

Part Two

Everything was a fever dream. Reality was shattered and at times I went without thought, before wondering if I or anything else around me was real at all. I briefly remembered standing up

peering out at the sky and the lights of the city around us from the tight confines of the open limousine sunroof.

I was told not to. I hate being told what to do. Doesn't everyone? Authority is a nuisance, rebelling is only natural.

So naturally I sat back down, just not before throwing my arms back and woo'ing as loud as I could into the abyss of evening traffic all around us while raising a bottle of strawberry champagne, toasting in spirit.

The people in the limousine with us tried to match in spirit. I guess a part of me believed that a preponderance of bodies would somehow lift my spirits and make the occasion more meaningful somehow. Never worked before but one can hope.

I was starting to believe I was merely getting on Ravyn's nerves at this point. Perhaps she expected more. I think the best thing I ever did was bang her in the house of Christ. Unfortunately not every sacreligious idea would work from there in terms of pleasing her. As far as she was viewing this evening, I had invited her out to the beach to simply get intoxicated and possibly have an orgy. I don't know, I wasn't a mind reader.

That was only a guess as to what she could be thinking.

I didn't want to tell her the reality because I wasn't sure how she'd react. I didn't want to tell Sophie because I knew exactly how she would react. At least I think I did. What do I really know?

I am an idiot. I accept this gracefully.

I have come to the belief we all are. We're all just waiting for the right circumstance to show our idiocy to the world. For some of us it's just impossible to hide it. But no matter what? No matter how smart or capable you think someone is? Just give it the right circumstance. That blistering idiot will come out to remind you they are just like everyone else.

After leaving the Clevelander Bar the next destination had been to a pier where luxury boats were rented out by the hour. I am not sure why I had grown a fondness for these types of trips. Perhaps it was the gentle rocking of the boat as you were floating about in open waters. The crisp air and the feeling of ultimate freedom within the confines of your quarters.

I don't know. I just hoped for $500 an hour the boat would be big enough. Of the people who had opted to join us I counted nine. With the three of us that made a dozen, I could have likely settled for a smaller rental. Not like it mattered, I was wanting to blow through everything

over the course of days that I could and between the ridiculous bill paying for everyone in that bar to this, I was doing alright. There would still be some left over and that would be just fine.

The captain for this particular journey was a man in his mid 50's. Sun tanned to the point his skin looked like tough leather, he was on the smaller side of 5 '10, could at best be billed at 125 pounds. I wonder if he ever let loose on other trips out with a bunch of drunks, perhaps he had a fun story or two. Regardless this wasn't one of those rides for him. He was determined to stay professional and greeted us as we arrived, asking if I was Ace.

Ravyn is at least somewhat more interested by this point, not looking quite as scorned. I assume she was curious if there was more in the works. Sophie I had to help with one arm, I didn't know she had quite this affinity still at this point to the thought of gorging on champagne. We also didn't drink like we used to often. I suppose it hit harder and faster now.

There was a time where you couldn't find both of us and not one of us was drunk or high out of our minds.

The rental was set for four hours. Within that time we could turn our music up as loud as we want and leave horrible stains wherever.

Two of the guests kept asking if my brother, the movie director, was coming. I had to inform them he was not.

With a bar of its own on board people would be able to continue making poor decisions at their own discretion. As far as any real goals I suppose there weren't any. I hoped for some level of tranquility.

A few of the people with us seemed socially inept to say the least, the more drunk they got just seemed to make them more awkward. I bet they were warriors when it came to texting. Fucking losers.

They had the blessing of being younger and not hideous to make up for it. One of them kept flirting with Sophie who took it cheerfully.

She would have destroyed him, and then likely threw his sperm in his face for the five minute disappointment of it all. This is at least how I envisioned it. The experienced and hard to sate force of nature that was this unnaturally red haired dom. I don't actually fully know her kinks, this is just speculation.

I don't know when it happened. How much more alcohol was consumed. I was slowly remembering this point up to now. I was trying to do something theatrically on the edge of the

ship with a few of the people talking to me as two pairs probably wandered off to violate the captain's quarters and comfortable looking furniture below deck. I just know I leaned back too far and it just sort of happened. I fell back over the ledge and for a split second I felt I was flying. Then I was tasting water.

I tried screaming in shock in the chilling ocean only to have some water go right down the wrong tube. My body had decided to try to breathe the water and it wasn't working out too well. I had begun to drown as I flailed around panicking. Someone yelled, someone giggled I guess initially, not understanding what was happening. Or they were just psychopathic. That was an option. Fine too.

The captain had slowed the boat to a crawl thankfully and he began turning it around as it was clear someone had gone up and over.

I saw Ravyn between my glimpses as my head went up and under. This wasn't how I was going to die, although as I thought about it the headline would have been fine.

Sophie would be the first one attempting to save me as she picked up and threw a life tube up and over toward me. I had just a moment to look up and see it souring down straight for me before it smacked me right in the face. I am guessing it hit my temple just right because one moment I was conscious and the next I was out like a light.

The next thing I knew I was right here back planted on the deck, gasping and looking into the eyes of a brown haired dude who was apparently giving me mouth to mouth. He had nice pecs.

I hear that same deep and over exaggerated breath from a system that was priorly unable to supply itself with air that you hear in film. Just wasn't expecting it to come from me. Looking up at my savior I just couldn't help myself as I turned my face away and raised a hand up to wipe at my mouth.

It takes a moment before I am able to formulate and mutter the words of my initial thoughts.

"Fuck, just throw me back in."

Despite having just coughed water up from my lungs, the back of my mouth felt dry to the point I could have been developing a cold. I'd know if I started coughing constantly and uncontrollably. Alcohol and salt water weren't making for a great combo.

"You're okay!" My shining very white knight in armor exclaimed, ignoring my verbal disappointment.

Sophie leaned over and cupped my face with her hands. She had tears in her eyes and her cheeks were stained along with being absolutely flushed.

“Oh thank God, fuck. I am so happy you’re not dead!”

It took a moment to recall her attempt at assistance. A memory born in a haze that would have lasted for all of three seconds where she took the initiative and knocked me out with a life saving frisbee. I saw it as absolutely hilarious. I imagined I would joke about this to her for as long as I am alive. Which if it’s up to her wouldn’t be long. Might not use that particular line tonight.

Perspective is everything I guess.

“Say something! You-you’re not brain dead or anything are you?!” My unresponsiveness as I stared up at her I guess wasn’t helping her. Beyond panicked gasps for air. I was beginning to calm down. Whatever adrenaline I had injected into my body the moment I went overboard had seemingly faded.

“Who- Who are you?”

I immediately regretted saying this as the look of self inflicted guilt was too legitimate. Her nose was clearly getting stuffy as a wad of snot was almost visible. At least it was for me who was staring directly up at it inches from her face.

“Just kidding. I am fine! Thanks Soph.”

