

It has been a couple days since Blake Mason had his meeting with Christy Hightower, as he expected, his former personal assistant was playing hardball with his proposal to become the new CEO of Impact Media. His wife, Harper, had also thrown her name into the hat. He had a couple options on the table. In no rush to make a decision he was still the Chief Executive Officer. Working from home was an option. In uncertain times like this, Blake felt obligated to still show up at the office.

Sitting at his desk he has his laptop open launched knee deep into his work. He was going through various projects slated to be released in the next couple of years. His exploration of the Impact Media cinematic universe doesn't get very far.

What he didn't notice was someone storming into his office. What pulled his attention away from the laptop was the door immediately slamming. His younger brother, Victor Mason, appeared before him wearing a three piece suit. He folded his arms, the expression on his face was stern.

Blake leaned back in his leather chair, propping his feet on his desk, an expression of curiosity written on his face.

The two brothers locked eyes with one another.

The door opened. Jessica rushed into the office full of panic.

"I'm sorry. I told him you were busy. He wouldn't take n--"

Blake waved Jessica off. He pointed to the door. She nods. She was making her way out.

"I didn't say you could leave. Stay. Close the door behind you." he says as he points to the door.

She nods, closing the door, she walks over to Blake to take her place by his side.

Victor was the one who broke the ice. "What is this I hear about you resigning as CEO?"

Blake raised his eyebrow. "Don't see why that's any of your business. This is not your company, Vic"

"I know that." Victor says calming down slightly knowing his brother was stating the obvious. "I just wish I didn't have to hear about it third hand."

"You shouldn't have heard about it at all. Only four people knew--" Blake looked at Jessica. She shakes her head indicating she didn't have a conversation with anyone, especially Victor about his plans to step down as CEO. With a smirk on his face his attention returns to his brother. "Of course, Christy told you. Should have known. Don't you see what she's doing? Quite impressed to be honest."

"Wait?" Jessica interjects. "You're not angry?"

Turning his attention to Jessica, Blake responds. "Not at all. Should have seen it coming. Oh well."

Victor, not caring for the sidebar Blake is having with Jessica, remains on task. "Can't believe you went to Christy over your own family. Haven't I proven myself? Between my work at what used to be Mason, now M&M Consolidated, you know what an accomplished business man I am."

Blake turns his attention back to Victor. He now removes his feet from his desk. He rises to his feet. Resting his hands by his side, Blake asserts. "Shouldn't you be happy over there?"

"Not the same with the name Manning on the building besides ours." Victor sighs.

"Buy Tiffany out. Rename the company if it bothers you so much." Blake shrugs his shoulders.

"What bothers me is you didn't bother consulting me or Cassie before you made that decision." Victor scoffs. "That was our family legacy you sold off."

"Merged." Blake said, correcting Victor.

It was Victor's turn to roll his eyes. "If you didn't want our family's company, fine, I should have been the one running Mason Consolidated. Cassie should have had a seat at the table."

"Dad didn't want Cassie to have a seat at the table. The business world is no place for her. You seem to forget when Dad died, she ran off to Atlanta to jump into bed with some floozy because she was so upset I made the decision to take Dad off life support. She ran. As for you--" Blake points to Victor. "-- as good a businessman as you are, you're not me. You're definitely not Christy. That's not a bad thing. We all have our role to play. You're middle management. People like me and Christy, we are the ones who drive industries."

"There is more than one way to operate a business, brother."

"Unfortunately for you, unless you pony up the money to start or buy your own business, as long as I am in charge of Impact Media, you won't get the chance. Am I supposed to give you the keys because we're family?"

"No. I deserve a chance because you owe me!"

Blake was taken aback by his brother's assertiveness. He walks over to him. Coming within inches of Victor he refuses to break eye contact with him. "How do you figure?"

"Remember who looked after Mason Consolidated and your daughter when you were god knows where getting your head together after the Xaria/Besty mess?"

"Don't!!" Blake scowls.

Victor points to himself. "You're looking at him. I always step up in times when you don't know which way is which. I was the glue that held this family together. Damn it, I don't know what more I need to do to prove to you that I'm capable"

Blake takes a deep breath processing everything Victor had to say. Sometime after he divorced Kelcey, he had an entanglement with two women that became a huge public scandal, the fallout left him in a dark place. Blake felt he needed to get away from everything. The business. Raising his daughter. He felt lost. To his credit Victor did hold the ship down.

