

Music Awards Brawl



The atmosphere inside the MTV Video Music Awards was electric. The biggest stars in music and entertainment filled the venue, but none commanded more attention than two former Disney darlings now standing together on stage to present the biggest award of the night. **Laura Marano** and **Dove Cameron**, once best friends, now bitter rivals, walked up to the podium as the crowd erupted in wild cheers.



Dressed to kill, both women wore dazzling smiles for the cameras, but beneath the glitz and glamour, the tension was unmistakable. The years of growing animosity between them hung thick in the air. Their once-tight bond had shattered when they found themselves on opposing sides in the UCC, an all-female celebrity MMA league. Now, every look, every gesture, was a calculated move in their never-ending rivalry.

Laura, her newly dyed platinum blonde hair catching the light, smirked as she soaked in the attention from the adoring crowd. Dove, her jaw tight, could feel the resentment bubbling beneath her carefully crafted smile. The cheers of the crowd felt like fuel on the fire.

As they reached the podium, Laura took her place beside Dove, who was already fuming inside. The spotlight was on them, but for Dove, the real battle was yet to come.



The two had been inseparable years ago, back when they were the fresh-faced stars of Disney Channel. They laughed together, shared dreams of superstardom, and swore they'd always have each other's backs. But that was before fame, egos, and, most importantly, the UCC—a brutal all-female celebrity MMA league—came between them. Since joining rival stables in the league, the camaraderie they once shared had withered away, replaced by bitterness, resentment, and a ferocious rivalry that had boiled over on more than one occasion.

Tonight, the MTV VMA planners had either made an innocent mistake or played a cruel joke by pairing Dove and Laura to present the Artist of the Year award. Adding fuel to the fire, Laura had strutted down the red carpet with a fresh, attention-grabbing look: her once-brunette locks now dyed platinum blonde. The cameras loved it, and the paparazzi couldn't get enough, but for Dove, it was a slap in the face. The flashbulbs followed Laura, leaving Dove, who arrived moments later, to stew in the background, seething.

The transformation didn't escape Dove's notice, and it infuriated her. Even after beating Laura in an oil wrestling event in Las Vegas, Laura's drive to one-up Dove had only intensified. She had become increasingly competitive, fixated on reclaiming some sense of victory, and desperate to outshine Dove at every turn. To Dove, Laura's decision to go platinum blonde wasn't a coincidence—it was a calculated move, an attempt to steal the spotlight and make herself the center of attention, deliberately at Dove's expense.



By the time they were called to present the award, Dove's blood was boiling. Forcing a smile, she walked onstage alongside Laura. Though Dove was familiar with the spotlight—having won ***Breakout Artist the Year*** before—it was Laura who appeared calm and composed this time. The audience clapped and cheered, completely unaware of the palpable tension between the two women.

“Hey, everyone!” Laura chirped, her smile bright but her eyes icy as she glanced at Dove. “We are so honored to be here tonight to present one of the most important awards of the evening—Artist of the Year.”

Dove took the microphone next, her own smile equally fake as she addressed the crowd. “Yes, this is such a huge award, and the nominees are all incredible. But only one can take home the Moon Person tonight.”

The nominees flashed on the screen behind them as the camera zoomed in on Dove and Laura. To the audience, they appeared poised, every bit the polished, professional presenters they were expected to be. But beneath those practiced smiles was a smoldering tension, a silent war

playing out in real time. As Dove leaned in to speak, Laura, without breaking her smile, subtly pressed the sharp point of her 5-inch stiletto onto Dove’s toes.

The camera didn’t catch the flicker of pain in Dove’s eyes, but anyone looking closely enough would see the fire that ignited behind them. Laura’s malicious grin widened ever so slightly, relishing the invisible attack. Unbeknownst to the audience, this wasn’t just a presentation—it was a battle, and Laura had just landed another blow.

MTV’s reigning Artist of the Year gritted her teeth, fighting through the sharp pain of Laura’s stiletto digging into her toes as she reached into the envelope. Despite the silent battle, she wasn’t about to let Laura steal the moment—not tonight. “And the winner is…” she began, deliberately drawing out the suspense, savoring the control and the power that came with it. Each second she stretched the moment felt like a small victory, a chance to remind Laura who truly held the spotlight.

But Laura, growing impatient, was having none of it. She shifted subtly, pressing down harder, her eyes flashing with irritation as Dove milked the moment for all it was worth. The tension between them was palpable, barely concealed beneath the surface of their polished facades. Laura wasn’t just eager to announce the winner—she was ready to rip the control from Dove’s grasp.

Laura peeked over Dove’s shoulder at the card and blurted out, “***Taylor Swift!***”

The audience erupted into cheers as Taylor Swift leaped from her seat and made her way up to the stage. Dove’s eyes flared with fury. Laura had stolen her moment. Again. It was supposed to be Dove’s job to announce the winner, but Laura had hijacked it, just like she’d hijacked the red carpet earlier.



Dove clenched the envelope tightly, her knuckles white as Taylor approached with a warm smile, ready to embrace her former stablemate. But before Dove could react, Laura swiftly stepped in, cutting her off, and wrapped her arms around Taylor in a showy, over-the-top hug. Dove stood frozen, her anger simmering beneath the surface as the crowd’s cheers filled the room. Laura reveled in the moment, fully aware of the insult she’d delivered. The cameras zoomed in on Taylor and Laura, capturing their deep, celebratory embrace, while Dove was left on the sidelines, seething.

The cameras panned back to Dove, who was forced to smile and clap as Taylor accepted her award. But inside, Dove was plotting. She was done letting Laura steal the show. The rivalry had

gone beyond just UCC fights—this was personal now. And Dove was ready to settle it once and for all.

As soon as they were backstage, Dove made her move. She grabbed Laura by the shoulder and spun her around, her voice low but venomous. “What the hell was that, Laura? I was supposed to announce the winner.”

Laura’s lips curled into a smirk. “Oh, settle down, Dovey. You were taking forever, as usual. Someone had to keep the show moving.”

“And what the hell is with the blonde hair?” Dove shot back, stepping closer until they were nearly nose to nose. “You did that on purpose, didn’t you? Trying to be me?”

Laura let out a mocking laugh. “Oh, bless your heart, Dove, I never want to be you. I want to beat you. And judging by the way the paparazzi followed me around tonight, I think I already did that.”

Dove’s jaw tightened, and her eyes flashed with rage. She stepped even closer, their chests now pressing against each other. The tension between them was electric, the air thick with the weight of years of unresolved anger. Laura didn’t back down, her smirk only growing as she saw how close she was to pushing Dove over the edge.

Before the situation could escalate any further, Taylor Swift, still riding the high of her win, stepped backstage and quickly sensed the tension. She immediately moved to separate them, placing herself between the two former friends. “Come on, not here,” Taylor warned, her tone firm but understanding. “There are too many cameras around. This will look bad.

Dove glared at Laura over Taylor’s shoulder. “It’ll only look bad for Laura once I kick her ass—again.

Laura’s fists clenched, her smirk fading as the memory of their oil wrestling match came rushing back. “Not tonight, Dove,” Laura growled. “I’m ready for you, and it won’t be in that stupid oil this time.



