



Ryan Gaudet was a ruggedly handsome man even though he had spent the last near two decades locked up in a mental institution, or rather multiple. He had started in the old "Highbury Hilton" in London, Ontario, in a room similar to that of one Multiple Miggs before he was moved north and settled in at the Waypoint Hospital. He has been a model patient since he was institutionalized and had a lot of leeway given to him.

Known as Sparkplug in the history of Meghan Strader and her children, sat in his small, dimly lit room at the maximum security mental hospital in Kingston, Ontario. The once-vibrant sounds of roaring crowds and the thrill of the ring were replaced by the constant hum of fluorescent lights and the occasional distant scream of another inmate.

He was able to keep up on "the love of his life" Meghan Strader, and the man that he put the blame on for his current living arrangements in Scott Nash Strader. Because of the granted leeway, he had learned that Meghan did indeed give birth to his daughter, as well as another. He knew that only Cara was his though. His infatuation with his own daughter was close to that of her mother, but at the very least, it wasn't sexual. No, for him he saw someone to take his mantle. Of what? Only he knew, but he planned to lay it out sooner than later.

The soon had presented itself as a young man cleaning in the neighbouring padded room, a young man known as Jack Underwood. Ryan eyed him for a few days, trying to pick up on tendencies he could use to his advantage. Ryan is a master manipulator. He played on Meghan's youth to seduce her. He used the fact that SNS knew Meghan was his daughter to play mind games with him. Ryan used her to crush the big man, but it did the opposite. It made Scott stronger. Finally, being able to admit Liz Vitale was the love of his life and had grieved for her every day since she died giving birth. Meghan would take a different route and would lash out at him for years after he rescued her.

Ryan could close his eyes and see his last night of freedom. He would never forget it.

International Wrestling Federation's Ultimatum Live on PPV
John Labatt Centre London, Ontario
January 30th, 2020

Ten thousand people are on their feet for a five month old wrestling promotion, and judging by the fact the company allowed a kidnapped teenager's freedom to be fought for by a mad man and the man that raised her? It should be no the company folded by the summer.

Steven Smyth, known as Wreck, an enhancement talent hired by the company to take dives for the upper card is bloodied, beaten and bruised staring at the psychotic Sparkplug.

The IWF PPV "Ultimatum" was supposed to be his crowning achievement, the ultimate checkmate in his vendetta against Scott Nash Strader. He could still hear the steel cage locking against the apron as there were no doors, feel the cold metal under his fingers, and see the look of sheer terror on Wreck's face as he looked up at his "daughter" through the series of cages.

Ryan had enjoyed every moment of the match, every second of absolute terror he inflicted. The medium-sized cage with weapons hanging all around, never meant to be touched, the small cage on top holding a terrified Meghan — all of it was designed to break everyone he felt was holding him back from the IWF World Championship; people like SNS and Wreck. When he revealed the prerecorded video exposing Scott Nash Strader as Meghan's true father, the look of betrayal on Wreck's face was everything he had hoped for. It allowed Ryan to seize the moment and deliver the final blow, securing his twisted victory.

But then the 6'10 270 lb monster, Scott Nash Strader, came barrelling down towards the ring. Gaudet's satisfaction quickly turned to panic as Scott stormed down the entranceway with bolt cutters. The sheer force of SNS's fury was overwhelming. Ryan had been beaten within an inch of his life, handcuffed to the ropes, and forced to watch as Scott tore through the cages to rescue his daughter. The last thing Ryan remembered before slipping into unconsciousness was the sound of the small door being ripped off its hinges and Scott's victorious roar and Meghan's scream of freedom. He lost, and he bloody well knew it.

Waking up in a hospital bed, heavily sedated and strapped down, Ryan knew his world had irrevocably changed. The trial was swift, not like a certain football player who almost played The Terminator, but wasn't believable as a killing machine (no shit). The evidence against him was overwhelming, and his descent into madness was undeniable. He was declared insane and sentenced to spend the next twenty-five years in a maximum-security mental hospital before the possibility of parole.

He was not a man easily broken. You have to be a man to break, and he was something different. It didn't take him long to figure out what he had to do. After all, Ed Kemper was a hero to him. Not in the sense of Kemper's crimes, but his ability to manipulate. He learned to suppress his rage, to feign remorse, to present himself as a man on the path to recovery. The hospital staff noted his progress, but Ryan's mind was always working, always plotting. He wanted his daughter in his life.

It was during one of these therapy sessions that Ryan first noticed Jack Underwood, a young orderly who seemed out of place, as in, he should have been a guest of the Province not an employee he had first seen cleaning the neighbouring room. It didn't take long for Ryan to know that the kid was working his wing. Jack was kind, attentive, and easily influenced; everything he was looking for. Ryan saw potential in the kid and began a relationship with him. This was how he could get to Cara sooner, rather than later.

