

A Correction of History

0.1: New Orleans, Louisiana. 2025

There was a lot to contend with on the night of Taking Hold of the Flame, my return kept under wraps by SCW Management topping that list, the fact they locked me away from prying eyes on the other side of the arena was a testament to that fact. Admittedly It was my fault, you could say because I asked them to do it. I did make a list of demands for that night and throughout my new contract. If you don't ask then you won't receive is what my father always said.

They agreed to some, and not to some of the others...

One such demand? I wanted to be number 1 after Glory had decided to pull out. Unfortunately that was a spot being gifted to someone else I was told. So I drew my number before everyone else would have the opportunity earlier in the day. You can guess how long I had to wait till the big return and you might think I was not happy drawing number 2. It was a shock I'll admit because the odds of drawing it were very small. Someone had to draw it of course, I didn't think it would be me.

You never do.

But when I saw the number 2 in my hand, I smiled. It felt poetic, almost like a call back to the night I won the World championship. It was not number 1 but it was the start of the match which was good enough for me. If I still looked like I had when I was last seen in SCW the cat may have gotten out of the bag a bit sooner, but on that night it did not. Some people see me as I was escorted to gorilla for my turn to walk out. The butterflies begin to settle in the pit of my stomach, it would bring about nerves usually. But on this night it brought about motivation. It reminded me why I had returned.

After the music hit, and when I stepped out the reaction from the fans was everything I had ever expected and more. The electricity was still there, the fans realising who it was made me smile on the inside. I didn't think I would miss this, miss this business after everything it had put me through.

But I did...

I walked into Taking Hold of the Flame with every desire to win. I made a promise I would look out for Zoe in it the best I could. Despite both our best efforts, it wasn't meant to be and I know I talked a big game, I talked about correction history and while that would have been the biggest shortcut, this war of mine was only just beginning. After backing up and watching the action of the remaining people in the ring unfold. I was finally escorted backstage, the effects of the glass shard stinging as always.

Chris: "That bitch..."

I shook my head annoyed at myself letting myself get caught by it. I was greeted by some clapping from some of the SCW crew and staff, I put in a good showing and I just nodded and headed backstage to find the only person I wanted to see, Ivy. The walk back to the other side of the arena felt like a lonely one. I was tired and battered and beaten to within an inch of my light. A real welcome back to SCW moment, but while I approached the office I had stayed in for day I could hear raised voices. I put my ear to the door and once I heard who the other was, I opened the door without a second's thought. It was Lucas, and he was arguing with Ivy...

Lucas: "So what else aren't you fucking telling me love?!"

Yvonne went to respond but paused as I stood in the doorway, pain all over my body, sweat glistening and a scowl on my face as I looked at them both. Lucas looked at me and rolled his eyes.

Chris: "What is going on here?"

Lucas: "You can fuck off right now. This is a family discussion, you're not invited."

Ivy's eyes widened as she pushed her brother's shoulder.

Yvonne: "LUCAS! Ignore that Chris, you don't get to talk to him like that, okay?"

I did ignore what Lucas said but that wasn't stopping him from side stepping his sister and in front of me.

Lucas: "You got some bloody nerve coming back you know that right? After what you did, I should deck you where you stand"

Chris: "You're welcome to try. Or you can get out of my way."

Lucas: "Make me."

I had gone what felt like at least 70 minutes of getting my ass kicked, but I was ready to go a few more with him, his illness be damned. But I didn't have to, Yvonne pushed between us and actually pushed her brother away from me.

Yvonne: "Don't be an idiot Lucas, or do I have to go find CHBK and tell him what you're doing."

Lucas laughed at that as he backtracked a little holding up his arms to his sister.

Lucas: "Like you could. You've got no clout here love, but then maybe I should let you. God knows knowing he's back makes me no longer want to be working here."

I let out a sigh and it was my turn to roll my eyes at him. If Yvonne wasn't here things would be going differently. My return to SCW is likely to be very short lived. But she was and so I wasn't about to ruin our plans.

Chris: "Stop being a little bitch Lucas, it's unbecoming of you."

Lucas looked at me with a look best reserved for WTF.

Lucas: "Excuse me? You got some nerve when you're the reason I couldn't go out there tonight and compete. Or any night for that matter now."

Chris: "Compete? You? Then what huh? Did I do it out of spite Lucas, I did and I'd do it again and again AND again. Because if I didn't you would have ended up killing yourself in there and you know it and then what, what about Trinity, the kids huh?"

Lucas looked at me with such anger it was palpable and I accepted that was the new normal. I did it, and I stood by that decision despite trying to fix things with him for Yvonne's sake who quickly interjected.

Yvonne: "Yes it was a shitty thing to do Lucas, but..."