Dove raised an eyebrow, her lips curling into a condescending smile. “Still bitter about getting your ass kicked at ***The Baby Oil Brawl***, I see.”

Laura took a step forward, her voice low and dangerous. “You’re the better oil wrestler. Everyone knows it. But in a real fight—a catfight—you’re in for a beating.”

Taylor, sensing things were about to get out of control, stepped in again, her voice more commanding this time. “Enough. Look, you two clearly have some unfinished business, but this isn’t the place. Come to my afterparty. Pretend to get along for a few hours, and then when everyone leaves, you two can settle this once and for all—in my ***Living Room***. You fight until one of you submits. Does that sound like a plan?”



Dove and Laura exchanged a long, heated stare before both women nodded in agreement.

“Fine,” Dove said coldly.

“Can’t wait,” Laura replied with a sneer.



The rest of the evening was a tense dance between the two rivals. At Taylor’s lavish afterparty, Dove and Laura did their best to stay away from each other, but fate—and the prying eyes of curious guests—forced them together more than once. Each interaction was filled with thinly veiled insults, catty glares, and whispered threats that only heightened the tension between them.

“Enjoy the spotlight while you can,” Dove hissed under her breath at one point, her eyes narrowing at Laura’s platinum blonde hair. “It won’t last long.”

Laura’s smile was all teeth as she leaned in close. “I’ll enjoy it while you’re busy picking yourself up off the floor tonight.”

The hours dragged on, and as the crowd at the party slowly began to thin, the anticipation built. Both women knew what was coming. They could feel it in the air—the inevitable confrontation, the fight they both craved.

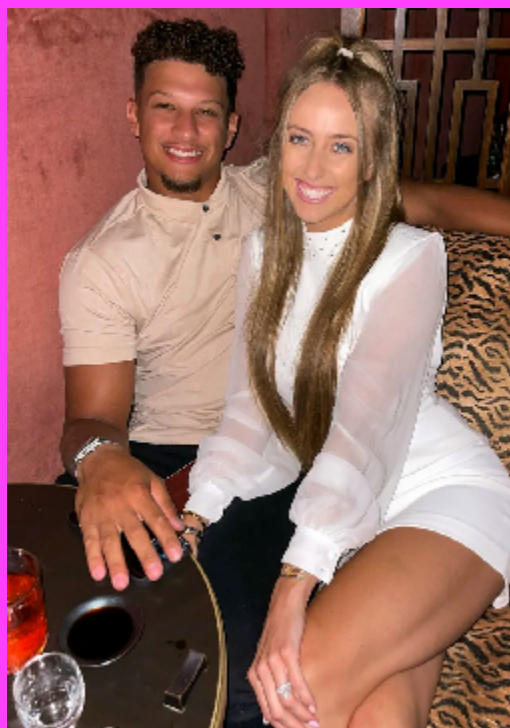
Finally, when only a handful of guests remained, Taylor gave them the signal. It was time.

Dove and Laura didn’t hesitate. They disappeared into Taylor’s private quarters, stripping down to their bras and panties, their heels discarded as they prepared for the battle ahead.

Laura squared up with a confident smirk. “You’re going down, Cameron.”

Dove’s eyes burned with intensity as she cracked her knuckles. “I’ll rip out all that fake blonde hair and leave you crying like the little bitch you are.”

Laura took her left hand and flipped her hair off her shoulders and motioned Dove to come and get some.



Taylor sat comfortably on her boyfriend Travis Kelce's lap, her body nestled against his as they relaxed on the couch. Across the room, the center of the living room had been cleared, an empty space brimming with anticipation. On one side, Patrick and Brittany Mahomes sat watching intently, whispering excitedly to each other, while on the opposite side, Ryan Reynolds and Blake Lively leaned forward, drinks in hand, eager for the upcoming spectacle about to unfold.



Taylor sat on her couch and let Dove and Laura get in their jabs then took control, her voice calm but firm as she laid down the ground rules. “Okay, ladies. There will be no punching, kicking, scratching, or biting.”

Laura, visibly frustrated, threw her hands up in protest. “What the hell? I came here to kick her ass, punch her lights out, and now I can’t even hit her?”

Taylor shot Laura a cool, but pointed look. “Listen, Laura. My home, my rules. Plus, this carpet cost a fortune, and I’m not having bloodstains ruin it.”



Laura glanced down, unable to deny how good the plush, silky white fibers felt beneath her bare feet. Each step against the soft carpet sent shivers of delight up her spine, a stark contrast to the frustration simmering within her. The opulence of Taylor Swift's mansion enveloped her, the decadent decor and lavish furnishings whispering of wealth and elegance that seemed to mock her current state of mind.

Taylor continued, “You fight until one of you can’t continue ors taps out. Do you both understand the rules?”

Dove nodded confidently, while Laura rolled her eyes and shrugged. “Whatever, let’s just do this.

The Fight

The tension between Dove Cameron and Laura Marano had been simmering for years, but now, in the center of Taylor Swift's lavish living room, it was about to boil over. No cameras, no audience—just raw hatred between two former friends turned bitter rivals.

As soon as Taylor stepped back and shouted “Fight!” Dove and Laura lunged at each other like caged animals finally set loose. They collided in a fury of flying hands and tangled hair, their bodies crashing to the soft carpet. There was no hesitation—just pure, unfiltered animosity fueling every slap, yank, and kick.

Dove’s hand shot out first, landing a stinging slap across Laura’s cheek, but Laura retaliated instantly, grabbing a fistful of Dove’s hair and yanking hard, pulling her head to the side. The pain was sharp, but it only fueled Dove’s rage. She slapped back, her open palm cracking against Laura’s face, eliciting a sharp gasp from her rival. They twisted and rolled on the carpet, neither woman staying in control long enough to inflict much damage, their limbs thrashing as they grunted, groaned, and cursed under their breath.

Laura buried her fist into Dove's ribs, her knuckles digging into the exposed flesh. Dove let out a low, frustrated growl and retaliated by pulling hard on Laura’s platinum blonde hair, yanking her head back, her scalp screaming in pain. Laura’s legs kicked wildly, her bare feet trying to find some leverage, but Dove wasn’t giving her any ground.

The fight became a chaotic blur of slaps and tugs as they rolled back and forth across the living room floor. Laura managed to get on top for a fleeting moment, straddling Dove’s waist and landing a harsh slap across her face, but before she could press her advantage, Dove bucked her off with a snarl, sending Laura sprawling to the side.

Breathing heavily, Dove scrambled on top of Laura again, her knees pinning down Laura’s arms with a cruel precision. Laura struggled beneath her, bare feet kicking uselessly against the carpet as she tried to free herself, but Dove had finally gained the upper hand. The room was filled with the sound of Laura’s labored breathing, Dove’s angry grunts, and the sharp smacks of palm against cheek as Dove landed slap after slap.

Laura’s head jerked from side to side with every blow, her platinum hair whipping around as Dove’s sharp slaps rattled her senses. Her bare feet kicked helplessly, her body squirming beneath Dove, but the more she struggled, the tighter Dove’s grip became. Dove leaned forward, her hands tangled in Laura’s hair, pulling hard enough to make her scalp burn.

