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A seventeen year old William ‘Blake’ Mason stands in the elevator of the Mason Consolidated building. The doors part open. Strutting into the main lobby he was mindful that all eyes were on him as he made his way towards his father’s office.

Everyone inside the building knew he was Josiah Mason’s chosen one of all three children to be handed the keys to the empire. Assuming the elder Mason got his way in the end. Ever the stubborn one, Blake fought his father tooth and nail about how his destiny was going to play out.

Having reached his father’s office he didn’t bother knocking. Twisting the doorknob he walked straight into the office. To his surprise his father wasn’t inside. However, there was a woman standing with her back facing him looking outside the window. She has long flowing blonde hair. Was wearing a white blouse and a gray skirt that was three or so inches above her knees.

Who was she Blake wondered silently to himself. His father didn’t allow any regular schmo into his office without his presence. Josiah wasn’t one to believe in an open door policy, the only way you gained access to his office was via appointment or be family.

One thing Blake was ninety nine percent confident in, the woman standing at the window wasn’t family. The one percent doubt did linger.

Blake clears his throat. The young woman spun around. She greeted Blake with a cheerful smile. “I assume you are the Crown Prince of the Mason Family.” she said with an angelic charm that caught him by surprise.

“Please don’t call me that.” Blake said, rolling his eyes.

Blushing, Christy was quick to respond. “I’m sorry. You are quite the legend from what I heard.”

Blake inches closer and closer to the woman. “I wouldn’t go that far.”

“Willia--” Christy proceeds to say.

Instinctually, he snaps back. “Don’t call me William.”

She closes the distance between them. “I’m making a bad impression, aren’t I?” she looks down at the floor.

Blake placed his hand under her chin. He pushed her head up so they were staring each other in the eyes. “Eh, don’t worry about it.”

He suddenly removed his hand from her chin. Taking a step back he asked. “Um, we’re not related are we?”

She nervously laughs. “I... don’t think so.”

“Sorry. My father is selective about who he lets into his office.” He says to cut through the tension. “Appointment only or family. Unless you are some long lost sister who came to take my seat at the table.”

“Gosh no, I wouldn’t dare.” She giggles. “Even if I was your father’s long lost love child, you are the heir to the throne.”

“Please. Stop.” He sighs. “Who are you anyway?”

She offers her hand. “My name is Christy Hightower. I work for you now.”

“Um... you do?” Blake raised his eyebrow.

She nods. “Handpicked by your father. He told me a lot about you, Blake. He believes what I bring to the table will make the perfect compliment.”

“Christy... look.” He notices she still has her hand out. Not wishing her to feel anymore awkward, he motions for her to put her hand down. “Whatever my father told you about me being the new czar around here isn’t going to happen. Next year I begin my journey to become a professional wrestler. I won’t be around the office enough to be the czar of anything.”

She refused to lower her hand. Maintaining firm eye contact with Blake she responds. “He’s well aware. So am I. Whatever you want, I’m your girl.”

He walks past Christy. He takes a seat on his father’s desk. “Where’s my father anyway?”

She looks at her watch. "He'll be back in five minutes."

In the five minutes it took for Josiah to return to his office, Christy decided to sit next to Blake on the desk. Neither of them spoke a word. The moment Mr. Mason walked into the room, Christy stood up. She walks over to greet him with a handshake, Blake, however, remains seated. He stared at his father.

"Hey son. I see you met Christy."

"I have." Blake directs his attention to Christy. "She's lovely." he says, shooting her a sly wink.

She blushes.

"Good." Josiah rubs his hands together. "Christy is going to be your personal assistant from this day forward. She'll split time between Mason Consolidated and your professional wrestling endeavors. I don't approve of your desire to risk your physical well being. I am not going to try to stop you, son, instead, I will support you the best way I know how."

"By having Christy--" Blake points to Christy. "--keep tabs on me?"

"Should I step out of the room?" Christy inquired.

Blake shook his head.

Christy walked over to Blake, standing by his side while the elder and younger Mason continued their usual sparring session.

"Of course not, son." Josiah assured Blake. "Christy will be a valuable asset to your ascension. She graduated from one of the top schools in the country. She also has the potential to be a great business mind. When you eventually take over the company, I envision she will be your right hand woman."

Blake scoffs. "You're insufferable."

"Me caring about your future is a bad thing?" Josiah scoffs. "Isn't this what you wanted the entire time for me to take a vested interest in your life?"

"I don't call mapping out my life -- without my consent by the way -- an investment. Normal people would argue you are trying to control me, dad." Blake sighs. "How many times do I need to say you are not the boss of me"

The elder Mason walks over to his son. He rests his hand on her right shoulder. With sternness, he responds, "Our legacy is bigger than you and I. Victor is a smart kid. He's not you."

"Don't you mean he's not like you? I consider that a good thing."

"You'll thank me one day. Look after Christy." The elder Mason looks at Christy. He nods. She smiles feeling she has Josiah's approval. "She's a winner, don't you lose sight of that."

"Fine. I'll entertain this, for now." Blake turns to Christy. "Christy, if don't live up to my expectations, you're fired."

"I won't let you down, Blake." she says without hesitation.

"She is your assistant." Josiah chimes in. "Do with her as you please."

"Trust me..." Blake wraps his arm around Christy's shoulder. "I will."

And with that Blake leads Christy Hightower out of his father's office.

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Seventeen Years Later...

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Last night there was a show in Buffalo, New York. The night had not gone down as Blake Mason had imagined. Winning the match by disqualification was not the plan.

Getting assaulted by Selena Frost wasn't in the cards.

He vowed to get his revenge on Selena in due time. For now, he would spend the next couple days in New York before departing for Boston, Massachusetts, no point heading back to California.

