



I wished to pretend I was masked by the hazy midnight blue. It was after all what chose to greet me each and every single time I awoke two hours into the act of sleep. It would seem sleep had become a phase that was far beneath me.

I would murmur a note of discontent and flip over in my bed and just lay there. Pretending for a couple hours I could go back under its sweet embrace.

I feel normal tonight.

I don't know if that actually means anything or not but I am all too painfully aware I have **problems** and I don't know how to address them.

That's the least of your concerns

Yeah

Sometimes I know things are off. Sometimes I don't. I have been having a rough time honestly keeping track of what actually happens and what isn't. I feel like this should bother me more than it does. Do I want things to be normal?

I can't tell.

It's different. It's *strange*. When I am not aware of my *problems*, it's like, they stop existing. Reality itself shifts and it's made everything feel so *fresh*. **New**. *terrifying*. It's fucking *exhilarating*. How am I even still *functioning*?

I should be in rehab. I should be in a hospital somewhere. But I am not, I am right where I've always been.

The incompetence of everyone.

I laughed at the realization, I am not sure what else I was supposed to do.

I am tired of depression, I am tired of feeling angst, boredom magnified to the point of wanting to walk out in front of a train. Even mindless self indulgence has its limits as it serves as some sort of coping mechanism.

Altering reality as a whole fixes so much of that without really trying. Sure, everyone else may see a problem. Autumn and Lexy both were concerned for my wellbeing. It's touching, although they would be the only ones. It's been a while since I was on that shortlist.

"Probably shouldn't be driving," I mutter to myself.

And there it goes again. Go away logic before you spoil the moment.

I feel like trios is a significant tradition for me. This year was slightly different. I should likely be worried if I one to embrace superstition. Why break what isn't broken? I have an interesting track record with kidnapping, gagging and placing team members into settings under

the roose of team building. It then works and these same stupid people think I was serious and I truly did mean well.

It has *never* been about team building. Shocking revelation here; *I was bored*.

I was still partaking in the annual festivities, just changing it a bit.

The number of times in my life I have stalked and kidnapped someone from their home or hotel room. I guess people are okay with rather kinky foreplay so long as you're not hurting them.

Tonight's target I almost lost twice in pursuit of. I initially worried The Jackals had cost me one of the objectives I had made. Wasting my time with trivial spite. God knows they are never getting a real job done otherwise. Would have thought a hotel was closer but I digress. I sigh in relief as it appears we have reached a final destination for the evening. Pulling to a stop a few cars back I turn my headlights off and wait.

Ravyn Taylor and two men both named Alex stepped out of the car. I should have probably told her my real name was Alex years ago, it's apparently a fetish. Maybe not, at that point I'd have apparently stopped having a career and I'd be following her around as a glorified gopher.

As if to prove my point Mr. black hair goes over toward the trunk of the nice luxurious vehicle and shuffles around there in a bit. It's hard for me to make out too much of what he's doing. When he gets back onto the sidewalk after shutting the trunk, he has a box in his hand. The trio then proceed to turn and dart over toward an alley.

I look around confused. No one else in the general area seems to be in the slightest bit interested in this area. The idea of finding Ravyn going to some secret club for evil geniuses made the potential here for fun all the more enticing.

I wanted to be careful however. It was going to be risky business here, no one else I ever abducted had two sidekicks with them just for the giggles. Glory not having any was surprising. Gable Winchester, Jake Starr, AJ Helms and his 'dad' likely felt no one would want them and they were mostly right.

Slowly stepping out of the rental, I considered bringing some toys and opted out. They can come later.

I try being inconspicuous, it doesn't seem to be working out for me. A woman walking by mutters something under her breath as I tiptoe toward the alleyway.

