



#I, THADDEUS 🖐️
@BetterThanU_TD

...

I prefer to get this done amicably, Lauren. It shouldn't be this difficult.

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It shouldn't be this difficult...

While it was just a Tweet recently posted by my beloved husband, I could still hear the words. I could feel the exasperation in his voice. And he was right. It shouldn't be this difficult...

All that was needed was one final signature to finalize it. To set it in stone.

The second I put the pen to paper, my hand began to tremble. Then it got worse. I couldn't hold it. I dropped the pen and grabbed my hand as if I could somehow stabilize it. Stop the uncontrollable shaking. To shut off the feelings that suddenly overwhelmed me.

It shouldn't be this difficult— Thad's voice rattled my skull again.

But it was.

I don't get it, what's the big fuckin' deal, Sugarbear? Sign the thing and cut that little bitch loose already! I told you from the start he didn't love you... I told ya that, and you didn't listen to me. You never listen to me. And now yer alone, and I ain't gonna be there to pick up the pieces when he leaves you behind—

As if having Thad's voice rattling around in my head wasn't enough to deal with, let's add in my deceased brother's.

Oh please, just stop and sign it.

If I'm lucky, maybe they'll start to fight with each other in my mind's eye, just like the good ol' days, and forget I'm even here...

Just sign the fucking paper!! Both voices shouted in unison. It was likely the first and only time they ever agreed on anything.

I closed my eyes and pressed my wrists up against my temples trying to take control— ***"Both of you! Shut! The! Fuck! Up! I'm thinking!"***

I heaved a sigh of relief when the haunting silence followed my plea.

This signature wasn't just a divorce I'd be finalizing. It was the last link to my old life... a life before all of— this. Reaching forward I picked up what had become something of a security blanket representative of my new life...

My husband's Desert Eagle.

That marriage wasn't just a marriage... it was affirmation I'd made it out of this life. Before I reverted back to the low expectations of the streets and re-entered a world I'd fought tooth and nail to get away from.

In a span of a decade I'd gone from a struggling waitress to a wrestling star— well, a wrestling something. Maybe not a star. But from all that glitz and glamor, being on television and walking red carpets... to this. A Queenpin runnin' with the underground.

Gazing at the Desert Eagle, I'd be remiss if the thought hadn't crossed my mind so many times I'd lost count.

People who once saw me on television, who were once — *hopefully* — entertained by me no longer saw me in the same light. They feared me now. Not because I was better than them. Not because I was more skilled in the ring. And not because I was quick witted on the mic—

But because they feared retaliation.

Only this wouldn't end in a three count, a countout, a disqualification or a clusterfuck.

It'd end in death.

Theirs or mine. Either way it didn't matter. It's funny how dangerous you become in the minds of others when they know you don't care if you die—

So yeah, it *is* that difficult, because I know the second I sign that document, I'm out. I'm out for good. It's like sinking into the abyss, and the further you sink in the ichorous muck the more the light on the surface dims... fading away until you can barely see it.

And I can tell you, I can barely see it these days.

Sometimes I'm not sure if I'm seeing it at all, or if I'm just imagining it was still there.

This marriage, whatever's left of it... whatever part of it I didn't somehow burn down as was preordained by me being me; it's the only hope I got left.

It's the bottom of my Pandora's box.

And when I let him go, I know I'm gone.

It's the end of Sahara.

The girl that once protected me when nobody else would.

Tightening my grip on the Desert Eagle, my knuckles turned a deathly white.

The world no longer needed Sahara, and I thought to myself... neither did I.

But if that was true, tell me something...

Why the fuck is this so difficult?