

There had to be something else he needed to fix, but for the life of him, Jacky couldn't figure out what it was. The ring was set. New exercise equipment had been installed. Anna had helped him finish filing the last bloody piece of paper Angus had left in his office. Glass Jaw wasn't completely restored, of course, but for the first time in a long time … it might be ready to reopen? Where had the time gone? Jacky blinked and their hard work was starting to show results. In that second, Jacky was frozen with the anticipation one can only feel when a moment they've been unsure of is just around the corner. That intense stage fright we all know in our soul.

And that's when the full-weight of Dante Cutler crashed into his chest; arms wrapping into the tightest cutter grip Jacky had ever experienced. The impromptu wake-up call was enough to snap the Contraband champion back into the task at hand: a sparring match with one of the best in the world.This must be that new move 'Te was working on, but while Dante was working off the ring rust, Jacky had been in the game at top speed for months now. He engaged that strength he was becoming known for, pumping the brakes before catastrophe.

"'ead in the game, bruvva!" Dante cackled, letting go of the hold and rolling effortlessly to a neutral corner. "Wah gwan, Jacky? Look like you saw the devil."

"Yeah, naw, yeah, naw, I'm here," Jacky replied, loosening up, "Just … you ever get caught up in the moment and miss how far along you've come?"

"I'm in a warehouse in Australia. I missed a lot."

"Sure, sure. Break time? I need a break."

The two rolled out of the ring, taking a seat on the apron and cracking open some bottled water.

“I think it might be time to open the doors. Yeeeaaahhh … holy shit it’s time. Need to get some graphics made, some posters, a sign maybe? A few weeks and we should be ready.”

“A few weeks,” Dante hesitated, drinking down way more water than he needed. You know, the universal sign of someone avoiding saying something? That. “So you ain’t open already?”

As if the signal had been sent into the universe, there was a knock at the front door.

There was a knock at the fucking front door.

“Dante … what did you do?”

Dante clapped Jacky on his back, a devilish smile on his face.

“Welcome to ya first day, Coach. Let’s go greet the young bluds, yeah?”

“Alright. Hey, Dante?”

“Ya?”

“You’re a cunt for this.”