

MORE THAN FANTASY

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JemCon 2014 Stingers Fan Fiction Contest Winner

Riot was angry.

Coming into his office, he waited for Rapture and Minx to follow in after him before slamming the door. They took seats on the couch near the window but Riot began pacing, anger coming off of him in waves. Neither of them had ever seen him like this, and both were more than a bit frightened. They watched in silence as he went to his desk, took off his tuxedo jacket and tie and threw them both into the chair. He turned and faced the window, his handsome face reflected in the dark glass. The twinkling lights of the night time cityscape gave his reflection an odd halo, making him look like some dark, angry god in the glass. He was trying to take hold of his emotions, to keep them from overwhelming him.

From the couch, Rapture leaned forward. "Riot..."

"NOT another word, Rapture!" Riot shouted, spinning from the window. "Not one...more...word. I am still trying to decide what to do about this...incident...you've created for us."

Rapture removed the red sash she wore and the shoulder piece with the matted gold fringe. Both were dropped to the coffee table before she leaned back onto the couch.

"If you look at the facts, Riot," Minx spoke, still reclined on the couch. "It really wasn't Rapture's fault."

"How can you say that? Did we not just come from the same botched event? Did you not have to fight off the same reporters asking about our latest fraud?"

Minx only smiled.

"That is the word that will plastered all over the news in the morning! *Fraud!* It will be associated with our name, Rapture!"

Minx spoke up again, her smile in place. "It really isn't as bad as you're making it out to be."

"Are you feeling all right?" Riot shouted, coming over to the couch. "Were we not just humiliated on stage, at a public function? Did you not hear that horrid creature, Astral, force Rapture to admit to her deception?"

Rapture leaned forward, intent on pleading her case. The look she was given silenced her. Riot's handsome face twisted as he leaned in close to her.

"Yes, it was all a hoax. Houdini didn't speak through me. It was a game, only a game," He said, his voice a deep growl. "Isn't that what you said? Before a live audience, reporters and a live television audience?"

It was Minx, again, that interjected. "It wasn't Rapture's fault. It was that ridiculous device."

From her wrist, she removed a large, clunky bracelet with large jewels that were nothing more than oversized controls for the circuitry within. She tossed it on the coffee table where it landed with a hard clanking sound. She brushed a long strand of hair from her shoulder before reclining again.

"If we hadn't been drawn into this whole fiasco by Rapture's scheme, it wouldn't have been necessary to have had a device in the first place!"

For Rapture, the point of tolerance had been reached. She stood from the couch, putting her only inches from Riot's powerful body and even more powerful anger.

"I didn't see you backing out of my scheme, Riot! If I remember the series of events, you were there right alongside me when Mrs. Farnsworth was buying all of those things for us! You were the one that orchestrated our appearance at the event!"

"You created an opportunity and I took it!"

"Exactly! I created an opportunity! Me! I saw a weakness in the old woman and, like you taught us, I exploited it!"

Minx gave a small laugh. "She does have a point. She was only doing as you taught us."

"Enough!" Riot spat. "I have to find a way out of all of this before we're destroyed in the press, tomorrow...and we will be destroyed."

Not bothering to gather her things, Rapture walked to the door of the office.

"Where do you think you're going?" Riot asked, his tone venomous.

At the door, one hand on the polished knob, Rapture faced the man she admired more than any in the world. She didn't dare say what she wanted but she couldn't let this situation rest on herself, alone. Forcing herself not to shout, she spoke in an even tone, one without her own anger.

"In case you missed it, I almost drowned tonight. It was Astral that got the fire axe. It was Astral that leapt into that tank to get me out...while you stood idly by. You did nothing to save me, Riot. I'm certain that tomorrow, when the Stingers are offered up to the lions, you'll do the same thing you did tonight. You'll do nothing to save me."

Opening the door, Rapture was half-way out of it when she stopped. Turning back, there was genuine hurt on her face.

"Since you never asked...I'm fine."

Closing the door behind her, Rapture left Riot's office.

Just outside the office, Pizzazz ran a polished nail under the thumbnail of her other hand. She said nothing as Rapture walked by. She only watched the Stinger walk to the elevator and get into it. When the doors closed behind the blonde, Pizzazz turned to the other Misfits. A broad smile spread across her face as she and Roxy made eye contact.