“You always wanted to be me, didn’t you?” Dove spat, her voice dripping with venom as she delivered another stinging slap to Laura’s face.

Laura groaned in pain, her body arching under Dove’s weight as she desperately tried to twist free. Her arms were pinned under Dove’s knees, completely immobilizing her, and her face stung with the repeated slaps. Laura’s eyes were wild, full of fury and frustration, but she couldn’t break free.

Dove grinned maliciously, relishing every moment of her dominance. She had Laura right where she wanted her, struggling beneath her, completely at her mercy. "I’m going to make you regret ever thinking you could compete with me," Dove hissed as she yanked Laura’s hair again, pulling her head back while continuing to rain down slaps.

Dove’s hands moved with ruthless efficiency, slapping Laura’s face with sharp, stinging blows that left her head snapping side to side. Laura struggled beneath her, gasping and kicking, but Dove kept her pinned down, a vicious smirk tugging at her lips as she watched Laura squirm.

“Looks like you’re a loser again,” Dove sneered, her voice dripping with malice. She punctuated her taunt with another brutal slap, the sound echoing through the room as Laura’s cheek turned an angry shade of red.

Laura, desperate and humiliated, planted her feet firmly into the plush carpet, summoning all her strength. With a grunt, she lifted her hips and bucked Dove off, sending her flying over her head. The move gave Laura a fleeting moment of freedom, and she scrambled to her knees, rubbing her burning cheeks, trying to catch her breath.

But Dove wasn't about to give her any time to recover. With a fierce growl, Dove launched herself forward, tackling Laura back onto the floor. The two women rolled across the carpet in a tangle of limbs, grunting and groaning as they fought for dominance. But again, it was Dove who came out on top, straddling Laura's waist as she pinned her down with ease.

"Fuck!" Laura screamed in frustration, her body thrashing beneath Dove's weight. She was trapped, her arms pinned, unable to break free from Dove's unrelenting grip.

"What's the matter?" Dove taunted, leaning down with a wicked grin. "Not as tough as you thought? Ha!"

Dove pressed Laura's wrists to the floor above her head, locking them in place as she mounted her, her knees digging into Laura's ribs. The pressure was unbearable, nearly popping Laura's breasts out of her black bra. Laura's chest heaved as she struggled for air, but she couldn't move, her strength failing her.

"Give up, Laura," Dove hissed, her voice filled with icy satisfaction as her eyes glinted with a cruel triumph. "You know you're no match for me. How many times do I have to prove it?"

Laura groaned beneath her, the words digging into her pride like sharp knives. Her face was a twisted mix of pain and frustration, the fire in her eyes starting to fade as doubt crept in. The once confident, fiery rival now felt the crushing weight of defeat looming over her.

Dove's thighs dug deeper into Laura's sides, squeezing the air out of her lungs with a relentless pressure that only grew with every passing second. Laura's breath became labored, her chest heaving as she struggled to take in even the smallest gulp of air. The pain radiating from Dove's crushing grip made every breath harder, her ribs feeling like they were about to cave in.

For a moment, Laura's mind raced, searching for any way out of this humiliating situation. But the longer she remained pinned beneath Dove, the more the doubt crept in. Could she even win? Was this another fight where she'd come up short against Dove?

Dove leaned in closer, her breath hot against Laura's flushed face. "I can feel you giving up already," she whispered, her voice dripping with mockery. "You're nothing, Laura. Just like always."

Laura's body jerked in response, but her movements were growing weaker, her strength fading. Each squeeze of Dove's thighs pushed her closer to submission, closer to admitting that she wasn't strong enough to beat her rival.

In a desperate surge of strength and determination, Laura seized Dove's ankles and pulled them apart, prying Dove's legs wide open just enough to squirm free. Gritting her teeth, Laura clung to Dove's right ankle and twisted her body to the left, flipping Dove onto her stomach with a swift, aggressive motion.

Before Dove could react, Laura locked Dove's leg in her grasp, tucking it under her arm and securing a brutal single-leg Boston Crab. With a determined grunt, Laura leaned back, pulling Dove's leg at a vicious angle until the sole of Dove's foot was nearly pressed against the back of her head.

Dove howled in agony, her cries echoing in the room as the excruciating pain shot through her leg and up her spine. Laura sneered, glancing over her shoulder at her writhing opponent, the tables finally turned. Dove's thigh muscles screamed in protest, her back arching in a grotesque, unnatural angle. Every inch of her body burned as Laura leaned further back, tightening the hold.

"How does it feel now, huh?" Laura spat, yanking harder, savoring Dove's pain.

Dove's hands clawed at the carpet, her body thrashing and twisting, desperate to escape. Her face was twisted in agony, every muscle straining against the brutal hold. The once confident Dove was now vulnerable, her screams filling the room as she struggled to free herself. Laura's lips curled into a victorious smirk, feeling the power shift entirely in her favor.

But Dove wasn't done. Gritting her teeth, she twisted violently, her body shifting as she fought through the searing pain. In a frantic motion, she rolled on her back and tucked her free leg in and

slammed it into Laura’s midsection, the force of the kick strong enough to send Laura stumbling backward.

With a gasping breath, Dove rolled away, clutching her throbbing leg as she struggled to her feet. She stood, though clearly limping, every movement a painful reminder of the brutal submission hold she had just endured. Laura, knocked off balance, regained her footing across the room, her eyes locked on Dove with renewed fury.

With unbridled fury, Dove and Laura hurled themselves at each other, their bodies colliding with a loud, echoing *splat*. The impact sent a wave of shock through both of them as their breasts smashed together, flattening and mushrooming painfully against the confines of their tight bras. Both women grimaced, their lips twisting in a mix of rage and pain as they grappled for dominance. Their breasts strained against their bras, almost spilling out with each brutal impact.

Dove, fueled by her need to dominate, managed to gain the upper hand once more, swiftly pinning Laura to the carpet. Laura, her face contorted in frustration, thrashed beneath Dove, but it was clear she was in trouble again. Dove, with cruel precision, sat firmly on Laura’s chest, sliding up inch by inch until she was perched dangerously close to Laura’s neck, her lace panties mere inches from Laura’s face.

Laura’s eyes went wide with panic, her breath quickening as Dove inched even closer, the humiliation mounting by the second. In a horrifying moment of realization, Dove’s panties pressed down over Laura’s face, her hips grinding forward with malicious intent. Laura’s muffled protests were barely audible as Dove smothered her, her lace panties roughly rubbing against Laura’s face, the friction adding insult to injury.

"What's the matter, Laura?" Dove hissed, her voice filled with venom as she adjusted her position, her knees pressing in tightly to Laura’s head, securing her. Laura’s legs kicked frantically but uselessly beneath her, her body squirming in desperation as Dove sat confidently atop her, relishing in the power she held over her former friend.

Dove wasn’t just smothering Laura—she was grinding into her, rolling her hips with satisfaction as the rough fabric of her lace panties scratched against Laura’s skin. Laura’s struggles grew weaker with each passing second, her body betraying her as the oxygen deprivation and humiliation took their toll. Her eyes, wide with panic, began to flutter as her resistance faded.

