Cadryn vs Goliath Pt 2

Inner-Monologue

Goddamnit.

I
AM
FUCKING
TIRED..

LIKE..

MY FUCKING WRIST HURTS, BWO.

DONE JERKED OFF TOO MANY DUDES.

Maybe Carpal Tunnel?

Definitely Carpal Tunnel.

I digress..

But, like, honestly, I am fucking tired. It's been a long week, and I just want to sleep and shit, but naw, here we are.

FUCK.

That's honestly the only thought in my mind anymore.

I procrastinate too much, to be honest. I probably shouldn't wait till the last minute, but honestly, that is cannon for me, right?

I always wait until the last minute, but the truth is..

I
ALWAYS
GET
THE
JOB
DONE

I've said it a billion times and I will continue to say it until my last breath.

It will never be how many wins you chalk up in life, winning is easy. It doesn't take a real man to win something, anything really.

It takes a real man to accept a loss graciously, and to bounce back from it, unscathed and ready to face the world again.

I won't sit here and tell you that every time I've ever lost, it was graciously. However, what I can say is, that no matter what life has thrown at me thus far, I have lived through it.

I ain't got super strength, I ain't no Superman..

Still..

I carry the game.

I am a LEGEND.

Like I said before, I will preach till the end, that's why they call me The Rev.

I have worked hard to get where I am, I have worked hard to become a legend in my own right.

Your opinion?

Invalid.

Your facts?

Inaccurate.

Your chances?

Zero.

It's truly unfortunate for you, Goth.

Because suddenly, like that shitty movie..

Stella Got Her Groove Back..

What does that mean for you exactly, Goth?

A loss.

You ever been divorced, bud?

You ever loved something for what seems like forever only to have to leave you in the end?

No?

Yes?

Don't care, slut.

Cause that title is about to divorce your ass, cause it done went and found a real man.

Cadryn.

Leslie.

Tiberius.

That's right, pussy. My middle name is Leslie.

Like Willem Dafoe in Boondock Saints, I will fuck you and then kick you out of my bed when you try and cuddle with me.

I am super gay, super great, and super saiyan.

I plan to not only beat you, but honestly, to prove a point.

To right a few past wrongs, to force a few of these doubtful motherfuckers to eat their words.

Maybe it's just to prove to myself that I still got it?

Regardless, it doesn't matter what you decide to bring to the table this time, kitten.

You've lost.

You've met your match, hombre.

Like a fence on the outskirts of my farm, I will mend this losing streak, starting with you Goth.

Truth be told, I don't even want your fucking title. That shit is a lot of work, and honestly I don't need it.

Not in the sense that I am better than the title, but more like I don't need gold to prove to the world that I am the greatest to ever put on a pair of wrestling boots.

You try not to show it, Goth, and I respect that.

But I know you're lying.

I can see all the feelings that you thought you were hiding.

And guess what?

There's no time for sorry now.

What's done is done, and here we are.

In life there are consequences for every choice you make. You chose to sign a contract, putting you in the ring with God's Gift, The Reflection Of Perfection, The Essence Of Excellence, and I don't think it's truly sunk in that this will be the end of your title reign.

I wish you the best in your future endeavors, Goth.

Truly, I do.

Ask any other opponent I've ever had, I've always shaken their hand and offered them a spot at my table, because I don't make enemies, I make memories.

And..

I can assure you, that this will be memorable for the both of us..

Here is my question for you, Goth.

I am honestly curious after your last promo..

What do you have going for you besides being “extreme”?

Fuck dude, no offense, but I can smack you in the mouth with a wrench, that doesn’t make me anything special..

What defines you and your greatness, aside from shoving thumb tacks in your pee hole and pissing blood flavored Capri Sun?

I truly don’t see anything special about you, and that’s unfortunate.

You’re bland.

You’re boring.

You’re uninspiring.

Your diatribe of useless lies and typical trash talk is truly..

Bleh..

Yeah, I mean, that's the only word I can think of to describe your mic skills.

Bleh..

I'd actually rather fuck myself with a spoon than to listen to another one of your promo's..

Like I said man, I get it, you didn't know what you were getting yourself into.

