A Plan Comes Together

Friday, December 22, 2023
The Office of Simon Lyman
Malibu, California
9:02 pm

Stopping by his office on his way home from the mall, the last thing that Simon Lyman felt like doing was talking about his feelings and emotions with anyone. He had just been through the holiday ringer after all and he didn't particularly feel like talking about what happened. He was looking for his large bottle of extra strength aspirin however, and remembering that he had left that large bottle on his desk, briefly going to the office was unfortunately a necessary evil on this night. Imagine his surprise when he opened the front door and there was not darkness but light in the office and then a familiar sense of dread washed over Simon when he looked around the room and quickly realized what, or check that, *who* was out of place in the office on this night.

"I would ask why you are in my office, but number 1, I do recall giving you a key to my office after much badgering, and number 2 I really, really do not want to have the conversation that I am afraid that this is going to require because my head is killing me right now. So please, can we both just pretend that we never saw each other tonight and I can grab my bottle of aspirin and leave?"

With a sly smirk on her face while having her feet up on Simon's desk, his new manager who also had the controlling interests of the Simon Lyman Consortium, the new management company with his name, Lisa Archer laughed slightly while shaking her head.

"I love it when you get all cute with me because we haven't seen each other for a couple of days, Simon."

"Lisa, I just want to grab my aspirin, get the hell out of here, get home, take a shower, crawl into bed and pretend that this day never happened. Please tell me that this is going to be possible."

"Simon, you know me and you know how I operate. Tell me now dear, do you really believe the interaction that you have just described between you and I, or lack thereof is going to be possible."

Very reluctantly and without so much as even a hint of a smile on his face, which was instead dripping with exhaustion, Simon, trying to avoid a confrontation with Lisa, didn't even argue about the fact that the woman was sitting in his chair at his desk. Rather, Simon just slumped in a chair on the opposite side of the desk as Lisa.

"I can only assume since you are here that you want to discuss something with me of dire importance that cannot wait. Let's just get whatever this is over with as quickly as possible so that I can go home."

"See, there we go Simon, you are such a good boy sometimes."

"Right, and one more time and hopefully the last time that I need to tell you this, I am not you damn dog, Lisa. I am not a good boy. I am a 46-year-old man who has just had a rough day and he just wants to go to bed. So, I am going to ask you one more time, very politely, just the way that my mom would have wanted me to talk to a lady, *what* do you want to discuss with me Lisa, because I am losing my patience and don't have the energy to fight with you."

"Nonsense dear, you always have more than enough energy to fight with me."

“Lisa, I swear this is not the time that you want to be testing those patience. I have one nerve left and you are stepping on it right now.”

“Someone sounds like he really needs a dose of holiday cheer. Maybe we can bake some cookies at your house before I rock your world again later on tonight.”

All out of patience now, Simon stands up and the anger on his face is evident by the way that it is turning redder and redder by the second as he glares at Lisa.

“Look I have been in a fucking mall all day with everyone from a baby who spit up on me to several geriatrics who took turns relieving themselves on me, because YOU signed me up to play fucking Santa in this damn suit. I just want to go home. If you are smart, get to the damn point, NOW damn it!”

Lisa starts to laugh almost uncontrollably.

“Whoa, whoa, whoa someone is getting testy! I can play like that though too. I have been a very naughty girl; are you going to fuck me Santa?”

“Not with Trump’s dick and Biden pushing, I promise.”

“Really? Because that is not what you were saying on the first night that we met.”

“I’m still not even sure that happened.”

“And yet you are not willing to take the chance and have me go to the press with all of the photos of you, I, and Elijah that night, are you?”

Dropping his head again, Simon sits back down in the chair once more looking across at Lisa.

“I am not joking Lisa, I really just want to get my aspirin and go home. Can we please do anything to speed along this process?”

“Oh fine. You are taking away all of my fun but I understand. It was a hard day, so I will try to get this over with as quickly as possible. We need to discuss what it is that you are going to do at the End of Year Special when you face Josh Hudson.”

“I’m going to kick fucking teeth down his throat, submission match or not, thank you very much!”

