

The Final Verdict

Laura Marano

"I've had it with her big mouth," **Laura Marano** growled, wiping sweat from her brow as she stepped back from the heavy bag in the Awesome Aries gym. "This doesn't end with a handshake. One of us is going to the ICU, and I guarantee that it won't be me."

With a sharp exhale, she unleashed a vicious roundhouse kick, slamming the bag so hard it snapped sideways on its hinges, rocking back and forth like it had been hit by a wrecking ball.



Laura Donzis took a quick step back as the heavy bag swung violently past her face, now hanging by just one rattling chain. “Jesus, Laura,” eyeing the damage, “management’s gonna lose it if you break another one.”

Laura backed off, arms dropping to her sides as she let out a sharp exhale.

“Let me guess,” Lauren added with a smirk. “Imagining it’s that irritating blonde again?”

“I don’t know what to do anymore—Dove Cameron just won’t let up. She barely squeaked by in that oil wrestling match, then I kicked her ass in the ring, and you’d think she won a goddamn Olympic gold.”

“I get it,” Lauren said, nodding. “But what she did to your legs in the cage? That was over the line. She should’ve backed off—she could’ve put you out for months... maybe even for good.”

“All of us know that Dove’s a bitch, no doubt—but I don’t think she was actually trying to cripple me. She just out-fought me... and now she won’t shut up about it. I need to get her back—show her what it feels like when you can’t even get off the canvas.”

“You know she’s gonna keep running her mouth until you shut her up for good,” Lauren replied. “Just like Ariana did in Hong Kong. Dove didn’t make a peep after Ariana gave her a dose of her own medicine.”

Laura smiled, a glint of satisfaction in her eyes. “That was sure fun to watch—sixteen kicks landed, and most of them went right to her bony little legs. All I know is... I wish it had been me instead of Ariana.”

"You'll get your shot—and when you do, you need to go after her legs first, before she gets to yours. Do that, and it'll be the last time anyone hears her running her mouth on the Forum."

As Laura wiped the sweat from her brow, **Ashley Benson** strolled over, hands on her hips and a knowing look on her face.

“What are we talking about, ladies? Let me guess—the Fatass Barbies?” Ashley smirked.

All three women chuckled, the tension momentarily lifting. Lauren nodded, grinning.

“Yeah, what else is there to bitch about?”

“Guess what?” Ashley said, her eyes gleaming with excitement. “Madison Beer challenged me again—this time, it’s the opening match at *Sin City Slugfest VI*. That stupid bitch never learns.”

“The blindfold matches?” Laura asked, raising an eyebrow. “The ones where you don’t know who you’re fighting until the bell rings?”



“Yup,” Ashley grinned. “But this time, we’re keeping the blindfolds on the whole fight.”



“OMG!” Lauren shouted, practically bouncing. “I’m signed up for that too, and it’s *driving* me crazy not knowing who I’ll be fighting. All I know is, I *hope* it’s a Barbie. Oh God, please let it be a Barbie! Sydney Sweeney’s entered and I *know* I could punch her lights out.”

“Won’t the blindfolds level the playing field, though?” Laura asked, glancing at Ashley. “You’ve beaten Madison like half a dozen times already. Why give her a chance like that? You obviously *own* her ass.”

“What about me?” Lauren chimed in. “I kicked Beer’s ass all over the beach, remember?\\”

“It’s starting to look like Madison’s the personal punching bag for the Awesome Aries,” Laura said with a smirk. “And I fully

intend to do the same to Dove.”

All three women smiled at the thought—Madison and Dove laid out cold on the canvas, humiliated and completely broken.

But then Laura’s tone shifted, a hint of concern creeping in. “Are you sure this blindfold match is a good idea, Ash?”

“No worries, Laura,” Ashley said, her confidence unwavering. “Madison’s getting KO’d. There’s no way she can trade with me. One clean shot, and she’s going down for the count... again.”

Ashley glanced over at the heavy bag, swaying slightly, hanging precariously by a single chain. She shot it a glance, as if imagining the satisfying thud of her fist connecting.

“What happened to the heavy bag?” Ashley asked, raising an eyebrow.

“Laura broke it again,” Lauren chuckled. “She was pretending it was Dove.”

Ashley shook her head with a grin. “Yeah, Dove’s a little Prima Donna, but she can really fight. She held the lightweight title and was the number one fighter in the UCC for over a year. Don’t take her too lightly.”

“Don’t get me wrong, Ashley,” Laura said, a hint of frustration in her voice. “I love fighting Dove, and no doubt, she’s talented, but she just won’t stop running her mouth. We’ve fought at least 8 times, and we’ve been pretty even, but if you actually listen to her, you’d swear she’s never been beaten.”

“She was the same way when I was on the Barbies,” Ashley added with a smirk. “If anyone needs a good old-fashioned butt-kicking, it’s Dove.”

