

The following telecast is an approved creation from the KABLAMian Public Relations Department. Everything you're about to see is true. The event really happened. Promise.

Building A Legacy: Part Two
Social Media Workshop
May 18, 2025

ONE MIGHT THINK that a man as well-versed at procuring the company of women despite an obvious substandard physical stature would, summarily, be well-versed in doing so on social media. Hahaha... sit down and let's regale...

Anastasia Fantasia (@KABLAMia on X) is well-versed in social media, although she doesn't use it for it's intended purpose often. Designed to highlight the advantages of a life in KABLAMia, more often than not she finds her DMs (that's "DIRECT MESSAGES" for the uninitiated... see? We're learning already!) flooded with - not to be crass, but - horned up athletes, musicians, sex workers... anyone looking to her, and not KABLAMia as a whole (heh) to satisfy their needs.

Sweet Sangria (@SweeeetSangria on X... yes, the repeated four "E" in the name is necessary... the others were taken) doesn't peruse social media often, but she is well-versed in it as well, choosing to use it as an informational tool rather than a recruitment one. After all, it helps to know if there is a nearby singles cruise looking for a place to happen... and KABLAMia has been known to pull off some mind-blowing (and other-things-blowing IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN) festivals on a spur-the-moment basis.

Even KABLAMian turncoat **The Chest** (@TheChestIs4ever on X) uses social media to its fullest. In fact, it could be argued that she is the one to have unlocked its greatest potential... using it as a tool to market herself and expand her career, while simultaneously picking up offers for dates that she won't have to pay for. It's amazing how many desperate rich folks there are out there willing to host a decorated beauty such as The Chest without so much as a cent of cost to her - only her time.

But for the King of KABLAMia, the one-and-only **Derek "Man-Mountain" Adonis** (@AdonisSCW on X... I know, it's rather pedestrian), he finds himself lost amidst the other thirst-driven accounts (likely due to factors such as age, weight, and the desire to leave something to the imagination - you're not going to see Derek Adonis dropping his pants and showing what he's made of on X, no sir! He wants to leave *something* to build

the anticipation) when it comes to accomplishing his goals. Always the “entrepreneur”, Adonis’ methods of recruitment are sadly often rebuked, if not outright ignored. Tragic.

Needless to say, the social media game is being played around KABLAMia, and the denizens believe that they could benefit from some growth in the arena. And so, on May 18, 2025, KABLAMia offered the first class in Social Media Awareness - part of Derek’s dream to build a lasting legacy prior to his having to hang up the boots full-time, hopefully after taking the KABLAMia World Championship from The Chest. So as the KABLAMian Inner Circle™ gathers in the **Cerise Hardcastle Education And Promotion House**, named after its founder and matriarch, seated around high school-style desks - Adonis’ larger for obvious reasons. And then, *he* walks in.

Now, it’s no small feat that a male Social Media Guru was hired to lift the KABLAMian spirits. When Adonis himself sought individuals to help his team grow (heh), they were always of the same mold: Tall, leggy, and oftentimes buxom. The only real random factor would be hair colour - Man Mountain loves his rainbow. But this time he deferred outsourcing to his Inner Circle™. Perhaps he was too enamoured with the idea of pursuing another beautiful wife on Twitter that he was easily dissuaded from participating in the hiring process. Perhaps he was focusing on The Chest’s career, and trying to figure out how best to lure her back to defend the KABLAMia Championship against him in a rematch from December 31, knowing that unless her opponents are male, she cannot defend her title. No... *his* title. He still hadn’t fully accepted that he had lost the Championship in the first place.

So as this strapping lad, looking like he was ripped right from the pages of any community’s firefighter’s calendar, enters the room with a button-up shirt one size too small and a briefcase featuring all sorts of bawdy stickers, Adonis sees his legacy flash before his eyes. Was he being replaced? Was *this* the man who wanted to usurp his throne? His eyes narrowed as he studied every available curve, every crease on this man’s clothes - there were none - and every strand of hair from his coiffed head, desperate to find some kind of flaw. So far, he was left without.

Professor: “Okay, hello... sorry I’m late...”

Anastasia: “You’re right on time with my watch.”

The women in the room also studied this man, although Adonis felt a sinking suspicion that they weren’t studying him for the same reasons *he* was. This only further aroused Adonis’ reluctance to continue... His hand shoots up.

Professor: “There will be time for questions later, sir...”