From the sidelines, Taylor leaned forward, watching with interest. “Tap out if you’re done, Laura.”

But Laura, even in her weakened state, refused to give Dove the satisfaction. With sheer willpower, she planted her feet firmly into the plush carpet, her toes curling deep into the fibers. Summoning the last bit of strength she had, Laura bridged up, lifting her hips just enough to send Dove sliding forward. It was a narrow escape, but it gave Laura the precious moment she needed to slip out from beneath her tormentor.

Gasping for air, Laura rolled away, sucking in deep breaths as her face flushed a deep red. Her mascara was smeared across her brow, the evidence of her struggle clear for all to see. She was far from finished, but the humiliation stung more than the physical pain.

The room was tense as Dove and Laura circled each other cautiously, their eyes locked in a silent, burning rivalry. Both women knew that the next move could decide everything. Dove, still favoring her left leg from Laura’s earlier attack, feinted to the left, drawing Laura’s attention. Then, without warning, she surged forward, burying her shoulder deep into Laura’s gut. The force lifted Laura off her feet as Dove drove her rival backward, slamming her into the Mahomes' feet.

Patrick and Brittany gasped as the two women tangled at their feet, but they didn’t intervene. Dove’s strength and determination carried her through as she rolled Laura onto her back once more. With a vicious grin, she delivered a stinging slap, followed by a sharp backhand, snapping Laura’s head from side to side. Tears welled up in Laura’s eyes, but it wasn’t just from the physical pain—it was the humiliation of being dominated in front of everyone.

Dove, sensing victory, slid forward, inching her way up Laura’s body for another humiliating face sit. Laura’s eyes widened in panic, her voice trembling. “No! No! Oh no!” But her pleas only spurred Dove on. Just as Dove was about to claim her victory, she suddenly rolled off to the side,

wrapping her legs around Laura’s neck and locking in a tight head scissors. Laura's body jolted as Dove locked her ankles, trapping her rival with an iron grip.

Laura’s hands slapped at Dove’s thighs, her strikes becoming weaker with each futile attempt. Dove's legs were like steel, cutting off Laura’s air as her face turned a deep red, her cheeks puffed, and her lips protruded grotesquely from the pressure. With sadistic glee, Dove grabbed a fistful of Laura’s blonde hair, twisting her fingers deep into her scalp. Laura let out a muffled groan, her face contorted in agony as Dove applied more pressure, crushing Laura's facial features between her thighs.

“Tap out if you’re done, Laura,” Taylor called out once more, her voice firm but with a hint of concern.

But Laura refused. Despite the torment, despite her face distorting under the relentless squeeze, she would not give Dove the satisfaction. Dove, frustrated by Laura's stubbornness, lifted her hips and pumped her thighs, increasing the pressure even more. Laura’s hand hovered in the air, trembling as if she was about to tap, but instead, she gritted her teeth and drove her fist into Dove’s thigh.

The first punch drew a sharp inhale from Dove, but she didn’t let up. A second punch landed, then another, each one weakening her grip slightly. Laura, sensing a small victory, continued her assault. But Dove, with a growl, grabbed Laura’s hand and twisted it sharply, bending it back at the elbow. Laura gasped in pain, her body writhing beneath Dove’s tightening hold.

Dove kept squeezing, her legs trembling as she fought to break Laura once and for all. But no matter how much she punished her rival, Laura refused to quit. Dove’s legs, burning with exhaustion, began to weaken. Her once unbreakable grip loosened slightly as her muscles screamed in protest.

"Give up!" Dove snarled, her voice now tinged with desperation. She clamped down one last time, pouring every ounce of strength into the squeeze, her legs quivering from the strain. Laura’s body buckled, her vision swimming, but just as it seemed like she would finally submit, she dug deep into her reserves, fought through the pain, and powered Dove’s legs apart.

Laura rolled away, gasping for breath, her body drenched in sweat. She wasn’t in any condition to go on the attack, but neither was Dove, whose legs were cramping badly. Both women lay on the carpet, too exhausted to move, knowing that the battle was far from over, but both equally unsure if they could continue.

There are no breaks, ladies. Come on. Get yourselves up and let's fight.

It takes a few moments for both women to gather themselves, their bodies aching from the brutal exchange. Laura, however, is the first to recover her composure, and with it, her confidence. A sly grin spreads across her face as she watches Dove struggle to stand, her legs clearly compromised and stiff from overexertion.

“Look at you,” Laura sneers, circling Dove with a bounce in her step. “Can’t even stand straight. I always knew you were weak, but this is pathetic.”

Dove’s eyes narrow, her body slow and calculated as she rises, doing her best to hide the pain shooting through her legs. Laura continues, her words like venom. “Get ready to suffer, Dove. The real blonde is taking over.”

Laura, cocky and emboldened, swings her open hand, aiming for a sharp slap across Dove’s face. But Dove, ever the fighter, ducks at the last second and tackles Laura to the ground. The room gasps as they hit the floor hard, but this time, it’s Laura who manages to scramble on top, her weight pressing down on Dove’s chest as she pins her rival’s arms to the carpet.

With Dove’s legs still burning from exhaustion, Laura takes full advantage, sliding up her chest until she’s perched on her breasts. She bounces up and down with malicious glee, flattening Dove’s boobs beneath her, each bounce drawing a pained groan from Dove. Laura smirks, her eyes gleaming with the thrill of payback.

“Payback’s a bitch,” Laura hisses, her body inching further up Dove’s chest, aiming for a humiliating facesit. But Dove’s not about to let that happen. With a surge of adrenaline, she plants

her feet into the carpet and bridges hard, using her hands to push Laura off just enough to roll her onto her back. The tables turn once again as Dove pins Laura down, her breath coming in ragged gasps.

Laura grunts, struggling beneath her, using every ounce of strength to lift her hips and attempt another bridge. For a moment, she lifts Dove off the ground, but it only plays into Dove's next move. In one swift motion, Dove snakes her now refreshed legs around Laura's waist, locking her into a crushing body scissors.

Laura's face contorts in agony as Dove squeezes tight, her toned legs clamping down like a vice around Laura's midsection. Laura moans, her breath shallow, her hands desperately pawing at Dove's legs as the pressure builds. Dove leans in close, her lips curling into a cruel smile.

"What's wrong, Laura?" Dove taunts, her voice dripping with malice. "Having trouble breathing again? Good. Maybe now you'll finally shut the fuck up."

Laura, her face red and glistening with sweat, gasps for air, but she refuses to give in. "Fuck you, Dove," she spits out between shallow breaths. "You can squeeze all you want, but you'll never beat ..."

"Owwwww!" Laura's words are cut short as Dove expertly transitions into a body triangle, locking her legs even tighter around Laura's torso, her ankles hooked securely under her knee as the pressure intensifies.

"Never beat you, huh?" Dove laughs coldly, her legs tightening further, crushing the air from Laura's lungs. "We'll see about that."

Laura's struggles grow weaker, her breath barely escaping her lips as Dove keeps the hold locked in, her control complete, the pain etched across Laura's face unmistakable. The fight, it seems, is far from over, but Dove is clearly in command now, determined to make Laura pay for every last insult.

