

[ASMR] KNUCKLES [MF4A][BOXING][DANGER]

*Roy, manager of a fighting group, has organized a training day for all of the members. Buff, the strongest fighter amongst the team, has been itching for a new sparring partner. The listener, a new recruit, steps in and asks to be part of the team in some way. Buff and Roy are a little skeptical, but decide to test the listener.*

*You both are already in the gym working. Roy, you are monitoring everyone's training progress. Buff, your fists are slamming against a bag.*

~ROY

Alright! You! Take a break. You're gunna break that punching bag... again.

~BUFF

Pfft. You wouldn't have to worry about the bag if you'd just let someone on the team be my sparring partner.

~ROY

You know it's not that simple. Everyone here wants to place at the tournament unbruised and you... well--

~BUFF

Look, it's not my fault none of them can block a hit properly! They might learn if they actually ball up and step up!

~ROY

Cool it!... Ugh, you know you're the strongest fighter here. Anyone who spars with you won't last long enough to actually fight.

~BUFF

Then don't complain if you have to keep ordering punching bags. Maybe you'll get a discount for a bulk order, haha!

*Listener walks up with a duffle bag. They were completely unnoticed.*

~ROY

Oyy! (Listen: E-excuse me?) Huh? Who are you?

~BUFF

Hey, how'd you get past security? This is a private gym, you know. (Listen: I asked nicely?) You asked nicely? Are you for real?

~ROY

Look, I don't know who you are, but we're in the middle of training for-- (Listen: The District Tourney. I know.) You know? Hmph. Well, then I'm sure you understand why I can't just entertain anyone walking in for no reason-- (Listen: I want to join.) Hmm? You wanna what?

~BUFF

You wanna join the boxing team? Really? (Observe the listener a bit) I have never seen you before, but I mean... you look like you could throw a couple of punches before getting your teeth knocked out. What's the harm?

~ROY

I'm sorry. Are YOU the manager now?

~BUFF

Oh lighten up. We have an empty spot on the team anyway since Bryan left to be a family man with his weird wife. We should let 'em in. What do we got to lose?

~ROY

Ughh... (To listener) Listen. I appreciate you coming in and stuff, but this is just a little too forward, you know? This isn't some hallmark movie where some random rookie joins a fight club and learns a lesson of morality at the end. This is a legitimate boxing team and, if you're serious in wanting to join, there's paperwork you gotta fill out.

~BUFF

Oh don't be such a killjoy~ You haven't even seen them fight! Let them jump into the ring and we'll test them. I'm a little curious myself. (The listener hops into the ring) H-Huh? You just hopped right in here! Oh shit, alright! You mean business, huh?

~ROY

Hey hey hey!! Hold it! No! (Climb into the ring) No! We are not just randomly letting people jump into the ring to fight!

~BUFF

Why not? They consented, clearly, so they wanna fight!

~ROY

You think that'll hold up if a lawsuit comes around?? (To listener) Okay. You're eager. Sure. I can get behind energy and eagerness, but rule one in my gym: clearance first. (Call out) Donnie!! Get me the clipboard!!

~BUFF

Ughhh come on... (Sit down in your corner) Wake me up when you're done signing stuff.

~ROY

Keep your gloves on. It's just one form. (Take the clipboard) Thanks, Donnie. (To the listener) Alright here. Basic consent form. You sign it, you can fight in this ring. (Listen: Just this ring?) Just this ring. Step out and your permissions are void. Gotta cover my ass, you know. You literally just walked in here. I'm not letting you fight anywhere in here without your signature dried on the line. So, (Click your pen) sign.

*The listener takes the pen and signs eagerly.*

~BUFF

Sheesh, you really wanna fight that badly, huh?

~ROY

Clearly. (Take the pen back) I'll take that pen, thank you. Now, I assume you have your own gloves? (The listener pulls them out of their dufflebag) huh. You actually have your own gloves.

