

{The screen comes up and we find ourselves inside of the Lupit's Finest Mexican Restaurant in San Antonio Texas with a set of tables in the back of the restaurant being ran by none other than the Foundation who are enjoying a spot of rest and peace in-between preparations for ring wars as Wil Pierce is enjoying some fajitas while Alex Belmont is checking his phone for something when Dante Slayton steps into the picture, an annoyed look on his face as a waiter comes by and takes his order before quickly departing to fulfill Dante's order}

"So, how did your talk with Devon go?" Wil asked simply.

Dante made an angry snorting noise.

Alex couldn't help but chuckle. "That good, eh?"

Dante looked over at his fellow Foundation members and shrugged, "Devon thinks that we ought to cut our losses and simply leave SCW." Dante explained.

The two senior members of the team both had looks of total and complete disbelief on their faces, and it was Wil that spoke up first with "And why in the blue blazes is he thinking that then?!"

"Mostly because he believes that the Foundation should have already been world tag team champions here, he believes the losses were avoidable and that we could be much more accessible and successful in other promotions than this one where it seems that everybody keeps going into business for themselves." Dante explained slowly as he ran both of his hands over his face rather tiredly. "I mean I get his annoyance at how everything goes here but it's all part of the part and parcel."

Alex nodded in agreement, "While I can agree with Devon about some of the bullshit that seems to constantly be happening with whatever Heaven Senior and his Fall of Man faction seems to be doing and now these...what are those girls' named again, you know the ones that go by the "*Cowgirls from Hell*"?"

"Strader or something like that?" Wil asked pointedly while motioning with his cup as the waiter brought Dante's drink and food order in before disappearing just as quickly before a look crossed Wil's face. "Let me guess, most of the time that he was bitching, Devon kept saying that members of "*his Dominion*" should be treated with more reverence and yada yada?"

Dante's eyes narrowed slightly as he slowly nodded.

Wil banged the top of the table where he was sitting at hard as he slapped it with a powerful downward swing of his right hand. "Fucking damn it. Devon wanting us to leave SCW isn't so much about us not having won the titles yet as we haven't won the titles as to how ***\*HE\**** wants things done and with his precious desire to rebuild the old Dominion with this new one...he's just title hungry." Wil pointed out before he quickly shot an apologetic look at the other patrons in the restaurant.

Alex took a bite out of his taco as it gave him a chance to mull things over in his mind before giving his own answer to what Wil had suggested since technically the only reason why he was even still ***\*IN\**** the Foundation to begin with was because Dante saw the potential and despite being the younger sibling to

the Dominion's founder, Dante saw things a little bit differently than his older half-brother. "As much as I respect your brother, Dante, I'm with Wil on this one. We've put too much work and effort into SCW to just up and leave now, besides if we just up and quit now...then we'd been proving everybody wrong about how we believe in this industry."

Wil made a motion that pretty much wordlessly said "You see, my point!!!" without the New Orleans' native actually having to say it to which Dante was quiet for a few moments as he worked on his chips and cheese dip, mulling things over quietly in his head before he slowly started to nod in agreement. "While I don't agree with what he said...he is right in that we should've at least made some headway..."

But he was quickly cut off and by Alex this time as the shorter man let out a short and hard bark of laughter. "Okay, so we've hit some fucking bumps in the road, sure...but the moment that we start giving up things to Devon's point of view then we might as well go Broadway and just and up quit now." he said in a hard tone before casting a sideways glance at Dante. "I mean seriously, look at what David and Thomas gave up when Wil and I forced them to give up the name to the team back in Japan before we even made our SCW debut?! They were already in high demand and then Devon goes after them to take the name from them just because they don't want to work for him again??"

Alex then looks over at Wil. "Tell me that I'm wrong, partner?"

Dante also turns to look over at Wil who is slowly rubbing his chin thoughtfully before he slowly nods in agreement and following that up with "Alex does have a point, Dante. Devon's been trying to run everything from the shadows. I think he's really hung up on trying to recapture that old glory money and shit by any means possible."

