

{The camera cut to the seaside home of Devon Alexander Slayton near San Francisco as a black car pulls up outside and a moment later, the “Blackheart” Wil Pierce gets out of the vehicle and walks up to the front door where one of the lucha masked men that follow the “Black King” stops him and motions for Wil to follow down a stone path towards the backyard area where we find Devon Slayton sitting and enjoying some coffee outside in the early afternoon sun at which point the Luchadore coughs politely to get the boss’s attention}

“Ah, Wil. Come and have some coffee. Mind you it’s just Cafe Bustelo, but sometimes it’s about the simpler pleasures in life, right?” Devon explained as he saluted the other man with his mug as the Luchadore bowed his head and walked off.

Wil walked over and collected a mug before pouring himself some of the offered coffee before moving to stand next to the older man. “Thank you, sir.”

“Come on, Wil. We’ve known each other long enough that you can call me Devon and you know that.” Devon said before taking a pull from his mug as he regarded the other wrestler. “Doy ou know what I called you here today?”

“No, I don’t Devon.”

“I watched the go home episode of Breakdown and while I’ll admit that I did enjoy the show, what I didn’t enjoy was the lack of my Foundation on the show and by that it shows me that my concerns are valid and in my stepping in to start fixing the issues there.” Devon explained as he motioned with his mug.

Wil nodded once more, “It did seem that the Nation was more intent on insulting Chris Dumont than focusing on their match against the Maidens. I’ll admit that Sawa and Neko seemed to be working on their game since they missed the chamber match, I did have an issue with one singles match however.”

Devon raised an eyebrow and motioned for him to continue.

“It was the match between Chris Dumont and that Ryan chick. I mean Dumont seriously busted his ass at the pay per view, the guy solo’d two of the supposedly top tag teams on the entire roster before Light and the Darkness beat him to win the match and this supposedly “*Lost Monarch*” calls him a piece of street trash and not even worth the effort...I mean to be honest I didn’t think much about Dumont but after seeing his effort at the pay per view, that had to be worthy of some respect in my book.”

Devon chuckled just a little, but he didn’t say anything at first since Devon knew that for Wil to show anyone any kind of respect, that was to say something. “I thought you were more focused on destroying the Maidens to even think about taking out anyone else, Wil?” he asked simply before taking a sip of his coffee.

Wil shook his head, eyes narrowing. “No, I mean sure I want to take out the Shining Maidens because they are a crap group who seem to think that they are superior to people who actually want to be in this industry for the sake of the sport and Yuyu’s little clique cult does nothing to add to this sport that I’ve given so much for, Devon. But this Ryan LeCavalier with her supreme arrogance and making declarations that she is the end all, be all of *my* sport....well I honestly don’t think that anyone has given her a real fucking reason to question that part of reality in some time.”

Devon cracks a little bit of a smile, “And you want to do that?”

In that moment, the “Albert Wesker of Luchadores” thought of what Devon was inquiring and then slowly nodded in agreement. “Yes...yes, I do. Yes, I want to hoist the tag team titles over my head once again, but I want to prove to the people why I’m an internationally recognized talent...I want to remind them of *why* my wars against Graham Baker are considered to be instant classics to even some of the top veterans currently active in this sport.”

Wil’s dark eyes then grew a tad darker, “I also want to remind people that just because I’ve been on a bit of a downward spiral lately due to all of this local bullshit, that doesn’t mean that I’m not any *LESS* dangerous in that ring...and if that means that I have to bleed some self entitled, prissy little stuck up French *bitch*, well then that’s something that I’m more than happy to do in that ring any time or day of the year.”

Devon couldn’t help but laugh as he raised his mug in a salute to the younger man, “You see that’s the kind of fire that the Foundation should have been throwing out to everyone on the SCW roster instead of what’s been going on. What you were sent to do and what you wound up doing were two entirely different things, I don’t blame Jamie though, Jamie was doing exactly what I told him to do in the long run that was part of the bigger plan, Wil....but something else within the unit, within the faction had his own plans for everything and thus I gave him chance after chance to correct his shit, to align himself back with the plan but instead what I got was a whole lot of...nothing.” Devon explained before he finished off his coffee and then set the mug aside.

Wil listened to everything that the older man was saying before he drained his coffee and set his mug aside in turn, “So tell me then, *boss*, who is the one that you believe has drifted away from this great vision that you’ve set before us, eh?”

Devon looks Wil dead in the eyes before a rather wicked smile slowly starts to cross his face.

“I guess you’ll have to wait to see on Breakdown, now won’t you?”

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{The screen then cuts to a shot of Wil pacing back and forth in front of a massive mural highlighting a woman done in the style of the Mexican *la Llorona* with the “Albert Wesker of Luchadores” wearing his stylish dark suite}



Wil: Ever since I first arrived here in Supreme Championship Wrestling, I have put the needs of the Foundation before my desires for the kinds of fights that I've wanted to have here in this promotion and while I disliked having to put other things before what *I* wanted, Devon and the rest of the organization did ask me to take out a small hive of...annoying pests before they got too big for their britches and while they decree that Alex and I will be destroyed by their hands...I wonder how exactly the Maidens intend to do that when they can't even keep their own shit in order, eh?

And besides, I've been encouraged to seek out my own desires and designs, things that would make the Blackest Heart in all of Supreme Championship Wrestling pump with fresh viciousness and vile once again and when I went to look to see who would be as oh so kind enough to offer themselves up like a lamb to the slaughter to be sacrificed before me...someone does just that;

Now didn't you....Ryan LeCavalier?