"I think we dodged a bullet, birds," Jetta said with a laugh. "From that blow up, it was a good thing we weren't invited to that benefit, after all."

"The Stingers are going to be ruined by this!" Pizzazz said, unable to hide her glee. "By tomorrow, the press will have had them crucified for what they did to that old bag!"

"We should call *Cool Trash* magazine!" Roxy suggested. "Make ourselves available for comment!"

"Yeah...I like it! Let's make the call from Eric's office. Come on, Misfits!"

The others followed Pizzazz from the small lobby just outside of Riot's office. As they were walking into the office, Stormer hesitated at the door. Closing it, she turned to the others, seeing them as a pack of wild hyenas closing in to feast on the kill of another, larger animal. Before she spoke, she knew how they were going to react to what she was going to say.

"Do you think we should get involved? I mean, if this gets bad for the Stingers, it could get bad for us. We're all under the same company umbrella."

"Listen, Stormer, what's bad for the Stingers can only be good for us!"

Roxy chimed in. "As for us all being under the same umbrella, from where I'm standing, it's a monsoon out there and an umbrella ain't gonna stop the water coming in!"

"Yeah, duckie, we're just making sure that when the storm hits, the Misfits are on the life raft." Jetta added, settling into Eric's chair. "You on board...or are you swimmin' in the tide, luv?"

With a sigh, Stormer went to a nearby chair and sank into it. She knew it was no use in trying to talk them out of this. Pizzazz had been angry about being left out of the Farnsworth Benefit Concert and was bent on revenge. Riot had opened the door for it and she was swooping in to seize the opportunity. As usual, Stormer felt outnumbered. At times like this, she didn't feel that she was part of a band, but rather part of a gang who only knew how to exploit and bully.

Watching from the chair, Stormer wrapped her arms around herself. The joy on Pizzazz's face as she asked for the *Cool Trash* editor, the same look on Roxy and Jetta's faces, it was frightening. Sometimes, she didn't know who these people were. Sometimes, like now, they scared her.

Morning brought a shaft of brilliant sunlight into the living room of the Stingers' apartment. Golden sunlight bathed the white leather sofa, the white faux fur rugs and the gleaming glass and chrome

accent tables. There was not a surface that wasn't touched by the light by nine o'clock. Rapture watched it happen. She'd been up since six, the events of the night before keeping her from a sound rest.

Dressed in a white robe with gold trim, she hugged herself. Her arms were still sore from where the chains had bitten into her flesh as she struggled to free herself. Her ankles still bore the red bruising from where she had been suspended in the water tank.

Recalling last night, she felt the fear creeping up in her chest again. It might have started out as a game but the fear had been real. It had been a hard, tangible thing that had taken hold of her and held tight. She had gone into the tank without it. She had faith in Minx to press the button at the right time, to free her. Faith in Minx, faith in Riot. As long as they were on the outside, she felt safe. Fear only came when the pressure in her chest became too much. Pressure to take in air, to right herself, to climb out of the tank. In those few moments, fear had become real and it held her in its icy hand.

She wanted to blame Tchrat. She wanted to say that all of this was his fault but that wasn't true. What she had said to Riot the night before had been true. She saw a weakness in Mrs. Farnsworth and she exploited it. For whatever reason, she had gotten herself into this situation. Riot had only done what Riot did - look out for them. Because she had gotten them into this, it was up to her to get them out.

Half an hour later, Rapture was dressed in a simple black pant suit and dangerously high heels. She wore a gold silk blouse and a leopard print scarf. Her hair was in its trademark style, pulled back from her face. She had chosen small gold hoops and a necklace of gold stars and moons. Deciding this was appropriate, she took the elevator down to the garage and walked to her car, a shiny, black Porsche. Her reflection in the dark glass gave her pause.

"You're doing the right thing, Phoebe," She told herself. "It's what you know you have to do. It's what Riot would do."

At ten, Riot and Minx were up and dressed. Today being the day they would have to meet the press, Riot had decided on a black business suit, tailored to fit, a gold shirt and black tie. Minx wore a black sheath mini dress, heels and gold accessories. For effect, to show she was not scared of anything the press would throw at them, she had added a sheer shell of bold leopard print on top of the dress. As the two of them came into the living room, they realized Rapture was not waiting for them.

"There is no note," Minx observed. "Where could she have gone and why would she not have told us?"

"I don't know," Riot shook his head. "Perhaps she went to the office early. We'll go on ahead and if she isn't there, we will try and track her down from there."

