

Halloween

PARTY

Part 2

Who?

As the party wound down and guests began to make their exits, **Alexandra Paul** looked around – who might she be leaving with tonight? She felt a thrill at the choices before her, each option equally tantalizing, each possibility evoking a different chapter of her life, a different dynamic, a different shade of desire.

Pamela Anderson, her presence magnetic, her flirtatious charm sparking something deep within Alexandra that she'd once thought had settled into memory. As they shared one last dance, Pamela's playful glances and the way her hand lingered just a little too long on Alexandra's waist told Alex everything she needed to know. Being with her *Dream Girl*, even after all these years, felt like a fantasy come to life. Would a night with Pam be a return to the past they once shared—or the beginning of something new?

Then there was **Yasmine Bleeth**, the loyal *little sister* of Baywatch days. She had been a steady, grounding presence that night, playfully teasing Alexandra and supporting her when the attention of the crowd felt overwhelming. Yasmine offered something rare: the warmth and laughter of a dear friend who understood her inside out. If Alex wanted a night of fun, nostalgia, and that cherished sisterly bond, Yasmine would be the perfect choice.

But then, as her gaze drifted across the room, she saw **Kristen Stewart** leaning casually by the exit, her eyes gleaming with quiet confidence and promise. Alex's heart quickened; their shared secret still palpable between them. If she went home with Kristen, it would mean surrendering to the intensity of their relationship—the command and the trust, the freedom in giving herself fully to the woman who held her heart and soul. In Kristen's eyes, she saw the unspoken message that there was no choice, really. Her *Mistress* would make sure Alexandra was hers by the end of the night.



Just then, she noticed **Zendaya**, looking relaxed yet watchful, chatting animatedly with a few guests. Alexandra's heart swelled with affection for her *girlfriend*, whose steady presence always made her feel so deeply cared for and understood. Yet she could sense a hint of independence in Zen's demeanor tonight. Alex knew that if she was to leave with someone else, it would be without resentment, their bond strong enough to allow for freedom and exploration.

But if Alex decided to leave with Zendaya, she'd find herself in the embrace of someone who cherished her openly, who made her feel safe and beautiful.

Gena Lee Nolin and **Angie Harmon**, standing by the bar and clearly tipsy, exchanged a mischievous look as they saw Alexandra scanning the room. With a wink, Gena mouthed, "The kiddo's coming with us tonight!" Alexandra laughed, feeling the tug of adventure that her tall, wild friends could offer. Gena's strong arm around her shoulder, Angie's teasing laughter—they promised a night of carefree fun that could only happen with the people who knew her playful side best.

And then there was **Olivia Rodrigo**. Alexandra's glance lingered on the young woman who had shown her strength in the arm-wrestling match earlier. Olivia had a vibrant, defiant energy about her that stirred Alexandra's curiosity. She saw a spark of mischief in Olivia's eyes as she caught her gaze, and the invitation was clear: a night with Olivia would be bold, electric, unpredictable. It would be unlike anything Alex had experienced, and she felt the pull of the unknown, the possibility of something utterly new.

As Alexandra finally moved toward the door, each path flashed before her in vivid detail, each choice carrying its own promise, its own thrill. She took a deep breath, letting the anticipation hang in the air for just a moment longer.

And then, with a smile, Alexandra made her choice. But before she could act she started to hesitate...



As Alexandra stood in the doorway, looking at the faces before her—each one offering a unique kind of promise—she felt the weight of the decision pressing down on her.

Pamela, still lingering at the corner of the dance floor, caught Alex's gaze. Her Dream Girl, her fantasy, the woman who had been there in so many chapters of her life—Alex couldn't deny the draw. There was history, there was chemistry, there was a familiarity that was both comforting and intoxicating. Pamela's sultry smile curled at the corner of her lips, the unspoken promise of a night spent reliving the past—or maybe forging something new. Yet, Alex could feel the weight of those old feelings. The longing that had once been so strong, it might feel suffocating now. Was it nostalgia she craved, or was she ready for something different?