I tried raising an arm up to rub at hers but my body was not feeling it. The guilt on her face swiftly washed away into utter confusion before peaking into the realm of anger in a delayed matter thanks to intoxication.

“Oh fuck off you asshole!”

She pulled up on my chin, changing the position of her hands where they had been cupped around my cheeks before slamming my head down as she stood up and turned to walk off muttering what I can only assume were unpolite terms.

“Oww!” I grunted and winced. If I wasn’t concussed before maybe I was now.

The guy who had apparently performed CPR on me was standing there, I guess mystified over the whole ordeal. The small crowd of people was at least starting to do more than act as a backdrop, watching like a live crowd to see how the fatal accident went live on the air.

This was nothing more alcohol wouldn’t fix. I wasn’t the only one completely sodden by salt water. I peered up at one figure who had decided to approach ahead of anyone else, maybe

hoping to help me back up so we could play it off as normal. Ravyn had a towel over her which felt like a tragedy.

I am not sure why I was excited at the prospect of skin tight shirts. Maybe a wet t-shirt contests needed to be a thing, doesn't everything I do correlate with being on a whim?

"Was this your idea?" She asks.

It took a moment for this to register as I was now just thinking about rock hard nipples. She was wearing a bra though, I could kind of see it now staring straight up past the towel as a very noticeable dark fabric under the shirt. This broke my focus and I was now forced to try and match her gaze.

"What? Drowning? No. There are way better ways to go."

I sit up and immediately feel sick. I have no idea how much I drank. I hope that is what it is. A person cheered as one girl went up and patted me on the shoulder.

"Can you get up?"

Whether or not I could was debatable. I didn't feel like it.

My savior had someone approach him saying that was so heroic despite Ravyn apparently being the one that fished me out. How did that happen? Maybe she wrapped me in the weapon Sophie had tried to murder me with. Had she drunk anything? I can't remember.

I was just glad Sophie didn't apparently jump in or any of the other drunk idiots around us only adding to the potential mindless casualties.

"You know," Ravyn smirked while keeping her arms folded. "I'd say you owe me for this."

If only she knew the truth.

"I am not sure if this was really the extent of your ideas to which I was summoned here to participate in but I suppose you should be thankful," she stated nonchalantly. "Completely overwhelmed with an ineffable sense of gratitude. With everyone else here being too drunk into a stupor or being like the captain there, too tenuous to actually react, you almost met your end."

That would have been somewhat anticlimactic. I am not sure what she is getting at though, unless we're talking about a Wookie life debt or something. Reflecting on the kinky and the disgusting things we've done I wonder if she'd have our roles reversed. Then again if that was ever her objective she could have had me comply with any whim she had a long time ago.

Our relationship for a while now has been an incredibly one sided affair where whenever I do try to get her to determine what comes next she asks some silly minor question with an

answer she clearly has no actual fucks about. In one aspect it's naturally very fun, in another it's not.

I had wanted more. An actual relationship I suppose it was the same curse everything always was for me. I wanted what I couldn't have. If I did get what I wanted, I wouldn't appreciate it and throw it away like trash.

I guess it would be poetic or something had she just decided to throw me away in much the same way.

I suppose it didn't matter.

"Anything in this world you would want me to do, tell me right now this second or by this time tomorrow," I say cheerfully. She wouldn't.

I wished she would. But she had no interest in that. If there was something she herself could ascertain that would give her some level of fulfillment or enjoyment herself, she wouldn't have a need for me to be involved, would she?

"Just one day?"

"Makes it easier to get out of the way."

"But then I couldn't drag it over your head," she says, faintly smiling. "The speculations you impose on yourself. Do you fear it or crave it as a challenge to overcome? If it does come, is it everything you could have imagined or a disappointment?"

I am not sure what kind of answer she wants but that's always the case with her. The real questions I've always wanted to ask her I don't bother. For as smart as she is she can't answer them for herself, much less for me. To ask them would likely be detrimental to our interactions as I was the one promising that same fulfillment I couldn't have.

So instead I shrug and mask myself with a smile.

"Only one way to find out."

Everything is a blur. My vision. My mind. I was coherent enough to acknowledge to myself I was still shit-faced.

It occurred to me the boat was moving with haste once again. Apparently the captain had decided to call it a night and we were quickly reapproaching the pier. I feigned sorrow but at this point I was probably just going to go to sleep.

May it be the most pleasant sleep. With lucid dreams and everything in between.

I tried talking to the man but he felt with the episode it would be best to call it quits. For safety reasons. Maybe insurance reasons? I don't know, he didn't say. I am not a lawyer, I was simply speculating.

As we hit the pier I think others had the same notion, wanting to call it a night. A few of them didn't and looked to me expectantly as the random guy at the bar who had decided he wanted to be everyone's sugar daddy for a day.

Sophie stumbled up, seemingly more out of it then she had been. I walked over and gently placed an a hand on her back, whispering we were apparently being forced to leave.

"Good!"

I wanted to disagree as it felt rather disappointing. I am not sure what I had been expecting however truth be told. I wanted something to happen and it did. Good or bad, I guess whatever you categorize it as, that doesn't really matter.

Ignoring the throw away acquaintances for the most part one younger man looking around awkwardly approached. I think his name was Dwight? I don't know. I need to stop trying.

Letting Sophie go to walk on her own I took a couple steps back to talk to this hopefully reliable associate.

"Hey-" don't call him Dwight. "How goes it, Dwight?"

"It's Chris." Whatever. "Hey, so, I talked to my guy and he doesn't feel… Comfortable with what I told him. I mean, honestly I just kinda doubt he has it on him. He said he could go half though."

I sigh. I mean half would be enough. The amount was more for the visual I wanted with a kilo of cocaine propped up on a table. What was that? Two pounds? A little over? Really I wanted more, but a kilo felt reasonable. This was Florida, damn it. If I couldn't get the amount of cocaine I ask for here, then where the fuck could I in this country?

"That's fine." I smile and nod, trying to keep my eyes completely open. Sleep really was calling.

Dwight wanted to talk full prices at this point, which, whatever. It was a number, I don't care. As he asked questions I tried answering them quickly to move this all along.

He asked for details and I gave them. He wanted to overcomplicate it. His boyfriend needed to know everything.

Whatever. I hoped he wouldn't try to turn this into a weird and terrible moment out of Boogie Nights needlessly out of drug induced paranoia.

Before I could tell him to hurry it up it was apparently over. He was ready to leave, having a time and place.

With one final ride in the overpriced stretched out limousine there was a pillow summoning me in for the night, the asterisk of the evening. I was visualizing it at this point, practically lusting for it. Arriving back at the hotel we had stayed at the night before, Sophie was somewhat more coherent. This was a vast improvement I recall of helping a drunk that would never stop.