You saw me wrestle at the PPV and you saw the promo's leading up to March Madness and thought, holy shit this dude is a chode.

Why the fuck would anyone ever turn down an easy victory over this guy?

From the outside looking in, I'd probably think that way too..

Here's the problem, friend..

You're now on the inside looking for a way out, and again, I can't blame you.

I was just knocking off the rust prior to this.

That PPV was like the WD-40 my old ass needed to loosen up the gears, and get the engine running again.

And now..

The Literally Ludacris Literary Legend has come to give you a lesson in how to inspire and entice a crowd and how to win with not only your actions, but your words.

It isn't all about physicality in the end, you know?

Yeah, if I were 6'12 300 lbs I'd probably just slap my opponent in the face with my cock and call it a day.

But.

I'm not.

I am an average guy who must rely on anything but average tactics to overcome his opponents.

And that's what I do, Goth.

I outsmart, outwit, and overpower my opponents with intelligence and grace.

So, when we actually step into that ring, and we square off against each other, I will shake your hand before that bell rings.

I will grip your hand with the respect that I owe you, and I do respect you, Goth.

I respect what you've done, albeit mediocre, I still respect it.

After the bell rings, at the end of our bout, when they are crowning me new Xtreme Champion, I will help you to your feet, and once again I will shake your hand.

Because it is at that point you will come to realize that it isn't all about winning.

Because at that point, I will have carried you to victory through the means of loss.

The crowd will cheer for us, and even though you didn't retain, and you added a loss to your record, you will feel like a winner when the crowd finally gets behind who you are trying to be in life.

I'd love to give you some Rocky quotes to try and inspire you to reach for the stars, and all that.

But..

My guy..

Those are my stars.

But, if you are a good boy..

Daddy might let your world revolve around me like everything else in the solar system does.

Smooches. <3

MOFUGGIN' STORY TIME!

So, if you recall, when we last saw our hero's, Gimplee had literally gone fuck shit crazy and ripped some dude in half..

What. The. Fuck.

Anyways..

Cadryn and Gimplee were on the hunt, on a mission to try and figure out what is "Goth". Their journey has led them to some random ass castle in 1897.

As the camera focuses, the silhouette of the two men can be made out through the blurriness that eventually clears.

It's a good thing Cadryn was smart enough to teleport the XWF Drone back to 1897 with him, otherwise y'all would be missing out on this epic story of uh..

Greatness?

Yeah!

Greatness!

The camera begins to zoom in, and audio can start to be heard as the camera pans..

Cad: Okay, Gimplee. As I said a few minutes ago, that shit was fucking wild..

Gimplee smiles around the ball gag under the mask and begins to wag his tail, knowing full well that even though his master was surprised, Cad was more than pleased with his actions, even if he doesn't seem to be.

Cad: Okay, so I'm gonna throw you a bone here, Gimplee. Not that kinda bone, the kind that gapes the grand canyon of a butthole you currently have, but something even better! I am gonna remove the ball gag, because let's face it, you've been a good boy..

Gimplee jumps up and down with excitement and rubs against Cad's leg lovingly. Cad reaches down, reaches under the Jason Hockey Mask and unbuckles the ball gag strap located in the back of Gimplee's head. Cad slowly removes the ball-gag..

Cad: There. How does that feel, Gimplee?

Gimplee is so excited, that before he can even say anything...

He pisses..

And passes out...

What. The. Fuck..

Cad sighs loudly and reapplies the ball-gag to Gimplee.

Goddamn.

Cad trying to do something nice for the man. Dog? Whatever Gimplee is, Cad was trying to be nice. Instead of finally getting to say something, the mofugger pisses on himself and passes out from excitement.

What even is this whole ass situation?

Yikes.

Anyways, Cad attempts to wake Gimplee up, but it proves to be futile.

Gimplee is passed the fuck out, like way the fuck passed out.

Cad: Goddamn it, Gimplee. Fuck it, just find me whenever you wake up you fucking goon.

Gimplee farts and dribbles a lil' pee from his weiner before snoring loudly..

Yikes.

Cad looks to the front of him, and sees a small hallway. The hallway seems to be lit by some small wooden torches placed strategically throughout the hallway to emit the most light that they can.

Cad begins to walk down the hallway.

