



Asher Hayes, SideQuest vs. Sean Michael Prime

Asher Hayes hated Fatal Fortunes. Night one proved to be a big waste of time. Nobody was pushed to their brink. Nobody seemed challenged in terms of in-ring competition. Asher knew that he had fought in what was a handicap match, but Hollywood? Ryan? Chris? Waste of time. Waste of roster space.

He knew he was going to win when he walked out to the ring for the Dumpster match. Asher knew he'd secure a shot at the United States Championship. Ryan got a few good shots in, as did Chris, but in the end, they both ended up in the dumpster just like the pieces of trash they were, and still are.

SCW seemed to be the same way it was when Asher was openly criticizing it on the mic. It was still desperate. Things were still falling apart at the seams. Selena was still in the main event. Xander was still in the main event. It was still boring. The SCW seemed to be taking a chance on Konrad Raab, and the motherfucker was pushing sixty. The product was suffering, once again.

The low-to-mid card scene seemed to be doing alright, but the main event was rinse, wash, repeat. The roster as a whole, wasn't thriving. He watched over the summer and saw the likes of Matthew Knox and a few others show up out of nowhere and make names for themselves. Asher loved that. He wanted the SCW to thrive, but if it was going to be a few consistent main eventers and the rest being jokes like Hollywood and Derek Adonis, then it needed to close its doors. That was his opinion, and he'd stick to it.

And Asher knew he should've been happy with getting a title shot. He knew there was great joy to find in such a thing, but such a thing was broken. The SCW was broken. And despite

the stipulation, Asher felt he hadn't truly earned a shot at the U.S. title. Beating Ryan was child's play.

Just like Xander retaining Asher's World title against Chris. Just like Selena getting her win over Ryan LeCavalier. It was all child's play. Light in the Darkness kept their tag titles in a match that included Adonis. Polly became TV Champion by beating an unenthusiastic Blake Mason which, Asher felt, was something that nobody needed to be surprised by.

The very landscape made Asher sick, and it wasn't something anyone could cure. The only thing Asher felt he needed to do was to let the anger out. To shed himself of that sickness. It would come out in his actions. Honor had died, and Asher didn't give a damn about such a concept. He was going to brutalize anyone and everyone he felt he needed to. But not only in his actions, it would come out in his words.

He had sat around and listened to so many people bury him. From Ace to Selena, they shit all over everything Asher had ever done. Asher wasn't going to play nice. He'd had his quips and little jabs, but that was over. It was time to slit throats.

Not everyone seemed too happy to see me. Just as I expected. That's fine by me. I'm not here to make friends. I've been there and I've done that. And I will come and go as much as I please. That's the thing about this sport. We're independent contractors. If I need a break, or if I need to let some of these old bones heal, or if I have something else going on that's more important than standing in front of thousands of people and sharing a locker room with people I just despise, then I'm going to split for a bit. Cry about it. Please.

A lot of the SCW locker room likes to take to social media. I saw what Hollywood said. They've got trauma, and all that stupidity. If anything, I should feel traumatized because I had to share the ring with both of you. I had to watch as Chris had a shot at the World Championship. It's goddamned disgusting if you ask me. Hell, you don't even have to ask. I'll just tell you. This new SCW should be ashamed of itself.

Let's look at things, shall we? We have Derek Adonis. Hollywood. Dawn Warren. What the hell is a Sapphire Taylor? Gavin is still running around here. Same with Simon and the other one. It reeks of desperation. The old SCW would have treated these would-be wrestlers like Old Yeller. They would've been taken out back and put down. The old SCW would trim the unnecessary fat, but no, the SCW we are all witnessing is just happy to give jobs to anyone willing to sign a contract. Blake Mason signed up and he's okay with collecting a check, while the SCW powers that be are more than happy with letting him half-ass every single thing he does.

It's just something that doesn't sit right with me. Selena wants to bag me for coming and going, but at least I fucking do something when I'm here. At least, I'm going full throttle when the bell rings and when I have a mic in hand with a camera in my face. Maybe I should half-ass it.

Maybe I should just coast. Maybe every week can be like Fatal Fortunes, where I can get random opportunities at the richest prize. But then again...

Asher shook his head as the thought completed.

I'm not content with that, am I? No. I never have been. I've worked hard be it here in SCW, or on the independent scene. Sitting back doing nothing is not how I like to operate. Even when I'm away, I'm not resting. I'm training. I'm paying attention, and I can't help but feel the power of the truth flowing through me when I say that this business, especially the SCW, needs me. They crack their jokes if it makes them feel better. I'll take great pleasure in cracking their jaws.

