



It had only been 24 hours but it felt like an entire wealth of emotions were hitting me all at once lately, especially today and you couldn't blame me for that either given the situation I found myself in. Call me melodramatic if you want but it felt like I was being assaulted mentally from all angles with one thing after another. If it wasn't everything involving Las Vegas and Spencer, it was Tipper telling me about the situation in Detroit and the impending loss of the venue, and if not that it was Gabriel calling me to tell me where Christy had gone despite us reaching an agreement NOT to do anything rash. So muggins here agrees to go there even though I promised Trinity I would spend time with the family. I went there to help Christy before she got a beating like I did after Rise to Greatness at Pantheon but found only she was there and that Ebdon, better known now to the world at large as Rey Anillo, was fucking GONE?!

So yeah, I was feeling a little overwhelmed but there was one thing which helped me deal with it in the run up to last night, to accept all of this shit going on because in the end I had my family at home waiting for me. I had my wife, my two kids and that bloody cat to go home to in Santa Monica. Only, when I got home last night that wasn't the case at all... The only thing waiting for me was a note in my office from Trinity... I mean she even took the bloody cat with her. I want to make it abundantly clear from the get go that I never wanted to lie to my wife about where I was going or what I've been up to, I was protecting everyone of us. It was for the greater good. That is what I kept telling myself as I sat at the edge of my bed alone with the note Trinity had left me in my hand and I was beginning to wonder if it was all worth it...

I lost count of the number of times I read it with the hope that the words would change and they weren't the message she had left for me. Of course that wasn't the case, but not for the want of trying though. I had spent the better part of last night trying to phone Trinity and hear her voice. I succeeded in the sense that I heard her but it was her voicemail telling me to leave a message at the sound of the tone. A simple request but my brain just seemed to shut down and the words couldn't come out... For hours I'd go through this routine. It would ring and it would then be sent to the little inbox which was

infuriating to no end. All I wanted to do was talk to her, explain what I could but no such thing was going to happen.

I tried to call her one last time to no avail, another voicemail message. I thought about leaving something for her to listen to but still the words wouldn't come because what would I actually say? I sighed and cancelled the call before throwing the phone back onto the bed.



Lucas: "I need to fucking fix this..."

I put the letter in my pocket as I stepped away and grabbed a jacket before heading downstairs to the garage. With keys in hand, I started it up and made my way to her parents home in the Pacific, Palisades. It was only a ten minute drive from my place so I made sure I would use those entire ten minutes to the fullest and by doing so, I told Siri to call Christy, I needed to speak with her because she was as much a part of this as anyone. She knew about Trinity leaving to go stay with her folks, and picked up the

phone quickly enough.

Lucas: "Christy."

Upon hearing her voice, I couldn't help but breathe a sigh of relief. It may not have been Trinity's but it was good that it wasn't another god damn voicemail.



Christy: "Lucas. Is everything okay? Have you spoken to Trinity yet?"

Lucas: "No, not yet, I'm heading over to her folks now to see if I can do that."

Christy: "Well that's good, hopefully you get the chance and she realizes she blew everything out of proportion..."

Yeah well I had Kennedy to thank for that bollocks.

Lucas: "Me too, but I wanted to talk to you because I've been thinking a lot the last twelve hours or so and..."

I let out another sigh as I pulled up to a stop light and waited for it to turn green.

Christy: "What's that?"

Lucas: "I want to tell Trinity everything..."

There was a silence on the other end of the line, hell the line was dead because neither of us were saying anything to the point I thought the connection might have died... The light turned green and I carried on driving.

Lucas: "Christy, are you still there?"

Christy: "Yeah... I'm still here... What do you mean, everything?"

Lucas: "I mean EVERYTHING Christy, this entire shit show with Pete and everything in between. Keeping it from her is what got me into this mess and telling her everything will get me out of it, I'm sure..."

Christy: "I don't know if that is a good idea, Lucas."

Lucas: "Why not?"