Dove could feel Laura's body weakening beneath her, every breath from her opponent growing more labored, more desperate. The fight had been going on for over ten grueling minutes, but Dove had dominated nearly every second, leaving Laura battered and gasping for air. The grin that spread across Dove's face was wicked—she was savoring this moment, watching Laura suffer.

"You were saying?" Dove purred, her voice dripping with venom. She leaned in closer, her hot breath tickling Laura's ear, sending a shiver down her rival's spine. "Don't make me hurt you, Laura. Just give up, and it'll all be over."

Laura's face was a mask of pain, her mind telling her to keep fighting, but her body betraying her, barely able to function under the relentless punishment Dove had dished out. But surrender? That wasn't in her. Not yet. Not to Dove. Laura gritted her teeth, refusing to give her tormentor the satisfaction.

Dove's amusement only grew. She tightened her grip, rolling onto her back and wrapping her arm around Laura's throat in a suffocating rear naked choke. Laura's legs kicked weakly, her hands clawing at Dove's arms, but it was futile—Dove was in complete control. The choke was secure, and it was only a matter of time before Laura's body gave out. Most women would've tapped by now, but Laura, despite her rapidly fading strength, refused to give Dove that victory.

Dove leaned forward, her lips brushing against Laura's ear again, her voice a mocking whisper. "It's over, Laura. Just admit you're beaten. You're not tough enough for this."

But Laura, even as the edges of her vision blurred, found a last flicker of defiance. With a burst of desperation, she leaned in and then jerked her head back, slamming the back of her skull into Dove's nose with brutal force.

"Ugh!" Dove's face contorted in shock and pain. She saw stars as her grip loosened, her head spinning from the sudden blow. Laura, seizing the fleeting moment, managed to slip free, rolling away on her hands and knees, gulping down air, her lungs burning as she tried to recover.

For a brief moment, it looked like Laura had created some distance, but she was in no condition to capitalize on it. Her body was trembling, barely holding her up, while Dove sat back, wiping her nose. When she saw the trickle of blood on her fingers, something snapped inside her.

Dove's eyes darkened with rage. "You little bitch," she snarled. In an instant, she was on her feet, her fury fueling her movements as she stalked toward Laura, who was still huffing and puffing, struggling to find the strength to stand.

Before Laura could react, Dove lunged at her, tackling her back to the ground with a forceful thud. Laura barely had time to gasp as Dove straddled her, pinning her arms under her knees, leaving Laura helpless beneath her. Dove leaned down, her face twisted with malice.

"Did you really think that would save you?" Dove spat, her voice laced with cold contempt. "You're pathetic."

With vicious intent, Dove's hand shot out, delivering a sharp slap to Laura's face, then another, the sound of flesh meeting flesh echoing through the room. Laura's head whipped side to side, tears welling in her eyes, but there was no escape.

"Look at you," Dove hissed, her lips curling into a sadistic smile. "All that talk, all that attitude... and now you're nothing. Just a loser. Again."

Laura moaned in pain, her body aching, her pride shattered as Dove continued to punish her. There was no fight left—only suffering. Dove's dominance was absolute, and with every passing second, it became clearer that Laura couldn't take much more. But Dove wasn't finished yet. She wanted to break Laura completely, to leave no doubt who the better woman was.

Sliding forward, Dove perched herself on Laura's neck, her thighs squeezing tightly around her rival's head, cutting off her air. Laura's legs kicked weakly, her hands pawing at Dove's thighs, but it was no use. Dove smirked down at her, savoring every second of Laura's helplessness.

"Go on, Laura," Dove mocked, her voice soft but deadly. "Beg. I want to hear you beg."

Laura's face flushed with humiliation and lack of oxygen, her lips quivering, but she stayed silent. Even in defeat, she wouldn't give Dove that pleasure. But Dove had all the time in the world to wait. This was her moment.

Dove, clearly frustrated by Laura's stubborn defiance, released the body triangle and choke with a snarl. Kneeling beside her bruised and battered opponent, Dove's fingers dug into Laura's blonde hair, yanking her head up until their faces were mere inches apart. The anger in Dove's eyes blazed with cold satisfaction as she whispered through gritted teeth.

"Last chance, Marano. Admit I'm the better woman, and I'll let you go."

She punctuated the demand with a harsh tug, forcing Laura to face her torment head-on. But Laura, though clearly worn down, wasn't broken. She glared at Dove, blood smeared across her face, defiance still burning in her eyes.

"Fuck you, Dove," Laura spat, her voice shaky but fierce. "I'll never give to you. Never."

Dove's lips curled into a cruel smile. "Wrong answer."

Without hesitation, Dove dragged Laura to the middle of the living room, manhandling her until she was standing on shaky legs. She locked Laura into a side headlock, tightening the grip just enough to make Laura gasp, then effortlessly flipped her over her hip. Laura's body soared through the air before crashing hard against the floor, the thud echoing in the room.

Dove wasn't done. She reached down and grabbed both of Laura's legs, one in each hand, pulling them apart with ruthless intent. At first, Laura twisted and squirmed, trying to resist the agonizing stretch, but Dove's strength was unrelenting.

"Just give it up already," Dove sneered, her grip tightening as she spread Laura's legs wider and wider. The muscles in Laura's thighs stretched painfully, her body nearing its breaking point.

Laura's moans grew faint as the unbearable pressure mounted, her inner thighs straining beyond what any normal person could endure. Tears streamed down her face, her eyes shutting tightly as

she struggled to endure the torture Dove was inflicting. But even through the pain, Laura refused to surrender.

Dove, sensing that Laura was done but still refusing to submit, finally released the leg spread. She stood over Laura, her expression a mix of annoyance and grudging respect for the rival who refused to break.

Dove, flustered and her patience wearing thin, stared down at Laura with growing frustration. No matter how much pain she inflicted, how many cruel twists and turns she applied, Laura simply refused to break. It infuriated Dove—she wanted more than just a victory. She wanted to crush Laura once and for all, to humiliate her in a way that would leave her broken, never daring to challenge Dove again.

A wicked smile crept across Dove's lips as she realized how she would finish her rival. She could have ripped out every strand of Laura's freshly dyed blonde hair, but that wasn't enough. No, she wanted something more demeaning. The most humiliating way to lose—to pass out, smothered beneath your enemy's breasts.

With brutal intent, Dove rolled Laura onto her back, easily pinning her battered body. Laura's feeble attempts to resist were almost laughable to Dove, who slid up her torso, tucking Laura's weakened arms by her sides. The slap came next—a sharp, stinging strike across Laura's face, jolting her out of the stupor she had fallen into.

“Wake up, Laura,” Dove hissed, her voice laced with venom. “You're going to want to be awake for this.”

Laura's eyes fluttered open, her vision blurry with tears and exhaustion. She was trapped, completely at Dove's mercy, and she knew what was coming. But there was nothing she could do to stop it. Helpless, she watched as Dove cruelly lifted her bra, exposing her firm alabaster breasts. Laura's horror deepened as those milky, unforgiving globes hovered over her face, growing larger and larger until her world went dark, Dove's breasts sealing tightly around her, cutting off her air.

