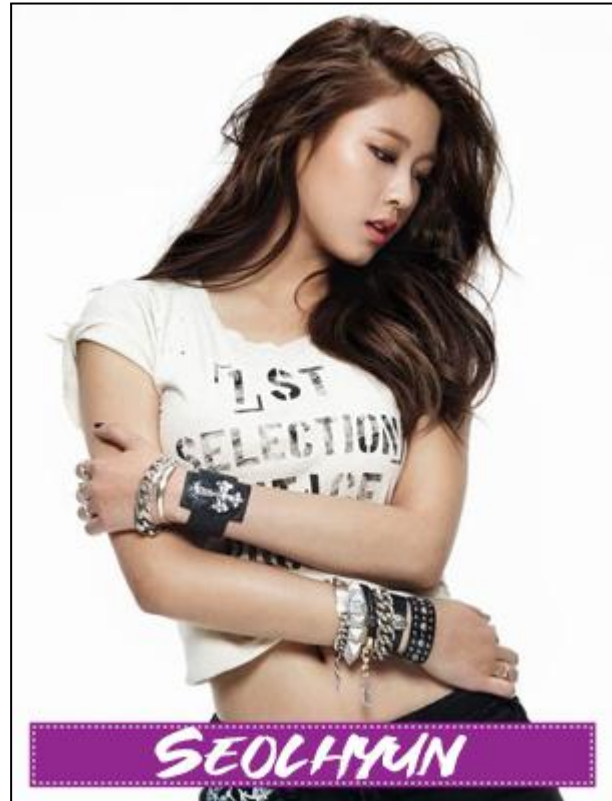
“Relax, Coach,” **Nancy** grinned, “you can spank me later.”

“Get in line,” **Jihyo** purred, her flirtatious smirk aimed in Sana’s direction. Dressed in a low-cut silk camisole and loose satin pajama pants, she oozed confidence and seduction. She had tapped out Alina Zagitova with an armbar, but right now, she was more interested in watching Sana squirm. “Poor baby. Ninety seconds? Joey King had you flat-lined before I could even sit down.”

“Fuck you, Jihyo,” **Sana** groaned, hiding her face in her hands. She had chosen an off-the-shoulder knit sweater with nothing but tiny shorts underneath, a mix of casual and dangerously teasing. “I don’t want to talk about it.”

“Don’t worry, sweetheart,” **Jihyo** cooed. “You’ll last longer next time.”

Seolhyun crossed her arms, still fuming. Losing to Kelly Packard had been humiliating. She wore a fitted gray turtleneck dress that clung to her every curve, her pride still radiating despite the defeat. “At least you weren’t expected to win. I was. And I fucking blew it.”



“Cheer up,” **Hyolyn** drawled from her seat, stretching her arms over her head. She had knocked Emma Raducanu out cold at Mayfield Railway Station, slapping the girl’s face until her legs gave out. It had been brutal and sexy all at once. Wearing a lace bralette under an unzipped hoodie with tiny running shorts, she looked like she didn’t give a damn about anything—and that was exactly the point. “At least you didn’t get your ass handed to you in an abandoned train station.”

“Hey, that fight was a fucking masterpiece,” **Irene** shot back, grinning. “You slapped the taste out of that girl’s mouth. That was art.”

Momo groaned. “Can we not talk about wins and losses right now? I just want to sleep.”

“You want to sleep?” **Seulgi** smirked. “I want a nose that isn’t screaming in pain.”

Nancy yawned. “I want a fucking vacation.”

Saerom’s gaze sharpened. “You’re getting Hong Kong. That’s all the vacation you need.”

“You know what we really need?” **Jihyo** stretched out like a lazy cat. “A night out. Somewhere fun, wild—where we can forget all the blood and sweat.”

Hyolyn smirked. “Say less. We land, we drop our bags, and we hit the clubs.”



“Can we at least shower first?” **Eunha** asked, wrinkling her nose. “Some of you still smell like blood and disappointment.”

Sana sighed dramatically. “Fine, but only if I get to pick the first bar. And no dive bars. I want glamour.”

“Oh, because that’ll totally stop you from blacking out in the first hour,” **Seolhyun** shot back with a smirk.

“Fuck off,” **Sana** huffed. “I have class.”

“Yeah, sure. Class and a glass of tequila,” **Irene** teased, nudging her with an elbow.

Nancy clapped her hands. “Alright, it’s settled. Drinks when we land. And then we pretend none of this ever happened—until Hong Kong.”

The plane dipped slightly as they neared Seoul, their home base. The bruises would heal, the cuts would fade, and their egos would mend. But for now, as the city lights glowed beneath them, all that mattered was getting ready for whatever came next.