She paused for a moment, a valid question I thought as did she I imagined. What she said next of course caught me off guard.

Christy: "Because of the implications, that's what. You tell Trinity everything, there is no going back. You know that right? And if you do that, then we might as well tell Sara who has a much bigger right to know the truth..."

Tell Sara? I didn't think about that, and the idea of it didn't sound like a good one to me either... It was true, she did have the right to know it more than anyone, but that would then lead to Amber finding out because I knew Sara would want to tell her and then the whole trust I've built with them both will be gone along with everything Christy had....

Lucas: "When you say it like that, you make it hard for me to argue..."

Christy: "Yeah, Sara's been through a lot lately as well. She thinks he's haunting her, I don't know if she could handle this..."

I sighed but nodded for effect.

Lucas: "Yeah... But I need to do fucking something Christy? I can't let this shit be the reason my marriage ends."

Christy: "Your marriage isn't going to end Lucas."

I shook my head, I wanted to believe that but Trinity has never done anything like this before...

Lucas: "I'd love to believe you but I just don't know..."

I paused again to make a turn.

Christy: "Listen, It's not my place to tell you what to do, Lucas. You're your own man."

Lucas: "I know, it's just this doesn't affect just me, you know?"

Christy: "I know. But I also know you'll do what you think is right."

Lucas: "I hope so love, thanks for being an ear."

Christy: "Anytime, let me know how you get on ok?"

Lucas: "Will do. Talk to you later, unless I get murdered and buried in their back garden."

There was a slight chuckle from Christy, which is what I was looking for as I ended the call. Which was good timing as I was just about to arrive at the home of Vandermeer Street, one of the largest architects in the world. If there was a skyscraper you liked the look of, there was a good chance, a VERY good chance he had an involvement with it in some fashion. You could tell he was in the field once I got to his home which looked like something you'd come to find in the future and to think this was built years ago. He really was ahead of the curve in that regard...

**Street Family Residence
Pacific Palisades, California
October 24th, 2021**

Once I pulled up in the driveway I sat there a moment trying to think of how I wanted to approach this. Looking at the letter left for me by my wife, I read it over once again. The words already seared into my mind to the point I could recite it word for word. I folded it up and put it back into my pocket as I exited the car and made a beeline straight for the door. However I didn't need to knock as it opened and standing there with his arms folded was Trinity's twin brother, Donovan though you wouldn't think it when you looked at them side by side. He wasn't alone either, their mother was with him but Trinity and the kids were nowhere in sight...



Donovan: "Lucas."

He offered a knowing nod to me as I did so in kind to them both...

Lucas: "Donovan, Madeleine..."

Madeleine: "Lucas... Why are you here?"

Lucas: "You know why I'm here, can I talk to her?"

She looked at Donovan before looking back at me and shaking her head. It wasn't the response I was hoping for.



Madeleine: "She doesn't wish to speak with you at this time, Lucas."

Lucas: "I just need a minute, that's all..."

Madeleine: "I don't know what is going on between you two, she hasn't told me but..."

Donovan let out a small chuckle before shaking his head with a smirk.

Donovan: "He's apparently been porking his ex-wife, ain't you mate?"

I stood there and just deadpanned glared at Donovan, I shook my head in disbelief he said that so notchantly like it was a god given fact. I looked back to Madeleine who was a little taken aback from that outburst of his...

Madeleine: "Lucas? Is this true?"

Lucas: "No, it isn't true. Sounds like you've been talking to that lil sister of yours haven't you?"

He shrugged his shoulders a little with a slight smirk. He probably liked this a little, we had respect for each other but there were times we butted heads in the past which led to some disagreements, such as his physicality with Kennedy... Which made those lies all the more hurtful from her...

Lucas: "If I can just talk to my wife, then I will be on my way."

Donovan: "You're not talking to anyone mate, so you might as well go home. You wasted a journey."

I wanted to retort as I felt a wave of anger coming over me but I held my tongue and was able to remain calm and retort in a far more respectful way.

