Little Deathmatch Sister (Prototype Title)

“I hope you’re glad now that I made you wear a mask.”

In the corner of a dingy locker room, what appeared to be a young girl in a bright red leotard and matching ruffled skirt was currently changing out of it while an older girl was checking for injuries and applying first aid where necessary.

“I guess *ouch*, but it also makes for a larger tar..*eesh*…get for the other wrestlers,” the younger one replies, wincing in pain every time the older one dabs on some rubbing alcohol before applying a bandage.

“These marks are eventually gonna scar, you know? Do you want that sort of thing on your face, too?” The older girl shakes her head as she reaches into a bag and gets out some gauze, then pours some more alcohol on it before applying it to a larger wound. “You can cover up all of these ones fine enough, but facial injuries are not only going to get you found out sooner, but will follow you for life.”

“Bah! *ach*. Scars are cool! And ladies love ‘em.” The younger girl pumps an arm at this, while the dim light barely reveals some pale white lines running up the bicept towards the shoulder.

“Has that *ever* been shown to be true? Besides, it’s not the ladies you need to be concerned with, it’s the guys. Who’s gonna want to be with some scarred up muscle freak?” The older girl pulls a styptic pen out of the bag and starts dabbing at some of the smaller wounds on the younger one’s back, pulling out a couple of thumbtacks that hadn’t fallen out on their own along the way.

“Stop being so close-minded, Mindy. Besides *ouch* I keep telling you that this isn’t a ‘phase’ that I’m going through. I really mean it, and would appreciate it if you would support me on it.” With her arms cleaned and bandaged, the younger girl reaches up and unties the straps on her luchador mask and takes it off, shaking loose her brown-red hair that went down to her shoulders. It probably would have gone longer, but a close observer would notice singe marks along the ends and probably deduce that it is kept short as a safety measure. Or to hide the burns.

“Yeah, yeah, sure whatever, Cindy. That’s what everyone says at first.” Mindy, the older girl, shakes her head and helps Cindy, the younger girl, out of the rest of the leotard, inspecting the rest of her body along the way. “You should be thankful that all you got for that stunt was some light puncture wounds on your back, but this is gonna catch up to you eventually.”

“That barely even qualifies as a ‘stunt’, come on. You saw what the guys in the main event did.” The checkup over with, Cindy started getting changed into the clothes she came here with; a simple brown skirt and blazer over a white blouse.

“Yeah, I did, and that doesn’t make throwing you through a table any less dangerous.” Mindy stared at Cindy, hands on her hips.

“You know that the tables are gimmicked.” Cindy shot back.

“It was also on fire.” Mindy narrowed her eyes and stared at Cindy.

“The outfit is flame resistant.” Cindy pulled up her stockings and started putting on her flats.

“And covered in barbed wire.” Taking her hands off her hips, Mindy instead crosses her arms under her chest.

“It’s also tear resistant.” Finally dressed, Cindy put the rest of her outfit in the gym bag and closed it up.

“Set over a pile of thumbtacks!” Mindy, finally having had enough, threw her arms into the air in exasperation.

“You saw how many actually pierced me. Besides, they hurt a little at the moment, and give the fans the blood they’re looking for, but they heal quickly.” All done, Cindy lifts up the bag, and walks towards the locker room door. “Also, I keep telling you that the guys and the fans love me, and it’s all a show we put on. They’re not going to have me do something *too* dangerous. Come on, I gotta talk to Ed before we head home.”

“What do you *mean* too dangerous?! How was that not dangerous?!” Not wanting to be left behind, Mindy quickly leaves after Cindy.

The two of them walked down the hallway, passing by a number of doors that each had a sheet of paper with names or groups printed on them. One door was open, and the three men inside waved to Cindy as she walked by.

“Great job out there, Cindy!” one of them said.

Cindy stops just past the door, and walks backwards to be back in view of the men in the room, nearly running into Mindy. “Thanks, Jon! I appreciated the tips you gave me before the match, I felt a lot more confident about my 540 this time. A little more practice and I should be able to do that moonsault you’ve been working on.”

“Haha, don’t push yourself too hard, you hear,” Jon replied, laughing. Grabbing a beer out of a portable cooler next to him, he tosses it to one of his companions. “Rushing will only hasten the end of your career. Remember what I told you about Inazuma Kid Jr. I don’t want to see that happen to you.”

“Yeah, yeah, I know. I don’t want that either, I have my whole life ahead of me and this is only part of it.” Cindy gives Jon a big smile and waves to the men in the room. “Anyway, gotta get going! I need to see Ed before he books it. You know how soon he likes to leave.”

Jon waves back, and grabs a beer for himself. “You head straight home when you’re done and take a bath, you hear? You’re gonna be sore in the morning otherwise. And as for you,” Jon says, now looking towards Mindy, “You make sure your sister gets home safe, alright?”

“I don’t need *you* to be telling me that. Ugh, why do I have to give up my Friday nights for this anyway…” Seeing that Cindy has already started off back down the hallway, Mindy waves at Jon and his friends, and hurries after her.

“That kid’s gonna go far, but she needs to learn her own pace first. Only gonna get hurt, and bad, otherwise.” Jon muses mostly to himself as soon as the girls’ footsteps fade away. He then cracks open the beer and, after cheering his friends, gets back to their post-show drinking party.

Further down the hallway, Cindy stops before a door with a piece of paper in front of it labeled “Booker”. It’s closed, but she doesn’t let that stop her as she grabs the handle and throws the door open.

“How many times do I have to tell you all to knock before entering?!” Inside the room was an older man, his greying hair starting to recede, though in a graceful manner that gives him more gravitas then his mismatched Hawaiian shirt and jeans would have otherwise demanded. He was sitting at a table in the office, going over the finances again before he left for the evening.

Not having a care in the world, Cindy pointed at the man and proudly declared “I told you I could do it, old man! You gonna give me that chance now?”

“Ugh, I did say that, didn’t I… Fine, fine. I’ll tell Clarisse to get in touch with you, and you can work out the details.” The man, Ed, put his head in his hands and shook it, clearly not wanting to give in. But he *did* promise Cindy this opportunity, so he knows that he has to make good on it. “You had also better work on your spots, too. I need to see you both in a trial run before I’ll book it.”

“You got it, Ed. Thanks! You won’t regret this!” Cindy beamed, having finally got this concession from the head booker.

“Don’t say that, I already do. I don’t want to see you getting hurt. Yeah, the fans like you, but I still think you’re much too young to be doing this.” Ed looked at Mindy, his eyes pleading her to do something about her sister. Mindy just shook her head and shrugged her shoulders.

“And that’s why we had this agreement! And now I’ve proven to you that I have what it takes. Thanks, Ed! See you next week!” Cindy waved, and left back down the hallway she came from, then turned down a smaller hallway that led to the arena’s performer entrance.

“Phew, I’m starving. Want to stop off and get a burger before we get home, Mindy?” asked Cindy, as they walked to her sister’s car.

“Fine, as long as you’re paying,” she replied, pushing the button on the key fob to unlock the doors.

“Ugh, fine. I guess that’s fair, though I need to save up and get a new outfit commissioned for my big break.