Ignoring her, I peek around the corner to see a dumpster and walls. It's a surprisingly clean alley for this state. Hell this massive city for that matter.. Toward the end, Ravyn and Team Alex start to turn at the corner. Seeing how far ahead of me they were, I picked up the pace/

Walking by a couple doors leading into what appeared at the front to be residential buildings, I imagined secret societies and kinky sex clubs, or Ravyn making a late visit to a dying relative in a secret bunker. In reality it- Well, I don't know what we're doing here! This was a rather exciting-

I barely turned the corner before the world froze. I felt sharp metal cutting it's way through my shirt and then the world exploded. I try to scream and a pained grunt in Swedish is all that escapes my lips. I fell to the ground thanks to a sudden loss in all motor functions.

Words

Thoughts

Colors

Half eaten...

There is a half eaten sandwich beside my face. I slowly begin to feel like I am... *Rebooting* for a lack of a better word. For a moment there I had forgotten how to think. My hands are behind my back and I feel cold steel wrapped tightly around each wrist. I am trying to remember what I was doing when I am spun over onto my back and I am greeted to the sight of Ravyn holding a taser, an old man trying to look intimidating but only coming across as constipated and- I have nothing. Alex Crawfish- Crowe. His name is Crowe.

I am momentarily concerned for my safety. Out of reflex I smile broadly. Are they going to do stuff to me?

“Hi!” I proclaim cheerfully. Glancing down I see the two prongs from the taser dug into me. Why in the hell does she have a police grade taser?

“Oh dear, what do we have here?” Ravyn mutters, staring down at me blankly.

“How in the world did you know I was coming?! Wow! You really are a genius!” I was being careful. I’ve done this so many Goddamn times now.

CHBK appears the most annoyed. Mr. Blackhair was mostly tired. He had wrinkles slowly developing over his forehead, a sign of a man who has seen too much for his time.

“I can’t tell if that’s a joke or not. Were you *trying* to conceal yourself? You almost hit us twice.” She continues staring down at me, her mood seeming to shift before me. She now appeared as a cat preparing to play with it’s prey. I always thought that expression looked hot on her but I wasn’t interested in a *quatuor*. At least not with the Alexs. CHBK leans over and starts going through my pockets. I fidget and try to pull away.

“Hey! Ha- Quit it!”

He takes my keys and looks to Ravyn who simply nods. I just now remember her name is Alexis and really begin to feel this is a disturbing obsession. As CHBK walks off, leaving it to

just the four of us with Shawn watching us in the background, I wish I could call out to him without giving his position away. Not like he seemed all that interested in me in my dilemma anyways, the fucking asshole.

Ravyn turns toward the other Alex and they talk among themselves overhead of me just low enough for me to not be able to make any of it out. He suddenly drops down and begins going through my pockets.

“Seriously? You’re *mugging* me?”

“Is that really where your mind goes first?” Ravyn sighs. “A man who is supposedly the lover of the woman who is dodging my advances at every turn, follows me all around town, despite several attempts at losing the tail, blatantly so without even trying to conceal his mission. What is a girl to think, Ace?”

“I uh, had a proposition for you.”

“I don’t think you have anything to offer me I would even be the slightest bit interested in anymore. Not unless it was Autumn herself! This is all *really* beginning to hurt my feelings after all,” she continues, her jest clear as day.

CHBK returns later carrying a shovel, a noose and a gallon sized dildo.

“I found these in his trunk. I don’t even want to begin to speculate on the rest of it of it. There was a bag of lye, rope, a gallon of lube, this absurdity here,” he holds up the gallon sized dildo still in it’s plastic packaging, “-and a shovel. There was more but if you’re interested you can look at it yourself.”

I don’t know if we’re sharing a moment or not but everyone is looking at the giant dildo in unison outside of CHBK who appears disgusted. Ravyn looks back to me.

“Care to explain?”

“I really missed my sexy friend and had some fun ideas?”

CHBK tosses the cannonball sized dildo down at me and it bounces off my chest. He steps back over and holds the noose over my head while peering down.