Dante looked between the two men for a few seconds before he nodded slowly in agreement once again, oddly enough feeling the pressure from his older brother's constant bashing of his team's efforts slowly vanish in a way that made him feeling good. "Alright, I will think of a way to deal with how to deal with Devon and his bullshit about SCW later...do we have any solid plans on how to deal with these cowgirls after what happened to us on Breakdown this past week?" he asked honestly, looking between the two senior Foundation members. "I mean we're not exactly entering this pay per view on a high level, boys."

Wil simply shrugged once again, picking up a good sized seared chunk of jalapeno and popping it into his mouth, a look of pure joy crossing his face for the first time throughout this entire conversation. "The answer to that question is actually quite simple, my friends. We've been doing everything here in SCW according to Devon and his crazy ass concepts, right?"

Dante and Alex nodded silently in agreement.

"So my idea on how we handle these...Cowgirls...is quite simple, so delightfully and sinfully deliciously simple at that..." Wil said, his smile becoming much more evil looking as the seconds ticked by. "I suggest that we simply go back to basics, and by that I mean I say fuck it to whatever Devon's plans for the match are and we simply go back to what the three of us are known for doing best in these kinds of matches and that's simply tear shit up...I mean Dante, what is the most that you want out of being here in SCW?"

Dante got a kind of nervous look on his face, “Um...”

Wil rolled his eyes in a teasing manner at Dante, “Not including \*THAT\* particular item...you blockhead!”

Dante nodded, “Another championship might be nice...maybe a war against whoever is the SCW Underground championship to really allow myself to be good and properly violent for another?”

Wil smiled before nodding again, “Do you see what I’m getting at, my brothers? When was the last time that we actually did what we did best according to how \*WE\* collectively see things?”

The three men looked at each other in silence for a couple of long moments before both Alex and Dante’s faces soon twisted up into the same dark and sinister smiles at which point Wil slowly nodded;

“Exactly...and so goes the plan.”

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Time: Unknown amount of time later the same day.

Location: The famous Alamo (You know the one)

The cameras pick back up and we find the members of the Shinigami Foundation standing outside of the world famous Alamo, with all three men looking more than ready for a fight as Wil sits on top of a large stone block with a broad smile on his face. “You know something, Cowgirls, I will give the lot of you credit for having the biggest set of balls by stepping up and fucking with our tag match last week on Breakdown. I mean seriously most of the time every other team on this company’s roster would wait patiently like some kind of freaking hunter and pick their shot and they usually would pull them after the match was over in trying to showcase of some kind of fucking lame ass dominance attempt....”*Oh, good you won your match but lookie here, we’re bigger and better so we can screw you out of your joy anytime we want.*” kind of bullshit you understand?”

“But then again, you lot fancy yourself as some kind of rebellious MC group don’t you?” Wil asked, leaning forward while giving the camera a questioning look. “I mean seriously you have a chapter president, VP, road general, sarge at arms, prospects, and all of that kind of fucking nonsense don’t you....and you’ve probably been pretty damn good at it everywhere you’ve supposedly gone...am I right?”

The questioning look then disappears as he then slowly shakes his shaggy head. “Nothing that the Foundation hasn’t seen done before and done better in other promotions over the past decade or so by other groups of all shapes and sizes, but having said that who knows and maybe you might be the ones to really make your own mark with it...I mean Alex and myself made our own unique mark with the Ronin which was a subfaction of the larger Dominion stable back almost seven years ago and we made *that* our own!!”

“But Megan, what me and the boys truly want to know is where did you get the strange fucking idea that putting yourself into one of our matches was a smart thing to do? I mean I get that your girls were wanting the best set of opponents to face off against in their debut here in Supreme Championship Wrestling or something like that...oh wait, weren't you lot already here and you simply just didn't give a shit enough to actually already make your own mark?” Wil went onto ask, tapping his right index finger against his chin as he looked thoughtfully at the camera. “Dante, what do you think of all this?”

“Seriously?” Dante asked.