Lucas: "I get why he's here, but no offense mate. This has nothing to do with you Donovan, so kindly stay in your lane and out my business, yeah?"

Donovan: "When it comes to my family, this IS my business mate."

Donovan took a step forward now as I stood my ground, Madeleine watched intently.

Lucas: "I don't want to fight you, but if you take another step forward I won't be held responsible for what I do. I just want to talk to Trinity and see my kids..."

Donovan: "Kid, only one of them is actually yours, ain't they..."

That was a gut punch, I didn't expect to hear that from him but it was true, Angelina wasn't mine but I have been raising her like she were my own so that had to count for something. Thankfully to Madeleine, Trinity's mother, it did.

Lucas: "You're right, I'm not her biological father, but I agreed to take care of her just like Trinity did with my boy and that girl in there sees me as her father as much as my son sees Trinity as his mother."

Madeleine: "Exactly! You know he is Angelina's father as much as Simon is. Show him SOME respect, Donovan."

Donovan looked at his mother and nodded to her request...

Madeleine: "Sorry about him Lucas, he's in full guard dog mode it seems..."

Lucas: "That's okay, I understand where he's coming from. If it were my sister Yvonne I'd be doing the same exact thing as him."

I might have been doing things a little worse to be honest but that is neither here nor there really.

Lucas: "I know I'm asking a lot, but I just need five minutes of her time. That is all Madeleine, after that I'll leave. I promise."

Donovan looked at me and shook his head adamantly, his mother's resolve looked to be softening though.

Madeleine: "It really isn't up for me to decide Lucas, however I can go talk to her for you and see if she will give you the five minutes you want..."

Lucas: "I'd really appreciate that..."

I half smiled at her to show my appreciation, Donovan let out a sigh...

Madeleine: "As long as I can trust that you two boys won't do anything stupid in my absence."

Donovan shook his head and leaned against the wall watching me like a hawk while Madeleine went inside and shut the door behind her...

Donovan: "You know you've really fucked up mate."

Lucas: "Listen yeah, I don't know what Kennedy's been telling you, but she's lying and the sooner you realize that the better."

Donovan chuckled.

Lucas: "What's so funny?"

Donovan: "I don't listen to Kennedy, haven't spoken with her in weeks. But you must have done something if our Trin has come to stay here with the kids."

Lucas: "It's complicated. But I'm telling you I wouldn't dream of cheating on Trinity man, I thought you knew me better than that."

Donovan: "I thought I did..."

It went quiet between us after that. I wanted to say something to him but before I could, the silence we had built up disintegrated into nothingness when the door opened. I thought it was Madeleine coming to tell me Trinity said to go fuck myself, prolly something I might deserve in all honesty. But it wasn't, it was Trinity and the moment I caught her eye my heart skipped a beat.

She looked at her brother and nodded towards the house...



Trinity: "Would you mind leaving us love."

Donovan: "You sure?"

She nods and he begrudgingly heads back inside. Once he was gone I smiled, I couldn't help myself at the sight of her. I took a step forward to give her a hug but she raised a hand telling me no.

Trinity: "You asked for five minutes, you've got five minutes."

Five minutes... Better make them count...

Lucas: "Care to walk with me to the car, i rather not do this here at the front door?"

She nodded.

Lucas: "Look Trin, I'm sorry..."

Trinity: "What for?"

Lucas: "Everything... The disappearing , the secrets... Not being open with you which has led to this entire situation we're in now..."

Trinity: "Okay, that's a start I suppose... Does this mean you're going to tell me what is going on?"

Lucas: "I want to, I really do..."

Trinity: "I sense a but however?"

She knew me too well, I think that's what made us work.

Lucas: "But... I don't want to do it here... It isn't a conversation to have outside your mum and dad's house if I'm honest."

Trinity: "Why not?"

Lucas: "Because I have only five minutes and even the abridged version wouldn't cover everything?"