“It really would be easier and more productive to just send Autumn a message,” CHBK says. I watch the noose dangling over my face and begin to question why Lexy thought anything rhyming with noose was a good idea for a gift.

Crowe seems to agree, nodding and looking thrilled about the idea of kicking my ass.

“Hmmm. Anyone disagree?” Ravyn teases, back to peering down at me. If my hands weren’t bound together behind my back now would have been the time I was raising them.

“I do!”

“You know now she probably thinks you were going to rape and kill her. Bury her outside of town,” Shawn suddenly pipes in.

“Seriously?! Shut the hell up, Shawn! I can handle this!”

I couldn’t even hide the anger bubbling up inside of me from his counterproductive add in to the conversation. I guess I sounded too upset, all three of them looked behind them before turning back toward me surprised to say the least.

“What in the world are you getting yourself into these days?” Ravyn asks, before shaking her head.

“Ignore him, it was meant to be a joke. Before we, well, you know. *Reconnected*.” I try to wink and smile seductively. Both Alexs scoff.

“No one here but you to ignore I am afraid. I am starting to think it’s not just an act with you. You’ve lost the plot.”

“Oh come on, that man is like sixty years old and the other one can’t throw a kick without seemingly getting fatigued these days-”

As if taking it as an invitation Crowe kicks the shit out of my side. I roll around a bit more in agony.

“Do I seem tired to you? Short of breath?” He tries to come across as playful but he now mostly seems annoyed. I have that effect on too many people.

“Don’t be silly now, Ace. But, you’re so madly in love with Autumn! What would she think? I read all about it from the gossip sheets and those little rehearsals. Why, if she heard this now she would be heartbroken.”

Truth is I had viewed this new found conflict as a way to reconnect with her. Maybe dumb on my part, but I can’t remember a time before that was ever more fun. I don’t honestly *give a fuck* about whatever hard feelings she felt she had with Autumn. I assumed it was out of boredom. It was out of boredom that led to me doing three quarters of what I did throughout any given day. I wasn’t a genius but, I always felt like that was the one thing Alexis and I could connect on more than anything.

I don’t have these weird sadistic moments so I could also be wrong. Despite screaming at him to get into action Shawn did fucking nothing, digging into the dumpster like a man on a gold hunt.

“*Well now*, I am flattered. Truly. You would take the moment where I am really starting to get into tearing down your little ‘lover’, to seduce me?”

I am more surprised as Ravyn suddenly bends down. Even more when I can feel her hands beginning to play around my waist.

“I mean, *it doesn’t have to be* in an alleyway.”

“You’re always so quick to get ahead of yourself. Just enjoy the moment for what you can,” she suggests. I am not sure how to take this as I feel my pants being unfastened. Crowe and CHBK both turn away. I am not sure how to take this development either, was it the shovel or the giant dildo?

“I imagine we can get some good pictures out of this, don’t you think?” Ravyn teased as she began to pull my pants down. This was always one of my deepest, darkest fantasies. Minus location, two Alexs and I guess the potential threat of sending incriminating footage out to the world. I guess none of this mattered to me enough given I couldn’t hide the hard on that was quickly developing. Ravyn blinked and lightly chuckled.

“I mean, couldn’t you do better than sending Autumn pictures of me half naked in an alleyway?” I tried responding with.

“Everything about this is just a little much. Definitely need to give a message to *him*.” CHBK really seems frustrated. He’s too old to joke anymore. It wasn’t really a joke to be fair, I would like to think Ravyn and I could figure out a use for lye for more than just burying corpses.

“Look, please, I didn’t send the noose, that was Ryan. He thought he was standing up for his love of-”

The look on CHBK’s face said it all. He really is far too overprotective of a daughter from my understanding he didn’t acknowledge he had for decades.

“Ryan is using my daughter and as far as I am concerned you are too. Why not just confess to it and I can at least pretend you have some semblance of dignity?”