Impact Media could take care of itself in the meantime.

Blake woke up on the couch of his Manhattan penthouse. Staring at the ceiling he thought to himself what he was going to do today. There was no point hopping on his jet to fly back to California knowing next week there would be a show in Boston, Massachusetts. Winning the Trios contract didn't go his way. He had one last hail mail in mind to ensure he finished the story in his hometown, the source of his greatest career failure. He didn't need to focus on the hail mary just yet, he had nothing on his bucket list.

A rare day of rest?

Idle time is a concept Blake is unfamiliar with.

A loud knock on the door snapped his mind back to the present. He wasn't expecting anyone. His wife is back in California. Brittany Lohan didn't know where he was. Wasn't relevant for her too.

Their arrangement is limited to wrestling matters.

He pulled himself off the couch. Grabbing his puffy blue robe to cover the fact that he was only wearing black boxers.

Dusting himself off he slowly walked to the front door. Once he opened the door he raised an eyebrow seeing who stood in the hallway.

Christy Hightower?

She stood before him wearing a striking red strapless dress. Seeing Christy dress to the nines did elicit Blake to raise his eyebrow.

"Can I come in, Blake?" Christy coily asked.

He stepped to the side.

Christy walked past him.

His eyes followed her as she glided her way to his couch.

She sat down. She crossed her right leg slowly over her left knee.

Blake closed the door behind him. He slowly made his way to the couch.

He opted to sit on the black recliner off to the side. “I would ask how you knew I was here but--” Blake stops, feeling no need to finish the sentence. He is a creature of habit. Figured as soon as he saw Christy she was counting on that, too. Didn’t make sense for him to pay for a hotel with a penthouse in the next town.

Her eyes do a quick rundown of her surroundings. “The more things change, the more they stay the same. Glad my instincts were correct.”

“You got lucky.” Blake said.

“Doubt it.” She shrugs.

“Want something to drink? Dom Perignon? Ananda?”

“Hm.” she tapped her chin. “Are we toasting to something?”

“Depends why you went out of your way to show up to my penthouse after you made it clear you wanted nothing to do with me.” Blake scoffs.

“Lets hold off on the wine, for now.” Christy smirks.

“Very well. Lets cut through the small talk. Why are you here?”

Christy opens the purse that she walked into the penthouse with. She doesn’t waste a second pulling out a set of documents. Placing the documents on the table in front of her she immediately flips to the last page. She leans back on the couch. Once again she slowly crossed her legs.

Blake takes a look at the last page of the document. Then back at Christy. “Your signature isn’t on there.” Blake points out.

She nods. "Correct, I haven't signed--" she offers a long pause before completing her thought. "-- yet."

"Yet? What is it going to take? More money? More control? Bit surprised, actually. Thought we were going to play games with each other until the end of time."

"Thought so too." Christy chuckles. "Pitting your brother against you wasn't my proudest moment. I knew that's what you wanted me to do. Correction. Something you would do. I played my hand. How is Victor by the way?"

"He has a bug up his ass now. About time." Blake nods. "Thanks."

"You're welcome." Christy smiles.

His former assistant stands up, walking over to him, Christy doesn't give him time to react to her shamelessly taking a seat on his lap. "We could play this game until the dawn of time, drag innocent people down with us all in the hopes I will sign that contract to become the CEO of Impact Media. I don't want to waste anymore time. I am going to take another page from your playbook, call my shot right here and now. Something I could have done a long time ago."

Christy took a deep breath. She runs her fingers through her thick blonde hair. Finally composed, she pushes on. "I sat back watching you go through how many women? Bree. Madison. Taylor. Kelcey to name a few. I can't believe you settled for a wallflower like Harper, she can't possibly excite you the way I can."

"You can?" Blake said in disbelief.

"Don't play dumb, Blake." Christy scoffs. "From the first day we met, something about you captured my attention. I was hoping once you got all the other women out of your system you would see the light, acknowledge the one woman who has been loyal to you throughout all the bullshit. The one woman who laid down everything to ensure you didn't lose your mind through it all. Me." She points to herself. "I am the lone constant, Blake. Even now, I wasn't happy with you offering the keys to Impact Media. I appreciate the offer. I need more than that. Being just your business partner is no longer good enough. I want the world and everything in it. I will become the Impact Media CEO under one condition."

She boldly rests her head on his chest. "WE become a power couple. I want to be your partner in business and in the bedroom. Promise me that, and I sign the dotted line. Say no, and I walk out of your life forever."

Blake keeps his hands on the armrest of the leather couch. "Pretty bold move, Christy."

"Can't blame a girl for wanting it all." she giggles.

"Suppose not." Blake takes a deep breath.

"What is it going to be?" She looks him square in the eyes. "Should I sign the contract now? Want me to tell your wife her services are no longer required."

"Hold on, I am not leaving Harper." Blake glares at Christy. "You overplayed your hand!"

"Do you need time?" Christy kissed him on the cheek.

Rising to her feet, she dusts herself off. "I understand. Foolish of me to expect you would say yes right now. Lucky for you I am a reasonable woman. I am going to give you time, not a lot. Harper is a sweet girl. We both know she took advantage of you during your darkest moment. Sorry I wasn't there. You reminded me I am at my best being by your side. I bring out the best in you, not like those weak women of yesteryear."

Having made her declarations clear, she grabbed the contract from the table. She then walks to the door. Turning around she says with a wink, "We can have it all. Remember that."

Finally, she shuts the door behind her.

With Christy out of the penthouse, Blake storms towards the kitchen, grabbing the bottle of Dom Perignon, he drinks directly from the bottle.

That was intense. He didn't see Christy throwing her own version of a hail mary in his direction.

Decisions, decisions.

What is a guy to do?