No one seemed up for objecting. Going into the two room suite I lacked the sense to even bother with hitting a light switch. It came on nonetheless as someone entering behind me hit the switch. Walking over toward the other room where the bed I had slept in the night before waited, I began stripping out of the now chilled clothes, letting my short flop to the floor. From the A/C blowing fresh cold air I could only shiver and clutch at what was clammy skin.

Suddenly a shower sounded like a more practical initial goal. This thought was interrupted with the shower kicking to life and the shutting of the bathroom door.

Whatever.

Kicking off the soggy shorts I had worn out it occurred to me my phone was probably fucked. Maybe. Maybe not. My phone case would have come in handy here, right?

Worry about it later. Don't worry about it at all. Does anything matter?

At that moment I certainly didn't believe so.

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The next morning felt like hell. For the time I was unconscious I could be oblivious to my current physical and mental state. It never occurred to me that even hungover from the night before Sophie would decide we needed to get up early to stay true to her ritual of starting every day bright and early with a physical push toward excellence.

I underestimated where her resolve took her in her battle against her addictions. I generally always respected this. She was a bigger person than I. Unfortunately, I found myself resenting it today.

“Rise and shine!” she said while knocking her fists over the head of the bed. I blinked unconscious with what was apparently drool running down my chin. The first thing I felt was annoyance. Then it was the degree to how I felt completely dehydrated. Rolling over my skin felt somehow slimy, I had to remind myself I took a dip and desperately needed a shower.

“Just, five. Five more minutes,” I mutter weakly while rolling away from her, opening my eyes just enough to see myself propelling closer toward the wall.

She had picked up one of the pillows I guess had fallen to the floor in the middle of the night and proceeded to smack me in the back with it.

“I feel like shit thanks to you, too! Get up!”

Groaning and mumbling sweet hate filled profanities I turn and try to sit up. Glancing up at her I saw her dressed in her casual summer jogging attire. It was standard beyond her slightly more jarring facial features. Beauty sleep hadn’t done its job. She looked beat. I could only speculate how I looked.

Was she seriously expecting us to go all out as usual?

Begrudgingly pulling myself out of bed she made herself scarce as I walked my naked ass straight to the bathroom. I wasn’t doing anything until I was bathed.

It wasn’t long before I was gritting my teeth as there was only cold water running over me. I had been taking more cold showers lately but generally after a workout. I figured it would help now.

Supposedly they had great benefits. The cold water elevated your heart rate, helping to flush out toxins faster. Really helps clear your head as you’re entirely focused on adapting to the chill coursing up and down your spine.

It wasn’t a magical fix all unfortunately, that was just going to take willpower. Slowly turning the faucet for hot water I let it get lukewarm before going about the daily hygienic ritual.

I was close to finishing anyway before Sophie came to knock ceremoniously at the door. She wanted me to be miserable this morning. I wasn’t going to give her that.

After getting out I found myself not dragging my feet anywhere near as bad. Before long I was dressed for the occasion, bending down while seated on the small sofa the room had as I went about tying my sneakers. I felt incredibly hungry but more than that thirsty to the point of death. An over exaggeration, sure. I just had no other means of describing it.

We never ate before going out. Was better to go about it on an empty stomach. She wasn't completely out of her mind at least as she tossed two water bottles over on the sofa seat beside me.

This felt like torture. One hope was a desperate release of endorphins would at least make it all bearable.

In short order the three of us were out in the heat and sun. I wouldn't call it running, it was more a crawling jog with good two mile per hour strides on my part. Sophie was giving it a bit more thrust and before long she was far ahead of me.

Neither of us could see Ravyn beyond the points where she would stop. I imagine the only real joy she got out of being out here today was to torture us with her superior state of being. I had to stop at an outdoor vendor and buy several more bottles of water. The first didn't make it out of the hotel, along with half of the second.

After a while out of frustration I didn't want to look entirely weak and forced myself to really propel myself. What was the point of being in shape otherwise if you couldn't force yourself in dire situations to move?

This seemed to put Sophie in a better mood as she quickly followed suit before happily continuing a lead. Endorphins did come and I had to think it was from being somewhat scrambled, I felt the impact more than usual. It was a stronger sense of nirvana hitting like a tidal wave in the pit of my soul.

Before long we were peripatetic children scouring the city.

It would still be short lived from the usual marathons Sophie seemed to have an affinity for having us endure. I wish I was embellishing this unfortunate reality. I suppose it was a necessity, she had replaced one drug with another, I imagine her heart rate pumped at an Olympic level.

I looked at the time and wanted to call it quits. Seemed appropriate. I should thank Sophie as I was at least in higher spirits than I had been. I was still going to follow the goal for the evening, but I would require less stimulants to be fully equipped for the festivities.

Throwing both hands up in the motion worldwide associated with beckoning for a time out it was time to move on.

I had tried picturing how to sell this to both of them and I felt more and more like an asshole even bothering to invite them both out all things considered. I should have been treating them out but I had a vision of the final act. Who knew what would come from there?

I was beyond saving. A depressing line of thought but acceptance had long passed. I just felt it. A desperate longing for the next phase. I couldn't kid myself any longer.

"I uh, I think I need to lay back down. I am starting to feel ill."

"Really? How out of shape are you?" Sophie asked mockingly.

Funny. Last I checked we were both out of breath upon initially stopping.

"I don't know, I might be developing a cold. I don't want to risk being sick going into Rise to Greatness. Hate that, considering there were other venues to explore. Considering they are reservations why don't you two go? I don't want to drag everyone down just because I decided to take a midnight dip."

Sophie glanced and Sophie and Ravyn were glancing amongst themselves. If there was some level of communication there I was missing it. I didn't have the required estrogen to telepathically understand.

"Hey if you're seriously just going to sleep all day I am going to the beach," Sophie stated matter of fact. That would be one set of reservations that were paid for in vain.

"Pray tell what you had in mind," Ravyn asks begrudgingly.

Oh good, it worked.

Drowned on a Monday. To be suffocated on a Tuesday. It was a grand tour.

We would need to get to the hotel soon. People would be arriving early. Not sure why I didn't push them back a bit, I really hadn't thought this through very well. Everything was it has always been, a whim.

I felt somewhat guilty but I was sure that wouldn't last. There was just too much fun to be had.

Beside the hotel room where we had stayed, past the room Ravyn had to herself, was another room rented for the next several nights. With permissions granted I could already see a few arrivals. I couldn't help but get excited.

The longer Sophie and Ravyn chatted as we got back I started getting antsy, opting to feign pain and further fatigue. I needed to get the cocaine. I needed to check on the arrivals and get ready. Earlier the better.

"I am sorry- I- here. I was going to take us on a one day cruise. I really am starting to get slightly concerned-"

"If you're really feeling that bad maybe we should all just stay, set up shop here-"

I didn't want her to be around this. I was actually feeling some shame for once! How intriguing.

"No, please. Have fun, kick back. Start our vacation early- everything has already been paid for. It'd be a waste."

