

Didn't take long for Blake Mason and Jessica to reach his limo that was waiting for them a few blocks down the street from the club. Being the gentlemen he fashions himself to be, he opens the door for his assistant. Once she stepped inside the limo he closed the door. He walks around to the opposite side of the limo, opens the door and makes himself comfortable. He turns to Jessica. He noticed her scrolling through her Iphone.

Attempting to secure her attention, he commented. "You handled yourself well." he nods at Jessica.

She pulls her attention away from whatever she was trying to distract herself by. A smile forms on her face. "Thanks. I wasn't expecting Christy to foster that much resentment. What exactly happened between you two?"

Blake leaned forward. He banged on the window separating him from the driver. The window lowered. His driver looked back.

"Take us back to my place." Blake insisted.

The driver offered a nod. Raised the window back up to give Blake and Jessica privacy.

Blake returned his attention back to her. "Long story. I'll share the juicy details some other time."

"Of course." Jessica nods. "If I can be frank, it's going to take a lot of work to convince her to accept your proposal."

Blake shrugs. "Don't concern yourself with her theatrics. She's playing hard ball. Why wouldn't she? Christy learned from the best. Me." Blake offers a sly smirk. "Right now she believes she has all the leverage. I don't blame her. She's right, I have always relied on her for most of my business dealings since my father was grooming me to take over Mason Consolidated. I gave her the impression she was my only option. She is going to learn to never underestimate the master."

Jessica's interest was piqued by what Blake had to say as she tilted her head to the side. "So you have another candidate?"

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Earlier in the Day...  
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There are two places on the East Coast Blake has always kept near and dear to him, the first is obvious. The family estate he, Cassandra and Victor grew up in. Cost a bit to keep up, the sentimental value alone made keeping up the place well worth it. The second place was a condo in the heart of New York, he knew half of the country couldn't get over whose name is on the building. For that reason he doesn't go out of his way to advertise that he still pays quite a bit to keep the condo whenever he decides to do business in New York.

Standing in the bathroom, looking into the mirror he fixes his red tie for the business meeting he was about to head off to, a caramel-complected woman walks in. She wraps her arms around his waist. Her affection doesn't distract Blake. Once he's done fixing his tie, he rests his hands on top of hers.

"Harper... you're not going to get bored sitting in this condo all by yourself?"

She squeezes his waist tighter. "Not my first rodeo in the big city. I'll find my way around, go out there and do what you do best." his wife says with a smile.

With a sigh, Blake responds. "Dealing with disgruntled women is in my wheelhouse."

"Why offer Christy the CEO position? Not questioning your judgment. From what I know of her. She went off the rails when Rob spurned her advances. Hasn't been of sound mind for awhile."

Blake couldn't deny Harper was telling the truth. Over a year ago, he did attempt to make a comeback in Hybrid Wrestling. He asked Christy to join him. Due to the company falling on hard times, his attempt to make a name for himself outside of Supreme Championship Wrestling did not work out. Blake turned around to look into Harper's enchanting eyes. He grabbed her hands.

"I'll shoulder the blame for the Rob stuff. I did ask her to seduce him to drive home my point. An honorable man like him would be eaten alive by sharks. He needed to come to grips with the reality that professional wrestling is a dangerous animal. Did I expect Christy to fall for him? No. She knew the risk. I do acknowledge I placed her in that position."

“She is a grown woman. Don’t put this on yourself.”

“A leader always shoulders the responsibility.” Blake kisses Harper on the forehead. “In any event, Christy needs this. She can’t be satisfied being my brother’s puppet.”

Blake walks straight into the bedroom. He grabs his gray suit jacket. Putting the jacket on he turns around to look at Harper who is standing in the doorway of the bathroom.

“Don’t worry, I have a contingency if Christy decides to hold a grudge.”

“What is your Plan B?” Harper asks, curious to know what her husband has in mind.

Blake walks up to Harper. He grabs both of her hands. With a smile he wasted no time saying. “You.”

She is taken aback by this. “Me?”

“Of course. Why not?” He smiles. “Your experience as a professional wrestling manager is second to none. Wrestling is as cut throat as the media game. Plus, you’ve spent enough time with me at headquarters to know the ins and outs of everything that is going on. You inspired some of my best ideas. Why not you? I would feel comfortable.”

She blushed “Aww, I am flattered you think that highly of me.” She leaned up to kiss him on the lips. “Why go to Christy? You could avoid this senseless drama.”

“Being your boss would complicate matters. A separation of business and personal is my ideal preference, Harper. But there are benefits. I get to keep Impact Media in the family. I wouldn’t feel the need to incessantly micromanage you. Christy, she is the killer I always wanted to be in a way. Yeah, I’ve done my fair share of questionable things but what I see in Christy is a better version of me.”

Blake pauses. He continues. “I molded her into the woman she is today, which includes sins I am also guilty of. I allowed many women to distract me from the task at hand. She made a mistake with Rob. I won’t cast her aside like that. No matter what grievances she continues to hold on to, I will always know what’s best for her.”

“I hope you don’t consider me a distraction.” Harper giggles.