You love to call yourself the "*Lost Monarch*" and you go around this company like you are some kind of bit of royalty when in fact you are just a bit of a bint and a whole lot of pedantic twat with yourself belief that you are some kind of wrestling goddess or whatever bullshit that you wish to try and impose upon your fellow superstars here in SCW.

I can say at least, with the total and most complete honesty, that when Yuyu makes those same exact declarations that she is doing it from a spot of rich grandeur, from a culture that forces young girls to watch animated adventures of magical princesses coming out of every which way before they are hammered into a livelihood of being milfs in AVs for lonely American kids to

enjoy...but the reality to that is that **I** know better because what I just said was full of rich fiction which is one thing that the Japanese people have brought to this world among a great many other things...but you see Ryan, that is why Yuyu's level of insanity at least has some level of sanity because the Japanese culture also brought us a wonderfully brutal and gorgeous new form of wrestling style.

But you Ryan, do you know what you and your culture has given us?

...Well, I'd be remiss if I didn't say the French Revolution and the wonderful tale of Maximilian Roseperrie, but you **YOURSELF** hasn't done jack nor shit worthy of even like this bloody bint royalty that you stand there trying to be and while you love throw that bent little piece of bent garbage that you call a "nose" into the air and declare that when faced with **REAL** **WRESTLERS** like Chris Dumont or Marie Jones that they are nothing compared to you...I think that you might want to lower that damn piece of nose garbage before you even **TRY** to think about taking that level of arrogance up with me, little girl.

{Wil stops pacing back and forth and slowly smirks at the camera, showing how he truly *"Feels"* about the situation to Ryan}

Wil: Sure, you might see this little promo and then come on out and say that you've faced people like me dozens of times before when in truth, you've never ever faced someone like me, Ryan LeCavalier. You have never stood in the same ring as the Last **HONEST** man in all of Professional Wrestling and you have most certainly not stood in the same ring as a man who doesn't care give two shits about being the good guy or the bad guy because I am more interested in the fight and **THAT**, is the honest fucking truth of the matter!

If at Fatal Fortunes Alex and I have to face off against some unworthy tag team, then I want each and every single tag team on this company's roster to understand that the losses that you've seen us suffer before is nothing compared to what comes next, it is something that I am pretty sure that if Sharper takes the time to do his homework, he'll see what Alex and I have actually been doing with each of our losses here in SCW, at which point I know for a fact that he will scream "What the **FUCK** **SERIOUSLY!!!**" in reaction.

You see, what you all might take as the Foundation not living up fully to the hype is something much more in reality...a reality that you all will have to deal with very soon in oh so such bloody painful ways.

I don't get to say this often but I honestly looking forward to having some real fun once again here folks, and at Fatal Fortunes...things are going to be very violent once this show gets going...

And it doesn't fucking matter if it's you, Ryan, or the Shining Maidens or anyone else on this company's entire bloody roster...at Fatal Fortunes, there is excalty **that** to be made;

The ***FORTUNES***...of the Blackest Heart in all of Supreme Championship Wrestling.

See you all this week...

{The screen then fades to black as Wil walks off, rubbing his hands together evilly}

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{The screens come back up and once again we find ourselves in the side garden area from earlier in the video where we see Devon Slayton sitting in a large comfy chair overlooking the ocean as he continues to drink his coffee before one of the luchadores, this one wearing a dark purple suit just like the one that Devon is wearing but with a rather wicked look full face skull mask walks up to Devon and stands there for a moment with his hands clasped in front of him at his waist}

Devon: So tell me, my old friend. Has our guest left?

{The luchadore simply nods slowly as Devon turns his head just enough to look at him}

Devon: Good, I do think that he got the message across. If not then Fatal Fortunes will be a rather painful night, won't you agree?

{Once again, the luchadore simply nods in agreement as Devon takes a pull from his coffee before he slowly puts the mug down on the table next to him before turning to regard the luchadore fully}

Devon: And the others, have you contacted them?

{A slow nod of agreement}

Devon: Good, very good. Most important question of all...are ***you*** ready, my dear friend?

{The luchadore simply tilts his head to the right with Devon's reaction being a raised eyebrow}

Devon: Well you can't blame me, can you? When I sent Reno to the Extreme Championship Wrestling Federation with his...Bastards...he promised me mountains but produced molehills, but ***you***....you are not one of his Bastards, you are something greater...beautifully violent in your way. A way that very soon, you will share with everyone in SCW...once the problem there has been dealt with.

{The luchadore at that point simply squares his shoulders back but otherwise doesn't say a thing, all the while Devon smiles that dark smile of his}

Devon: Go and make sure everything is ready, my friend. If you could, please start the player when you leave me....track two if you would please?

{The Luchadore simply nods as he Devon turns in his chair to face the ocean again as the Luchadore picks up a remote, presses two buttons before he sits it back down as a guitar starts to play in the background as a haunting song begins to play}

<Song>

Come gather 'round people wherever you roam
And admit that the waters around you have grown
And accept it that soon you'll be drenched to the bone
If your time to you is worth savin'
Then you better start swimmin' or you'll sink like a stone
For the times, they are a-changin'

Come writers and critics who prophesize with your pen
And keep your eyes wide, the chance won't come again
And don't speak too soon for the wheel's still in spin
And there's no tellin' who that it's namin'
For the loser now will be later to win
'Cause the times, they are a-changin'

{The song continues to play as the screen fades to final darkness}

[The SONG in question here, folks.](#)