It's quiet without the squeaking of Gimplee's leather onesie rubbing against itself.

Cad continues to walk down the hallway until he is met with a corridor.

Similar to a “Choose Your Own Adventure” type deal, Cad is presented with 3 separate doors.

Which shall he choose?

Decisions, decisions..

Cad: You know what I never understood? Why didn't people just open all three doors? Like, if you are forced to pick one, I get it, but half the time they ain’t even make you pick just one. Their wording is their downfall for sure in those types of situations.

Cad says aloud, likely to break the silence and eeriness that follows him now that Gimplee is incapacitated.

Cad smiles that shit eating grin and quickly runs forward grabbing the handle of each of the three doors and opening them in succession. As the doors all open, as far as they can, some odd fucking sounds can be heard coming from each door...

I bet yall ain’t never finna guess what is behind these doors...

DOOR 1

Cad grabs a torch from the wall beside him, and slowly illuminates the room behind door number one..



Cad drops the torch completely flustered by what he had seen in the illumination..

Cad picks the torch backup and raises it up, moving it back into the room to illuminate it once more..

Cad: Natalie...?

Natalie Tiberius..

Cadryn's former wife, best friend, and the only thing in life that he has ever truly loved unconditionally...

Nat: Hello Cadryn..

Cad is completely taken aback by the sight of her..

Cad stares into her eyes, unsure of what exactly is going on, yet you can tell a little bit of him still loves a little bit of her..

Cad: What are you doing here? This makes no sense..

Nat: You may not understand why now, but soon you will..

Cad: Oh naw, fuck you, bitch. You left me when I needed you the most..

Cad slams the door in her face.

Cad: Get fucked, pussy.

Yeah, we ain't about to unbox that clusterfuck of emotions

We ain't got enough time for that train wreck..

Cad moves to the second door and places his torch inside the doorway to illuminate the room..

DOOR 2



Uh..

Cad raises an eyebrow as Darf Vadur wields his lightsaber, incidentally slicing off three toes, two fingers, and part of his cloak with a single woosh of a circular lightsaber swing, whilst repeating some gibberish..

Vadur: TFIH REMRED ATHATHHAR RENARR ALT WAR DARF VADUR..

Cad sighs.

You see, folks, this is what happens when you screw with the timeline..

Dawk warned us about this shit, but we ain't give not a singular fuck and continue to fuck the timeline cause, well, selfish and shit.

Anyways..

Cad: What the fuck? Mofugger you 1000% has a touch of it, I ain't got time to try and decipher that stupid shit. Also, nice lightsaber moves, pussy. I'ma take those doh..

Cad reaches down and picks up the three toes, two fingers, and the piece of cloak cloth and shoves them in his pocket.

Cad: I feel like these are gonna be needed later..

Cad slams the door on Darf Vadur, hopefully sealing that goofy fuck for all eternity..

Cad moves once again to the next and last door in the series of doors in this hallway..

Third time's a charm right?

Cad shines his torch into the room, this time, illuminating another hallway with a singular door at the end...

Cad walks down the hallway and whips the door open..

DOOR 3-ISH



Dracula?

Toothless Dracula?

O M G..

IT'S BACKWOODS DRACULA

DWACULA!

Cad's reaction to seeing Dwacula..



Unimpressed Cad walks through the doorway and attempts to confront Dwacula..

Cad: My guy, you're kinda missing an intricate part of your whole gimmick...

Cad laughs a bit.

Cad: You ain't got but like one toof, bwo. And that mofugger ain't even a fang..

Cad cracks his knuckles and smiles..

Cad: Well, if you are the final boss of this level, this is finna be easy mode, my boy.

Cad reaches in his pocket and pulls out a whistle..

Shaped like a dick..

Dickwhistle.



Cad blows that goddamn thing like you ain't never seen...

From the bottom of the ball sack some spittle drips..?

Cum?

Yikes.

Anyways..

A rustling can be heard through the castle. Honestly, sounds kinda like Sasquatch fucking the shit out of a duck while wearing a leather onesie..

That's right yall..

THE RETURN OF GIMPLEE!

Gimplee can be seen galloping on all fours down the hallway and towards Cad and Dwacula.