Laura twisted her head desperately from side to side, struggling to take in even the smallest breath. But Dove was no amateur—she knew exactly how to position herself, shifting her body with malicious precision to keep Laura in the dark, depriving her of much-needed oxygen.

“Yeah, that's right,” Dove whispered, her voice dripping with satisfaction. “You can't breathe, can you? Go ahead, struggle. It's not going to help.”

Laura's body flailed beneath her tormentor, her movements growing weaker with every passing second. Her world was collapsing into suffocating darkness as she slipped in and out of consciousness, barely able to hang on. Dove, feeling Laura's struggles become more feeble, lifted her breasts momentarily, allowing Laura a desperate, gasping breath of air.

“I thought I might've lost you there for a second,” Dove mocked, smirking down at her rival's tear-streaked face. “But we're not done yet. Oh no, Laura. I want you to savor every second of this.”

Dove lowered herself again, taking her time, savoring the power she had over Laura.

Laura fought with the last ounce of strength she had left, knowing deep down that she was done. Dove would win this fight—there was no escaping that—but Laura refused to give her smug, sadistic rival the satisfaction of seeing her surrender. She'd rather black out under Dove's taunting dominance than submit. Her vision darkened as she accepted her fate, ready to lose consciousness, but Dove, sensing her escape into unconsciousness, cruelly lifted her breasts again, denying her the release.

“Are we having fun, sweetie?” Dove's voice dripped with mockery as she allowed Laura a breath. “Last chance before I smother you out for good.”

Laura couldn't even muster a response. Her body had given up entirely, drained of any fight. She lay there, helpless, pinned under Dove's weight, the humiliation coursing through her veins. She knew she had lost, but in her mind, all she could think of was revenge. How dare Dove torture her like this? Winning was one thing, but to keep humiliating her, dragging it out like this—Dove had

crossed a line. This was something Laura would never forget, and one day, she would make her pay for it.

Enjoy this while you can, Laura thought bitterly. You'll regret this day.

Dove's smirk widened as she leaned in close. "Last chance, Marano." The threat hung in the air as she lowered her firm, perfect breasts over Laura's face once more, sealing off her breath. This time, Dove brought her elbows in, pressing even tighter, forming the perfect smother as her body shifted to pin Laura completely. Laura's struggles grew weaker and weaker, her movements subsiding into near silence. A cruel satisfaction spread across Dove's face. She had not only beaten Laura—she had humiliated her beyond repair.

She could hear the faintest whimper escape Laura's lips, the fight draining from her body. This time, Dove had no intention of letting up. She was resolute in her smother, determined to hold it until Laura lay motionless beneath her, completely defeated.

Come on, Marano, Dove thought to herself with a sneer. How much more can you take? Just give in. Give in, you stupid bitch.

Laura's body finally went limp under Dove, and for a moment, Dove held the smother longer, savoring her victory. But just as she began to relax, confident that Laura was finished, a sharp pain shot through her body. Before Dove could even process what had happened, another knee slammed viciously between her legs, freezing her in place with a gasp. The tables were turning—fast.

Dove's eyes shot wide open, her face contorted in agony as the pain between her legs refused to subside. The throbbing only intensified, radiating through her entire body. She rolled into the fetal position, her hands instinctively clutching her battered crotch, unable to let go. Groaning in pure misery, Dove lay there, helpless, as tears of frustration welled in her eyes. Across from her, Laura, equally worn and tear-streaked, was fighting through her own exhaustion, desperately trying to gather herself.

Both women lay sprawled on the carpet, each a wreck after the brutal clash, when Taylor stepped in, a bemused smirk on her face.

"Looks like we've got ourselves a tie," Taylor announced, taking a slow sip of her glass of red wine. "Neither of you seems able to finish the other."

Taylor's dismissive tone only fueled Laura's burning anger. With trembling limbs and a determined look in her eyes, she forced herself up, swaying slightly on her feet.

"I'm not done yet," Laura growled, her voice raspy but defiant. Stumbling over to where Dove lay, still clutching her throbbing privates, Laura's eyes burned with fury. Dove could barely move, her body wracked with pain, and Laura knew this was her chance.

Dove groaned, hands glued between her legs, completely defenseless as Laura loomed over her, vengeance in her eyes.

Dove's eyes blazed with fury, her breath ragged, and her body still aching from Laura's low blow. Despite the pain radiating from her crotch, the taste of revenge coursed through her veins. Glaring up at Laura, who stood shakily above her, Dove tucked her legs in close, then shot them out with explosive force. Her two-footed mule kick slammed deep into Laura's gut, folding her in half as all the air rushed from her lungs.

Laura stumbled back, gasping, her legs still unsteady beneath her as Dove slowly rose to her feet, wincing as she rubbed her throbbing privates one last time. Eyes locked onto Laura, Dove took a determined step forward, her expression cold, and her lips curled in disdain. She wound up, her arm fully extended, hand cupped, ready to deliver a vicious slap that would knock Laura back into submission.

But Laura, running on pure instinct, caught Dove's hand in mid-air. The smack never landed. Laura twisted Dove's wrist sharply, then spun around, wrenching Dove's arm behind her back with a brutal force. Dove let out a sharp gasp, her body arching in pain as Laura yanked up on her arm, forcing it higher and higher until it was pressed against the back of Dove's head.

"Don't make me break it, Dove," Laura growled through gritted teeth, her voice dripping with venom. "Give up."

The tables had turned. Against all odds, Laura had clawed her way back from the brink of defeat, now standing tall while Dove, exhausted and spent, had nothing left. Dove's face twisted in pain, her strength failing her, as Laura pressed her advantage. Laura's leg snaked behind Dove's calf, and with a shove, she sent Dove sprawling back onto the floor with a hard thud.

Dove sat up quickly, only to be met with the sole of Laura's left foot, which came crashing down on her chest. Laura's heel planted itself directly on Dove's right breast, flattening it against her chest with a brutal stomp. Dove screamed as the pain shot through her, her back hitting the floor once again.

But Laura wasn't done. She followed up with a vicious knee drop, driving her knee deep into Dove's gut. Dove's body jackknifed violently, her mouth opening in a silent scream as the impact left her completely winded. Laura stood over her, breathing heavily but now firmly in control.

Laura's eyes glinted with malicious satisfaction as she moved with ruthless precision. She wasted no time, snatching Dove's left leg and locking her hands tightly around her ankle. In one fluid, brutal motion, Laura twisted Dove's leg, wrenching the ankle at a grotesque angle. Dove's whimper quickly turned into a sharp cry of pain, her body jolting in response as her ankle bent unnaturally.

But Laura wasn't stopping. She spun her body again, twisting Dove's ankle even further, forcing it beyond its limits. Each excruciating rotation wrung more agony from Dove, whose moans turned into desperate, high-pitched cries. The pressure was unbearable, and Dove's ankle felt like it was being set on fire, the pain ripping through her nerves with each cruel twist.