Then, Yasmine's voice cut through her thoughts, the easy, familiar tone of her Baywatch little sister. Yasmine's smile was soft, her eyes sparkling with mischief but also the warmth of someone who knew her better than anyone else. The sisterhood they shared had been a constant, a reliable source of comfort. Alex could imagine a night filled with laughter, inside jokes, and carefree fun—just the two of them. Yasmine's teasing would remind her that no matter how much the world changed, they'd always have each other.

Alex's heart fluttered as her gaze landed on Kristen. Kristen, her secret wife, the one she shared a connection with that no one else could ever understand. The intensity between them was undeniable. Kristen's confident demeanor never wavered, and Alex knew that when she was with her, she was never the one in charge. She would surrender to Kristen's will, and that thought alone made her pulse quicken. It wasn't about love in the traditional sense—it was something deeper, more primal. But was Alex ready to give herself over completely again, to step into that world with her Mistress?

Then there was Zendaya. Her steady, calming presence was like an anchor in the storm. Alex and Zendaya had always been a team, balancing each other out in ways no one else could. Tonight, Zen seemed more relaxed, more open, but there was an underlying strength in her that Alex trusted deeply. With Zendaya, Alex knew she was safe. With Zendaya, she could be herself—both strong and vulnerable. It wasn't just love; it was partnership. Zendaya was talking with Angie and Gena and it looked like they were getting along... Had Zendaya found someone else to share the night with?

And finally, Olivia. The younger woman's energy had both excited and intimidated Alex. She was bold, unpredictable, and a little bit dangerous. There was a challenge in Olivia's eyes, something that made Alex feel like she might just step into a whole new world if she followed that invitation. But could she handle it? Olivia had shown her strength earlier, and Alex knew that if she went home with her, it wouldn't be a quiet, comforting night. It would be a test of her own limits, of whether she was ready to take on someone as intense as Olivia.

As the decision weighed on her, Alex felt her heart racing. She glanced at the exit again, then back to the faces of those who were part of her life, part of her story.

She took a deep breath. And, finally, with a smile that only those who truly knew her would recognize, Alexandra made her choice.

With one last lingering glance at Pamela, she moved toward Kristen, her heart already quickening with anticipation. The Mistress stood still, arms crossed with a knowing smile. Alex's pulse sped up as she approached, the tension between them thick in the air. She reached out, her hand finding Kristen's with an unmistakable sense of resolve.

No more distractions, no more doubts. Tonight, Alex would once again step into the world where she was not the one in control, and she knew Kristen would make sure she didn't need to be.

As Kristen led her through the garden, a quiet confidence radiated from them both. The world around them disappeared, leaving only the sound of their footsteps on the stone path and the rustling of the leaves in the wind. There were no more choices to be made—this was where Alex belonged, this was the only place that felt real.

They vanished into the night, and the party continued without them, unaware of the private world they'd retreated into.



Zen End

Zendaya wandered through the grand hall to take in the final moments of the evening. She spotted **Gena Lee Nolin** across the room, who was still in her Viking costume, laughing heartily with **Angie Harmon**, the towering green She-Hulk for the night. Gena noticed Zendaya's gaze and gave her a sly smile and nodded in invitation.

Zendaya couldn't help but smirk; these two were notorious for keeping the party going long after others had retired. As she approached, Gena and Angie exchanged a knowing look.

"Alexandra's MIA?" Angie asked, giving Zendaya a sympathetic grin.

"Seems like she's... preoccupied tonight," Zendaya said with a shrug, flashing a smirk. "Guess that means I'm free."

Gena leaned in, her mischievous grin widening. "Then you're in luck, because we were just about to raid my place," she said, with a wink. "Kiddo's absence means you'll have to step up and keep up with us instead."

Angie laughed, flexing her She-Hulk muscles, which Zendaya couldn't help but admire. "You up for it?" she teased.

Zendaya chuckled and gave them a double flex, "Challenge accepted."