"Couldn't you just sleep on the bigger boat?"

I imagine Ravyn was questioning my love for ships now as well. What can I say?

"Look dumb dumb, if you aren't going anywhere, I am not going too far either. You can pay for another trip later. I will take some alone time to soak in the sun though if it's all the same to you."

I try to look disappointed but nod my head all the same.

"I am not staying here," Ravyn muttered looking at Sophie and seemingly deciding to follow suit.

Good.

I take a little time and try not to be overly apologetic. That always just makes excuses more suspicious in nature, don't they? Does to me but I suppose I wear a mask and expect everyone else to be full of shit to. Cynicism wins.

As I lay in bed I pull out my phone. It had at least not been completely destroyed from being dunked the night into its own version of space.

There were several messages. One was from an unlisted number. One was from the producer as I was referring to him. Several others were from more numbers I didn't have registered. Checking the first one I was dumbstruck.

It's Dad. We need to talk.

Oh fuck off. You're not randomly showing up after thirty years and ruining my night.

Setting the phone down, I waited. Sophie came by once more to check on me as Ravyn stood idly by with her arms crossed. I smiled timidly and waited with a baited breath.

As they departed for their beach adventure, I waited at the window watching them leave from below. Quickly I went to my bags and looked around. There was a little baggy of goods and a couple papers that were getting crinkled from how they were being transported. Grabbing them I made my way toward the entrance of the room.

I was about to head out the door just as a blonde elf stepped up to knock. She stopped momentarily surprised before waving cheerfully. The amount of cleavage visible made me forget what I was doing momentarily.

"Cookie!" I say after a moment, recognizing the overly cheerful cosplay enthusiast.

"Hey! I really hope this is what you were thinking!"

In battle armor and a thin fabric covering over it, all I could think was battle slut elf. This is why she sold more merchandise than me.

Her entire arrival was spawned from her mentioning she had just watched the last Lord of the Rings movie recently as I was haphazardly texting on a binge and I mentioned I was making a movie.

Honestly, I completely forgot I invited her and now here we are. All I could do was play along at this point. I mean the only thing she could do was say yes or no.

"Oh this'll be fun. A real classic. Come on, let me show you the stage."

Stepping out of the room I shut the door behind me and gestured for us to make way a few doors down to the other room. Pulling out my copy of the room key I raised it to the scanner before opening the door.

The differences between the rooms were marginal at best beyond the people inside with their own devices. The producer, some guy I found online, was setting up a high quality expensive looking camera set. Felt kind of out of place in 2023 when a smart phone was just as capable of recording but I wasn't going to criticize the 'artist' on his selection in tools. Besides, seeing it was kind of cool.

Added to the stage.

Otherwise somewhat off put from my one man crew were six scantily dressed women. One of them was holding up a clipboard seemingly unsure of herself as she read over the paper pinned to it. She walked up to the producer as he spotted me and gave a thumbs up.

"We're almost set, chief!"

"Did you get the stuff?"

"Oh yeah!"

Great. I didn't have to go to my own drug deal. Fantastic.

"Um, sir? Scuse me, but can we talk for a minute?"

I peered at the woman holding the clipboard. She was talking to the producer.

“What’s the problem?”

“Look, I really don’t feel comfortable being recorded. I don’t want to sign this.”

The producer turned to me. Rolling my eyes I stepped up to the girl.

“That’s fine. Look, I thought this had been established but if you’re uncomfortable, no worries. I don’t want to be like some kind of creep. No Weinsteening up in here. You won’t be filmed.

She smiles and nods. I think there was a miscommunication unfortunately as she just stood there holding the clipboard.

“Okay, you can leave now.” I continued. She looked at me and grimaced. What was she expecting? That was the job. A thought clicked and I snapped my finger as a bulb went off. “Wait, do you have any friends or siblings maybe in the same line of… business? That wouldn’t mind being on film?”

“*Really?*”

Seriously, how does her mind work?

“How about any of you? Know a girl?”

They looked amongst themselves before the Asian amongst them raised a hand.

“I think I do!”

Great. Problem solved.

I felt a tugging on my sleeve and grimaced. It was where the bruise was from doing parkour earlier in the week. Turning to Cookie I see she seems uncomfortable.

“Ace, is this for real?” She asks.

That had an answer alright. I just wasn’t sure how to provide it.

“Cookie! What would you do if you reached a point in your life… You’ve done everything! The bucket list is complete! You’ve been all around the world, along all seven continents. Took part in all the novelties, been to all the hotspots, met all the people you can stomach on an intimate level-”

“Are you shooting a sex tape?” Cookie asks accusingly.

“It’s a movie! A four hour movie that happens to capture some sex. With lines, and music, it’s like a movie?”

I raise my script up and point randomly at one of the lines that simply states '*say choke on it seductively*.' I opt to put the script down instead of giving her an example of the fine penmanship I had put into this.

I mean, I've pretty much hit the peak of my existence. I can't really do too much more in my career, I've kind of… Done everything. I haven't done this though! I mean Ravyn did it, now Kandis posted one-"

Seeing her naked made my skin crawl.

"-So why can't I? And if I am going to do it, then by God I am going to do it right!"

The look on Cookie's face as she peered around at the sex workers that had been called in for duty was clearly that of disappointment. It didn't help when the producer went off to the table and was cutting open what was essentially a pound of cocaine and by the directions I had provided was putting it out there for consumption. I was just happy he didn't run off with it instead, deciding to change professions from an amateur porn camera man to a drug dealer.

"Is that-"

Hookers and blow God damn it. I was going to make it more than just a phrase in spectacular fashion.

"If I had known all that I could have been a sexy Scarface…" She mutters. I am lost. Is she going to hightail it out of here to keep some semblance of pride or is she going to join the party?

"In all seriousness, I can just be open with you, right?" I say as she continues glancing around.

"I worked really hard on this costume," she mumbles.

"If I don't come out of this week alive I will have achieved my final objective. The headline produced from any of the absurd episodes I have set up for myself will be the most fitting conclusion to my story. No one will be surprised. It won't be shocking but it will be fitting. My hall of fame induction speech will be a eulogy!"

The producer blinked and turned away trying to pretend he couldn't hear me. I am not sure why, the entire point had made clear the movie would only be put out upon my death. It was the series finale. I pride myself on the playfulness I am about to put into my words. I truly did feel mostly dead inside but I could act the part like no other.

I glance over at the prostitutes, two of them eying the snow candy like they wanted to jump on the table and start running.

“By all means! Anyone that wants some go ahead and start it without me!”

Four of them went straight to it. I was afraid they’d start fighting over it. The one not going after the snowpile stood out now as weird, challenging my perception of whores. Everyone has to be an exception.

“I don’t think I should do this,” Cookie mumbles.

“I mean you always did say you want to be in a movie! Want to at least read over your lines?”