Trinity: "And here I thought you wanted to talk, explain everything..."

She turned to leave, but I put my hand on her shoulder causing her to stop.

Lucas: "What do you want me to tell you then Trin?"

She spun around to look at me with a cocktail of emotions on her face. The most evident was frustration and sadness as a tear rolled down her cheek.

Trinity: "Tell me where you went yesterday, because it wasn't to see Tipper was it?"

Lucas: "..."

I lowered my head and sighed...

Trinity: "I know it wasn't because after you left, I wanted to call her to tell you that if you're going to be late we could take a raincheck on the barbeque and grab a take out instead. Only when I spoke with her, she told me she had no plans to see you, she was in Detroit. So unless you planned on flying there, where did you go?!"

I winced a little once I heard that, I suspected but I wasn't aware she spoke with Tipper...

Lucas: "I didn't go to see Tipper, you're right there..."

She rolled her eyes before wiping them with her sleeve. That was me stating the obvious...

Trinity: "Then where did you go, was it to see her?"

Lucas: "Yes... I went to see Christy but I was on the phone with Tipper, discussing BRWL that is all true. Only once she told me about losing the venue. I had to go make a call, and that number was on my cell phone which I left in the office."

She leaned against the hood of the car and folded her arms...

Lucas: "So I went there to get my phone and call an associate who might be able to help me, but it rang before I could. It was Gabe, he called because Christy had disappeared."

Trinity: "Disappeared?"

Lucas: "Well not disappeared as such, just had gone somewhere she shouldn't have, she and I agreed that she wouldn't and..."

Trinity: "This is making zero sense, you know that right?"

Lucas: "I KNOW, which is why I can't tell you NOW. I just want you to know that I will tell you, but can we do it over dinner?"

Trinity: "Oh my god, I don't believe this."

Lucas: "What?! I just want a more private place where it's just the two of us? I'll cook or get a reservation at a restaurant. Either way, I can't tell you the entire story here."

Trinity: "I just want some honesty, Lucas. That is all, is it too much to ask?"

Lucas: "No, it isn't. You want some honesty. I love you, I want you to come home. Now I know you won't come home with me now and I will respect that. But please just respect the fact that I'm trying here. You really don't know what I've been dealing with okay, this goes beyond whatever bullshit your fucking sister is trying to stir."

Trinity: "This has nothing to do with Kenendy."

Lucas: "This has everything to do with her, we're here now because of her and the crap she's put into your head and..."

Trinity: "I've heard enough, your five minutes are up..."

Trinity turned on her heels and began to walk back to the house. I rushed ahead of her causing her to stop, I could hear the door opening behind me. I looked back to see Donovan standing there ready for a reason to pounce.

Lucas: "Trin wait... I don't care about your sister right now, all I care about is you and the kids coming home. You want the full story, I'll tell you I promise. Just please know that it's a long, complicated one, but when you hear it everything will make sense."

Trinity: "And when will you tell me?"

Lucas: "Soon. I have to deal with Trios and some business in Detroit. But once I'm back, we'll go for a meal and talk. How does that sound?"

Trinity: "Sounds like I don't have much of a choice, does it? Give me a call when you're ready to talk."

She went to leave but I called out to her...

Lucas: "Trin wait..."

She stopped and looked back at me once again...

Lucas: "Can I see the kids?"

She turned back to the house and looked up, I could see Caleb and Angel looking out at the window... I let out a sigh and felt another gut punch with what Trinity said next.

Trinity: "There, you've seen them. We'll talk again in a week."

And with that said, she turned back around and headed back towards the house, when I thought there might be a little hope she showed me just how cold she could be. I wanted to give chase, I wanted to say fuck it and barge my way into the house just to see the kids but I thought better of it. That wasn't me these days and in a week's time I would tell her everything. Then all would be right in the world...

Right?