Gimplee crosses the threshold of the door to the room the men are occupying and lunges at Dwacula.

Gimplee does about 31.7 flips before landing directly behind Dwacula ready to strike..

Cad: See, bwo. Easy Mode.

Cad snaps his fingers, beckoning Gimplee to attack.

Suddenly Dwacula claps his hands...

And wouldn't you fuckin know it..

Gimplee collapses behind Dwacula..

Dead as fuck..

Dwacula done turned that motherfuckers heart off like it was plugged into The Clapper.

Cad's reaction:



Dwacula smiles and begins to speak..

Dwac: You see, fwiend. I may only have one toof, but I don't require blood to satiate my urges. I require..

CUM.

SUDDENLY DWACULA LUNGES AT CAD, AND IN ONE DEFT MOVE UNZIPS HIS PANTS, PULLS OUT HIS CHOP STICK, AND BEGINS SYPHONING THE VERY LIFE ENERGY OF CADRYN BY MEANS OF PENIAL SUCCULATION!

Cad screams bloody murder and begins flopping around like a fish out of water!

Cad: I NEED AN ADULT, I NEED AN ADULT! I DON'T CONSENT, GET OFF ME YOU FUCKIN' WHORE! AHHHHHHH!

But nothing Cad seems to do can break the seal of Dwacula's mouth.

Ole boy could suck the chrome off a trailer hitch..

Yikes.

But yeah..

So Cad just flopping around like nothing you've ever seen.

Like..

How the fuck do you defeat the dick sucking Dwacula with a thirst for cum?

Well..

You fuckin' cum, that's how.

Blow a load through the back of that fuckers neck like a shotgun..

And that's when Cad realized...

Cad: OH FUCK, IMA BUSS...

SUDDENLY CAD BUSTS ALL UP IN THAT MOFUGGERS MOUTH HOLE..

DWACULA CAN'T TAKE THE MASSIVE CHAMPION-ESQUE LOAD FROM THE REFLECTION OF PERFECTION!

DWACULA BEGINS CHOKING AND ATTEMPTS TO BREAK THE SEAL AND GET A BREATH OF FRESH AIR..

Cad: OH HELL NAW, DADDY. YOU START SOMETHING, YOU FINISH IT, DOWN TO THE LAST DROP.

Like a Super-Saiyan powering up, Cad begins to glow..



SUDDENLY CAD'S DICK BURST THROUGH THE BACK OF DWACULA'S HEAD..

CUM GOES EVERYWHERE, COVERING GIMPLEE, THE CHAIR, THE CEILING, YOU FUCKING NAME IT, IT'S GODDAMN CUM COLORED NOW, HOLY FUCK...

CAD SCREAMS LIKE SOME SORT OF PRIMAL ANIMAL..

Dwacula falls to the ground, the seal broken by the imminent death that fell upon him...

Cad: Now that's what I call a finish, gatdam..

Cad wipes the sweat from his brow, as the glow begins to dissipate, and cum drips from every corner of the room.

A movement can be seen in the back of the room...

GIMPLEE!

Cad screams out!

As the camera pans in closer, Gimplee can be seen very much alive, lapping up the residual cum like some sort of drug addict.

Cad: Well, fuck, bud..

Gimplee smiles and continues to lap up the super sperm, inevitably revitalizing him, and returning him to the fucking beauty he was prior to Dwacula shittin' on his whole ass day.

Cad: Well, as much fun as that was, I ain't find shit on what is Goth in this stupid castle..

A thundering voice can be heard from above..

Jeff: Goth is your opponent you ignorant fuck. You even acknowledged him in the beginning..

Cad and Gimplee both look to the heavens..

Cad: Yep. And it took you this long to acknowledge that I already knew what it was cause you wanted me to cum somebody to death. You realize that says all kinds of weird things about you, right?

Jeff: Touche.

As the thundering voice fades away, Cad smiles and looks directly into the XWF Camera Drone..

Cad: You see, Goth..

It's all about having fun.

It's all about being creative, both in the ring, and out.

I hope you like Cum as much as Gimplee..

Cause cum Warfare, you're gonna wish you never came at all.

<3

The XWF Camera drone begins to get higher and higher in the sky until the scene fades completely to static..