I was joking. To no one but myself at this point. The actual lines that were there were absurd. I had taken every ridiculous statement Konrad Raab had ever made, be it about his global activism or saving people from natural disasters to his passion for Nascar and basically made a nonsensical skit out of it. For no other reason than everything that son of a bitch says I find hilarious.

Looking at Cookie I do feel guilt over having her come here and I guess be dramatized by my need to get my rocks off. It clicked in my head and I remembered I did have tickets to a cruise still that the other girls didn’t want.

Reaching into my pocket for them I lean over and gently place my hand on her shoulder. At least she didn’t recoil in disgust.

“Here, I am sorry if this wasn’t what you were expecting. Try to enjoy yourself then with these, it’s not a movie but you can still enjoy yourself while you’re here. You’ll need to go ahead and go unfortunately before the cruise takes off.”

She glances down at the tickets I held up suspiciously. I couldn’t fathom why. Snapping them out of my hand she was at least able to smile once more as Cookie does.

“Aw! Thanks! I guess. Don’t get any STDs!”

Really? I couldn’t make that promise, I’d only know for sure after the fact if at all. I feel like I could have maybe been more persuasive but that wasn’t my style. Not right now. Her entire appearance was a fluke here but I wasn’t going to tell her that.

I watched as she left and grimaced. I have never seen her do anything beyond wear costumes and she has the body of a Goddess.

As the door shut behind her I sighed and clapped my hands.

“Ah well.” Turning toward the women I looked over them a bit more analytical. Between them was a blonde white girl, two Latinas, a black girl and the Asian girl. My God. My porn and more importantly my penis was going to cure racism forever, bringing the world together.

Glancing down at my meager three pages.

“Hmmm… Do any of you consider yourself good at improv?”

One girl was nose diving the table with an impromptu contraption half plugged into a nostril. The others glanced at me like deer caught in headlines. Delightful.

As I told them the gest of what I wanted, it didn’t make things better. They were only confused. I didn’t feel like explaining to them that the point of the madness was that I find an old misanthropic German wrestler and race car driver hysterical by his very existence but they played along to what I was suggesting.

Halfway through this another girl showed up, the friend of the Asian girl. She would have to sign the waiver and show an ID to prove her age. A minor wasn’t going to be the thing I am most remembered for tearing me down.

After placing the pages down, I went to the table and stared down at the beautiful sources of mind frying dopamine hits waiting to take me out.

“Well, don’t mind if I do.”

Behind me The Producer began playing a track. I hadn’t been specific but I did like his selection. A retro high beat generic jazz track began to play and I only regretted not having the old 70’s pedophile looking mustache and clothes to fit into the time period. To be fair Cookie had been the only one in costume and this wasn’t Lord of the Rings.

One nice nostril burned later and I smiled just knowing today stood no chance of disappointing. Leaning back up I took a deep breath. Reaching into my pocket I pulled out the small ziplock bag.

I wasn’t lying when I said I was shooting for four hours either. Now I considered myself a great stallone that could go and go hard ***but*** just to be on the safe side? As well as to make it all the more pleasurable, I was going to just take all of the classics and do what they tell you not to, besides don’t do them at all; I was going to do them together!

An assistant in viagra, some Molly, cocaine, I’d mix a drink or two, maybe three- There was maybe enough coke to kill all of us tonight. I doubted that’s what they were shooting for but I’d be fine with it. It’s maybe a cliche or whatever to some people but I always did state that if I was

ever as wealthy as some of the more bland personas of wrestling were, the supposed millionaires and billionaires?

I'd have died in a pile of hookers and blow a long time ago.

Seemed like a cool line at those times and yet here we were.

I looked around for the tequila I wanted and wasn't disappointed. The Producer was some random guy I found online but he followed directions, he had earned his paycheck.

Pouring a shot I took my handful of pills toasted with the wall and swallowed it all in one fell swoop.

With the music playing, I tried envisioning the opening credits to a fine piece of adult cinema. The title comes up- oh no. What am I calling this?

Deepthroat was apparently a classic. Caligula was taken and too fine a man to besmirch. I don't know. Not only was I terrible at remembering names, I was terrible at making them too. I'd let the people decide.

The lonely and horny twenty year old housewives sharing a two bed hotel room between the six of them for reasons this film isn't stating find themselves talking about the great flood between one woman taking a turn making dashes to a table off screen.

They didn't carry this conversation on for very long because as one would expect, they weren't great actresses and there wasn't a script to follow to begin with.

"Wow. I wish someone cared about the environment."

Whatever. This would work I guess.

Stepping out of the room, I gently shut the door before knocking at it. If there was ever a time to become a meme and dress up as Captain Planet this would have been the time.

Oh well.

As one of the Latinas opened the door, I don't know what might have been uttered between those seconds if anything but I was greeted to a very robotic '*hello*'.

"Who are you?" she then asks in that same monotone voice.

I was a very troubled man.

"Hi, did someone say they wish someone cared about the environment?" I ask cheerfully as I grinned from ear to ear. One of the girls started clapping way too enthusiastically for what in context was a random man listening to their conversation on the other side of the door. One

started pulling at her shot as if the question made her hot, this seemed to prompt two of the others to just start taking their clothes off.

"Oh my." the girl that answered the girl states while trying to express excitement but really coming across more like she was being held hostage and trying to make the most out of it. Nonetheless she grabbed me by the shirt and started pulling me on.

This is the part of the movie where the music really starts to set the mood in a way only this type of jazz can. The sight of more skin being exposed was starting to help as suddenly all of the blood in my body started being routed straight to my dick. It was going to be showtime!

The white girl who seemingly had more trips to the table than anyone, to the point she was entirely flushed out seemed to be in a daze before following the others in tries seductively removing the sleeves from her skimpy top. She was a bit clumsy and gave up before just tearing it off gently before setting it aside.

"Do you care about the environment, Mister?" She asks. I wish she didn't ask it in a tone more fit for a voice actor doing the role of a small child but I can't change that now. Instead of waiting for an answer she struts over and grabs at my pants.

The following sequence is a journey into a fantasy. I mean what are these ridiculous reverse gangbangs beyond the lustful and blissful dreams of teenage boys and men?

Everything was slowly beginning to kick in and the surge in blood that went straight to the fun stick made me wonder how long this would really go for. I didn't even need a fluffer! Was that an actual position? I mean how hard can it be to get hard? That job would have sucked.

The most significant change I felt in quick succession was the heat. It hit and it never let up. As the women who really cared about global warming began making a show and under muffled advice began playing with each other as I only had one penis and two hands, I just followed my instincts.

The fakest moans I have ever heard in my life personally filled the room and I never understood why this was a thing. It wasn't hot. It wasn't *Sexy*. It was comical at best. If I wasn't using hard on enhancement drugs it would have died and I wouldn't have been able to save myself.