Lucas: "But nothing love, what is there to say other than this. You want to correct history or whatever buzz word you've concocted? Well whatever reason he is here. If I can make it impossible for him, I will do that."

Yvonne: "No you won't, because you're not going to be doing it to just him if you do."

Lucas laughed as he stood up shaking his head and walking over to the window to look down at the ring with the final moments of the match happening.

Lucas: "Why is that then, because it's the right thing to do? I think we're way past that."

Yvonne: "Because we're working with Zoe. And I know how much she means to you."

Lucas paused for a moment when Zoe's name was mentioned. He had a lot of history with her obviously, she was about as close to family outside of Ivy and Jacob.

Lucas: "What does she have to do with this? You know what he did to her right? To Ravyn?"

Chris: "And I've already spoken with Zoe. She and I came to an understanding, I apologized and she accepted it."

Lucas: "Of course you did. Did he use you to help with that Ivy?"

Yvonne: "No, it was my idea actually because I am going to be around for a lot longer than you think."

Lucas: "You're competing now too? Are you trying to drive a knife into me further?"

Yvonne: "I could if I wanted to, but no I am not... I will be standing in Chris' corner which is WHY I want us all to be on the same fucking page! We don't need to be worrying about you trying to screw things up."

Lucas: "That's the story of my life isn't it, I always seem to screw things up. I should have just let you retire Chris."

Chris: "Maybe you should have, but you didn't and here we are. I can't turn back the clock Lucas, but I do want to try and fix this. If not for me, but for your sister."

Lucas sneered and shook his head, it almost felt like for a moment he was going to say something positive but changed his mind.

But then...

Lucas: "You know what, there is something you can do to fix this Chris. If you want to start mending fences for the sake of my sister. You step back, you let her compete in your place. You let her work with Zoe. You stand back on the sidelines and suffer like I am and then maybe, MAYBE I will talk to you properly about this apology."

Yvonne looked at her brother and just wanted to speak but the words escaped her, she was speechless. She walked over to the window and looked down now, the show over. The result does not matter in this instance whatsoever.

Chris: "You think that is something I would agree to?"

Lucas: "I know you wouldn't Chris, cause you're the same man you were five, six years ago? You're something else entirely."

Yvonne turned back around to look at us both.

Yvonne: "You can't ask him to do that Lucas, I wouldn't want him to."

Lucas: "That is my terms Ivy."

Yvonne went to say something else in response but I interjected this time.

Chris: "Okay."

Lucas/Yvonne: "What?"

The shock on both their faces was a picture worth a thousand words. I chuckled.

Lucas: "What the fuck you talking about, okay?"

Yvonne: "YES CHRIS?! What the hell are you talking about?"

Chris: "I wasn't agreeing to your terms, but this struck me as somewhat of a negotiation right? So let's negotiate Lucas, how's that sounds? You don't want me to compete again, you want me to step aside?"

Lucas: "Yeah, sounds about right."

Chris: "Well I want to compete still, but I also want to see Ivy compete. However, that can come later. Tonight as you know I didn't win Taking hold of the flame. However I do want to compete at Rise to Greatness. So how about this as a counter offer, Lucas, because this isn't going to be easy."

Lucas laughed now and took a seat against the back of a leather sofa and crossed his arms listening.

Lucas: "I am all ears sunshine, wow me."

Ivy looked at me shaking her head don't humor him, but I did... Much to her annoyance.

Chris: "If I don't win a championship by Rise to Greatness, I'll do as you ask. I'll step aside and let Ivy compete, I will even let you have the power to decide if I can compete again."

Lucas: "What exactly is that supposed to mean to me?"

He took a moment to himself shortly after saying that and I could see those old gears of his were starting to turn.

Lucas: "You know what, that doesn't sound half bad... However if you do this it has to be the three you've yet to hold."

I let out a sigh and laughed, I should have known he'd try and say something like this. I've held the World, Adrenaline, and Tag team Titles to my name. Leaving the United States, TV and Underground...

Chris: "You can't expect me to win three championships before Rise to Greatness. There is not enough time for that and SCW wouldn't even allow it."

Lucas: "You're probably right, but who knows if stranger things have happened in SCW? But I do like the idea... It does have promise. Even if it is just a championship... But we can talk about it on the Breakdown when you're booked. How's that sound?"

Chris: "If it is a step in fixing what I broke between us, it's a start."

He scoffed.

Lucas: "I wouldn't go that far mate."

Lucas turned to Ivy and gave her a hug as she stood there a little dumbfounded as he then left the room. Soon as the door closed, Ivy walked over to me and pushed me back a little.

Yvonne: “You’re not seriously going to consider that are you? What about the plans?”