If only he knew. I liked to consider it a mutual arrangement of using each other. I was her lover after all, not Ryan. However I don’t feel like now was the time to properly meet her old man on the subject.

“Look, Ryan is the one you should be mad at, not me. He uses her every damn night and I have to hear it as he’s piledriving her the room next door in every hotel- Just so you know that word isn’t just used in wrestling.”

The look of hate that was briefly on that man’s face in fact was rather intimidating. It only lasted a brief second but it was kind of scary. He turns away immediately after and begins stepping away.

“Do whatever you want with him. He’s disgusting and as far as I am concerned, beneath us.”

I felt like an idiot for sure. It would be even harder to go to him and tell him I am marrying his daughter if down the line things kept going so well. Outside of her thinking on occasion I was a fucking vampire.

“Maybe go make sure he’s okay. I do think he’s taking the news with Ryan and Lexy rather hard,” Ravyn told Crowe.

“Are you sure?” He peers back down at me briefly.

“Oh, he can’t do anything. He’s harmless, go make sure Alex is okay. I am sure we’ll be back on the road shortly.”

I watch as Crowe departs before turning my full attention back to Ravyn bent down at the knees over my raging hard on that my boxers had no chance of concealing. My God what a night.

“You know, I was wondering. What’s it like to be fucking Lexy while having her dad mad at Ryan?”

“Is it Ryan, I keep thinking his name is- Right. Well, what are you on about?! I thought you were supposed to be a genius! I am in love with Autumn!”

I try to keep a straight face. Her question caught me too off guard and I really wanted to call CHBK and her a liar referring to Bryan as Ryan.

“I am a genius. And I doubt it seriously takes being one to notice you’re all terrible actors,” she smiles, as her fingers begin running along the buttons along my shirt. I can’t help but find this entire ordeal rather stimulating.

Focus dumb ass. She is trying to get a confession out of you.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” I mutter defensively.

“Are you sure? I hope you don’t mind me calling Alex back here and telling him the truth. Why, I think he’s still carrying the noose, maybe-”

“Okay! Jesus Christ, psycho. You wouldn’t actually let him kill me, *would you?*”

She smirks at the notion which is never a great sign. It means she has thought about it?

“If the cops found **you** dead in an alley with a noose around your neck, their first thought would likely be autoerotic asphyxiation. You do have a bit of a reputation.”

I would laugh were it not for death looming so close in the background.

“So are we going to...?”

I am hopeful as she peers at me momentarily stumped.

“Really now? I was more thinking of stripping you down and having them throw you into the dumpster myself.”

“Couldn’t do better?”

“The alternative was having a chat with Alex! Oh, how his heart would likely be broken. His animosity with Ryan is well documented but it is entirely suspicion based on their history in the ring. I imagine there is **some** level of respect there. I believe he just flat out doesn’t like you

personally. Now, I figure we can keep along these lines or you could actually talk. What oh what proposition could you possibly have for me? I am all ears. Do make it quick though.”

“What, grandpa has to go to sleep?”

“I am so glad you still find yourself so amusing. Time is still ticking.”

Having to make an arrangement bond in an alley wasn’t quite how I planned for the evening to go. I won’t lie, it was rather annoying. Maybe this was why my trio’s partners always ended up disliking me in short order.

Regardless, after years of occasionally making phone calls I had her attention which was a win in my book. Shawn was gone, I still felt a bit under the weather from a bit of electroshock therapy but it just meant we were truly alone. This always meant either really good or really bad things. I would have to hope for the best really, it’s not like I told Lexy I was coming out tonight to talk to the woman obsessed with currently making Autumn’s and Lexy’s life more difficult. Mine too for that matter but I wasn’t taking it personally. I promised Autumn I would. It just never occurred to me I missed Ravyn.

I only hoped my pitch was good. I had absolutely no interest in being thrown into a dumpster dead or alive tonight.