Together, the trio slipped out of the party and piled into Gena's car, the night stretching out before them, full of wild possibilities.



Mistress and Boi

In the quiet darkness of Kristen's home, a subtle shift in the air marked the return to their roles—the ones they embraced together in secret. **Kristen Stewart** led **Alexandra Paul** inside with a firm, steady grip, her gaze focused and intense as she locked the door behind them. Tonight was hers to command, and Alexandra, though already captivated, felt her pulse quicken at the unspoken promises.

With her usual self-assurance, Kristen took her time, guiding Alexandra toward the living room, where the warm glow of a single lamp cast faint shadows. She traced a slow, deliberate line down Alexandra's cheek, lingering just a moment at her chin before taking her hand. Alexandra, now almost shy, couldn't help but feel a thrill as Kristen's grip tightened, reminding her exactly who held the reins tonight.

"Let's see if my little boi remembers how to listen," Kristen murmured, the hint of a smile dancing at her lips. Alexandra nodded, falling into her submissive role with ease, her eyes filled with trust and a flicker of anticipation.

Kristen's initial moves were assertive, guiding Alexandra's every step, reminding her with subtle cues who was in control. Yet for all her dominance, Kristen's gaze held a softness that Alex adored—a reminder that even in the depth of their roles, they shared a connection rooted in genuine affection. As the night wore on, the mood gradually shifted. Kristen's strict demeanor softened, and the two found themselves curled together on the sofa, laughter breaking the silence as Kristen ran her fingers through Alexandra's hair. Alexandra lay nestled against Kristen's chest, feeling safe, cherished, and utterly hers. Kristen held her close, murmuring sweet reassurances, her voice gentle now, as the evening's intensity melted into an atmosphere of pure affection.

For Alexandra, this balance—tender yet thrilling—was everything she loved about Kristen. Their world was built on a foundation only they understood, a mixture of trust and passion that let them be entirely themselves. And as they drifted into quiet conversation, hands intertwined, they knew that, no matter how the outside world perceived them, they'd found something rare and beautiful.



After Party Adventures with ZAG

Zendaya's night with **Angie Harmon** and **Gena Lee Nolin** was bound to be full of surprises, especially since they were expecting her to be as easygoing and playful as Alexandra. But Zendaya was her own person—confident, strong, and able to hold her own with these powerful Baywatch stars.

As they left the party, Gena and Angie exchanged amused glances, half-expecting a night of playful teasing with "*Zen the Kiddo*." After all, when they took Alexandra under their wings, it was always with a mix of sisterly affection and a touch of mischievous fun. But as they walked, it quickly became clear that Zendaya wasn't the "*little sister*" type. Standing tall and exuding an undeniable presence, Zendaya felt more like an equal among these statuesque women than the "*kid sister*" Alex played so naturally.

At Gena's house, the three quickly settled in, kicking off their boots and costumes and settling around the living room with glasses of wine. Gena, ever the Viking warrior in spirit, suggested a friendly "strength test"—a playful contest that had always worked to put Alexandra in her place with her playful pout. Zendaya, though, just smirked.

"Are you challenging me, Gena?"

"Maybe I am," Gena said, flexing her biceps for effect. "Think you can take me?"

Without missing a beat, Zen set down her wine and leaned forward, giving her own arm a casual flex. To Gena's surprise, she had definition and muscle that rivaled her own—sleek but undeniably strong.

"How cute," Gena teased and squeezed Zendaya's arm lightly, "a tiny little biceps—" She suddenly tried to grab Zen's arm. But Zen had already anticipated this devious move and stepped back. As she did, she caught Gena's arm and twisted. Gena yelped, her eyes widening in surprise and admiration.

"Oh, you're good, Zen," Angie admitted, impressed. "Guess we underestimated you."

The playful energy only amped up from there. The women took turns challenging each other in friendly matches, laughing as the "games" became a lighthearted show of strength and resilience. Gena and Angie had to quickly adapt, realizing they couldn't rely on the same tactics they'd use with Alexandra. Zendaya met their challenges head-on and even got the upper hand more than once, her agility and strength keeping both of them on their toes.