Laura nodded in agreement, her jaw tightening as the thought of facing Dove again simmered in her mind.

“You know, Laura,” Ashley said, leaning in slightly, “it’s only going to get worse with her in charge of the Disney Princesses.”

Laura clenched her fists, her frustration boiling over as she let another powerful kick thud into the heavy bag.

“We need to figure out a way for you two to put this to rest,” Lauren said, her voice low but intense. “Some kind of match where one of you can claim ultimate victory. Something so humiliating that once you win, Dove will never run her mouth again. Kind of like what Ariana did to her—only ten times more painful, and ten times more humiliating.”

Laura’s eyes narrowed, her mind already racing at the possibilities.

Laura's face hardened, her jaw set. “I really don’t care how I beat her, I just don’t want to have to live with her winning again. She’s so annoying and knows exactly how to get under my skin.”

Lauren grinned, her tone sly. “Maybe you could punch her in the tits and make her cry like you did with Olivia Rodrigo. You sure shut her up after that beating.”

Laura let out a small chuckle, but the fire in her eyes remained. "That might just do the trick."

“Nah, just land one of those kicks,” Ashley challenged, a smirk on her face.

Without missing a beat, Laura dropped low, then sprang into action. She ducked down, then jumped up, spinning in mid-air before delivering a powerful back kick. The impact was so intense that the heavy bag tore free from its remaining chain, swinging wildly before crashing to the ground.

Laura stood, breathing hard, her eyes glinting with satisfaction. “That’s how you do it.”

“Like that?” Laura asked, a grin tugging at her lips.

Ashley’s grin widened. “If you hit Dove with one of those, it’ll be lights out for the big-mouth blonde princess.”

Dove Cameron

Back at the Disney Princess Training Facility, **Dove Cameron** was just finishing a grueling Pilates session with **Joey King**. Both women stood up, drenched in sweat, exchanging a brief hug.

“Thanks, Joey. I really needed that,” Dove said, catching her breath.

Joey looked at her with a sympathetic smile. “Still upset about the Ariana fiasco?”



“Not really,” Dove replied, shaking her head. “I just hate having the Aries get the last word. They’re the most insufferable bitches on the face of the earth. I hate them, especially my former best friend, Laura Marano. She really stabbed me in the back when she joined the Aries.”



Joey placed a reassuring hand on Dove's shoulder. “At least you kicked her ass in the Oil Pit and chopped down those prized legs of hers. Especially after she bragged about how she was going to use them to kick the shit out of you.”

“I know, but you can bet she’s planning something. She’s never going to go away,” Dove replied, her eyes hardening with frustration.

Joey smiled, a knowing glint in her eye. “Then you’re going to have to take her on one last time and beat her so badly that she never wants to show her face in public again. Kind of like when you beat on her legs until she couldn’t stand. That had to be satisfying—seeing her unable to get up while you celebrated.”

Dove smiled at the thought of finally disposing of her rival. “That would be awesome, wouldn’t it? No more looking over my shoulder, no more getting half my hair yanked out in a wild catfight, no more getting kicked in the tits. No more Laura, period.”

Joey nodded, her expression serious. “At least you're one of the few women who actually stand up to her. Laura really loves to fight, and she’s damn good at it. You’ve got to be ready for whatever she throws at you.”

Dove frowned, her jaw tightening. “I know, she’s one of the toughest women in the UCC, and I do respect her... but there’s no way in hell I’ll ever let her know that.”

Joey gave her a reassuring smile. “Well, you beat her in the oil and took out those famous legs of hers, so you got the last word. If you never fight her again, at least your last fight was a win.”

Dove looked down for a moment, then slowly raised her eyebrows. “That’s not going to stop her. She’s way too competitive and will never let me get the last win. She’s coming for me. I just know it.”

As Dove and Joey continued their conversation, **Emily Osment** walked over, dressed in sweaty yoga shorts with a towel around her neck. Her large breasts were left exposed, the towel barely hanging on. She glanced at the two of them and raised an eyebrow. “Are you two plotting something? Or just reminiscing about how you made Laura’s legs give out?”



“Jesus,” Joey said, eyeing Emily. “Feeling au naturel today?”

Emily, realizing she was half-naked, chuckled. “Oh, sorry. I locked Debby Ryan in a leg lock, and she got so mad that she ripped my top off. Deb’s such a sore loser.”

Joey grinned, her eyes glancing over at Emily's full D-cups. “I guess if you have them, flaunt them.”

All three women laughed, and Emily looked directly at Dove with a mischievous grin.

“So, what are you going to do with the little Marano sister? I heard she’s coming after you and looking for a fight.”

Joey stuck her chin out proudly. “Told ya!”

Dove raised an eyebrow and turned to Emily. “So what did you hear, Emily? Are you still friendly with your old teammates?”