**The Shoot House
Detroit, Michigan
29th Oct, 2021**

It had been just under a week since I had seen my family, Trinity and the kids were still staying with her folks for the time being, which was both relieving and upsetting in the same breath... What made it all the more unbearable was the fact they were only ten minutes away from the house, and not at home. Well that takes a toll on a man like me in case you were wondering. I thought I would be able to multitask with everything that's been on the agenda. Wrestling was usually a valid pastime, a way to shift my focus and well the Trios certainly proved to be that. It was unfortunate though that despite my best efforts along with Glory and even Holly, we weren't able to get the job done. We couldn't reach the finals of the Trios tournament at Under Attack to book our golden ticket. That was disheartening for me, I had a lot of aspirations but Cian seemed to, I don't know, feel bad for me or feel like I deserved something for my trouble and booked me to face Kimberly Williams for the Underground championship instead.

I wish I could have been ecstatic about the booking, but my mind was really elsewhere. If it wasn't focusing on my family, it was focusing on Christy and whatever she was doing against my better judgement and everything with BRWL to deal with. Which was what I had finally got around to handling today much to the chagrin of Tipper who waited for me. Admittedly it wasn't MY fault, I was busy with SCW but also the owners of The Shoot House weren't exactly forthcoming when it came to meetings either. To be honest they weren't even aware I was on my way, I had just got a tipoff from Jensen telling me to get there as soon as I could because Ian was there.

Tipper was waiting for me at the airport as I landed, I had a small bag with a change of clothes for later as I had a hotel reservation set up as well. Soon as I was through security Tipper walked over to me and welcomed me with a hug and a kiss on the cheek. Her smile beaming as it always did.



Tipper: "Hey there Lucas, how was the flight?"

I approached with a slight swagger in my step while shrugging notchantly.

Lucas: "It didn't crash, so that's something. Not for the lack of effort in trying though with all the bloody turbulence."

She slapped my arm as I chuckled.

Tipper: "Don't say things like that, Lucas!"



Lucas: "Sorry love, it was in poor taste. How are you doing, you seem in better spirits?"

She sighed as she locked her arm with mine and we began to head through the airport towards the parking lot.

Tipper: "I'm okay... Actually that's a lie, ever since our convo I've been racked with guilt ever since last week..."

Lucas: "So you should be..."

She paused to look at me with genuine concern on her face, I was joking of course... I judged her a little with my hip reassuringly.

Tipper: "You may joke but I really wish I knew what was going on Lucas, I might have been able to cover for you!"

Lucas: "I know love, I'm just messing with you. Though I appreciate the offer, I don't think there are many who can help me with my current situation..."

She looked at me with concern...

Tipper: "Are you okay though? Is Trinity home now?"

Lucas: "No, not yet. I haven't called her... Meant to after this visit."

Tipper: "Oh okay, hopefully we can get this day sorted quickly. Then I can help you with Trinity."

Lucas: "That's appreciated, it's been a hell of a week with losing the semis, so that on top of everything else. I've been better mentally, you know?"

Her scowl turned into a little frown before squeezing my arm reassuringly. We then headed to the parking lot where a car along with the driver awaited us.

Lucas: "That's enough about my personal crap though, I'm not here for that. Is Ian still at the Shoot House do we know?"

Tipper: "According to Jensen he is. He still isn't answering my calls so hopefully we'll catch him off guard."

Lucas: "Yeah, I wouldn't want this to be a wasted journey... Although I get to see your lovely face, Tipper, so it wouldn't be all bad."

That seemed to put a perk back in her step as she smiled at the compliment. We got to the parking lot where the driver was waiting for us. He took my bag after opening the door and we both stepped inside. He already knew the destination we wanted to go to, so I would check into the hotel later. The sooner we got to the venue, the sooner I could lay this all to rest and have some good news for once and focus on my family matters.

