A woman who is born from greatness can smell when another woman is trying to become one. In today's terms of young women such as myself, there are those that are a girl's girl and others who are a pick me. I am neither. I am simply a cold hearted bitch who loves the attention and isn't willing to share unless I know I'm getting something out of it. They say the treasure is worth the risk but I will *bury* this woman who believes she's the storm that brews. I am the eye that watches.

INSULTED.

The world may have witnessed War Games but they saw a fraction of what Amber can do when pushed to the edge of battle. She's been on a tear, portraying confidence after defeating Scoops McGee personally, a personal goal of revenge, and helping Dickie Watson to not only win War Games but become the new XWF World Heavyweight Champion. Was this the beginning of momentum? The timing of such controversial moments but in the end, Amber's confidence grew.

A quite possibly dangerous trait.

Amplified by her confidence, it makes a confident yet dangerous opponent. Now, the television championship of XWF needed a new person to claim it and Amber's name thrown into the pool made things interesting.

A *woman who lived on attention to a claim to a championship that suited her needs.*

While home in Boca Raton after the War Games, she was in her family's home gym for strength and conditioning. There she was, seated bench press of her dumbbells wearing her designer fit apparel with her blonde hair tied up in a ponytail. The scars and wounds from War Games were still ripe in her body. On the other hand, her spirit and soul were refreshed.

The thirst and thrill of war must have renowned her urge to become a champion. Not to mention, the connections made from war. Soldiers know who is a soldier and Latoya was neither. Amber *resented* her. She had known her previously from WGWF but now to see her try and frolic in XWF at the cost of her expense?

No.

Amber needs to put a stop to this.

When the workout was finished, she had received a call from her best friend and former manager of her social media accounts, Steven. She pressed her phone, answering the call but he didn't speak. Amber took control of the conversation.

THE MESSAGE

Recording

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So, I believe I'm going to Norway.

Amber picked up the white towel on the mats and held it around his her neck. She leaned forward, forearms bracing against her thighs with sweat dripping from the bridge of her nose. She wasn't hesitant nor doubtful about her role in XWF. In all honesty, she may find the missing mark that can be the perfect mark to help quite understand what it is she needs to do to become the new XWF Television Champion.

War Games were *fun*. The House of Hardcore reigned supreme, Dickie Watson is the new XWF World Heavyweight Champion, and I got my vengeance to becoming X-Treme Champion even for a small moment.

Yet, it doesn't end there. I need more. I *want* more. I *crave* more. What better way to show the world of XWF that Amber Mansley has what it takes than to defeat everyone in the television tournament and become the new XWF Television Champion?

When I heard my name was in the mix, I was astounded.

It's almost as if God called me and laid the path before me.

Why else would he want the woman who knows how to manipulate an audience be involved with a championship that signifies the constant need for trending approval of a professional wrestler who knows what ratings and constant attention is?

But that couldn't be said the same for Latoya now especially since she is a woman who may have overstated her tenure here in XWF.

Because Latoya Hixx isn't a woman you can trust to get the job done. I understand her confidence but it's misplaced. She believes in herself to be an entertaining specimen but never a competitor and that's exactly why I'll be sure to find the treasure after I **bury** her alive in the sands of Lysefjord.

Amber continues on with the call and she stands up to grab her jacket and the rest of her belongings. Despite the cool temperature, she was sweating and took one last look in the room before speaking her mind holding the phone in her hand for the call was still active.

Latoya.

I don't like her, never have and never will.

She doesn't have what it takes to be the best in XWF and let alone even standing across the ring from a woman who wants it more than her. I hope Latoya can learn something: She needs to quit. Forget all the theatrics, the speeches and whatever illusion she can muster up on her own because she isn't fooling anyone.

Time and time again I've witnessed her talk and say nothing.

Then she goes to the ring and does nothing as well to compliment the trash of meaning she holds in professional wrestling and even to her life.

But allow me to be very clear on something when it comes to Latoya:

You will lose.

I am not coming to help you grow or give you an ounce of attention. I want to ruin you. Bury you at a point that no one remembers your name.

Your existence will not matter and you are a mistake that carried on for far too long. Besides being a plastic ripoff of a talented being or trying to beg for championship matches in other wrestling promotions, you hold nothing of value.

You are simply a victory. A means to an end. Another step on my way to becoming XWF Television Champion.

And I'll be damned to let you ruin what ***influence*** I carry.

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