Telling a girl to suck it for the planet was somehow another highlight to remember and cherish forever.

I imagine few people would ever want to watch something like this but it was really more for the experience and the ridiculous high as everything slowly began to become so much more sensational. I shivered from a chill and every nerve in my body began to become extremely sensitive.

Heat and chill? Could I get pneumonia?

And like a dream, there was a brief period in that time where I almost felt like I was watching myself and the switching up of performers. Words became fewer and fewer over longer periods of time.

I personally had to make a trip to the table after a climax. I wondered how that would go. Would I need to take a minute to recover and gather my form?

It never went down. What started off as a hangover was now simply the best time one could ask for. A few more shots. A slap to an ass. More terrible fake moans as one of the girls says something about pollution. Give that woman an Oscar.

I could only imagine after a while how absolutely terrible the smell would have been. I think one of my favorite stories dealing with studies revolved around a man who had been cast away. Like Tom Hanks but nowhere near as charming. He was isolated for years before eventually being rescued.

For him though, in that great absence from society the thing that haunted him more than anything was being able to really smell people and it was the most offensive odor in the world to him and it was baffling to him. We're always around each other, and we get used to it.

He compared the smell of other humans to goats. Just, far worse.

Take a forced vacation from the rest of society and come back to it? You're reminded we're just filthy fucking animals like all of the rest.

If I could get that man to fly from his island where he was lost for years? Solely to come into this room after however long it's been to take just one giant whiff of the fornication here where most of the people in attendance were on a drug infused physically demanding labor trying to get me off and done? I would die to hear how he'd describe it.

Just the sweat being produced alone. Who knows what they ate that day or the day before, the oils and waste being pushed out from their pores and mine as well.

I took a glimpse at the producer to see him fidgeting a bit watching two girls go down on each other. Sorry cowboy. This is my show.

Mixed in with the sensations, the pleasure, one girl was great at constriction!

The entire time I was feeling like I was cooking from the inside out. I think someone would have eventually been more concerned with their heart after it was beating like a jackhammer trying to drill the way through the chest plate.

What can I say? I can think of worse ways to die.

As everyone became more exhausted, I couldn't even begin to fathom the time.

More trips to the table. Took one dose over to the bed to snort it from one of their crotces before making due with a bit of foreplay. Licking out a prostitute probably wasn't the smartest decision I could have made today but I doubt it was the worst.

That's when it began to turn around. The sensations began to lose their appeal and there was something else there, something I couldn't quite figure out.

I blinked uncontrollably for a bit and almost fell over. Using one arm to catch myself from just collapsing on the bed it was, numbness? No. A tingling of pain?

I could work through it. Climax again, keep going until you're just shooting drops. If your heart gives you can really show CHBK how a heart breaks. Right big guy?

I convulsed and fell back against the mattress. Was I fine? I think so. You're fine. Get more blow. Get another shot. Don't be a quitter you fucking pussy.

Panting I glance up. Wow, it's been three hours, huh?

I glance in between my legs at my pride and joy. The skin wasn't falling off of it so that was something. I could take it and use it as a club at this point. Maybe I won't have a heart attack. With all the blood focused there I'd just lose brain functions and have everything slowly start to shut down.

I'd have to put up a presage for housekeeping. Advise them to smolder everything down and wear protective gear.

I took a deep breath and decided I wasn't done yet. This was a journey. A film with standards to meet.

It wasn't until one of the women grabbed my dick with their hand that I almost screamed in pure agony.

I couldn't hide the reaction, she let go of it and glanced up horrified.

I winced and peered down at her.

"Oh no, keep going. I am-"

She touched it and this time I screamed. Now everyone was looking dead at me.

“Are you okay?” The Producer asks. He had been doing so well up until now. That was a stupid fucking question.

I just motion with one hand slashing across my throat for him to kill it. We’d edit that out later. He shuts it off after taking a second to get what I was implying. The girl who had the hand of misery kneeled up, peering between the camera and me before settling to wait briefly.

“Do you need something?”

“Is it over? Oh thank God. I can’t breathe.” said one of the others.

“I think I am stuck.”

What in the hell did that mean? I don’t know, I didn’t want to.

“Uh just, um,” I was afraid to tell her to touch it at this point. I had to be the problem now, unless she just had some kind of Vulcan death grip she had no control over and that had brought the pain.

It was throbbing to the point it was now hurting without her assistance.

“Oh God. I don’t know. Just suck on it until the swelling goes down!”

That could be an incredibly long time, I don’t know. She blinked before complying, leaning down with an open mouth and what should have been a divine blissful sense of more euphoria overwhelming me was just more torment. Her mouth felt like a prison and I pulled away immediately, turning away from everyone.

Gasping desperately for air, I clutched at my chest where I assumed my heart had chiseled about a quarter way through the plate so far.

“Uh, I think, I think we’re done here. I uh, wow. You guys were great. Really- really cared about the planet,” I joked. I needed to. It didn’t make anything better but it was out of sheer reflex at this point. “Please, uh, just uh, just go. Everyone.”

I wasn’t thinking. Six naked women looked around before glancing at the floor where most of their clothes were scattered.

It took a bit of time. For the entire duration of which I laid there on my side with a throbbing member that was now giving absolutely no mercy. I tried sitting up and it wasn’t great. As they got dressed they just stood there and I wanted to scream at them.

I had to remind myself they were expecting payment.

Forcing myself to stand I almost stumble and drive my dick into the wall. This fatal tragedy thankfully didn't occur as I caught my balance.

Why was it so hot still?

Turning I went to my pants and pulled out a wad of hundred dollar bills. It took a minute to give them each a grand until the last one. It just felt awkward standing in front of a group of whores and having to count it out in agony looking like the job had not been fulfilled on their end.

Finally the left and I was left to myself. I told The Producer I'd call him later. Just leave everything for today.

"Do you need to go to the hospital?"

"What- No, don't be ridiculous. I-I'm fine!"

"For real man, I don't think you're-"

"Fuck off!" I scream, with a bit more bass to my voice then I ever generally go for. He complied quickly. As soon as the door shut behind him I fell to the bed and laid back.

How long was this thing going to stick around? My heart would quit eventually. Whether or not that was fatal I guess time would tell. It was the heat getting to me. Turning over I glance down at the cocaine on the table. They had done a great job of demolishing the stock. I guess *we* had.

Still, there was plenty there. The involuntary thrust I then apparently needed to make nearly took me to my knees. I rubbed violently against my head thinking of what to do. It was convulsing and bringing with it a quick resolution. Glancing at the table I dove nose first.

On the opposite bed I could hear my phone vibrating. Sorry to whomever may be concerned, I wasn't available right now.

A knock at the door would bring me back to some level of conscious sanity. I was reduced to laying in the shower with cold water blasting once more down upon me. I was thinking logically I could numb it down and hopefully have the hog finally rationalize that it wasn't doing either of us any particular favors.