Tipper pulled out her tablet and went over figures that had been coming in from the previous show. She sent out feelers and the interest in another show was very high, our first one being considered a hit despite what happened to Amber and a couple other mishaps which weren't terrible. I would look over a host of fan reviews of the night on the dirt sheets which I'll admit put a smile on my face. With the welcome distractions the journey to the Shoot House felt like nothing at all. Tipper had messaged a head to Jensen who was waiting for us outside the main entrance.

He approached the car as I lowered the passenger window, hoping he'd give me good news...

Lucas: "You alright mate?"

Jensen: "Hey there bud, how's things? See what happened the other day."

Lucas: "Is he here?"



Jensen: "Straight to business then... Yeah he is, though he isn't alone there is someone with him. I'm not sure who it is. Some suit."

I slowly nodded before looking to Tipper.

Lucas: "You know anything about them, Tips?"

Tipper: "Could be an investor maybe? I don't know... Sorry."

I patted her leg reassuringly, it was fine she didn't know. I then looked back up to Jensen and nodded.

Lucas: "Okay mate, thanks for the heads up."

I opened the door with Tipper following me onto the sidewalk.

Lucas: "Is it only those two then, no one from the roster here?"

Jensen: "It's just those two, none of the guys or gals are here today."

I smile while patting him on the shoulder respectfully.

Lucas: "Suppose you know why I'm here don't you?"

Jensen: "Yeah, Tipper asked for my help in convincing him not to let us lose the venue. He wasn't interested in talking to me, only you... Although I don't know if that will change anything."

I nodded, my gut telling me I probably should have come sooner, but time was limited for me...

Lucas: "Well I should probably go up and get this mess fixed."

Tipper: "You want me to come up with you?"

Lucas: "No, I should do this. It's me he wants to talk to."

She nodded, Jensen offering to take her to a coffee place that wasn't too far from here. I told them that was a good idea, I'll get in touch once I am finished, hopefully to celebrate. Jensen let me inside and they left me to walk up the stairs to the first floor where I saw Ian talking to another man in a suit. Their backs were turned to me, but he was talking loudly enough so I could hear him.



Ian: "You know there is a lot of history here, we have had some of the hottest acts roll through and perform in this spot over the years. It's almost a shame that you're going to be tearing it down."

I winced a little when hearing that, it isn't what I wanted to hear.

Lucas: "Tearing it down, with all the history that's here? Seems a tad criminal to me..."

Hearing my voice made him jump out of his skin a little, he turned around and then chuckled before looking to the other suit who was with him. Can't say I recognized him.

Ian: "Lucas?! Jesus man, you shouldn't sneak up on people like that... How'd you get in here?"

Lucas: "Sorry mate, you're a hard man to get hold of these days."

He nodded before smiling.

Ian: "You know how it is, I'm a busy man. You're here to clear out your stuff right?"

He tilted his head to the side a little as if he wasn't exactly sure about something before snapping his fingers having remembered what it was.

Ian: "Right, you don't know what I'm talking about cause I never emailed Tipper... I really need to get someone like her to do my admin. Is she available?"

Lucas: "No she isn't, but I'm not here to talk about admin, I want to talk about this place and the fact I'm hearing you're selling it and apparently evicted us?"

He took a moment and nodded.

Ian: "That sounds right, so you are aware of it then?"

Lucas: "I was told about it last week, but I've been busy until now."

Ian: "That's what Tipper told me, but I'm also a busy man and time is money as well. You knew before I told you that we had a lot of interest in this building."

Lucas: "I recall, but I was also told that we'd have a lot of time to prepare in the eventuality from Spencer."

Ian: "Yeah I remember talking to Spencer about that, but he seemed to have disappeared."

I slowly nodded, I didn't want him to know I knew where he possibly was.

Lucas: "I wish I knew where he was as well, we'd be able to figure this out and..."

Ian: "Do nothing... It's prime land right here, a housing boom is coming and well, you know how it is right?"

I stood there and sighed, I didn't know how it was but was beginning to get an idea.

Lucas: "Look man, can we talk in private?"