“And that is perfectly fine, you can do that too. But what is going to be the end result of that match?”

Simon just stares at Lisa and says nothing which starts to make her nervous and so she asks him again.

“Simon, who is going to lose that match.”

Simon whispers barely audibly

“I am.”

“Excuse me Simon, I can’t hear you. Who is going to lose that match?”

“I said I am damn it!”

“Good. The next part of the plan doesn’t work unless those fans in Toronto live or on TV around the world see you lose and are in terrible shape doing it.”

“That is a bunch of bullshit too. I can and should fucking beat this guy, damn it! I hate his fucking guts! He stole my life from me, I did mention that before, right?!”

“Yes, and while I sympathize with your situation, what you are refusing to see is the bigger picture which I am seeing. You want to make people pay for all of the things that they have been doing to you, right?”

“You bet I do, assholes.”

"Exactly, you just do like we have discussed and leave the rest to me Simon. I promise that this will all work out for you, just like it is supposed to. These people will never know what hit them."

"You had better not be wrong, Lisa. Because I am going to fucking be livid if you are, understand?"

"Simon, I do understand. But trust me when I tell you that by the Grace of God this will not fail."

Everything About You Two

As I sit alone in my hotel just like I do on so many nights now, I want everyone to take a minute and think about all that happened to me in the last nine months and why. Amy will tell you that everything that I say is a lie, and we all know that the world has her on some strange pedestal so everything she says is just accepted like its gospel truth. This despite the fact that the woman lied and cheated publicly how many times? How many times has the woman gone into rehab now, she even admitted to having an open marriage years ago that was in secret for the longest time. If Amy likes to say that I like it is only because has such a pedestrian relationship with the truth herself, so she would know a liar when she sees one. Despite the fact that she says that I am the liar, I am about to drop some truth on you right now, so please pay attention for a change because all of you idiots might learn something for a change.

Yes, when I first came to New Orleans a few years back I was in a bad place. My third marriage was failing, though I have since realized that I am not the problem here; it's the institution of marriage itself that is a failure. It's set up for failure if you think about it. Openly agreeing in public that you love another person so much that you are not going to even be attracted to another person for the rest of your life? Physiologically or psychologically this doesn't make any sense at all, but I digress. I am not here to have a sermon on how I feel about marriage. Just suffice to say that when I arrived in the Crescent City, my life was spiraling out of control and we will leave it at that. During this time, Amy did several things to help get me back on my feet again, for which I am grateful to her for to this day. Afterward, I stayed in New Orleans, worked at her BlackOut Academy for virtually nothing, something that Amy conveniently manages to leave out when she bitches and whines to anybody who will listen concerning how I am lying about what has happened now between us. I'm tired of hearing how I am lying all the time, how everything that has happened between was all my fault when that simply isn't the case.

Did I make mistakes, do the wrong thing at times? Yes, I certainly did. I am not blameless in all of this shit, and I have never tried to say otherwise. But Amy you were my fucking best friend! There are only two people in the world who meant more to me than you did, and that was my daughter Angelina and my long time girlfriend, your best friend Nadine. I would have done ANYTHING for you Amy! Whether you want to paint me as this monster or not you know that is the truth! I was even your sponsor the last time that you were going through rehab! Where did all of that get me though, what happened in the end after I not the fucking bitch boy Wyatt you are married too was the person that you came to for ANYTHING and EVERYTHING? (Truth hurts, don't it bitch boy?)

I lost My Girlfriend!
I lost My Best Friend!
I lost the love of my life, My Daughter!
I lost My Home!
I lost My Job!

Hell, I was even essentially KICKED OUT OF THE DAMN CITY OF NEW ORLEANS! Because everyone knows that Amy Chastaine, Lancaster, whatever the fuck you want to call yourself now is freaking perfect, right? Except I am here to tell everyone that is simply not the case. Amy is not perfect, she has done a lot of wicked shit to a lot of innocent people. I could tell all of you all about it, but why? It won't make a difference because everyone has already made up their minds. Simon is awful! Simon lies!Amy is good as gold! Amy can do no wrong! You don't know and you will never know just how tired I am of hearing the same only partially true narrative between the two of us about what has happened between the two of us Amy, because I deserve better!