Laura paused for a moment, only to grab Dove's right leg. With the same vicious fervor, she twisted Dove's other ankle, not even giving her rival a chance to catch her breath. Dove's face contorted, her eyes filling with tears of agony as Laura viciously torqued the limb, pushing it past its breaking point. Dove was helpless, writhing on the floor, her mind a blur of pain as her ankles were wrenched in different directions, twisted in ways they were never meant to go.

Laura's lips curled into a cold, vindictive smile as she worked on Dove's ankles, twisting one way, then the other, wrenching them until Dove's cries became hoarse and her entire body trembled. The brutal assault left Dove lying flat on her back, both ankles throbbing, the pain overwhelming her.

But Laura wasn't done. She loomed over Dove, her eyes dark with vengeance, savoring every second of her payback. "I'm not finished with you yet," she hissed, her voice dripping with spite.

Laura wasted no time in exacting her revenge. With fierce determination burning in her eyes, she grabbed Dove's left leg and swiftly maneuvered herself into position, intent on making Dove suffer. Her hands gripped Dove's leg just below the knee, bending it at a brutal 90-degree angle, ensuring Dove couldn't kick free. The room filled with Dove's frantic breathing as she felt the inevitability of what was coming.

Laura's lips curled into a vindictive smile as she crossed Dove's right leg over her left, locking Dove's ankle behind her own knee. Dove let out a strangled groan as her legs were twisted into an unnatural crisscross, her body writhing in discomfort.

But Laura wasn't done. Not by a long shot.

She sat down and spun her body around in one fluid motion, locking Dove's legs into a **perfect figure four**, trapping Dove's left leg securely with her right. Laura laid back, her body fully stretching as she pushed her hips upward, applying excruciating pressure on Dove's knees and ankles. It wasn't just about winning now—it was about *punishing* Dove.

Dove's eyes widened in horror as pain shot through her body like an electric shock. Her tendons screamed in protest, her legs twisted into a position they weren't meant to endure. Laura's hips arched higher, forcing more unbearable agony through the hold.

"Feel that, Dove?" Laura hissed through clenched teeth, her voice dripping with malice. "This is payback for everything."

Dove's face contorted in agony, her body convulsing under the torment Laura was inflicting. Every feeble attempt to move only tightened the hold, making the pain worse. Her breathing grew ragged, her vision blurred with tears as Laura torqued the leg lock mercilessly.

"You thought you could break me?" Laura spat, her grin growing wider as she watched Dove helplessly squirm beneath her. "I'm going to make sure you *never* forget this."

Laura pulled back harder, her hips driving the pressure even deeper into Dove's tortured legs. Dove could feel her body giving out, her mind flooded with waves of agonizing pain. But Laura wasn't satisfied. Not until she saw the full weight of suffering etched into her rival's face.

Laura was beyond fury now, her mind consumed with a burning desire for payback. Dove had tortured her, humiliated her, and now it was time to make her suffer tenfold. As Laura tightened the figure-four leg lock, she sneered down at Dove's contorted face, her voice venomous and cold.

"Give up, Dove. You're done. I'm not letting go until you admit I'm the better woman."

Dove's body trembled, the intense pressure forcing an agonized scream from her lips. "No—oh no, Laura! You're breaking my leg! You're breaking my leg!"

But Laura didn't let up. She lifted her hips even higher, the tendons in Dove's leg straining to the point of snapping. Every inch of movement sent excruciating jolts of pain up Dove's leg, her muscles burning, her body at the breaking point. Laura's satisfaction was written all over her face—this was the moment she had been waiting for, the chance to shatter Dove physically and emotionally.

But somehow, in a last-ditch effort, Dove twisted her body, turning face-down on the plush white carpet. The move reversed the pressure, putting Laura on the receiving end of the pain. Laura's eyes went wide in shock as the agony hit her like a freight train. Her leg screamed in protest, and she could feel the ligaments straining as Dove fought back.

Laura's fist pounded the carpet, her teeth gritted as she endured the sudden reversal. But she wasn't about to let Dove have the upper hand for long. With a primal scream, Laura surged forward, rolling Dove back onto her back, locking the hold in even tighter.

"STOP! STOP!" Dove shrieked, her voice filled with desperation. "You're breaking my leg!"

Satisfied that Dove was teetering on the brink of submission, Laura finally released the figure-four. But she wasn't done. Oh no, this wasn't over. Not by a long shot.

Laura grabbed Dove's left leg again, this time wrapping her powerful thighs around it, locking it in place. With brutal precision, she dropped back onto the carpet, tucking Dove's ankle under her arm. In one fluid motion, Laura expertly locked on a **Brazilian heel hook**, her grip tightening with lethal intent.

The moment the hold was applied, Dove let out a scream so primal, so filled with agony, that it echoed off the walls. The pain was unlike anything she had ever felt before. It shot from her ankle all the way up her spine, paralyzing her with its intensity. Her vision blurred, her body went numb, and for a moment she thought she might black out.

The heel hook was known for its brutality, banned in most forms of combat for the sheer damage it could inflict. And Laura? She applied it with malicious precision. Her lips curled into a vindictive smile as she felt Dove's leg trembling in her grasp, every twitch a sign that the damage was being done.

"Feel that, Dove?" Laura taunted, her voice dripping with cruelty. "This is what you deserve. I'm going to snap your ankle if you don't give up right now."

Dove was beyond words. Her body convulsed in agony, her breaths coming in short, ragged gasps as she tried to resist the overwhelming urge to tap. But there was no escaping the torture Laura had her locked in.

Laura tightened her grip even further, pulling Dove's ankle back with merciless force. "Admit it, Dove," Laura hissed, her face inches from Dove's. "Admit that I'm the better woman, or I swear I'll tear your leg apart."

Dove's screams filled the room, her body completely at Laura's mercy. The pain was unbearable, and she knew, deep down, that Laura wouldn't stop until she had broken her both physically and mentally.

Laura stood over the crumpled form of Dove, breathing heavily but filled with satisfaction. Dove was a sniveling mess, too weak to even reach for her battered legs, the pain still radiating from the brutal heel hook. Her body was shaking, tears streaming down her face. Laura glanced toward Taylor, who gave a subtle nod—an unspoken agreement between the two.

Without wasting any time, Laura positioned herself behind Dove, wrapping her legs tightly around her opponent's waist. She slid her forearm under Dove's chin, tucking her wrist neatly beneath her elbow. In one fluid, calculated motion, Laura locked in a **rear naked choke**, her hold precise, unforgiving.

Dove's eyes widened in terror as the realization hit her. She knew what was coming next. She had endured an unimaginable amount of pain, but this... this was the end. There was no escaping now. Her legs were useless, her body was broken, and Laura was relentless.

As Laura tightened the choke, her thighs clamping around Dove's midsection, Dove closed her eyes, accepting her fate. She couldn't fight anymore; her pride had taken her as far as it could. Within seconds, Dove's struggles slowed, her body twitching weakly as the blood flow to her brain was cut off. Her eyes fluttered before finally closing, her body going completely limp in Laura's grip.

Laura held the choke for a moment longer, savoring the feeling of her rival succumbing to her dominance, before finally releasing the hold. Dove's lifeless form collapsed against Laura, her head rolling back in unconsciousness. Laura lay there for a few seconds, catching her breath, before pushing Dove off her, letting the beaten woman's body slump to the carpet.