Finally, breathless and slightly flushed, they all collapsed into laughter on Gena's couch, the energy buzzing between them. They'd expected a calm night with Alexandra's sweet, gentle girlfriend—but instead, they found themselves thoroughly impressed by Zendaya's unexpected strength and resilience. In fact, she was a worthy match, someone they respected on an entirely new level.

As the evening wound down, Angie leaned back, smiling as she sipped her drink. "Alex sure found herself a real catch," she said and added with an alluring voice, "You know, you could have anybody...you want!"

"I know, Zendaya smiled, "I already have the two of you!" She gave Angie and Gena a stern look, "And the two of you are going to please me tonight!" Her voice was low, intimidating.

Angie and Gena gulped. They looked at each other as they realized that Zendaya had just taken control.



Raccoon Leaders

The night air felt cool as Pamela Anderson and Chyler Leigh stepped away from the Halloween party, leaving the noise and laughter behind. Their kiss earlier in the evening had been unexpected yet exhilarating, and the connection they felt was undeniable. But instead of succumbing to the romantic tension that had built throughout the night, they agreed on something different.

Pam turned to Chyler with a grin, “Alright, former Raccoon leader, show me what you've got. You’ve got a gym, right? Let’s see if you’re as tough as they say.”

Chyler smirked, “Don’t think I’ll go easy on you just because you’re the current leader. Let’s see if you’ve got the skills to back up that reputation.”

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Chyler’s home gym was as impressive as Pam had imagined—a spacious, brightly lit area with a full-size mat, punching bags, mirrors on the walls, various fitness machines and racks of gear. The air smelled faintly of rubber and leather. Chyler tossed Pam a pair of gloves and wrapped her own hands with the ease of someone who’d done it a thousand times.

“Ready to dance?” Chyler teased, sliding into a fighting stance.

Pam laughed, the sound rich and confident. “You sure you’re ready to keep up with me? I’ve been doing this since before you were in Kickboxing Academy, kid.”



Chyler’s smirk deepened at the mention of the movie she starred as a teenager; she jabbed playfully in Pam’s direction. “We’ll see about that.”

Pamela and Chyler circled each other like seasoned fighters, studying each other's movements. The lighting in the gym cast sharp shadows over their athletic bodies, emphasizing their toned muscles. Pam’s defined biceps flexed as she adjusted her gloves, the sculpted lines of her arms showcasing her legendary strength. Chyler’s midsection glistened under the light, her washboard abs almost mesmerizing in their definition, with each ridge carved out like stone.

Pam threw the first real strike, a high roundhouse kick that sliced through the air with precision. Chyler ducked and sidestepped, her footwork light and agile, and countered with a spinning back kick. Pam twisted her torso at the last second, dodging the strike and grinning. Both were still wearing their Halloween costumes including the high heels that were part of the attires, so every maneuver was even more impressive.

“Not bad, Leigh,” Pam said, backing up and raising her gloves. “You’ve got quick feet. But let’s see how those famous abs of yours hold up.”

Chyler smirked and took a step forward, her hands dropping to her sides. “Oh, you want to test these?” she teased, patting her stomach with a gloved hand. “Go ahead, Pam. Give it your best shot.”

Pam’s grin widened. “You sure about that? I don’t want to hurt you... and your pride.”

Chyler planted her feet firmly, tightening her core and standing tall. Her abs visibly tensed, every ridge and groove becoming even more pronounced. “I’m sure,” she said confidently.

Pam laughed, stepping in close and planting her feet. “Alright, don’t say I didn’t warn you.” She drew back her fist and delivered a solid punch to Chyler’s midsection. The sound of impact echoed in the room, but Chyler didn’t flinch

“Again,” Chyler said, her voice steady.

Pam obliged, throwing another punch—harder this time. Chyler absorbed it with ease, a small, triumphant smile tugging at her lips.

