

July 8th, 2024

The Stubborn Mule is an establishment in Orlando, Florida Brittany Lohan found herself at.

Sitting at a small table by the window, she stared at the white envelope placed on the table.

Opening the envelope she reads the contents of the letter.

“Stubborn Mule. Meet me there July 8th. 4:30 PM. I’m paying. Don’t be late.”

It was 4:31 pm, whoever sent the letter to Brittany wasn’t there. She rolls her eyes. Crumbling up the letter she tosses it across the room. Rising from her seat she is prepared to walk out of the restaurant. That was until she noticed a familiar face walking towards her. Not the friendliest of faces in her point of view. The unfriendly face belonged to Aphrodite Noel. What caught Brittany’s attention was a similar looking white envelope to hers in Aphrodite’s right hand.

Before Brittany could comment on the similarities, Aphrodite broke the silence. “You invited me here?” Aphrodite naturally questioned.

“Invite you?” Brittany said with added base in her voice. “You are the last person I would invite anywhere!”

“These games are tiresome, Brittany.” Aphrodite rolls her eyes. “You didn’t need to stoop this low. Brutes are more direct than this.”

Brittany clenches her fist. “Repeat that again!”

Aphrodite took one step closer to Brittany. She clears her throat. “I said... brutes are more direct than whatever game you are playing.”

This causes Brittany to stare straight at the smug face of Aphrodite Noel. She felt that Aphrodite was tempting her to land the first shot. With a restaurant full of witnesses there is no way Brittany could deny laying a hand on Glory’s adoptive mother. Britt has never been one to shy away from her actions, good, bad or indifferent. It was going to take more than Aphrodite throwing bait into the sea to act on impulse. Composing herself, Britt took a deep breath.

Looking back at the table she was sitting at, Brittany grabbed the envelope. She held it up to Aphrodite’s face.

Aphrodite inspected the envelope Brittany was holding. She looks down at hers. The similarities were striking, including the handwriting on the front of each envelope.

A snarl escapes Aphrodite's lips. "I can't beli-- actually, I do believe it."

"Believe what?" Brittany demanded.

"Can you not tell? We've been set up!"

"By..." Brittany knew there was no need to complete her thought. Examining the handwriting on her and Aphrodite's envelope, the truth became clear as day. "ABIGAIL..." Brittany shouted at the top of her lungs. She didn't care that the other customers of the restaurant stared back at her.

On cue, the blonde haired dynamo rose from the seat she was sitting from at the bar. She made her way over to both Brittany and Aphrodite. "Say my name and I appear. Shall we get down to business--" Abigail looked at Aphrodite. "-- cousin of mine." She shifted her attention to Brittany. "And my favorite sister in the whole wide world."

Abigail walked over to the table Brittany was waiting for Aphrodite at.

Aphrodite shrugged her shoulders. She joined Abigail at the table.

Brittany was the last to follow suit. She sat across from Aphrodite. Both women were looking at each other. Abigail was positioned so she could easily look at both of them. Without looking at her sister, Brittany cut straight to the chase. "What's the meaning behind this, Abi?"

"Can't I spend time with my favorite sister and dearest cousin without an ulterior motive? I'm hurt."

"Cut the crap!" Aphrodite fired back, her attention focused on Glory's tag team partner.

"Meanie. I'm gonna tell your mother."

Finally looking at Abigail, Aphrodite says in no uncertain terms. "Enough!"

Brittany averts her gaze from Aphrodite to stare at her sister. "For once me and Aphrodite agree on something. Why the secrecy? Why the smoke and mirrors?"

"Geez, you two could have humored me for a couple more minutes. Unimaginative." Abigail yawns. "Anywhooooo. Lets cut to the chase." Abigail looks at Aphrodite. "Glory Braddock means different things to both of you. Cousin of mine, she's the daughter you always wanted.

Britt..." Abigail shifts her attention to her sister. "Glo is one of the few friends you have left. Tragic. But true. Must be special for you to come out of retirement to help her become Supreme Champion."