Blake leans in and kisses Harper on the lips. "Never. You are my happy ending. As long as you accept there will always be a part of me that the world will consider the devil incarnate. What they deem as immoral and inhumane, I consider necessary."

"No judgment from me, babe. Just be careful."

"What fun is that?" Blake chuckles. He gives Harper one last kiss before walking out the door.

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## PRESENT DAY

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"So Harper is my contingency." Blake affirmed to Jessica.

She took a moment to process the news she was unaware of. "What happened to no secrets?" Jessica asked.

"Christy doesn't need to know about that small detail until the time is right. Besides, I'm keeping my word--" Blake points to Jessica. "-- to you. Harper is the only candidate on the chess board. Unless you have another candidate in mind. Think of this as a literal Game of Thrones."

"Lets pray no one gets killed." Jessica says cheeky.

There is a mini bar in front of Blake. Opening the door, he grabs two refreshments. He hands one to Jessica.

"Cheers to no deaths." Blake nods.

Jessica nods back. They clink their drinks together.

## PROMO TIME:

The backseat of a limousine is where we find ourselves. In the back of the limo wearing a gray three piece suit is the recently returned Blake Mason. His legs are spread apart. His hands are resting on his knees. Wasting no time he opens his mouth to speak.

“October seventeenth, twenty twenty-four will be the most significant day in the professional wrestling career of yours truly, William Blake Mason.”

“Why ten, seventeen twenty-twenty four? Check the upcoming date on [supremecw.com](http://supremecw.com)

“I’ll give everyone a couple minutes”

He pauses for about thirty seconds to allow the audience to do the necessary homework.

“Back? Good. On the day in question, Breakdown will visit my hometown of Boston, Massachusetts.”

“Now imagine Blake Mason main eventing the TD Garden with the World Championship on the line; sounds quite poetic. Me, hoisting the one championship that has eluded me my entire life sounds like the stuff of fairy tales. I assure you. I am not releasing my hopes and dreams out in the world to elicit warm and fuzzy feelings. I am above that.”

“The date. The town. The trios tournament. All a matter of convenience. In the grand scheme of things, I could win the World Championship in Boise, Idaho and I would feel the exact same way when I win it in Boston in a month's time.”

“Mission accomplished.”

He pauses briefly. “When you see an opportunity, might as well strike while the iron is hot. You people know me well enough. The last time I had a one on one opportunity in Boston years ago I failed. That loss broke me so much I left the company for a couple months, man, I was a wreck back then was I?” Blake scoffs. “Bit ashamed of the person I was to be honest, but hey, we all live and learn. That’s the idea, to live and learn. So to walk into Boston, the sight of my greatest failure, use the Trios Contract, and regardless of who the World Champion is, I leave Boston with my greatest career triumph.”

Blake shows a slight smirk. "Fulfilling life long dreams like that is the reason why we became fans of professional wrestling to begin with. I am not under some delusion that you fans are going to throw me a parade after I become World Champion. No one in the locker room will celebrate. And I am fine with that. Can't imagine Josh Hudson is thrilled to be the reason I am going to call my shot. It would be poetic right? He helps the man who attacked him a few short weeks ago to secure his guarantee to become World Champion, what would be even more ironic, what if Josh fails to defend the World Championship at Apocalypse? He would sit with Bree backstage, watching my championship coronation from a television monitor. If he wants to use his Trios Contract after my crowning achievement were to occur. Great. I'd welcome it. Truly. I would."

Blake shrugs his shoulders. "Wait. I can hear all you saying, Blake, don't count your chickens before they hatch. You need to get through three matches to secure the contract. And you need to worry, potentially, about another person you share history with, Katie Steward. She reminds me of another period in my career I am ashamed of."

He rolls his eyes. "We can't change the past. We can only move forward."

"I view Josh and Katie as assets to get what I want. Nothing more. Nothing less. They will serve as a means to an end to get what I want. I could care less if they trust me as a person. They SHOULD trust that I want to win. All that matters in this profession is winning. Any feelings I may harbor for them, they are two of the greatest winners in SCW history. My resume might be scoffed at, here is one thing you can trust."

"I am willing to do whatever it takes to get the job done."

"What. Ever. It. Takes."

"If I need to get behind the wheel of an automobile. No hesitation."

Blake winks.

"If I need to burn a few bridges along the way."

"Done."

Blake snaps his fingers.

"If I need to be what many people would consider the devil incarnate."

“No plans on holding anything back.”

“After all these years I have come to the realization that my father was right. I won’t bore you with the details. None of you care. And you shouldn’t. Lets just say I had a complicated relationship with the man, he taught me things I was resistant too, my numerous business successes aside, I wasn’t completely all in in a wrestling sense, steam rolling through business rivals is easy. Professional wrestling has always had its fair share of complications. I wasn’t willing to completely go scorched earth. Now I am. I am willing and able to live with the consequences.”

“Know what that means? It makes yours truly a dangerous man.”

“So welcome to the Blake Mason Experience.”

Blake leans forward to retrieve a glass of wine. He brings the glass to his lips. Before he takes a sip he has one final thing to say. “Oh... and thanks for coming. Heh. Felt good saying that.”

He sips his wine as the scene fades to black.