“Seriously, my brother.” was Wil's response.

“What I think is that everything that Meghan Strader said last week on Breakdown was nothing more than one complex line of bullshit after another in an attempt to hype up her little band of useless bints against Polly's crew because when you look at things, Polly and her girls have busted their collective set of asses since coming here to SCW and while it took them a while sure, but in the long run they started to pick up title after title and that scared a bunch of mother fuckers out there like Billy Heaven Senior who can't handle the fact that a woman could possibly can and *\*WILL\** outdo anything that he's ever done in this entire industry.” Dante explained with a big shit eating grin on his face. “And then you come out and interrupt Polly in the middle of saying something that's actually important, Meghan. You boast and you brag and then you put this team's name in your mouth, but you forget to put that respect on it because we do indeed take everything in this industry seriously.”

“And then later, you cost us a match against the Hollywood brothers...you put *\*RED\** in our ledger which in the very near future we will near to clear out but nonetheless that will happen in due time because as everybody knows, that we've already got a victory over the brothers of Hollywood, so we're in no rush there because this weekend right here in San Antonio, the Shinigami Foundation is here to make a stop because when you shove your face into Foundation business, you had best be ready to shove your whole body, mind, and soul into the machine for pigs because there is no other way out than *\*THROUGH\** and girls...Be it Meghan and Tamika or Veronica and Cara or even Mackenzie and Terra, it simply does not fucking matter which combination of you that the entire lot of you decides to throw into the grinder this weekend...what you've done is the entire lot of you have decided to get in our way at exactly the wrong place at the wrong time and in the wrong manner as we have decided to break with the plan and go back to the bloody basics, and have a little bit of fun with our regularly scheduled violence.”

From his spot, Alex can't help but smile at what his two partners in crime are saying. “And that's putting things a little bit simply as well because yes, we get that our time here in SCW hasn't been the greatest, and we've accepted that because while we fully acknowledge that we are one of the if not *\*THE\** tag teams to ever be a part of this promotion, but sometimes even the greats miss a step or two but we're not too big to admit it...unlike egomaniacs like your lot probably is, Meghan.” Alex said before he motions at the other two men with him. “I mean seriously, Meghan. You're looking at the group that forced YoYo to realize the truth and ran her and her Sailor Moon Cult out of SCW...and yeah, we're left with the mentally broken Yusa who is no doubt hiding out somewhere, eating glitter glue, and thinking that she's the greatest cult leader since the guy who came up with the Japanese game of Pokemon...but at Retribution, we are going to show you why we are the greatest set of workhorses in this entire promotion

and why we are also going to be the next world tag team champions, by hook and by crook because that's just who the hell we are."

Wil nods in agreement as he runs a hand through his hair before he gives the camera a good, solid hard look.

"I want you and your crew to understand this, Megan, so I sit down...open your fucking ears and listen well to what I am saying because if you honestly think that you are walking into this pay per view with some concept of having an easy match just because of our recent win loss record here in this company then you need to rethink this path that you are on because we're going back to the basics...the shit that originally worked for us so very well before we started to follow somebody's else's idea for what we need to be doing."

"But if you want to put your people towards this fool's errand and constantly focus on an erroneous line of thought, then so be it...but if you do this then you need to make damned sure that your crew is ready for perhaps one of the most violent matches that they will ever be in because Dante and myself are coming to claim a few new scalps for the collection as we start our march towards whomever the hell holds those SCW tag team straps...and we don't care if we have to go through the entire lot of you or not because we're not some trio of jokers that you can just assume is all talk and no action that you can just laugh at and dismiss...no, we've earned our combined reputations as three of the most violent men from our respective corners of the world and now it's about time that we finally went back to basics and do **\*EXACTLY\*** what gave us those reputations in the first place."

Dante then steps forward, running a hand through his short dark hair before he smiles a rather dark smile. "And in the word of one of my students...here we...here we...here we **FUCKING \*GO\*!!!**"

{The screen then shatters into pieces...leaving behind nothing but the darkness}