Abigail briefly pauses. She runs her fingers through her thick blonde hair. "Color me surprised two strong personalities like yourselves haven't found a way to screw each other. Who are we kidding? Only a matter of time until we find out who Glory's heart truly favors."

A silence grips the air as Brittany and Aphrodite stare at Abigail who is unbothered by the real stakes she presented to both her cousin and sister.

A petite male waiter comes to interrupt the proceedings. He asked cheerfully. "Can I get you ladies anything?"

Abigail shakes her head. "Come back in ten minutes sweetie."

He nods. The waiter goes about his business.

Abigail yawns. "Anywho. Where were we? Yes. How is this little dance going to end? Hmmm."

Brittany and Aphrodite look at each other. Both trying to size up the others true intentions.

Aphrodite folds her arms into her chest. "Brittany. I am not your biggest fan. You are a simple minded brute who lacks class and subtlety. My daughter is a better woman than I allowing you to bask in her presence. I doubt your life would have much meaning if my daughter didn't do you the favor of allowing you to tag along for the ride."

Aphrodite paused to gauge the woman's reaction. To Brittany's credit, she kept her facial expression stoic. She didn't show any indication she wanted to rip Aphrodite's heart out of her chest.

Abigail looked on in anticipation of what would happen next.

"However--" Aphrodite sighs. "My opinion is irrelevant. Glory's feelings are all that matter. If allowing you to tag along is what she desires. Fine. I'll even agree to stay out of your affairs."

Brittany raised an eyebrow. "Bullshit."

"You have my word." Aphrodite holds her hands over her heart. "I was in favor of the more ruthless approach you two displayed, I have come to accept Glory's wishes to conduct her wrestling affairs the right way. Your willingness not to succumb to your more extreme tendencies, pains me to do, I shall give you credit for not tarnishing my daughters reputation."

"Like you are with your tyrannical reign in GCW." Brittany casually pointed out.

"I am trying to be nice here..." Aphrodite balls up her fist.

Abigail couldn't help butting in. "Yeah sis, it's tearing my cousin apart to be nice."

"Shut up Abi!" Brittany snapped back.

Aphrodite couldn't help but chuckle at Brittany's response to Abigail. Taking a deep breath, she continues. "We can both agree we don't want to put Glory in a position where she feels she needs to choose between us. Neither of us want that."

Brittany nods.

Aphrodite continues on. "Can we come to an accord? I withdraw my desire to manage the affairs of Twisted & Sadistic. We maintain our distance if it can be avoided. Both of us vow to not put Glory in a position where she has to choose."

Brittany takes a moment to ponder everything that Aphrodite just said. The War Machine extends her hand to Glory's adoptive mother. "Alright. Deal."

Aphrodite nods. She reaches over the table to shake Brittany's hand. "Good. I'll take my leave now."

Brittany doesn't bother protesting Aphrodite feeling the urge to exit the Stubborn Mule.

As Aphrodite walks off, Brittany turns to Abigail. She punches her younger sister in the arm.

"Ow!!!" Abigail over exaggeratedly screams.

"You wanted me to smash her face in, did you?" Brittany nonchalantly said.

With a smirk on her face, Abigail replied. "Guilty as charged."

Brittany tilts her head to the side. "What did she ever do to you?"

"Nothing." Abigail shrugs. "I wanted to see her reaction, that's all."

Brittany stands up. "Bye Abigail."

Abigail grabs Brittany's wrist. "Wait. Got to admit she made one solid point. Why are you holding back anywho? You are the war machine. Destroyer of worlds. Heck, you should be chasing the Underground Championship, Kim would have enjoyed the challenge, so I'm told. Back in the

day you were a true menace. This slightly different version of you, all for Glory? All to maintain some semblance of humanity? Why sis?"