Taylor, ever the calm observer, quickly moved in. She rolled Dove onto her back and lifted her legs, helping the blood flow back into her head. After a few moments, Dove stirred, her eyes slowly opening. She looked around in confusion, clearly disoriented, unaware of what had just happened.

Dove had fought bravely, that much was clear. But her overconfidence had been her downfall. Laura had pushed her beyond her limits, breaking her in both body and spirit. And now, lying defeated, Dove was forced to confront the bitter truth—she had lost and tonight Laura was the better woman.

Laura Marano stood over Dove Cameron, her chest heaving from exertion, sweat glistening on her skin, and her heart pounding in her ears. She had done it. She had won. For months, she had been haunted by the memory of those humiliating losses to Dove in the Baby Oil Brawl—a match that had left her feeling small, powerless, and angry. But now, in Taylor Swift's dimly lit living room, that was all behind her. Dove, her former friend and now bitter rival, lay crumpled on the carpet at her feet, beaten and broken.

Laura had taken her revenge, and it tasted sweeter than she ever imagined.

The sight of Dove in this state should have filled Laura with satisfaction. After all, it was Dove who had ignited this years-long feud—always stealing the spotlight, acting superior, and rubbing Laura's past losses in her face. Tonight was no different. Dove had strutted around in her bra and panties, oozing arrogance, taunting Laura with every smug word. She'd even mocked Laura for going blonde, as if the change was somehow an attempt to copy her. But Laura knew the truth—her choices had nothing to do with Dove. And now, she had proven that things had changed. Tonight, it was Laura who stood victorious and Dove who lay at her feet, bruised and battered.

Her blonde hair clung to her damp skin as she looked down at Dove, who was barely moving, her face flushed and tear-streaked, her body trembling from the pain Laura had inflicted. It would have been so easy to keep going, to rub it in, to drag Dove up by her hair and torture her further.

To make her cry out and beg for mercy. To take out her breasts and pay Dove back by smothering her into oblivion. Laura's stable would have expected nothing less. A decisive, humiliating win over Dove would be a huge morale boost for them, and they would be hungry for tales of domination and humiliation, eager to revel in Laura's triumph.

And Laura herself had been waiting for this moment for so long. Every punch she had thrown, every slap, every kick had been fueled by years of pent-up frustration, by every time Dove had walked away from a fight with her head held high while Laura nursed her bruises. Winning tonight wasn't just about the bragging rights. It wasn't just about being the better fighter. It was about finally stepping out of Dove's shadow and reclaiming her sense of self-worth.

But now, standing over Dove's battered form, something inside of Laura hesitated. Her breathing slowed, and she felt a flicker of something she hadn't expected: compassion.

Despite the intense rivalry that had consumed them, despite all the cruel words and brutal fights, Laura remembered a time when things were different. Before the UCC, before the stables, before the catfights, there had been friendship. A real friendship. They had laughed together, confided in each other, and supported one another as they navigated the tricky world of Disney stardom. Dove had been more than just a co-star; she had been a friend. And as much as Laura had wanted to hurt her, to take revenge for everything that had happened between them, that friendship was still a part of their history.

Laura clenched her fists, feeling the adrenaline still coursing through her body. The temptation to finish Dove off, to cement her dominance, was strong. Her stable expected her to send a message, to make sure everyone knew that Laura Marano was not to be messed with, especially by Dove Cameron. The UCC world was brutal, and reputation meant everything. If Laura showed any weakness now, it could come back to bite her. Dove would recover eventually, and if word got out that Laura had gone easy on her, it would only embolden her.

But Dove was barely conscious, her body curled up in a defensive position, whimpering softly. She wasn't a threat anymore. Laura had seen to that. The fight was over. Laura had won.

"Get up, Cameron," Laura muttered, though her voice lacked its usual venom. She nudged Dove lightly with her foot, but Dove only stirred weakly, groaning in pain. The sound tugged at something in Laura's chest.

She could keep going. She could drag Dove across the floor by her hair, making her scream for the whole party to hear. She could force Dove to admit, over and over, that Laura was the better woman. She could do all of that, and it would feel good in the moment. But as Laura stood there, her muscles aching from the fight, the satisfaction she had been expecting didn't come.

Instead, all she felt was tired. Tired of the endless cycle of fights, of grudges, of pain. Tired of feeling like she had something to prove.

"I could end you right now," Laura said quietly, her voice barely above a whisper. "I could make sure everyone knows that you're nothing compared to me."

Dove didn't respond. She was too far gone, too battered to even speak. Laura's eyes softened as she looked down at her former friend. Maybe it was the years of history between them, or maybe it was just that Dove looked so vulnerable, so defeated. But Laura couldn't bring herself to keep fighting.

"God, you're pathetic," Laura said, but the words lacked malice. She sighed, running a hand through her sweaty blonde hair. "This... this isn't what I wanted."

Laura crouched down beside Dove, her voice lowering. "We used to be friends, Dove. Do you even remember that? Before all of this... we were close. I didn't want this."

For a moment, Laura let herself remember the old days—back when their biggest worries were lines on a script or whether the fans liked their characters. Back when they had each other's backs, no matter what. That seemed like a lifetime ago now.

But despite everything, despite the rivalry, despite the hurt, part of Laura still cared.

She placed a hand gently on Dove's shoulder, not to hurt her this time, but as a small gesture of comfort. "I've beaten you tonight," Laura said, her voice steady. "I don't need to do more. You're not worth it, Dove."

Dove flinched slightly at the touch, but she didn't pull away. She couldn't. Her body was too weak to respond.

Laura stood up, glancing at Taylor Swift, who had been watching the entire scene unfold from a few feet away. Taylor had stayed silent throughout the fight, letting the two women settle their score, but now she stepped forward, her eyes flicking between Dove and Laura.

"Are you done?" Taylor asked quietly, her voice calm but firm.

Laura nodded. "Yeah. I'm done." She glanced back at Dove one more time, then turned her back on her beaten rival.

As Laura walked away, she didn't feel the rush of triumph she had expected. Instead, there was a strange sense of relief. She had proved her point. She had gotten her revenge. But she had also shown herself—and Dove—that she didn't need to be cruel to win.



Laura recalled a time when they shared secrets and gossiped about boys during ***Sleepovers***. Those days were long gone, but the memories remained vivid. Dove had once been a close friend, and despite everything, maybe that still meant something—even now.

As Laura left the room, she knew the rivalry between her and Dove wasn't over—it never would be—but for tonight, she had chosen to show mercy. And in a way, that felt like the biggest victory of all.

Laura knew there was no going back to the way things were—back when she and Dove were young, innocent, and their friendship had been genuine. That bond was a distant memory, now tainted by rivalry and bitterness. Though part of her still respected Dove, both for who she had been and the fighter she had become in the UCC, Laura remained resolute. Dove would face the same humiliation and pain she had suffered in Taylor Swift's living room. Next time, she would ensure an even more complete, decisive beatdown, leaving no doubt who the stronger woman truly was.