Adonis: “I know, but as the unquestioned King of KABLAMia, I just wanted to welcome you to our paradise. If you have any needs, we have individuals who can fulfill them.”

The Professor nods his head as if he was acknowledging the attention given by a child. Adonis, smirking, puts his hand back down, smirking over at his wife, Sangria, who smiles back towards him. Vindication!

Professor: “Okay, welcome to your Social Media Workshop. I am known as The Professor, and I will be your guide through the world of Facebook, Instagram, BlueSky, and X.”

Adonis’ hand shoots up again.

Professor: “Yes...”

Adonis: “Um, sorry for interrupting, Mr. Professor. But I believe you forgot Twitter.”

Adonis sits back again, again feeling awfully proud of himself. The Professor walks around the room.

Professor: “Actually, there *is* no more Twitter. It was... “

Adonis throws his hand up again.

Adonis: “Are you sure? Because I’m logged on to my Twitter right now.”

Professor: “What you’re actually logged onto is...”

Adonis: “See?”

He flips his phone around, showing his X homescreen.

Adonis: “Twitter.”

Professor: “That’s X.”

Adonis turns the phone back around, looking at it with a look of bewilderment in his eyes.

Professor: “See up there in the middle? That “X”? That means it’s X. Twitter was replaced...”

Adonis: “So you mean to tell me that there’s no more Twitter?”

Professor: “In name, that’s correct... Twitter was...”

Adonis: “So Twitter is an available property?”

Professor: “I... I guess so? But that’s not really relevant to...”

Adonis hollers back to **Mimi Mimosa**, seated between **Het Meisje** and **Robyn Leetch**.

Adonis: “Can we look into acquiring Twitter for KABLAMia? It’s perfect!”

Dory Whoabitch remarks.

Whoabitch: “Twitter by KABLAMia... match made in heaven!”

She begins scribbling some ideas down for the inevitable KABLAMian TV special on the acquisition and launch of the new Twitter. But none of that is *really* all that pertinent right now.

Professor: “Can I continue?”

Adonis: “That’s “*May* I continue”... and yes. You *may*.”

Adonis sits back satisfied... he feels as though he has asserted himself as the alpha male in the room, having stymied this *Professor* character and showed him who was boss.

Professor: “Okay. Everything you’re doing is wrong.”

The Professor doesn’t mince words, resting his hands on Adonis’ extra-wide desk, effectively propping himself up mere inches from Man Mountain. Adonis slinks back into his seat, a bit deflated from this confrontation - his alpha-ness challenged.

Professor: “You’re not really *using* social media for any sort of tangible effect. You go online and try to pick up the trash lingering around. For some of you, finding someone to succumb to is as easy as you are.”

None of the women take this as an insult... they’re still too busy swooning at the individual presenting it.

Professor: “What you need to do... what I will teach you to do... is harness the energy of social media to reach out to specifically identified groups. Catching the attention of the general masses is fine, but if your message is lost in a sea of messages, what good is it? You focus on the groups that will yield results, and you will, in turn, find results. It’s all about...”

The Professor notices that nobody at this point is really paying attention.

Professor: “Excuse me...”

The group all turn to face him sheepishly.

Professor: “You invited me here to this private island to teach you about Social Media... what could possibly be so important that you are willing to ignore my instructions before I even get a chance to give any sort of tangible instruction. What could be that important?”

Adonis: “We were just...”

Professor: “Planning your own Twitter?”

Adonis pauses, leaning back to confer with the rest of the group.

Adonis: “Yeah.”

Professor: “I am here to *help* you. I accepted a very low rate of pay for this...”

Fantasia: “Oh, your complimentary suite will be ready at 3PM, by the way. Before I forget.”

The Professor looks at the attractive Head (heh) of Tourism before shaking the cobwebs out.

Professor: “Do you even really *want* my help?”

The group confers again. Adonis nods within the group and leans back towards the front.

Adonis: “What do you know about starting your own social media?”

Sangria: “What my husband means is... can you help us launch our own platform? Something bare bones, but not completely blacked out, you know? Something that will make people think of the best of Twitter without the mistakes of X.”

Professor: “Are you asking if I can program?”

Adonis: “Yeah.”

Professor: “Was this session just to get someone here to agree to help you build a new platform?”

Adonis: “Is there an answer that will stop you from asking more questions? This is *exhausting*.”

The Professor needs only a moment to think before he grabs his paperwork and shoves them back into his sticker-adorned briefcase.

Professor: “You’re all insane.”