Sighing, Asher couldn't help but feel he was right when he thought of the old SCW. It had nothing to do with men dominating the sport. It had nothing to do with the World Championship remaining in the heavyweight ranks. No. Competition wasn't an issue. Something like Fatal Fortunes was far more interesting back in the day, compared to what it was the previous two weeks.

He felt he would've vetoed having to defend the World title against someone as lackluster as Ryan when Asher held the championship last year. Having too much enhancement talent, as the insiders labeled it, only added to that sickness. It was just another reminder that SCW wasn't what it once was.

Asher wanted to see the days where Shawn Winters dominated. Where CHBK could actually hit a flying elbow. Where Jason Zero gave a damn. He'd even welcome Greg Cherry, and Asher knew that would truly be saying something if he admitted it out loud. He prayed for the times when wrestlers were actually trying to be innovating, or even fucking extraordinary. Asher felt he'd find Matt Hodges and give his right nut for a James Exeter return. One that was actually lengthy.

Where was Chris Cannon? Jordan Majors? Lucas Knight? Doing absolutely nothing because the SCW was too tough for them. Living off whatever minimal success they had achieved. You had guys like Scott Reed shedding the Beard moniker and trying to finally step up. Too little, too late, but hell, Asher thought, at least he was trying. Polly and Colleen had even stepped it up a little bit. There was talent there, but they had to get away from the walking parodies they'd become when Asher was last active.

Sighing, he knew he needed to get focused on La Pequena Luz. They had a date with destiny, so to speak. She was the rightful United States Champion. He didn't believe in that interim bullshit. Deanna wasn't around. The old SCW would strip a bitch of a title in a heartbeat. Now, it seemed everyone was afraid to get canceled.

Give me a fucking break.

It was the same dumb shit he saw back in 2019 with Sienna and Syren. Syren lost her smile for the umpteenth time as World Champion and went on hiatus, no matter the narrative the office strung together. Sienna was the Interim Champion until Syren returned and there was the big unification match. It made Asher groan and roll his eyes, as he knew that would be the case after the inevitable occurred. The inevitable being him taking the title from Luz.

Sure. I could be getting ahead of myself, but I'm not going into any match where I'm not confident. I'm done with that bullshit where I question myself. If I want to be depressed, I'll hang out with Ace again. That sack of shit is always depressed. He just won't come out and say it because he has a reputation to uphold for all the millions of Ace fans that truly DO NOT care.

I will take Luz on, and I will win the United States title. When Deanna comes back, she can have the title because I want her bitch ex-wife, with her head underneath my boot heel, before I stomp on her skull as hard as I can. And I am going to, and nobody will stop me. Do I think Selena will let me do it? Like, I know that's a stupid question she'd ask during one of her promos because that's Selena. Gotta fill the air with as many words as she can, along with eye rolls and her sarcastic tone that she's had since the fans cheered her.

The United States title was the second singles championship I won in SCW. It meant a lot, but I want what I want. I want the title Xander is keeping warm for me. The title that was shit all over when he defended it against some jobber. Good God, it makes my blood boil when I replay that image in my head.

Asher grimaced, grinding his teeth together, nearly biting the inside of his cheek.

Getting that out of my head, let's think about Deanna's triumphant return. Like Selena, she will get all the special treatment. Ya boy would bet money that she's going to come back and have all the smoke and mirrors attached to the Enigma, wherever that ass hat happens to be. It'll get the 'ohs' and 'ahs' for a week or two, but then it'll dwindle down to what it truly is. Cartoonish bullshit.

But that seems to be going around these days. Whenever Luz and I square off, she's going to go into some clichéd diatribe, stating that Asher Hayes is just like every other man she's faced. What is it with women and saying that, these days? Like this is pro wrestling. Men, by and large, are bigger and stronger. We could flat out fucking kill our female opposition if we felt so inclined. But this is pro wrestling. We can't get away with such things.

So, when our paths do cross, she'll understand that I'm not like everyone else. And I'll find out what she's all about. I won't belittle her and say she's like every woman I've faced, which she is when it comes to the verbal game. But before I can dig into that, I have to deal with more of the bullshit. I have to compete against some nonsense.

I didn't come back to get special treatment. I came back to fight for what I feel is rightfully mine. What I feel I rightfully deserve. I hate having to deal with what I have to deal with. But, I will stomp out everyone I face if need be. Or if I just feel the need to do so.

That just spells trouble for one Sean Michael Prime...

Asher exhaled as he turned his focus to the camcorder he had set up. Leaning forward, he hit play before resting back, and getting what he felt he needed to, off his chest.