“Impressive,” Pam admitted, shaking out her hand and stepping back. “You’ve got a core like steel.”

Chyler smirked and flexed her abs slightly, running her fingers over the ridges. “I’ll take that as a compliment. But let’s not forget you’ve got a pretty solid six-pack yourself.”



Pam gave her a mock bow. “Flattery won’t save you when I land my next kick.”

The sparring resumed, each move more dynamic than the last. Pam launched a spinning crescent kick aimed at Chyler’s shoulder, but Chyler ducked and countered with a sharp front kick to Pam’s midsection. Pam blocked with her forearms and retaliated with a lightning-fast jab-hook combination that grazed Chyler’s side.

Chyler stepped in close, aiming a low roundhouse kick at Pam’s thigh. Pam hopped back just in time, countering with a sweeping back kick that nearly caught Chyler off balance.

“Close one!” Chyler said, pivoting and attempting a jumping sidekick that forced Pam to roll out of the way.

Pam popped back to her feet, her blonde hair slightly tousled, sweat glistening on her skin. Her blue eyes sparkled with excitement. “Not bad, Leigh. But I think you’re forgetting something.”

“Oh?” Chyler asked, her tone playful.

Pam surged forward with a sudden flurry of strikes—a jab-cross combination followed by a spinning heel kick. Chyler managed to block the punches but took the kick to her side, stumbling back a few steps.

Pam crossed her arms, her grin widening. “I’m just better than you!”

Chyler straightened, brushing off the blow and stepping back into her stance. “We’ll see about that.”

Their match continued, a showcase of strength, agility, and skill. Pam’s powerful strikes were matched by Chyler’s speed and precision, the two fighters pushing each other to their limits. Both women were in peak physical condition, their toned, athletic bodies moving like well-oiled machines. Pam’s muscular arms and shoulders contrasted beautifully with Chyler’s lean frame and defined core, each of them proving why they were among the best fighters in the world.

As the session progressed, the sparring grew more intense, their competitive spirits driving them to test each other. Pam landed a solid roundhouse kick to Chyler’s side, forcing her to stumble back, but Chyler retaliated with a sharp jab that caught Pam off-guard.



“You’ve got a good right hook,” Pam admitted, shaking out her arms.

“And you’ve got killer biceps,” Chyler shot back, rubbing her side with a wry smile. “But don’t think I’m impressed enough to let you win.”

The match continued until both women were drenched in sweat, their breathing heavy but their spirits high.

They collapsed side by side on the mat, lying on their backs and staring up at the ceiling. For a moment, the only sound was their labored breathing and the soft hum of a distant fan.

“That was amazing,” Chyler finally said, turning her head to look at Pam.



Pam grinned, brushing a strand of damp blonde hair from her face. “You’re not bad, Leigh. Not bad at all. But I still think I’ve got the edge.”

Chyler laughed, her chest rising and falling with the motion. “Keep telling yourself that, Anderson.”

Pam reached over and lightly punched Chyler’s shoulder. “You’re alright, Chyler. I think we make a pretty good team—whether we’re fighting with each other or against.”

Chyler turned onto her side, propping herself up on one elbow. Her expression softened as she looked at Pam, the tension between them shifting.

“Maybe we make a good team in other ways too,” Chyler said quietly.

Pam smiled, her gaze lingering on Chyler’s. “Maybe.”

Chyler leaned in slightly, and this time, there was no hesitation. Their lips met in a slow, lingering kiss—a perfect combination of passion and lust. When they finally pulled away, Pam chuckled softly.

“Alright, Leigh. Next time, you bring the gloves. I’ll bring the wine.”

Chyler grinned, resting her head against Pam’s shoulder. “Deal.”



As we know there are an infinite number of realities and in one of these realities Alexandra didn't leave with Kristen, but with Olivia Rodrigo.