Chris: “You wanted me to fix this with him, I got to let him think about the balls in his court.”

Yvonne: “Yeah... But what if you don't win a championship by then, Chris? You won't be able to correct history.”

I nodded as I helped myself to the cold water from the fridge and took a sip of it before sighing.

Chris: “Don't worry about it, I have a plan.”

She didn't seem to be convinced, and a little part of me maybe felt the same way but it is what it is right now. I can only look forward and take things one week at a time...

0.2: Rochester, New York. 2025

We were now two weeks removed from Taking Hold of the Flame, the night I returned to the ring. The night I set out to win the flame was one of the boldest returns SCW had seen in recent memory. But it wasn't meant to be, however I did outlast a number of people, and earned the Ironman accolade amongst the fans. I told them a week ago Superman was dead, now they were trying to give me another title like their lives depended on it. It would all be for nothing though if I left breakdown without a victory under my belt.

A return to singles action against someone I know very little about. It wouldn't be Supreme Championship Wrestling if that wasn't the case. I was sitting in front of the camera, wearing a black tee with the words “Ascendancy” across the chest, a pair of jeans and my hair tied back. It was all very casual as I sat in an undisclosed location. My focus was on the lens of the camera however.

[Rec.]

Chris: “Evening all, I want to thank everyone who has reached out to me to welcome me back to Supreme Championship Wrestling, fan and peer alike. However I still sit here not as the winner of the two-thousand and twenty-five Taking Hold of the Flame and to say that doesn't sting, would be a lie. I have spent the last couple weeks wondering what would have happened if I had entered later in the show not at number 2. But it goes to show it really doesn't matter what number you pick in the end. Selena was number forty and she still couldn't win and had to cash in her Trios Contract to get her main event spot at Rise to Greatness..”

I slowly clapped my hands together and smiled.

Chris: "Congratulations to Xander Valentine and Cidney Turner. I wish I was joining you but if Sutter is meant to be believed, my doing so was not part of fate's plan for me whatever that may be. But that changed nothing really. Because I will still become World Champion, I will still come for what was stolen from me and there isn't one of you who can stop me from correcting the history books... That is a journey I cannot wait to complete so I am going to be keeping a very close eye on that scene, mark my words..."

I nodded to the camera.

Chris: "But that is something to explore at a later date, right now I have to look at what is right in front of me, and who is that? Billy Heaven Junior. When you have been in this business as long as I have. It isn't often that you get to compete against someone like Billy who is still fresh out of the gate. He is just a baby really when you think about it. Less than one and a half years experience in the ring but talented no less. You know I envy you to be an honest mate, I do... Not because you swan about flashing your goods look and hitting on anything with tits and an arse. But because you have your whole career ahead of you and you shouldn't take that for granted."

I sighed. It brought back memories of the old days back in the UK, when I was breaking into wrestling. He reminded me of me I suppose you could say, and that annoyed me a little... only I never did duckface.

Chris: "Because of that you've got a lot left to learn, Billy. A career's worth and I'll be one of the first people to give you a lesson worth remembering mate. Not because I'm out to get you, but because you've been put in my path, wrong place, wrong time. You treat this company as your personal tinder app like it's all fun and games chasing women, flashing your abs, thinking that's enough to get you through the door. It isn't. Not with me. Never has been. You see, I'm not just some veteran just showing up for a quick fucking payday. I'm a former World Champion. Adrenaline Champion. Tag Team Champion. You? You're just the first name on a list. And I'm not about to trip over my first step back into this company."

I leaned back into the chair and reached to the side table beside me and took a sip from my glass and licked my lips.

Chris: "Because it's like I said before, I'm here to correct history, my history in SCW. I'm here to prove that it isn't set in stone. Right the wrongs that happened to me four years ago. This isn't for nostalgia, it's about Ascendancy, it's for my truth that I will not allow what happened to fucking define me... Because when it's all said and done you need to beat me, you stand on the precipice of the score of the century. You could be known as the guy who beat Chris Cannon in his first match back. The very same Chris Cannon who fans are labelling Ironman right now."

Chris: "Unfortunately that won't happen. I haven't planned this return only to fall at the very first hurdle SCW puts in front of me. No, that isn't how it's going to be. Because once upon a time, I did squander things. I let people I trusted steer the wheel as it were. I let my personal feelings

call the shots. Well no more, I am thinking about Chris Cannon now and for you and everyone in Supreme Championship Wrestling. Well... That isn't good news... Because I'm not here to relive the past. I'm here to rewrite it one body at a time. Starting with you."

I tipped the glass to the camera and nodded as I watched Yvonne who was sat behind it the whole time, hit stop.

[Rec.]