“I don't like how things went down two weeks ago. I wanted more out of my return. Instead, I was pitted against trash. I got rid of that and got a title shot. I don't feel I earned it against Ryan Hollywood. So, now I am going to ensure that I earn it by demonstrating as such, on a weekly basis.”

Asher shrugged.

“Or so I thought... You see, I have said I'm addicted to the sport. It's hard to break away from it for too long. I need that competitive nature all around me, and what does the SCW do, well... what does *this* SCW do? They book me against Sean Michael Prime. How is that competition, CHBK? Why am I not facing Polly, Colleen, or even Amelia? Why am I not going against Ace?”

“No. You book me against Sean Michael Prime. You all must've misinterpreted what I was saying last year. You must of misunderstood what I've been saying for quite some time. I want to face the best. Win or lose. I want the best. Not some throwaway match. Not some bathroom break, grab a beer from the kitchen, match. I *know* I'm better than that. You CHBK, and the powers that be, you may not think that, but it's high time you all realize that it doesn't mean shit what you think.”

“You see, I know my worth. I know I am worth far more than I've ever been given credit for. I spent a lot of wasted time on trying to please everyone in the office. I spent a lot of time trying to earn respect. Now, I please myself and as kinky as that may sound, it's true. Now, I respect me and only me.”

“Which brings me to you... Sean...”

Asher smirked.

“Let's go ahead and get this out of the way. If you've actually sat down and listened to what I've said thus far, you'll know that I don't like that I'm facing you. I want better. You, Sean... what have you done that's meant anything to the SCW? What have you done to build equity here? The answer is very simple. Nothing. You've done absolutely nothing.”

“I mean, look at what happened when you faced Scott Reed earlier this year. You wrestled out of desperation. You did all you could to win, and it ended with you losing by disqualification. To say you had your head up your own ass would be an understatement, Jack, And any performance you’ve had, has been lackluster. Please, if this hurts your feelings, tell me when I’m telling lies. I’ll wait.”

Pausing, Asher looked at the watch on his wrist for about two seconds.

“And time’s up. We both know I’m not telling lies. Look at what happened at Fatal Fortunes. You had a chance to compete for the United States title. You were in there against the reigning champion as well as Glory Braddock. Two of the best talents this SCW has left. And what did you do, Sean? What did you do? You absolutely squandered it. You showed up, lacking motivation. You lack it every single time your name shows up on the booking sheet, kid. Is that a lie, too? Nope. You know that what I’m hitting you with is truth, and truth hurts.”

“That is why when we step in the ring on Breakdown, Baltimore is going to witness a damned clinic. It’s not going to be the Tag Team title match. It won’t be Gavin taking on Ryan. It won’t be Lawler against Polly. It’s not going to be the Shining Maidens fighting Team Desire, or the Vampire Lord Konrad Raab going toe to toe with Brittany Lohan. It’s not even going to be Sapphire Taylor getting assassinated by Clyde Sutter, that son of a bitch. No, it will be you and me, Sean.”

“You see, when we’re in Baltimore, I am going to do something Selena, Xander, Ace, Syren...and the litany of those assholes, have never actually done. I am going to make you a fucking star, kid. I am going to make you fight me, because I want competition. You’re not going to waste my time. I refuse to let that happen. You and I are going to cut into segment time, Sean. Selena won’t be able to go on and on and on. Xander won’t have enough time to bore with his typical robotic monotonous voice. Blake Mason will already be in the car when the cameras find him, because Sean, I am going to make you MEAN something!”

“Why? Because...in case you’ve missed it...IT IS WHAT I GODDAMN DESERVE!”

Asher inhaled deeply, calming himself before slowly exhaling.

“Every time you hit me Sean, I am going to hit you twice as hard. Every time you fuck up a move I am going to capitalize on that mistake, and I will make you regret ever thinking about taking this as your chosen profession. I already know I’m better than you. I’m better than the version of you we’ve all been seeing. You can be a half-ass motherfucker on anyone else’s time but mine.”

“The world will be watching, Sean. I am going to ensure you barely survive this match, as you’re going to in for the fight of your life. That is what I’m interested in, kid. I am getting the absolute

best out of you, no matter how many times I make you cry out to God, or your mother. I am going to get the absolute best out of you, no matter how many times I knock you down and out. I will wake your ass up and the fight will continue. At Breakdown, in Baltimore, you're going to get the best match you have ever been in, the best match you will ever be in, and then, when you can barely breath...when the life is fading from your eyes, I am going to put you away. Our match will be a gift to what you could be, Sean. What you do with it, is up to you. I know where I'm headed, either way."

Asher leaned forward.

"Luz...Selena...Xander...none of you are safe. Enjoy it while it lasts."

The feed was cut, and faded to black.