~BUFF

Oooo they look worn too. What team did you fight for before? (Listen: No one.) No one?? Really? Those are your gloves right?? (They nod.) Yeah, so why do they look so worn out? You've clearly used them before. (Listen: I've been training alone.) You train alone? Huh...

~ROY

So you've never joined a boxing team before? You just, what, solo box for fun or something? (Listen: I wanna try the tournament.) You wanna try your luck in the tournament. Ahhh I see. So you thought to ask if there was a spot on the team.

~BUFF

I like 'em. Gotta take bold risks once in a while, haha! That's gotta say something about their skill.

~ROY

It can say quite a lot. SO! How about this? We see how hard you punch first. Might as well see your punch force. (grab a pair of gloves from the corner of the ring.) Here, lemme put these on... (Put 'em on) Ahhh there. These are sensor mitts. They measure punch force. Miss eager here, for example, can slam a right hook with around 1000 newtons of force.

~BUFF

Heh. Careful, or it'll knock your teeth out~

~ROY

Nevertheless. It just measures how hard you punch. Easy, right? Alright. (Clap the gloves together) Hard as you can in the mitts.

*The listener takes a breath before slamming a fist into one of the gloves. It actually kind of hurts a little.*

~ROY

OOF! Shiit! Ahhh... Good jab! Let's see...

~BUFF

Okay. Now I kinda wanna fight you, not gunna lie.

~ROY

Cool it. Their punch is only at around 700 newtons. Impressive, but you'd knock them flat. (Listen: What?!) Yeah, you heard me. 700 vs 1000? I'll place a bet on the bigger number doing more damage.

~BUFF

I mean, to be fair to the new person, just because you can throw a hard punch doesn't mean it'll land. (Listen: what do you mean?) What do I mean? Well, just because I can knock your teeth in doesn't mean it'll happen if you're fast enough to dodge the hit.

~ROY

And I see where this is going a mile away.

~BUFF

Can you blame me? They just walked in and jumped in, ready to fight, even signing your form and getting their punch measured. They clearly want a sparring partner and I am the perfect one to fight!

~ROY

You wanna kill them? (To listener) You! Do you wanna die?

~BUFF

I'm not gunna kill them, dude! It's a sparring match, not fight club.

~ROY

HEY! We don't talk about fight club. (Listen: You have a fight club?) What? No. There's no fight club--

~BUFF

Not the point!! They look like they can handle a fight, so why not? They haven't officially joined and, if they do, they'll know what they're getting into! Win-Win!

~ROY

You are absolutely psychotic! Fine! Do whatever. You're in the ring. You accepted the conditions. Have at it!

~BUFF

Finally~! (To listener) Hey. Listen. I don't know who you are, but you seem like a cool person. I know we just met, but don't hold back, alright? I wanna see what you got, kay?

*The listener nods and preps themselves. They go bold and swing first.*

~BUFF

(Easy dodge) Hah! Missed! HERE! (Punch out, hit their blocking fists.) Oooo~ You're quick! Nice block. Try THIS! (Uppercut. Miss.) hahaha! Good dodge!

~ROY

Knock it off or you'll bite your tongue off! You didn't put your damn mouth guard in!!

~BUFF

We'll be fine!! What's a fight without a little RISK!? (Jab. Block.) Fuck! Come on!

~ROY

Hey! Just keep your hands up and let her exhaust herself! One hit, you'll lose a damn eye!

~BUFF

Oh now you're giving tips to them?! (Dodge. Jump around a bit.) Hehe~ See? You like them already!

~ROY

Not about liking them! All about wanting them to live!

~BUFF

Oh they'll be fine! Won't ya, newbie?! (Slam into their side.) GOTCHA! Punch in the side-- MMFFFF!! (They hook slam your cheek. Stumble back a bit.) Grrrr... damn! You got me good in the jaw... nice swing!

~ROY

ALRIGHT! Alright, enough! Stop! (Get between them) A hit each should be WELL enough for a first spar, right?