I glared across at the suit who held up his hands and nodded, he whispered something to Ian I didn't catch before passing me by. We shared eye contact and there was something about him I just didn't like. But my attention was brought back to the room with Ian snapping his fingers.

Ian: "Okay, you got what you wanted, Lucas. What is it?"

I took a deep breath before approaching him, I felt like I had a look of desperation on my face and I probably did. The longer I stood here, the more I wanted to keep BRWL here... It was just perfect even with its faults...

Lucas: "I don't know what you're thinking of doing, but please man don't sell this place."

Ian laughed before walking towards the bar to pour himself a drink, he offered me a glass too which I accepted.

Ian: "Why the hell wouldn't I want to sell? You know how much I've been offered for this place?"

Lucas: “No, I don’t. Honestly, I don’t care. This is a one of a kind venue for a business like ours.”

Ian: “Well it’s a lot let me tell you, way more than what it’s actually worth. So I care, I care a damn lot.”

I bit my tongue there, should have worded it better and shook my head. Maybe I should have had Tipper here, if anything she might have proven to be a distraction... No, wait... I couldn’t expect that from her...

Lucas: “I misspoke there, I care too. A great deal about this place, which is why I thought we had a contract, Ian.”

Ian: “There was one, with Spencer but there were some clauses thrown as you’re no doubt aware.”

Lucas: “Tipper mentioned them to me yeah, but despite that you can’t toss us out like that. This place is a huge reason why I wanted to invest in BRWL to begin with. But it isn’t just me, it’s the entire roster that loves this place.”

I took a sip from the glass and sighed. Ian nodded and took a sip from his own glass.

Ian: “I really wish I could help but the contracts are being drawn up as we speak. It’s only a matter of time before it’s a done deal.”

Lucas: “So you haven’t signed anything then? Is that what you’re telling me?”

He nodded, he hadn’t signed anything but by the sound of things it was only going to be a matter of time...

Lucas: “So what would it take to convince you not to sell the place?”

Ian: “Excuse me?”

Lucas: “If you weren’t going to sell this place, what would it take to motivate that decision?”

Ian looked at me for a moment and I could see the gears turning in his mind, he was thinking of something that was sure. I’ve seen enough meetings on shows that there is always something they want, life imitating art and vice versa..

Ian: “You really want this shithole don’t you?”

Lucas: “To you it’s a shithole, for us it’s home, man.”

Ian: "That is poetic, it even tugged only my heart strings a little. So tell you what, I'm going to give you a number and if you can match it. I'll cancel the deal."

Lucas: "Really?"

Ian nodded with a smile, he reached over the bar to grab a napkin and a pen and wrote something down before walking over to me and handing me it. I took one look at it and almost spat out my drink at the number of zeros he had put down on it...

Lucas: "You can't be serious."

Ian: "I am dead serious, to make it worthwhile. That is what I want."

I finished my drink and put the glass down and shook my head. There was a reason why he put that figure he had no intention of selling...

Lucas: "You realize that would bankrupt me and the company don't you?"

Ian: "That isn't my problem, you have to realize that it's not just me that will need convincing, it's Nick as well. You have to make it worth our while Lucas, and that is the number. If you can't do it, that's fine. You have till the end of next week to clear out your stuff before they begin tearing the building down."

Lucas: "I don't believe this is happening..."

Ian: "Hey man, it isn't personal. This is business, it's always just business. Tell you what, I'll give you till the end of next week, if you're able to get me that money then great. If not, you know what to do..."

I felt him pat my shoulder before walking away, it left me a lot to think about as I sat there at the table for a little moment just staring at the napkin. A wave of emotion coming over me, frustration, anger, sadness you name it. I wanted to throttle him if I were to be honest, a lot like I wanted to throttle Spencer... I grabbed my cell from my pocket and sent Tipper a text that the meeting was done, and I would meet her at the hotel. I needed to get there so I could grab a drink.