* * *

A Wednesday with Black Widow

The party was still in full swing, but for **Alexandra Paul**, the energy shifted the moment **Olivia Rodrigo** approached her. Olivia's eyes sparkled with an intensity that belied her small stature, and her confidence was disarming. Alexandra, tall and statuesque at 5'10", felt her pulse quicken as Olivia, with her compact, muscular frame, confidently moved closer.

"Alex," Olivia began, her voice low and magnetic, "I've been watching you all night. You're even more amazing in person than you were on Baywatch."

Alex blinked, a little taken aback. "That's sweet of you to say, Olivia. But..."

Before she could finish, Olivia scooped her up in her strong arms with surprising ease. The crowd parted, gasps and laughter following them as Olivia strode confidently toward the door.

"Olivia!" Alexandra exclaimed, half in protest, half in laughter, "What are you doing?"

"Taking you somewhere quieter," Olivia replied, a mischievous smile playing on her lips. "You're too good for this place."

A Limo Ride and Honest Conversation

The limo was waiting at the curb, its sleek black surface gleaming under the moonlight. Olivia gently set Alexandra down inside and slid in after her. The door shut with a soft thud, enclosing them in a private world.

Alex looked at Olivia, her cheeks slightly flushed. "You're bold. I'll give you that."

Olivia smirked. "And you're gorgeous. I've had a crush on you since I was a kid, watching Baywatch. I figured I'd shoot my shot."

Alexandra chuckled, a mix of flattery and disbelief. "A crush? On me?"

"Why not? You're strong, smart, and beautiful. And I admire you, Alex—everything you've done, both on and off-screen." Olivia leaned closer, her brown eyes locking onto Alexandra's. "But I've also wondered... what it'd be like to meet you, to really know you."

Alex felt her heart race. Olivia's intensity was magnetic, and her words struck a chord deep within her. For years, Alexandra had been drawn to strength—not just physical, but emotional—and Olivia exuded both.



As the limo glided through the city, Olivia reached out and gently clasped Alexandra's hand. "I'm not just some singer who stumbled into the UCC. I've trained, worked hard, and proved myself. But I've always looked up to women like you—women who inspired me to be strong."

Alexandra smiled, her earlier reservations melting away. "You know, you don't seem like someone who's intimidated by much."

"I'm not," Olivia admitted, her grin widening. "But that doesn't mean I can't be captivated by someone amazing."

Alexandra laughed softly, shaking her head. "You're something else, Olivia."

The limo pulled up outside Olivia's penthouse. Olivia stepped out first, then turned and offered her hand to Alexandra. "Come up with me. Let's talk... maybe more."

Alex hesitated for only a moment before taking Olivia's hand. Together, they disappeared into the night, a new chapter unfolding for both of them—one filled with mutual admiration, curiosity, and the kind of connection neither had expected to find at a Halloween party.

Olivia leaned against the sleek granite counter of her penthouse kitchen, watching Alexandra explore the space with a quiet curiosity. The glow from the city lights streamed through the floor-to-ceiling windows, painting Alex in a soft, ethereal light. Dressed as Wednesday Addams, her dark outfit and braided hair gave her an ageless charm that seemed to amplify her natural elegance. Olivia couldn't help but smile—Alex looked so much younger than her years, almost as though the two of them were contemporaries.

Alex turned to Olivia, catching her staring. "You have quite the place," she said, her voice warm but cautious. She had enjoyed the confident energy Olivia radiated all evening but wasn't entirely sure where this was headed. "Are you always this bold, or is it just the costume giving you extra courage?"

Olivia smirked, pushing herself off the counter and walking over to Alex with a deliberate slowness. "I don't need a costume to be bold," she teased, her Black Widow outfit accentuating her athletic build and the purposeful grace in her step. "But tonight... let's just say I've been waiting for this moment for years."



Alex raised an eyebrow, a playful grin tugging at her lips. "Years? Really? Olivia, you're making me feel like some unattainable fantasy."