Emily grinned widely. “You bet I still have some good contacts over there. They say Laura is training day and night trying to scheme a way to get you back. She is so fed up with your posts that she can't sleep.

Dove laughed out loud, a sharp, confident sound. “Good! Then I’m going to keep posting until she snaps.”

Emily gave her a pointed look, her expression serious now. “You sure you want Laura pissed off and coming after you? I've seen what she can do when I was on the Aries. Even her teammates aren't safe when they piss her off.”

Dove's eyes narrowed, a confident smirk spreading across her face. “Good for her. You know I’m not afraid of her. I’ll take on Laura anytime, any place.”

Emily raised an eyebrow, her tone sharp. “What if you lose like you did to Ariana? Could you ever live down another loss to the Aries? You got the last win, let her stew on that.”

Dove took a deep breath, her eyes flashing with determination. “Listen, I know that Laura is a psycho and never gives up, no matter how badly she’s getting beat. That’s what makes her so dangerous. She just has no concern for her body and will keep fighting until the bitter end.”

Joey nodded, her expression serious. “She is a psycho. But you need to not only beat her, you need to break her—just like in that MMA match. Only this time, you need to finish her.”

Dove shook her head, a flash of unease crossing her face. “I’m not going to break her legs if that’s what you’re insinuating.”

Joey shrugged her shoulders, her tone matter-of-fact. “Maybe breaking her legs is the only thing that’ll keep her from tormenting you. It might just be worth it.”

Dove shook her head, her tone firm. “Listen, I hate Laura. Everyone in the UCC knows that, but I’m not going to purposely injure her or anyone else. Come on, Joey. We’re better than that.”

Joey smirked, unfazed. “Just saying. If you take out her best assets again, then she may never recover.”

Dove rolled her eyes, clearly dismissing Joey’s suggestion. “Enough with the leg talk. I’ll beat her, but I’m not going to make it personal.”

Emily shook her head, a hint of concern in her eyes. “So what do you think Little Miss Psycho has in store? It has to be something that will give her an advantage. She beat you in the ring and in a catfight, so you can bet she’ll be looking at those as her options.”

Dove crossed her arms, determined. “Put out some feelers with your friends on the Aries and let me know when you hear something. Until then, I’m going to keep posting and see if she responds.”

Emily shrugged her shoulders, her tone casual but serious. “She is a maniac. I’ve seen her break a heavy bag with one of her kicks. Maybe you don’t want to set her off.”

“I know Laura better than anyone, and I’m done playing games. I don’t care where or how we do this — I’m going to finish it. This time, I’m making sure she stays down, and I walk away for good… on top.”

Vegas Gets Word



After receiving word of escalating tensions between UCC standouts Dove Cameron and Laura Marano, the MGM Grand—long recognized as the global epicenter for elite combat sports—has moved decisively to capitalize on the intense rivalry. The result is a groundbreaking event that not only promises to deliver resolution to one of the fiercest and most personal feuds in UCC history, but also offers a lucrative financial windfall for the coffers of the MGM Grand.

Recognizing the remarkable parity between Cameron and Marano, who each hold four wins across eight previous bouts in various formats—including boxing, MMA, oil wrestling, and traditional catfighting—the MGM Grand has collaborated with leading AI analysts and combat sport strategists to design a competition series that is as fair as it is definitive. This meticulously crafted slate of events will test their strength, skill, endurance, and willpower in a way that removes bias and ensures an unambiguous outcome.

The result: a one-of-a-kind three-day combat extravaganza featuring **15 uniquely designed events**, spanning multiple disciplines. From technical striking and grappling contests to tests of agility, mental toughness, and raw physical dominance, every challenge is meant to expose each fighter’s true capabilities. The format will ensure that no lucky punch, no split decision, and no referee stoppage can obscure who reigns supreme.

At the conclusion of the 15-event gauntlet, the victor will not only walk away with bragging rights and a seven-figure purse, but also with the title of **"Undisputed Alpha Female"**—cementing her legacy as the superior fighter and, ultimately, the better woman.

Upon receiving the official event proposal, both Dove Cameron and Laura Marano immediately accepted the challenge and have since entered full training camp mode. With reputations, pride, and personal vengeance on the line, the MGM Grand is proud to host what is already being called *the most anticipated women's rivalry showdown in combat sports history*.

More event details, including ticketing information, event schedule, and pay-per-view broadcast partnerships, will be announced in the coming weeks.

Dove vs. Laura – The Final Verdict

UCC PRESENTS THE FINAL VERDICT

15 EVENTS. 2 RIVALS. 1 ULTIMATE CHAMPION.



LIVE IN
LAS VEGAS

SATURDAY · MGM GRAND ARENA · LAS VEGAS, NV
STREAMING LIVE · 8PM ET / 5 PM PT

Cameron vs Marano

MGM Grand Garden Arena - Duration: 3 Days - Total Events: 15

Each contest is designed to test specific attributes: strength, endurance, technique, willpower, and resilience. The competitor who wins the majority of the events will be declared the **Undisputed Alpha**.