I walked over to the banister and looked down to the ring that sat there proudly. I felt guilty for not doing more, maybe I couldn't. Money was always going to be an issue Especially when it came to money grabbing pieces of shit like Ian and Nick... I know it was their right to sell the place though, it didn't make it an easier pill to swallow... I headed back to the hotel afterwards, and once I checked in I sent my bag up to my room so I could make a beeline to the bar.

I had to be finishing my third drink before Tipper walked in, catching the eye of many a male and female even in the bar. I motioned to the barman for another drink having already told him what she would be having. She looked at me with a frown, I think the result was very clear on my face.

Tipper: "It didn't go well did it?"

Lucas: "Is it that obvious? But no, it never went as I planned. But then I guess nothing really does, just have to look at Trios..."

I let out a sigh as the barman came over with my whiskey and a Gin and tonic for Tipper. She nodded before taking a seat opposite me.

Tipper: "What's happened?"

Lucas: "He's selling the place, he gave me a figure to consider if I was serious about keeping the venue for BRWL."

Tipper: "Oh? That is good right?"

I reached into my pocket and handed her the napkin, she took a look at it and then to me...

Tipper: "What is this?"

Lucas: "That is the figure he suggested to me, if I give him that I might as well bankrupt not only myself but the bloody company."

She took a sip from her drink and shook her head before handing the napkin back to me.

Tipper: "What a piece of work..."

Lucas: "That's the PG version of what I was thinking."

I chuckled a little to myself, I needed to find some humour in this if nothing else...

Tipper: "Well if this is really happening, then we need to figure out what is going to happen first, by all means I can arrange clearing out the venue of all the equipment. I'll make calls first thing and you will need to talk to everyone about what's happening next..."

I nodded while taking another sip from my glass.

Lucas: "...Tell me Tipper, when did all of this become so difficult? I had an idea that I wanted to do something special you know? I wanted to try and build a legacy I could be proud of. Not just

in SCW but outside of it as well. BRWL was meant to be this idea, I wasn't expecting to make it huge, you know, just a small project which could help young talent to find their footing as well as open doors for more experienced guys n girls..."

Tipper: "Based off of the first show, outside of what happened to Amber, it was relatively a success and people want more of it."

I nodded, that was reassuring.

Lucas: "But it isn't just BRWL, it's my marriage which isn't in a good place. No thanks to Kennedy and her bullshit, Trinity seems to have bought into it. I'm getting attacked on shows from those two cunts as well, it's all starting to get to me you know what I mean?"

Tipper nodded.

Tipper: "I can't really suggest much regarding your marriage, Lucas if I'm being honest, it's not like I have a wealth of experience on that front or in relationships. I've always focused on my work."

Lucas: "I know love, I appreciate having someone to talk to about this all. I'd probably lose my mind if I didn't. You've always been good to me and to Chris when we first hired you. It hasn't gone unnoticed."

Tipper: "I know. The reason why is because you two have shown me so much respect. Treated me as a person, not just an employee."

Lucas: "Well I'm glad to have you in my life all the same love, you're a valuable member of this team."

Tipper: "That means a lot, Lucas."

She smiled before leaning over and removing the glass from my hand and placing it on the table.

Lucas: "Oi, I wasn't done with that."

Tipper: "I don't think you should be drinking any more, we have a lot to figure out this week."

She wasn't wrong and I knew that, but the way I was feeling wasn't making it any easier. But then maybe that was due to the alcohol I had been consuming... I wasn't feeling like I was a World Tag Team Champion I'll admit, hell I wasn't even feeling like a businessman at this point either, something had to change. Tipper reaffirmed to me that she would take care of the equipment and get it put into storage. I would need to talk to the roster that we had about the future whatever that would entail.

And to think I also had to focus on my marriage issues as well as the Underground Championship match at Under Attack, which had one positive thing about it. I was angry and this was going to be a means for me to vent some of my frustrations. Because I knew BRWL was going to be a bigger project moving forward and I knew I wouldn't be able to do it all on my own with Tipper.

I would need some help...