"We all make sacrifices, Abigail" Brittany rips away her wrist from Abigail's clutches with no effort at all. "Aren't you doing the same thing as me? Holding back a piece of yourself to fit into a Kingdom? Always thinking if you crossed that one line, your entire world would burn to ashes? That's who we are. Volatile. Chaotic. One step away from burning the world around us. No point ruling a world of burned ashes. Are we short changing ourselves?" Brittany shrugs. "I don't know. What I do know is I like having Glory in my life. My daughter half way respects me. Who knows why Nadia sticks around. Glad she is... when she's not busy working every other day. It is what it is. I am staying the course. Period. Anything else?"

Abigail shakes her head. "Nope."

"Alright." Brittany leans in. She stares Abigail straight in the eyes. "Oh, and next time you pull a stunt like this--"

"I know, I know--" Abigail yawns. "--you'll punch me in the face, blah blah blah."

"Alright." Brittany pulls away. "See you around."

Brittany storms out of the Stubborn Mule.

PROMO TIME

"Sakura. Neko. Welcome to storytime with Brittany Lohan."

"I remember being the young lion once. Admittedly. I was twenty four when I began this pro wrestling journey. Young nonetheless. My motives weren't pure. Some will argue to this day they still aren't. Point to be debated later. Anyway, I didn't know what I wanted to do when I walked out of the California Institution for Women. Attending an independent show a couple weeks later my path became clear, becoming a professional wrestler. Didn't look too hard. Two men I came to respect drove the respect for the business into me."

"Took two years for them to declare I was ready to start my journey. In those two years of training, an appreciation for the sport grew. And with that, my overwhelming desire to beat anyone up who stood in front of me was supplemented by this drive to conquer those who stood in my path."

"I had a lot to prove. Trust me. Being taller than most women will only get you so far. Strength is great to have. David has slain Goliath once too many times in this sport. What I needed was an overwhelming desire that would ensure I could take everything that I learned from my two mentors to ensure I was built to last more than a decade."

"Sakura. Neko. Letting you two know I understand what it is like to be the young lion walking into a wrestling company. Eyes bright. Looking at the terrain. Believing in your heart of hearts that the world is going to be your oyster. On top of your desire to become the best tag team in Supreme Championship Wrestling, making YUYO proud adds fuel to the fire. Last week, she became the number one contender for the Adrenaline Championship. If she can overcome Bree. And you two manage to become tag team champions in the future, The Shining Maidens could be the hottest trio in this company. Full blown Joshi takeover. A wrestler is a wrestler to me. Do we really need to call wrestlers luchadors, joshi's, etc? I get it. Cultural thing. In my eyes you are a wrestler. And a victim led to the slaughter. That translates to all cultures."

"You're young. Exuberant. Exciting. Fans love you. Are you the future of tag team wrestling? Maybe. Maybe not. I lost track of how many men and women have stepped into MY sport claiming to be the future this, future that. Most begin strong. A couple wins here and there. A championship opportunity thrown in for good measure. In the end, most of them flame out. What these kids fail to realize, the only reality that exists is the PRESENT. Most speak of a future that will never happen, powering themselves with a sense of false hope. Hope, it is a motivator. Hope alone is not a strategy."

"I admit your past efforts have been impressive. Like my partner, I look forward to the challenge. What should be abundantly clear ladies, Twisted & Sadistic is a mountain that will, not, move."

"Me and Glory are not giving up our spot. It would have been easy after losing our tag team championships to Light in the Darkness to go, the Supreme Championship is out the way, time to move on. Instead. We didn't care about the conditions imposed on us by CHBK. We clawed our way back to become number one contenders. We, sorry, I tolerated Light in the Darkness' constant need to stop us from k--, I mean, bulldozing through the entire tag team division. I didn't commit to sticking around just to hand my spot to some Magical Princess gobbledygook."

"So Sakura. Neko. Your potential is through the roof. We're going to have a great wrestling match. The fans will love it. Just so we're clear. In the present day. In the now. This is not your time. Me and Glory aren't done on top of the mountain. Until we decide we're done, that's the way it's going to be. You don't need to like it. There is a pecking order to this. WE are the order. That's the only justice that's going to be served."

