

{There is nothing but blackness, everything is quiet and still, and this lasts for several long moments before a familiar voice cuts through the darkness}

Voice: I can see it there in your eyes, one question that you've been wondering about for hours now...and it is something that I can answer by asking you a question.

{The screen then lightens and we see the familiar form of the "Ronin" himself, Chris Dumont of the Phantom Troupe, sitting at a table in a restaurant somewhere with his right hand holding a partially full glass of orange juice, he is smiling and dressed rather respectfully for the time of day that it is}

"You know that I'm the son of two professional wrestlers, right? My dad was Reno Dumont, the self styled "One Man Crime Spree" and my mom was Jennifer Wright-Jones, or as she was better known as The "Death Doll" Jenna Rhodes. I was born a year or so before my mom became the first woman ever to hold the Frontier Wrestling Alliance World's Heavyweight championship because this was way back when men only wrestled men and women only wrestled women." Chris explained before taking a sip from his OJ. "Imagine me at a year and a half to two years old, holding a massive world heavyweight title because I did...it was a strange time."

Chris stops and takes a deep breath, rolling his drink around its glass...almost like he was overcome by old memories for a few seconds there before he shook his head and looked back to the other person at the table that he was sitting at. "Sorry, but I can't think back of that time and not feel...bad, for the lack of a better word, because after my mom won that title things just kind of went downhill, and my mom's ego just kept getting the worse of her...one argument that happened before the split was over my education. Dad wanted me to go to college and get a degree, but mom wasn't having any of it because that would mean saving big chunks of her money to help support me through college...needless to say things went more south after that.

"But the question is how did I get fifty grand to just drop at the auction like it was nothing?" Chris asked, a wistful smile crossing his face.

"So...let me tell you a story."

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Date: July 27th, 2018

Location: Dumont Family Homestead, Toronto, Ontario, Canada

Christopher Jordan Dumont stood outside of the house that he had grown up in for a few seconds before finally he nodded and then squared his shoulders back before letting himself into the house, "I'm home!!" Chris shouted.

A moment later, his dad's live-in girlfriend walked came out of the living room area, a small bundle wrapped up tightly against her modest chest as Cassandra Trinh smiled at Chris. "Hey kid, I was just about to call you and see if you're going to be home for dinner and to see what you were in the mood for." Cassandra said with a big smile on her face as she reached over and gave Chris a small hug. "I don't know about you but I've got a huge craving for Olive Garden and your father is being your father at me."

Chris couldn't help but laugh at that, even though Cassandra had known his father for over a decade prior to their semi-official getting together, his father was still his father on some things. "I could eat for sure, but what does the little one think?"

Cassandra's smile got a little bit warmer as she shifted her stance to allow Chris to see inside the bundle that was tied to her chest. Little Freddy Dumont was quietly sighing in his sleep the only way that an almost year and a half old could. "I think he'll be happy no matter what we do." Cassie admitted.

Chris nodded, "I'll go and talk to dad, I've got to talk to him about something important anyways." he said before Cassie nodded.

"He's in his office." was the only thing that she said before Chris made his way through the house until he got to his father's office and he knocked on the door.

"ENTER!"

At his father's voice, Chris opened the door and then he quickly entered it since his little Freddy was taking a nap as Chris took a long look around his father's so called "office" which was in fact his den or "man cave" (if you wanted to be "vulgar" about it in some senses) and it was a reflection of the man that his father was and had become-signed posters of musicians like Motorhead, Korn, Metallica, and Disturbed hung next to clear cases that held some of his father's more favorite championship wins-the Summit Wrestling Alliance Unified Heavyweight titles, the original Insane Wrestling Federation World Tag Team titles, his five Summit Games championship cups, and a few others.

And there sitting behind his desk and playing around on the Legend of Zelda: The Wind Waker was none other than his own father-Jason "Reno" Dumont. The man once known internationally as the "One Man Crime Spree" was giggling like a madman as he was fighting some of the lesser monsters in a Zelda game.

If only the fans of his father who knew him as one of the most heartless bastards ever to wrestle in the Summit Wrestling Alliance group of promotions could see him now...their minds would break assuredly.

"Hey dad." Chris said finally.

“Oh hey there, gimme a second.” Reno said before he finished off the last mook and then paused the game and muted the sound. “What’s up, Chris?”

Chris ran a hand through his short blonde hair, “Can I talk to you about my education, seriously?”

Reno nodded and then motioned for his son to take a seat in front of his desk. “I was actually wondering when and how we were going to have this discussion, kiddo. I mean your mom had her ideas about your education but none of them were what I would consider to be good if I could be honest on that front?” Reno explained as he leaned forward in his chair. “But following both of your grandparents’ advice, I started saving back some money for you, it was little bit here and there at first and then when my career really took off, I started to save bigger and bigger chunks of it...Now, my only question is do you have any ideas on where you want to go and we can discuss the finances from there.” Reno said with a faint smile, proud that his oldest son was wanting to further his education.

“Actually dad, can I make you a counter offer?”

The faint smile fell from Reno’s face when he heard Chris say that and instantly all of the little fears that he had been having late at night as Chris’ graduation from high school got closer...

Chris placed a piece of paper on his father’s desk.

“What’s this?” Reno asked as all of his thoughts suddenly hit the wall.

“That is an acceptance letter for the University here in Toronto, a full four year paid scholarship for the Honors program for Chemistry.” Chris said with a hint of pride in his voice. “You know all of that hard work that I’ve been doing, taking the extra classes and everything...it paid off, dad.”

Reno blinked several times as he quickly picked up the letter and pulled it out, reading it and his smile came back, only bigger and stronger than it had been previously and when he finally set the letter back down, Reno actually had tears in his eyes. “I think we need to have a family dinner tonight...and your godfather is paying the bill!”

A few hours later at Buca in Toronto, the entire Dumont family was gathered around one of the bigger tables in the back along with Chris Morton, the namesake and godfather of Chris Dumont, along with his wife and two kids-as the family enjoyed a dinner that was indeed on Chris the Elder’s card once Reno had explained to him why.

“So you’re going to be majoring in Chemistry and minoring in Cinema?” David Morton asked as he rubbed his chin thoughtfully for a moment. “That just doesn’t make sense.”

Wolfgang, Chris’ other son, simply looked at his brother and laughed, “That’s because you have no soul, my brother.” he teased.

“Dwight, Wolfgang...behave the two of you.” Chris the Elder said in a hard, low tone. “We’re supposed to be having fun since this is CJ’s night to shine.”

“I was behaving, Dad.” David Morton retorted with a slight growl before glaring at his brother.

Wolfgang simply rolled his eyes and then looked over at Chris the Younger, “So, since you’ve got that scholarship, what’s your folks going to do with that money that your dad has been saving up for these eighteen years?”

Reno tapped his chin as it was a good question and one that he himself had been wondering about for a while now since he read the letter from the university, “CJ has a good head on his shoulders, I’m going to let him have access to it as he needs it.” Reno said with a smile and then he looked over at Cassandra who nodded her approval. “I mean it’s not like me and Cassie need the money, true?”

Chris the Elder held his wine glass in approval, “Pretty solid thinking there, partner.”

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Back in the present at the restaurant, “The next day after that family dinner, I went with my dad to the bank and he transferred it all to me and that in turn is what I used to help you with that night, Aisling.” Chris explained with a faint smile on his face, combined with the blush that made him look younger than his twenty three years. “That’s the kind of person that I am, Aisling. Funny huh...I don’t look like a college graduate do I?”