Riot went to the door, taking his keys from a small, silver tray on a tall, black table. He slipped them into his pocket, made certain he had the short statement he was going to deliver to the press and opened the front door. It was a light hand on his arm that stopped him. He turned back to face Minx.

"Don't you think you should tell her?"

"I don't see what purpose it would serve. It would only expose another weakness for her to exploit."

"Riot...Rory...remember when we were on the streets in Germany? Remember that first, very cold winter? We were sleeping in an alley. It was Rapture that came up with the plan to get us into that hotel, into that suite. You know that we would have frozen to death that night."

The man's face softened. The memory was one he couldn't shake, even if he'd wanted to. That was the night that temperatures had fallen so far that water, dripping from the gutters, froze before it hit the ground. They had nowhere to go, that night. Minx and Rapture had huddled next to him and he had tried his best to shield them from the cold.

"Telling the manager that incredible story got us out of the cold. She saved our lives, that night."

"Something I couldn't do," He shook his head again. "I promised the both of you that I would protect you if you joined me. I promised..."

"In business, you do protect us," Minx said with a dazzling smile. "But the Stingers are not like the pampered princesses in the Holograms or the ragtag trollops in the Misfits. We...don't fight amongst ourselves, not really. We have faced starvation, we have faced the elements and we have come out the stronger for it...because we faced it together."

Words seemed to be what pierced Riot's armored self. The fact that the words were true added to their sharpness. Coming from Minx helped them to hit their mark. His hand closed over hers and he brought it to his lips.

"Tell her, Rory. Tell her the truth of why you didn't leap into that tank to save her. The truth is what will save us all, this time."

When the door opened, Rapture was surprised that it wasn't slammed in her face. Mrs. Farnsworth held onto the frame, however, and it could happen at any moment. She had to choose her words in a way that would prevent that from happening.

"I know that I'm the last person you want to see right now, but I'm only asking for fifteen minutes of your time."

Rebecca Farnsworth waited a full minute before stepping back from the door and allowing Rapture to enter. She closed the door but did not move from it. Instead, she smoothed the front of her lavender dress and waited for Rapture to continue, mentally marking the beginning of the fifteen minutes.

"I'm not certain how familiar you are with the Stingers and where we came from," Rapture began. "We aren't like Jem and the Holograms. Jerrica Benton, the head of Starlight Music, is the executive producer

of Jem's music and the sister of one of the Holograms. She's also the foster sister to two of their members."

There was no comment or reply from Rebecca Farnsworth. Her eyes remained on Rapture, her hand resting on the front of her dress.

"Pizzazz has told the media that her father bought Misfit Music to make her happy. She and her band were handed their music contract. They didn't have to do demos or meet with countless executives, jump through countless hoops to get it. It was handed to them."

"Young woman, I have a very busy day. If you have a point to make, then make it and be on your way."

"My point is, the Stingers are different. We aren't just a band."

"What does this have to do with humiliating me in front of thousands?"

Rapture smoothed the front of her pantsuit. She took in a deep breath and let it out. Truth, she reminded herself. The truth is the only way out of this. Another lie, another deception will only make this worse. Truth.

"My father is a doctor, Doctor Clinton Ashe."

"The neurologist?"

"The very same. When I was a child, he and my mother divorced and I didn't handle it well. I retreated...into a world of fantasy. In fact, I called myself Fantasy for a long while. I learned how to make the world around me a little less painful by inventing my own fantasies."

"Something, I must admit, you do well. A little too well, if we're being truthful."

Truth. Reminding herself that truth would be her salvation, Rapture didn't argue with the woman. She didn't become defensive. She swallowed her pride, as she had last night when she'd admitted to her hoax. Another breath and she continued.

"I learned how to manipulate my parents, to get them to pay attention to me. It kept my father interested in me. It kept my mother concerned for me. Manipulation became a way of life, for me."

Mrs. Farnsworth crossed her arms in front of herself.

"I was sent to a boarding school in Germany, where I met Riot and Minx. When we first got together, we played for nickels and dimes on the street. Sometimes, we played in the rain, under a leaky canvas stretched between two buildings. We didn't have the benefit of a rich father or a connected sister. We worked hard for what we got."

The older woman let her arms fall but her demeanor was still guarded, her eyes still sharp.