"You were," Olivia admitted, her voice soft but unwavering. "Every time you saved the day on Baywatch, every time you stood up for what was right—I saw someone I wanted to be like, someone I wanted to know. And tonight..." She reached out, her fingers brushing against Alex's. "I want to know you. The real you."

Alex's breath hitched at the earnestness in Olivia's voice. She had spent much of her life inspiring people, but this—this was different. There was a rawness, a sincerity in Olivia that stirred something inside her. "I'm flattered," Alex said, her voice barely above a whisper. "But this is a lot to take in."

Olivia nodded, stepping back to give Alex space. "I get it. I don't want to rush you, Alex. But I do want you to know how much you mean to me—how much this moment means to me." She gestured to the plush sofa near the windows. "Sit with me? Let's talk. No pressure, just... us."

Alex hesitated for only a moment before joining Olivia on the sofa. As they sat close, their costumes a stark contrast—Wednesday's dark simplicity against Black Widow's sleek, tactical design—they found themselves talking, sharing stories and laughter.

As the night deepened, Olivia grew more comfortable, her playful demeanor giving way to vulnerability. "I didn't know if you'd even notice me tonight," she confessed, looking down at her hands. "I've always been good at putting up a tough front, but with you... it's different. You're different."

Alex placed a hand on Olivia's, her expression softening. "You're stronger than you give yourself credit for. And tonight, you've shown me a side of you that's... well, pretty remarkable."

Olivia looked up, hope flickering in her eyes. "Remarkable enough to take a chance with?"

Alex smiled, leaning in slightly. "Maybe. Let's see where this goes, one step at a time."

Olivia's grin returned, her confidence rekindled. "One step at a time, then. But I'll warn you—I don't give up easily."

"I'd expect nothing less," Alex replied, her voice light but filled with affection.

As the city buzzed outside, the two women sat together, their connection growing stronger with every shared moment. For Olivia, this night was the culmination of a dream. For Alex, it was the start of something new, unexpected, and undeniably exciting.



As the two women sat on the plush sofa, the atmosphere between them had softened, the tension from earlier at the party giving way to an unexpected intimacy. The city lights outside cast a faint glow over them, the skyline a quiet witness to this private moment. Olivia leaned in slightly, her dark eyes locking onto Alex's, and Alex felt her pulse quicken. She closed her eyes, tilting her head ever so slightly, ready to let the evening take a more tender turn.

"Let's wrestle!" Olivia suddenly blurted, her voice breaking the spell.

Alex's eyes flew open, her head snapping back in surprise. "Wait... what?" she asked, blinking as if she hadn't heard correctly.

Olivia grinned, a mischievous glint in her eyes as she hopped up from the sofa, her Black Widow outfit catching the light. "You heard me. Wrestling. Right here, right now. No better way to settle... well, whatever this is between us."

Alex stared at her, a mix of disbelief and amusement playing across her face. "Olivia, you just carried me out of a party, swept me off my feet—literally—and now you want to wrestle?"

Olivia shrugged, her grin widening. "Hey, you said it yourself—I'm strong. And we've danced around this too many times in the ring. Tonight, I want to settle it once and for all. Don't think I've forgotten our UCC history."

Alex groaned, shaking her head, though a smile tugged at her lips. "Olivia, the last thing I want is to be thrown around by you again. My pride's still recovering from the last time."

"Oh, come on," Olivia teased, reaching for Alex's hand and tugging her up from the sofa with surprising ease. "You're tough, Alex. And who knows? Tonight might be the night you finally take me down." Her voice was playful, but the challenge in her tone was unmistakable.

Alex rolled her eyes, though she didn't resist. "You're impossible," she muttered, standing in front of Olivia now. The height difference was noticeable—Alex's lean, elegant frame towering slightly over Olivia's compact, athletic build—but Alex knew all too well how deceptive Olivia's size was. The younger woman was a powerhouse, and Alex's track record against her wasn't exactly stellar.

"Alright, fine," Alex said with a resigned sigh, stepping back and slipping off her black heeled boots. "But no funny business, okay? This is just for fun."