At first, it was small talk. Jack would linger a little longer during medication rounds, and Ryan would share stories from his wrestling days in the ring and what it was like on the road. Jack admired Ryan's charisma and strength, which was something he wanted for himself.

Ryan began to plant seeds of manipulation, subtly steering their conversations towards his daughter, Cara. He spoke of his regrets, of the mistakes he made, and how he longed to see her. Jack, sympathetic and eager to help, began to see Ryan not as a monster, but as a man who had made terrible choices and was now seeking redemption.

It wasn't long before Jack was completely under Ryan's influence. He started doing small favors, bringing Ryan extra food, and eventually, he began sneaking in items that were not allowed. Ryan's ultimate request came with an air of gravity — he wanted Jack to find his daughter, Cara, and bring him pictures of her.

Jack, eager to please, took on the task with surprising enthusiasm. Over the next few weeks, he used his time off to track down Cara. It was difficult at first, because Cara wasn't known as a Strader in 2018. Through a Private Investigator to investigate Scott Nash Strader, things became clearer. It wasn't difficult by that point; the Strader family was well-known, and Scott must've felt bad for selling Cara as a baby because he had been making wire transfers every six months to the people he sold her to help her out.

Unfortunately for Cara, she never saw any of that help as her parents used it for their own purposes whether it was drinking or gambling. When it came out that she was a Strader, it wasn't hard to get information on her. Cara's blossoming wrestling career made her somewhat of a public figure, and her edibles were becoming quite popular among the wrestlers all around the industry. Jack went to a Revolution1 Wrestling event, snapping photos from a distance on his phone like all the other fans in attendance and gathering information about her life online.

The day Jack brought the pictures to Ryan was one of the few moments of genuine emotion Ryan had felt in years. Sitting alone in his cell, he carefully examined each photograph. Cara was the spitting image of Meghan, but she did have his eyess. She was beautiful, strong, and carried herself with a confidence that Ryan found both captivating and infuriating as it reeked of the woman that started it all. Well, in his mind. Meghan is innocent, and it is unfortunate she ever came into his path.

He studied every detail, noting her expressions, her interactions with others, and the fire in her eyes that reminded him so much of her "mamabear" as he found Cara called her. He often wondered if he would get to be "papabear" but he was evil, not delusional. He felt a twisted sense of pride and a burning desire to manipulate and control her, to bring her into his world and mould her into a tool for his revenge against everyone he felt had wronged him.

Present Day
Waypoint Hospital
May 31st, 2024

"Are you sure this is a good idea? It's gonna get out that you are alive... are you sure you want it to be because you visited the mad man that hurt you like that?"

"Meeks. He found Cara and reached out to her. I need to see him. Look into his cold black dead eyes," Meghan said, running her right hand through the trademark natural raven hair of hers. "He needs to know I am not a little girl anymore, and even if Scott was alive, I don't need anyone to fight my battles."

"Don't you think Cara might say something similar, but with a bruh thrown in there?"

Meghan doesn't answer with her words but she gave a small nod with an eye roll that Tamika definitely caught. Meghan adjusts her blue denim jacket and got out of Tamika's mint powdered green 1984 Ford Thunderbird. The sunny day had turned overcast, and Meghan's left knee throbbed, and that usually meant rain or a storm. Tamika looked up at the sky and toward her big sister.

"There's a storm coming in."

"I know."

Strader Jet
May 31st, 2024

This right here even though they travelled and went to shows together. Hell, Cara started visiting Veronica every morning for an iced coffee. But for the last few weeks, Cara had been distant and she didn't mean to be, but the letter from her dad weirded her out. Veronica, sitting in one of the brown leather love seats along the pilot side, actually holding a magazine in her hand, is just trying to ease Cara a little. If that's all she can do she'll do it.

"Well, there wasn't a signature or even handwriting. Can we be 100% sure it is him?"

"Come on bruh, ya know, it's my dad. Seez the ways mamabear got after seeing that shit?"

Cara, from her love seat, also with a magazine, looks down but her eyes come back up at Veronica to reaffirm she asked a question. Also. Wow. Two that are soon to be twenty-four-years-olds actually physically reading something. Cara puts down her copy of French Poodle Weekly (yeah, I know) and puts her face in her hands.

“Why couldn’t I get a sexy dad my bruhs wanna bone?! Why does mine thinks a solid third date is like, violation of your body via pregnancy test, bruh?! ARGHHHH!!!!”

“Ah, fuck, Carebear. Come here you weird little stoner.”

Cara looks up through her tears and between the finger covering her face.

“Jimothy too, bruh?”

“I just assumed he was part of this deal.”

“You do love me, don’t ya? Huh, Ron-Ron?!”

Veronica shook her head but was smiling all the while. Cara is smiling while shaking her head playfully and that meant Veronica was successful in her goal.

“I know, right?”