I wasn't thinking much else, coherency was a thing of the past.

I ignored the knocks until the door opened and I was officially concerned.

"Hello? Is anyone here?"

That wasn't the voice of anyone I knew. Standing up, I try to grab a towel and think better of actually wrapping it around me.

"Yeah! Who's there?

"I am sorry Sir, I-" I think they were now glancing around the room. "We had a complaint of screaming coming from this room. Is everyone okay?"

"It's just me. I am fine now. I just fell."

"Alright sir, I apologize for the intrusion."

Was that it? I mean I could have some psychopath lying, just look around more and make a moral deduction.

"Thanks."

Throwing the towel down as the door was closed behind the employee I sigh and stare back down at the never say die erection. I probably needed to go to the hospital.

Weakly making my way back into the other bedroom I am greeted by Sophie peering up from the television she was watching on the sofa with what looked to be a container of mixed chocolates.

"Where the fuck have you been?" She says while placing the container aside. I don't know what to tell her. I'd think about it. Just needed to start thinking about it, eventually.

After six hours of a grueling hard on which I was finding may be referred to as a Priapism? I don't know. I am not a doctor, no matter how much google makes me want to believe otherwise.

My heart didn't give either and with enough time I didn't feel like constant imminent death. I wasn't doing myself any favors but who would I be kidding if I tried to lie and say I was?

I left Cassidy fearful for her health. My health wasn't great, we were both nearing the end of the road of self destruction.

I was a coward. She had been right in knowing who we were and where we were going. Just silly living tragedies trying to make the most out of it before an inevitable.

I could try again tomorrow.

I don't think I will be running tomorrow when Sophie comes tapping at my bed. I have a feeling I'll barely be able to walk. I am having a hard time with that now. At least it's Tuesday.

"Sorry, had to uh, just got back from my hooker and blow party." I smirk and shrug casually.

"Okay, seriously, where did you go?"

My phone had several messages from Sophie. Cookie had sent a picture from the trip she was now a part of. The Producer had left one asking me to let him know I was fine. I should have just snorted everything left, I wouldn't have to worry about it.

Stepping over toward the sofa I gingerly plop down beside her. She notices but doesn't say anything.

She runs her tongue around in her inner cheek, likely along the ridge of her teeth where a persistent bit of chocolate was trying to fuse itself in.

"Feeling better?"

We both know I am lying when I reassure her I am fine.

It was two days before the pre-show and we were making our departure for Toronto. I had more planned but unfortunately Tuesday had taken the wind out of my sails far more than I had anticipated.

It showed I lacked real conviction. I was absolutely disappointed in myself.

The movie was never going to be a thing. I didn't need any reminders laying around of how much I felt like the embodiment of misery.

The plans for later in the week had been reduced dramatically to make for an actual recovery period where I had to decompress and unscramble myself.

We went to Disney World because fuck it. Why wouldn't you if you're there? It's a three to four hour journey. As tempting as it was to get back into the delightful swing of things I had behaved myself. There were too many fucking children around.

Sophie had asked me who I had inducting me in this year. I had decided to go with what could be a spectacle. It only felt fitting. I knew she would have.

Ravyn would have.

It just wouldn't be fitting if it wasn't absurd.

Everything was fleeting, I didn't know what I was shooting for anymore. Was just riding the act until it was over or I was. On the plane over, I leaned over, teasing Ravyn of the possibilities of being new editions to the mile high club. She informed me she was already there.

Oh well.

I hadn't toyed around with my junk since the day it was trying it's damnedest to make me jump through a window. Making my way toward the closest restroom, I had to wait for an elderly woman to take what felt like the longest shit ever. Followed by a mother changing her baby.

I was glad I didn't actually have to go.

Finally as I was able to step into the bathroom I glanced at myself in the mirror. Checking myself I settle cheerfully before glancing down awkwardly.

Dropping my pants I look at what isn't just torn up scar tissue at least. Nothing out of the ordinary despite the prior circumstances. It still felt somewhat sensitive. Still, I just wanted to check.

Would have to at some point anyway, right?

Closing my eyes I gently rub along the shaft in the bathroom of a plane that unfortunately smelled of old farts. I try not letting that get in the way of testing it out.

Shrugging I pull out my phone and pull up a collection of rather provocative images I've snapped over the years with other people. I don't know why I bother, I never really look at them much otherwise. I imagine it's like a serial killer's trophy case.

They just actually bother looking in from time to time.

They were great tools for really causing the brain to click into hyperdrive as I was really remembering the moments. Really getting into it…

I felt panic. My hand was getting more forceful and getting absolutely no results. Glancing down horrified while dropping the phone.

Please no. No. Don't do this to me. You're the chosen one. You're the only one that matters. You have to work. Don't do this to us.

Dropping my hand I took and started gently smacking it as if to wake it from a deep slumber.

Oh no. No, this isn't real. It's fine. Everything is going. To. Be. Fine.

I don't know how long I stood there just staring down at myself in horror. This wasn't going to work at all. I felt myself spacing out a bit and my heart decided to miss a beat. Was I-hyperventilating? A panic attack?

Oh dear.

I needed to focus elsewhere. I'd see a doctor later. This was nothing. It would be fixed. Everything would be A-Okay. Just keep telling yourself that and focus elsewhere.

I didn't really have a choice in the matter, did I?

Maybe it'd just be fine after a few more days.

Just play natural. Everything will be fine.

Just keep telling yourself that.

Culus

It's that time of the year again. Everyone is so hopeful, looking to prove they are worth the nice paycheck coming at the end of the month when the biggest wrestling spectacle in the world takes place.

I suppose it's a good night to take it seriously. To really open up, huh? To stop, clowning around! For so many people, there is just too much on the line!

Will this be the night they prove their self worth? To fans, family, friends, even themselves?

Is this going to be the most meaningful night in their careers or is it the night where it felt like it all fell apart?

Do you rise to greatness or fall into despair?

What will become of all the people that walk onto the stage on this fateful night?

Isn't that what everyone asks? They tell themselves this is the night. This is when it's going to happen. Year in, year out. Whatever happened in the past doesn't matter. The only time that matters is now!

Like drug addicts, chasing the high. Wanting that right dose that will somehow give deeper meaning in their existences.

I suppose some would say I am projecting. I mean how often do I feel the need to use drug usage metaphors, amirite?

Really I am just hyping the moniker with easy to understand metaphors.

There was a time when Rise to Greatness was the scariest time of the year. Even to me, and I am practically fearless. It was either put up or shut up. It was the time to give your very best. Little has changed really in that regard.

But that nervousness? That feeling, that need to prove myself?

I don't know. Kind of over it. After three main events, a collection of classic matches and the best performances I was at the time capable of giving, I've done it all! I've been there!

On the night after I am to be immortalized in the books of the most acclaimed in SCW, I don't know.

It's starting to feel like business as usual.