I am so tired that someone needs to pay for all of this shit and that's exactly what's going to happen Sunday night at the annual SCW End of Year Special in Toronto. Truth be told, I am really glad that the person that is going to end up paying for all of this is you Josh Hudson. It's funny considering that Amy said it herself on twitter recently you didn't need to step up for her family, and yet somehow here we are because you couldn't learn to keep your stupid fucking mouth shut and mind your own damn business. Why would you do that though, when you think about the fact that this really is your business after all, isn't it, Josh? I mean you are working at BlackOut Academy now. Who knows, maybe you have been fucking Amy on the side like so many other men. Yes, I said so many other men, so don't act so surprised, sport. Fucking Amy doesn't make you a marine, ok? It's not one of the few, the proud, if you get my meaning.

You sure have done a great job of taking over my life haven't you though, Josh? Amy likes to tell everyone that this is just me lying again because yes you started at BOA a month before I was fired from my position there, that is true. I won't try to deny that. But if Amy did something that she does very rarely and was honest with everyone else, she would admit that she was trying to find a way to get rid of me long before it ever happened officially. Granted, we will never get to hear her actually say as much herself, because do you think for a second Josh that Amy is going to do anything that might cause her to be seen in a negative light? Don't bother to answer that because I'm sure in your time at BOA you have learned what is the most important point working there which is to always make sure to make Amy look good any time that you open your mouth. Therefore telling the truth about her is completely out of the question, because when you admit the truth about things concerning her life whether at home or at BOA, it's not always going to make Amy look good.

But here you are now riding in on your white horse to save the whole lousy Lancaster Family. Trust me, I understand where you are coming from wanting to do that, because I have done a time or two myself. I have done it a lot more than just a time or two if we are honest here, though I always thought that this was just something that I was supposed to do, because I was Amy's best friend and someone needed to do it right? Who else could she depend on? Not Wyatt, that fucker needs to becareful. Otherwise he is just destined to end up back in prison for the rest of

his life. Something that he might want to think about very carefully the next time that he is faced with the decision to assault another individual, because God knows how I would hate to see him in prison again. Though I am sure that bitch boy would be a very hot commodity during extracurricular time behind those walls. Besides him though, who could the Lancaster women and children trust? Certainly not Heath, that asshole has been dead for years. I wouldn't put too much stock in Bree's husband Dom either; rumor has it that he is smarter than the rest of the family and getting out as soon as he can, hanging out with one Hollywood starlet after another.

No, I guess it really does need to be you Josh, because there really isn't another man to step up to the plate for the red headed drunken tramp of the south and her family. Thinking about it more carefully, that is the reason that you are going to get your ass beat like it has never been beaten before Sunday night. You took my fucking life you stupid prick! Although, looking back on it now it really wasn't much of a life to begin with, it was still my life and you didn't have the fucking right! There is something that you need to understand right now. We are not going to be in a 30-minute ultimate submission match Sunday because we are not going to be in a match at all. A match requires a victor and nobody is going to win this fight. I am going to maim you, and I want to see my smiling face when you do it. The idea of hearing you scream as I pound your face in is one of the few things that keeps me going day and night since you have taken away just about everything that constitutes my life.

I am going to lay this out for you are plainly as I can Josh; I fucking HATE you with every single fiber of my being. I don't want to defeat you in that match, in any match for that matter and I am not even going to try. I am going to enjoy hearing your bones break, laugh while I watch you suffer in agony. I actually thought for a moment about trying to literally crucify you, but I think they is a law against trying to willfully murder another person in the ring, and I know that even if there isn't SCW would still probably kick my out for life and that is not happening, not before I win the SCW World Title anyway.

Make no mistake though Josh, what I plan to do Sunday is ring in the new year by leaving you in a pool of your own blood, as close to dead as legally possible while still being alive.

And me?

I am going to be the motherfucker who is going to enjoy every single second of it!

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