Olivia smirked. "Of course. Fun. Totally." The gleam in her eye suggested otherwise.

What followed was a chaotic but lighthearted scuffle in the middle of the living room. Olivia moved with the agility and strength of someone used to dominating her opponents, while Alex, despite her hesitation, put up a surprisingly spirited defense. They grappled and laughed, their costumes getting slightly disheveled as they rolled across the floor.

"Gotcha!" Olivia declared triumphantly as she pinned Alex down, her legs straddling the taller woman's waist and her hands holding Alex's wrists firmly to the floor.

Alex groaned, her face flushed from exertion and perhaps something more.



"Okay, okay! I surrender. You win—again." She huffed, trying to catch her breath.

Olivia leaned down, her grin softening into something warmer. "You know, for someone who keeps losing, you put up a hell of a fight," she said, her voice tinged with admiration.

Alex gave her a wry smile. "Thanks... I think?"

Olivia released her grip, flopping onto the floor beside Alex. "You're a good sport, Alex," she said, her tone genuine now. "That's one of the reasons I admire you. Even when you lose, you never back down."

Alex turned her head to look at Olivia, her expression softening. "You're unpredictable, but... in the best way," she said, her voice quiet. "

They lay there for a moment, side by side on the floor. Olivia reached out and took Alex's hand, giving it a gentle squeeze. "Next time, though," she said with a teasing grin, "I expect you to bring your A-game. No more excuses."

Alex laughed, squeezing her hand back.

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As Alexandra lay on the floor, her breath still catching up from their playful wrestling match, she couldn't help but glance at Olivia beside her. Olivia's chest rose and fell, her toned, athletic body framed perfectly in her skintight Black Widow costume. The dim light cast soft shadows over her defined arms and shoulders, her dark eyes glimmering with the same mix of amusement and tension that Alexandra felt.

Their hands remained intertwined—softly at first, then with a growing sense of mutual awareness. Alexandra, dressed as Wednesday Addams, looked down at her costume, slightly ruffled from the impromptu wrestling match, and then back at Olivia, who had a small, victorious grin playing at the corner of her lips.

"Soo..." Alexandra murmured, her voice light but shaky, as if trying to distract herself from the moment hanging between them.

Olivia chuckled softly, her thumb brushing over Alexandra's knuckles. "Sooo..." she said, her tone playful but carrying an undertone of something deeper.

The silence between them grew heavy, but it wasn't uncomfortable—it was charged. Alexandra's gaze flicked from Olivia's eyes to her lips, then back again, her thoughts spiraling with possibilities.

"Do you ever stop being so competitive?" Alexandra asked, though her voice was softer now, the humor in it barely hiding the fluttering nervousness.

Olivia turned her head to face Alexandra, her expression more serious now. "Not when it's something—or someone—I really want."

That admission hung in the air, and Alexandra felt her heartbeat quicken. Olivia, despite her smaller stature, radiated a strength and confidence that was both intimidating and alluring. Alexandra was drawn to it, unable to look away as Olivia's hand shifted slightly, their fingers now fully laced together.

Finally, unable to resist any longer, Alexandra closed her eyes and tilted her head slightly. Olivia needed no further invitation. She leaned in, capturing Alexandra's lips in a kiss that started soft but deepened quickly, a mix of passion and curiosity as they both explored this unspoken connection.

For Alexandra, it was electrifying—Olivia's kiss was as strong and decisive as her personality, yet tender in a way that caught her off guard. Olivia's free hand came to rest lightly on Alexandra's hip, pulling her just slightly closer as their breaths mingled.

When they finally broke apart, both of them were breathless, their eyes meeting in the quiet aftermath. Olivia smirked, her voice barely above a whisper. "I think I just won again."

Alexandra laughed, a flush rising to her cheeks. "I might let you win a few more times," she said, her voice carrying a mix of humor and sincerity.

They stayed like that for a moment longer, the tension between them shifting into something warmer, more comfortable, as if they'd both found exactly what they were looking for.