"I saw a weakness in you, Mrs. Farnsworth. I saw a weakness and I reverted back to that frightened girl playing on the street, to that scared little girl desperate for her parents to love her. What I did wasn't right and I came here today to apologize. Everything I did...is on me. Riot and Minx...they went along with me because we aren't just a band...we're family."

Silence stood between the two women. Rebecca Farnsworth looked at the young woman in front of her and then, to the clock on the mantle. Then, her eyes went up to the clock over the mantle, to the smaller clock on the right and the larger one on the left. She wasn't immune to fear, herself. She understood fear. She understood desperation. Looking back at Rapture, she thought she might have even understood this girl and her actions. Understanding, however, was not forgiveness.

"What else are you here for? I can't believe that you're here just to say you're sorry."

"What I did...to you...is going to be the top of the morning news. The Stingers will be humiliated by my actions. Riot was only doing what he thought was best for us. That's all he has ever done. Minx was doing her part because she's loyal to us, to our family. Please, don't punish them for something I did."

Walking out, away from the door, Mrs. Farnsworth took Rapture's arm and led her to the living room area and a couch. After the young woman sat down, the older woman took the seat across from her, in one of two Victorian chairs. For a while, neither of them said anything. Rebecca looked at the two watches she wore on her wrist and thought of the many she had worn. She wore them to ward off death. She kept clocks to ward off death. Yes, she understood fear.

"What is your real name, dear?"

"Phoebe. Phoebe Ashe."

"Well, Phoebe," The older woman folded her hands into her lap. "If I were to keep this between us, to not give out public statements to the press as to what happened last night, you would have to do something for me."

"If I can, I will. I owe it to you."

"Actually, my dear, you owe it to yourself."

The office lobby was empty. Riot found that his office was empty, as well. It was almost eleven and still, there was no word from Rapture. Their press conference was at twelve. He'd managed to stall them until noon, holding off any morning editions of any of the celebrity rags - even *Cool Trash* had agreed to hold their headline until the afternoon edition. Still, without Rapture, there was only so much stalling he could do.

"Anything?"

Minx shook her head as she walked into the room. Closing the door behind her, she crossed to the coffee table where Rapture's sash and the clunky, tacky bracelet still lay.

"To think that I actually wore that in public," She said, frowning at the bracelet.

"There are more important things to worry about, Minx! We need to come up with a plan on how to deal with the press."

"Why not simply tell them the truth?"

"Truth?! That we played mind games with Mrs. Farnsworth and planned to let Rapture take vast amounts of money from her? That truth?"

"No, Riot. The truth that it was Astral that orchestrated the entire thing."

The man sat down in the large chair behind his desk. Minx turned toward the large bay of windows and walked toward them. Sunlight caught in the small, clear sequins of the shell she wore, making her glitter and sparkle as she moved.

"Astral, so desperate to draw the spotlight to her," Minx continued. "Sabotaged the water tank. Then, to make herself the hero, she leapt into action to 'save' poor Rapture."

At the window, Minx admired her own reflection in the glass. She pushed back a long strand of hair and turned to face Riot. She smiled and in that moment, looked like her namesake.

"After all, Rapture did not say that it was *her* hoax or that it was *her* game. All that she really admitted to was not having channeled Houdini...and who wouldn't believe that part?"

In the chair, Riot leaned back and steepled his fingers in front of him. The specifics would be difficult but they could be avoided in the press. Damage control surrounding Mrs. Farnsworth's side of the story would be more difficult. Still, if they spun the story in the right way, it could work. The entire debacle could be put square on the shoulders of that meddling trollop, Astral. They could still come out of this unscathed AND take down that showbiz charlatan.

"I like the way you think, Minx."

"Of course you do, Riot," She smiled again. "Are we not...the perfect match?"

At noon, the large group of reporters gathered in the huge glass and steel press lounge. Lindsey Pierce, Windy Williams, Harriet Horne and Bonnie Larson were in the front row. Behind them, all sorts of cameras had been set up and were ready to begin filming. It was one of the largest turn outs in this room since the Stingers hit town and Eric had given them half of Misfit Music.

At the back of the room, Pizzazz, Roxy, Stormer and Jetta had taken seats to watch the demise of the Stingers. They had all dressed in matching jumpsuits of different colors, ready to take the spotlight and

all the free press assembled here. When Riot and Minx entered the room, Pizzazz was aglow with pure joy. She was going to enjoy every minute of this!