~BUFF

Hehehe, you call that a sparring match? That's just saying hello~ (To listener) Hey, you! I like ya. You're pretty damn good. That hook actually stung a little~ (Listen: Thanks! You too!) Hehe. Hey, we should let them in.

~ROY

Can I at least figure out who the hell they are first? (To listener) So. You can fight. Sure. You got some technique, but that didn't come from nowhere. You mentioned solo training? (The listener nods)

~BUFF

You got a private trainer or something? (Listen: No.) NO?? You learned boxing all on your own? That's pretty neat if true.

~ROY

Could be, but I'm only a little convinced.

~BUFF

What do you mean?

~ROY

That left jab of yours. I recognize the technique. You wanna tell me where you learned that? (The listener hesitates) Uh-huh. I figured.

~BUFF

Figured what? What are you talking about??

~ROY

You trained under Jackson, didn't you? (The listener nods)

~BUFF

Wait, Jackson?? THE Jab Jackson?? The guy with the 2000 pound punch?!

~ROY

The one and the same, am I right? (The listener nods.) Uh-huh. Did he train you privately or were you part of his little fanclub trainees? (Listen: Privately.) Privately? Huh. You must be pretty important to have gotten such a privilege.

~BUFF

(You're VERY interested now.) Wait wait wait! You trained directly with Jab Jackson?! What is he like?? Did he show you his punch or did you just mimic it? Has he punched you before???

~ROY

Hey! Chill out! You're practically drooling! (To listener) So. You trained with Jackson. And now you want to join a boxing team. Why not join his team? If you were trained by him, surely you would have been given a place. (Listen: I didn't belong there.)

~BUFF

What do you mean, you didn't belong there? (Listen: They didn't want me.) HUH?? They didn't want you?? How could they have not wanted you on board? Your punch is pretty damn strong and you trained with the practical best!!

~ROY

The team shunned you for training with Jackson directly? (The listener nods) Hmm. Figures. His team always seemed cocky as hell, but I had thought it was just Jackson's fame that boosted their egos. I guess they themselves just aren't good people.

~BUFF

Man, screw those guys! They win the tournament every year and wind up getting slammed down by the state champion each time. They got some nerve acting high and mighty to deny you a spot.

~ROY

So now you wanna try to get into the tourney on your terms by joining our team. (The listener nods) Hmm... well, this changes things a bit.

~BUFF

This doesn't change anything! They're a solid fighter, with a resume to boot. Why not let them in?

~ROY

Does Jackson know you're here? (Listen: He told me to come here.) He told you to come here? Hmm. Asshole.

~BUFF

YO! Did you just call Jab Jackson an asshole??

~ROY

Yeah, I did. I got the right to. He sends his secret protege to my gym after he--... ugh. Nevermind. (To listener) Listen. You wanna join the team, I got a couple of rules you better agree to follow.

~BUFF

Wait, you're letting them join? For real?

~ROY

MAYBE. Let me finish! Jeez... (To listener) The rules. One, clearance first. You'll sign a bunch of legal paperwork and, every day, you sign in with Donnie in the front. Business crap, I'm sure you know the deal.

~BUFF

It's just a couple of medical forms and background checks.

~ROY

Two, hygiene. I don't care how hard you train or how long. You walk in clean, you walk out clean. Showers are in the locker rooms and I will not have people saying my fighters reek in the ring.

~BUFF

Honestly, the easiest rule.

~ROY

Last, you show up to mandatory training days like today. You'll get a month's schedule two weeks in advance. Got an emergency, call it in, but don't expect to fight in tournaments if you fall behind.

~BUFF

Yeah yeah yeah, so you in? We'd love to have you! Well, I certainly will, haha!

~ROY

Yeah. What do you say? Agree to those and I'll see if I can get you into the tournament.

~BUFF

With a punch like yours, it's practically guaranteed!

~ROY

It's all up to you.