He begins to walk towards the door before looking over towards Robyn Leetch.

Professor: “Are we still good for my massage at 3?”

Leetch: “Of course.”

Professor: “Great. Great.”

He looks around at everyone again, straightening the collar of his shirt before pointing out.

Professor: “Insane!”

He pushes through the door, exiting the training room. Oh sure, he would come back after his 3 o'clock massage with Robyn Leetch, finally agreeing to participate in the Twitter by KABLAMia launch, but that part of the story isn't *nearly* as entertaining to document. After all, who would *really* want to see the persuasion tactics undertaken by a raven-haired buxom beauty to entice support of a Social Media teacher? Ludicrous, I tell you...

[end transmission]

—

[rec.]

“Coming (heh) to you live from the bedchambers of the King of KABLAMia, the Summit of Man Mountain himself, Derek Adonis!”

The scene opens up inside Derek Adonis' bed. With the covers up over them, there is Sweet Sangria on the right, Mimi Mimosa on the left, and Man Mountain in the middle. His arms are strewn out, wrapped around his lovers' shoulders as they lay nestled sleeping, hands on his chest, and covered only by the thinnest of sheets. Adonis looks to the camera.

“It's good to be me.”

He looks to either side of him, the veritable beauties nuzzling into his chest as he smirks.

“You know, it *could* be good to be you, too. You wouldn't know it by looking at me, but I wasn't always the self-assured lady's man's man that you know and love. I used to be a loser... a sidekick... an *employee*.”

Adonis shudders at the idea.

“And it's because I know the pain and the struggle that I founded KABLAMia... as an escape. A utopia of pleasures unimaginable - as long as those pleasures are of legal age. Daddy don't diddle. We have built a community here building on the three C's... Coitus, Consent and Co...”

Adonis coughs.

“Well, you know. Heh heh... KABLAM!”

Adonis smirks as he looks to his right, then his left, to the slumbering beauties somehow on either side of him... as though that alone validates the KABLAMian way. And, in a sense, you understand it... you’ve seen Adonis, and the quality of woman he brings through, wondering just how he does it.

“But there is more to Man Mountain than KABLAM and KABLAMia... there’s the Royal KABLAM Chapel in Sin City itself, Las Vegas, where we join happy couples in the sacrament of holy matrimony (or console a jilted bride left at the altar IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN!). And, of course, there’s my side hustle as a professional wrestler for Supreme Championship Wrestling.”

Adonis shrugs.

“I know... I don’t seem the type, do I? But with my current schedule, I am occasionally tasked with heading into the mainland, joining my SCW comrades and putting on a spectacle second only to the Great KABLAMia Expo orgies that take place at the conclusion of the harvest. And when you see Man Mountain arrive on an SCW stage, you know that the climax is going to come at just the right time... ain’t nothing premature going on here.”

Again, Adonis winks, which at this point could either be a wink or his own nervous twitch.

“And this week, boy is it sure a doozy... because your big ol’ Adonny Bear gets to go one on one with the SCW Adrenaline Champion, Dexter Grant. And let me tell you, if there is anyone who exemplifies adrenaline... like, really self-identifies as it... it’s me. I mean, how else did you think I would be able to keep up with such a delectable smorgasbord of beauty here in KABLAMia? If you want adrenaline, in my humblest opinion, the conversation begins and ends with me. So, while Dexter Grant has done a lot... he beat Gavin Taylor, he beat Glory Braddock, he beat Glory Braddock a second time... he now faces his most adrenaline challenge. Dexter... when I get out of bed here - and, if we’re honest, if it weren’t for the two happy, contented, wholly satisfied women on either side of me right now, I would be bouncing around like nobody’s business right now - when I get out of the bed here, I’m going to start gathering myself and my KABLAMian family, and we’re going to head out to Hot-lanta, and we’re going to bring with us the support of the KABLAMia people! And then... once I have shocked the

world... maybe SCW will do me a solid (heh) and grant me an Adrenaline Championship match. Did you think about that? HuH!? Did you!?"

Adonis starts to get riled, sitting up just a little bit, but is dissuaded from further activity by the arms of Sangria and Mimosa pulling him back onto the bed. They start nuzzling in on either side of his neck.

"Maybe after another quick cardio session... IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN!"

Adonis reaches his hand up, seeking a high five from the audience. Did you high five Derek Adonis? Huh? DID YOU!?"

"KABLAM!"

The scene fades.

[/rec.]