Event 01: Arm Wrestling Challenge

- Format: Best 2 out of 3

- Rounds: Right Arm | Left Arm | Speed Round (Quickest Pin)

- Description: A raw strength competition. Fighters will go head-to-head in traditional arm wrestling with alternating arms. If tied after two rounds, the final tiebreaker will be determined by women with the fastest pin.

Event 02: Tug of War – “The Pit Drag”

- Objective: Drag opponent into the “Stink Pit”
- Format: Single round, sudden death
- Description: Opponents grip a heavy rope tethered across a short mud-and-scented-pit trench. The first woman to drag the other fully into the pit wins. A brutal combination of leverage, footwork, and power.

Event 03: Indian Leg Wrestling Showdown

- Format: Best 2 out of 3
- Rounds: Right Leg | Left Leg | Speed Pin
- Description: Both competitors lie on their backs, feet pointing opposite directions. On signal, they hook legs and attempt to flip the other over. The third round, if needed, will be timed—quickest takedown wins.

Event 04: Submission Wrestling Match

- Format: No time limit – first to tap or verbally submit loses
- Description: Grappling contest with submission holds permitted from all positions. No points, no judges—only surrender counts. Pure technique and mental fortitude under pressure.

Event 05: Boxing – Technical Showcase

- Format: 6 Rounds | 3 Minutes per Round | Professional Rules
- Description: Traditional boxing match under UCC regulations with professional scoring and referee oversight. Showcases footwork, striking accuracy, cardio, and grit.

Event 06: Belly Punch Endurance Test

- Format: Alternating turns – 5 punches each - opponent hold hands over head
- Victory Condition: First to lower her guard or verbally quit loses
- Description: A brutal abdominal punishment contest. Fighters take turns delivering full-power punches to the midsection. No blocking or evasion allowed. Pain tolerance reigns supreme.

Event 07: Kickboxing

- Format: 6 Rounds | 3 Minutes per Round | Full-Contact
- Description: A hybrid striking contest where both hands and legs are in play. Emphasis on speed, balance, and diverse striking combinations.

Event 08: Slap Fighting Duel

- Format: Turn-based | Open-hand strikes only
- Victory Condition: Knockdown, knockout, or verbal submission

- Description: Competitors take alternating open handed slaps to the face. No dodging, no blocks. This contest tests pain threshold, jaw durability, and mental toughness.

Event 09 Oil Wrestling Showdown

- Format: 3 Rounds | 3 Minutes each
- Scoring: Most pins or submissions win
- Description: Conducted in a shallow oil pit, this slippery encounter requires adaptability and core strength. Flash pins and creative submissions are common.

Event 10: Leather Strap Match – “Tethered Fury”

- Format: Continuous match – One leather strap tied to each fighter’s wrist
- Victory Condition: Submission or tap out
- Description: No escape, no space. Competitors are tied together by the wrists with an 8-foot leather strap. All holds and strikes are legal. Close-quarters brutality at its finest.

Event 11: Brazilian Jiu-Jitsu Match

- Format: 3 Rounds | 5 Minutes each | Point-Based
- Scoring: Takedowns, dominant positions, submissions attempted
- Description: Ground-based martial arts contest judged on technique and positional control. Clean transitions and submission attempts score higher.

Event 12: Mud Wrestling – No Holds Barred

- Format: No time limit
- Victory Condition: Clean pin (both shoulders down) or submission
- Description: A primal, slippery brawl in thick, wet mud. Rules are relaxed, and fighters must overcome the elements to dominate and secure a finish.

Event 13: Apartment Wrestling – No Rules

- Format: One fall to finish – KO or submission
- Description: Classic underground-style catfight in a simulated apartment setting. No rules, no referee, and minimal clothing. Raw emotion and dominance determine the outcome.

Event 14: Breast-to-Breast Gauntlet

- Format: Best 2 out of 3 Rounds – Each with a unique focus and no hands allowed
 - **Round 1:** Nipple-to-nipple contact pressure test
 - **Round 2:** Chest bashing using shoulder and upper body momentum
 - **Round 3:** Bearhugs – First to submit loses
- Description: A controversial but intensely competitive challenge testing upper body power, tolerance, and will to dominate in a close-contact format.

Event 15: MMA Cage Fight – The Final Trial

- Format: 5 Rounds | 5 Minutes each | UCC Rules
- Description: A full-scale mixed martial arts contest inside the UCC cage. Strikes, takedowns, submissions, and ground-and-pound are all legal. This final event may very well determine the victor if the score is tied entering the last day.