"Where's Rapture?" Stormer asked, looking around.

"She's probably hiding in the bathroom," Roxy laughed. "Too humiliated to show her mug!"

"Quiet, Yank, it's startin'!" Jetta said, leaning toward Pizzazz. "We don't want to miss a minute of this!"

Riot walked to the podium. Minx stopped at his right side. To spite the circumstances, she positioned her body so that any photos would capture her best, and most photogenic side. She did not smile but she did not frown. It was a neutral, but still beautiful expression.

"We're here to address the incident last night at the Farnsworth Benefit Concert," Riot began, speaking into the microphone. "We're going to deliver a statement and take four questions. No more, no less."

"Will you be telling us the truth?" Harriet Horne shouted from the front row. "Or another Stingers Spin on what really happened?"

The door to the lounge opened and Rapture entered. She was the picture of poise and grace as she walked across the room to stand at Riot's left. Her movement, her positioning was like the final piece of a puzzle sliding into place. The Stingers were the picture of unity and strength.

"We're going to tell you the truth," Rapture said, her head held high.

Letting the press take their photos of the three of them in the perfect pose, Riot waited until they were finished to step back from the microphone. Rapture stepped into his place and he slid to her left. Again, they moved with a precision that needed no practice. When she spoke, it was in a clear, strong voice.

"Last night, I made a terrible mistake," She began. "I put the interests of myself and my band members above the interests of those we were there to help. In the glare of the spotlight, I lost myself and attempted something I never should have."

"Yeah," Harriet quipped. "You should never have tried to wear a one-piece bodysuit in a dunk tank! Talk about your striking out!"

There was a chuckle that rippled through the audience. Roxy covered her mouth and laughed hard into her hand. It was a thrill to see the Stingers on the other end of the media's scorn, for once. Jetta nudged Pizzazz and they had a laugh, as well. Only Stormer didn't join in with their making light of what was happening. She found no humor in any of this.

"I spoke with Mrs. Farnsworth this morning," Rapture said, her confidence unshaken. "I apologized for my role in what happened, for orchestrating the entire thing."

"Was she angry?" Lindsey Pierce asked from her seat. "What was her reaction?"

Avoid the first question, Riot thought. Answer the second.

As though she had read his mind, Rapture spoke again. "Her reaction was the same as anyone who had done to them what I did. We had an open, honest conversation, she and I."

"What did you talk about?" Harriet spoke up. "Did you offer to buy her a watch from the ancient Mayan collection? One with multiple faces...like yours?"

Again, Roxy, Jetta and Pizzazz began to laugh. A similar wave of chuckles went through the room. At the podium, the Stingers weren't rattled. They were the picture of composure. Rapture continued.

"At the conclusion of our conversation, Mrs. Farnsworth presented me with this."

Rapture reached into the front pocket of her fitted jacket and withdrew a single, narrow piece of paper. She unfolded it and turned it to face the crowd. It was clear to even the Misfits, in the back of the room, that it was a personal check.

"This is a ten thousand dollar donation to my Mystic Truth Foundation," Rapture went on. "A gesture on her part, as an acceptance of my apology."

"Isn't it true that there is no such foundation?" Lindsey asked. "That it was just another part of the hoax you perpetrated on Mrs. Farnsworth?"

"The Mystic Truth Foundation was established this morning at eleven thirty through the Farnsworth estate. It will be run by a board of directors that Mrs. Farnsworth will appoint. The Foundation will look into all paranormal claims and will seek to verify their validity in a scientific way. It will seek to find truth in the mystic realm."

Riot saw the moment and seized it. He stepped forward and Rapture stepped back to the left of him. At the microphone, he looked out onto the crowd and smiled. As he spoke, he modulated his voice, as he had at Le Club Cool when the patrons had begun to...riot.

"Thank you all for attending our press conference and for giving us this platform to tell our side of things."

"But you said you would take questions!" Harriet said, almost rising from her chair.

"We did entertain questions," Riot smiled back. "We were most gracious. Thank you all for your time."

Without waiting for further comment, he put a hand to Rapture's arm and she began to walk toward the door. Minx fell in beside her and together, the Stingers exited the room.

"What was THAT?!" Pizzazz shouted, standing from her seat. "Are you all going to BUY that?!"