Where may it be someone else's most meaningful moment in their lives? It's just Sunday to me.

In my world? My perception of reality?

I am going to be the best little me that I can be, no matter what!

Do I cheat? Do I have people that will run out on a moment's notice? Do I feel remorse for not adhering to anyone else's sense of moral principles? Am I some asshole not worthy of the respect he has garnered?

Yes, yes, no and maybe!

To the fans of the world who can't stand me, to the peers in the back who try to look away and pretend I don't exist, try as you might, I do!

I will forever be unapologetic as I am simply me!

Love me, hate me, it doesn't really matter. Not to me. I only care about what I want and I will do anything to have it. It's a very easy to understand concept and up to now? It just rarely ever fails, does it? My drive is greater than yours.

Take this event in itself. This match between three teams. I am only disappointed that more people didn't involve themselves into the mix! Believe me! I am the guy who cashed in two trios contracts and pretty much screwed himself out of winning both of them for the sheer challenge and chaos it would bring!

I am the inspiration to Dylan's and Kim's cash-ins that overnight would change the current landscape. For the people who believe I like it easy and simple? ***You're stupid.***

I will win by whatever means but boy am I up for a challenge!

I mean my delightful partner and I have only gone out of our way for several months now trying to get a rise out of the entire division.

It was a wake up call!Look at us just doing whatever we want!

Who oh who will stop us?

For the most part? That answer was not many.

Is it the reputation? Are we just that frustrating? Annoying? I suppose some would say we aren't relevant enough or not worth it. Casually dismissing your superiors is pretty cliche now.

Oh well!

See, that's the fun in being unabashed about what we do. Either you get enough people willing to stand up and put a stop to our madness or we just keep getting to do whatever we want!

Alas, here we are.

Of the people we engaged with, there was only one team that really stood up and rebelled more than any other.

That team? Goes by FAFO. Selena had the audacity to say Rated X had a terrible name!

It wasn't Statera. I guess they were secure in knowing no matter what they'd get the first crack at it the moment Datura stopped hiding away.

I honestly thought Statera was a name thought up because Datura was a Pantera fangirl, google translate says it's Greek for balance? Balance as in scale? Are you going to prove you're not just weighing each other down?

Of the teams now vying for these illustrious and absolutely to die for titles, somehow this is the team consisting of people I've had the most engagement with. I'd say it's personal but it really isn't. I wish it was, that'd make it more exciting!

Alas, there just isn't anything there. It was a compatibility issue. To think I have more chemistry with Selena Frost and Regan Street in terms of bringing out the very best and worst of each other!

I was there for Bree's first days and while I wish I could say we were closer or there was some score to settle, some rivalry, there just isn't.

Back then I had made a grand return, right around the time she debuted at the end of the year battle royal in 2015. I was hoping to finally become more than just the man living in Shawn Winters' shadow.

Did I ever!

Bree was but a blank slate. A sweet, if relatively bland, open to suggestion twenty some year old with big bright eyes and big dreams.

Really when I think about it, she just had one dream.

She wanted to bang Blake Mason. From there?

I don't know!

I kind of stopped caring when she became him. A more successful version of him but that was a low bar.

Datura?

One real engagement. I find her far more interesting than most people, because I feel we can relate on one level. Whether she agrees or not, that doesn't really matter. Not to me.

I mean I can't imagine we'd have the same ideas of what constitutes fun or spending time meaningfully.

I wanted to make more jokes on the name but that's just something I over rely on, huh? Actually the name is working I guess as intended. It's making me all philosophical inside! Like, what is the balance? I don't mean the name now, I mean in anything!

What is balanced?

Datura isn't, it's why she spends ten months out of the year in self banishment! I am not balanced, I am a whole world of fucked up.

Her demon makes her want to lay in despair. My demon wants to drive me into an early grave. Does Bree have a demon? Or is she supposed to be an angel?

She obviously isn't. Regardless of how she wishes to portray herself with platitudes and empty promises. But who am I to question moral integrity?

Rarely is anything truly balanced in life.

Do you know why I figured Rated X would work?

While Ravyn and now Kandis have a sex tape available we're both rather scandalous and have been provocative people. We're really best suited for mature audiences only, no matter how childish at times things may seem on the surface.

We're obviously infamous for who we are.

When I reflect on my life which is sadly happening more and more, I am starting to realize my greatest ability was never in wrestling. No matter how good I am at it! I am going to have the ring to prove that!

No. My greatest strength has been in how completely and utterly selfish I am.

Don't believe the lies, being selfish is an amazing virtue.

Datura told me I don't know her anymore. The truth is? I never did. We just have demons that have altered and shaped us into who we are. How we handle them is obviously very different.

Where hers tears her down? Mine has been forced to bend and be my greatest attribute.

It's this terrible imbalance. Maybe that's where the name came from. Having chemical imbalances in the brain! If you say it in Greek you can pretend like it's deeper in meaning!

See, in the pit of my gut,where my soul is supposed to be there is just this giant freaking hole. It just hungers! Constantly. It never stops.

No matter what I do, it is never good enough! No matter what I have achieved, what I hold close? Just never good enough. Afterward it's on to the next lofty achievement. I only ever want what I can't have. Once I have it?

I need more.

And unless I am constantly striving to fill this hole, I simply want to die. It's mindless self indulgence or nothing at all.

In that regard I suppose the greatest lie I tell the world is just how little I care. I mean, there are a lot of things I don't care about that are very precious to others.

But success and glory? I didn't push myself to this level out of pure apathy.

Being selfish has pushed me to the very top of this industry! Thankfully, I accept myself with all my flaws. With arms wide open and I do not have to lie about that to look at myself in the mirror.

So, while it isn't personal? You'll think it was with how little regard I have for anyone standing in the opposite corner from me come Sunday/

Everything may be a game but only one side can step away victoriously and I'll be damned if it's anyone but yours truly! It's a rigged game, I didn't just choose someone I rather enjoy the company of in Ravyn Taylor. I chose the very best to hold on to these titles for as long as we're capable.

I don't have to question if she will be able to confidently make her way to the ring and not be defeated by her own self-inflicted trauma. I don't have to worry about her having voices in her head, changing into a random persona non grata every five seconds.

I am happy Bree, that you've managed to do well enough for yourself that other people respect you. You've gone from a girl with a crush and a dream to one lackey of several under the helm of an incredibly dull witted Swann.

It was at that point, when she left, you had finally pushed yourself out from under her shadow! That is the one point of respect I have to give. That isn't to hold anything against you. I just don't have much respect for anything. That's probably rather transparent!

So come on the twentieth Rise to Greatness, I will proudly represent one half of this rather lovely duo and just continue showing the world what magic there is for us to share with each and every single one of you!

The challenge is remaining much the same. It's not going anywhere.

We're going to do everything we want. Who, oh who, imagines themselves capable of stopping us?

See you all soon!