At once, the media seized on the outburst and the presence of the Misfits. Like a tide, the many reporters closed in, blocking any escape the four rockers might have made. Questions flew at all four girls, one after another. The Misfits were trapped!

In the elevator, on the way to his office, Riot leaned forward and pushed the "STOP" button. The car came to a halt and he turned to Rapture.

"Is what you said true? Did you talk to the woman? Did she set up this Foundation?"

"I did and yes, it's all true. I felt bad about what I had done to the group and I knew I had to make it right. It was on me, as much as it was on you to look out for our family."

"Tell her, Riot," Minx prompted. "This is the moment destiny has chosen for honesty."

From one woman to the other, Riot's eyes settled on Rapture. He took her by the shoulders and made sure she could see him. Truth, he thought. Now, is the time for truth.

"I have two real fears in all the world," He said. "One, the greatest fear, is losing either you or Minx. The other, the one that all but paralyzes me...is water. I did not leap into that tank, not because I did not care, but because...I was afraid."

Rapture looked from Riot to Minx. The German singer nodded. It was truth. Looking back to Riot, there was a softening in Rapture's expression. She raised a hand and laid it to the side of the man's face. She knew that he had told her something very private, very real. It was hard to hold onto hurt when faced with such honesty. She leaned in and kissed his cheek, folding herself into his strong arms.

Minx lifted her head, allowing her long hair to fall down her back. In the glass of the window, she checked her ruby-red lips. She did not need to interrupt the moment, as it was one that would allow her small family to heal. This was between Rapture and Riot, her brother and sister.

"This Foundation, then," Riot said in a low voice. "What is to be your role in it?"

"My only role is as consultant. I have not be making any decisions or handling any of its finances."

"Good. I think that it's best we have nothing more to do with it, Mrs. Farnsworth or anything connected to Harry Houdini."

Rapture thought this might have been Riot's reaction. As she stood there, in his arms, she was very glad that she had said her final good-bye to the woman this morning. She was glad that she had accepted the small, gold and diamond watch as a farewell gift. It was one of the few times when she did not look at gold and diamonds as...mundane.

At just after four in the afternoon, Roxy burst through the doors of Eric Raymond's office. Pizzazz sat on the edge of the desk. Jetta and Stormer sat in two chairs, nearby.

"You are NOT going to believe this!"

Roxy stalked into the room, waving a magazine in her hand. When she got to the desk, she threw it down where it slid across the lacquered surface. On the front page, just under the Cool Trash logo, was a

picture of Rebecca Farnsworth, looking shocked and bewildered. Around her, in four, round circles made to look like thought bubbles, were each of the Misfits. Along the bottom of the cover, in bold, red letters was the story title.

MISFITS Responsible for Philanthropist's Deception!

"What?!" Pizzazz roared. "How did WE have anything to do with this?! We weren't even THERE!"

"The article says that a mysterious tip was called in said the Misfits had the inside scoop on the whole thing!"

"Maybe you misread the bit, luv," Jetta said, a smile on her face. "Wouldn't be the first time."

Roxy glared at the Brit.

At that moment, Riot, Minx and Rapture came into the office, taking up the whole of the door. Like a pride of lions, they looked at the others assembled in the room. Riot smiled a dangerous smile. Rapture let a hand settle on one hip. Minx brushed a long strand of hair from her shoulder.

"The Misfits are set to begin recording on their new album in thirty minutes. I suggest you ladies go now and begin to warm up."

Pizzazz was livid. Sweeping up the issue of *Cool Trash*, she advanced on Riot, waving it in front of her.

"HOW? How did you do this?! How did you make it so that we took the fall for this?!"

"We...didn't," Rapture answered without missing a beat.

"You were the ones who called *Cool Trash*, ready to feed us to the press," Minx added in a calm, collected voice.

"You did this to yourselves, Pizzazz," Riot smiled. "After Rapture's confession, the press realized they had no real story, nothing with meat. Being the carnivores they are, they turned to the next best food source - one you delivered to them on a silver platter."

For a moment, Pizzazz said nothing. She stood and fumed, wadding the magazine in her hand.

"How do you manage to do it?" She asked, her tone hard and furious. "No matter what the scandal, no matter how wide the net is cast...how do the three of you always come out on top?"

Rapture raised her head and smiled. Minx lowered her head and smiled.

"I would have thought that would be clear by now, my dear," Riot spoke. "It's all...in the style."

-End-