Offering Victor a nod of acknowledgement he says, "I am eternally grateful for that. Let me ask you this, do you need my approval?"

Without hesitation, Victor says. "Yes. I do."

"This is why this will never work, Vic." Blake shakes his head. "Needing my approval is a weakness. Why can't you see that? If you were anyone else I'd grind you into the ground without hesitation."

Victor tries to respond. Blake rests his hand on Victor's shoulder to stop him from talking. "We're family so I am not going to use your weakness to my advantage. Dad knew I needed his approval more than life itself. The bastard played me like a fiddle. I was gullible enough to dance to the fiddler's tune. All I'm saying Vic, this goes beyond mere philosophical differences in how to run a business. Your motivations for needing to prove to me you can be a big shot are flawed. Now get out of my office."

Blake points to the door. "This conversation is over."

Jessica, who was being an observer the entire time, walks over to the door to open it so Victor could make his exit.

Victor was having none on it. He keeps his eyes fixated on. "I am not going to apologize for looking up to you."

"Flattery will get you nowhere."

"Do I agree with most of your actions most of the time? No." Victor shrugs. "At least you have conviction. Most of my life I settled into the roles everyone needed me to play. And you know what, I am tired of always being second best. In business. In my love life. Thank goodness for Sapphire. Before she came into my life, I was always number two. You can relate."

Blake half smirks. "Fair."

"You merging with the Manning's pissed me off. I wanted to show you I could be the man too. Look. I am not going to pretend running a media empire will be easy, I am impressed with what you and Shaun built. This is my chance to show you how wrong you are about me being the head man in charge."

Blake takes a moment to process what Victor had to say. He walks back to his desk. Tucking his hands in his pockets he says, "Lets say I agree, you realize any and all decisions run through me. Always."

"Like I don't already know that." Victor smiles.

"Touche." Blake nods. "Before you rudely interrupted me I was in the middle of important work. Go. I give you my word that at least I'll consider it. I'll put you on the short list."

Victor nods. "Thanks."

With that he took his leave.

Jessica closed the door. She walks over to Blake. She breathes a sigh of relief; "Wow, that was intense."

"Might be hope for him yet."

Blake picks up the phone. He dials the number of Christy Hightower. No one answers the other end. This doesn't prevent Blake from leaving a voicemail.

"Nice play, Christy. If it was anyone else trying to turn my family against me I would have their head. Nice to see you learned a thing or two from the master. The offer is still on the table, by the way. Oh, and the next move is mine. Thanks for playing."

Blake hangs the phone up. He doesn't notice Jessica looking at him like he has a screw loose.

No one said the game of thrones was going to be sunshines and rainbows.

PROMO TIME:

Here are the stakes, Christopher. You NEED to beat me. Beating Blake Mason is bigger than winning a Trios contract and becoming number one contender to an Underground Championship which you were a champion during the first iteration of the title.

Sounds ludicrous? Arrogant even?

I don't think so.

Consider the big picture, I am the man who on his first night back was the first to make a physical statement on our current World Champion, a piledriver which is still being talked about to this day. Hudson sleeps with one eye open wondering when I'm going to strike next.

And despite having one match back, at Apocalypse last weekend, I left a lasting statement making everyone question why Blake Mason why, why did I piledrive Selena. What was with the head nod I gave William Heaven? Am I joining The Fall of Man? Are they my associates?

I am the reason Xander and Amelia Blythe hold a Trios contract.

The landscape of Supreme Championship Wrestling has been turned on its head with my return alone.

What was anyone going to talk about otherwise? Your grand return to the squared circle? Please. Lets not kid ourselves.

In my esteemed opinion you NEED to beat the most talked about, dynamic, needle moving performer in Supreme Championship Wrestling. A win over me will make people forget about the fact your return to the ring hasn't been the smoothest. You are on this relentless pursuit to remind yourself, and us, who the heck Chris Lawler is.

Who are you, really?

Serious question.

Allow me to give you another esteemed opinion Christopher.

We are more alike than you think.

A couple weeks ago you stated why you came back to this company. Something along the lines of your previous stint wasn't all you hoped for, in an effort to finish your story on different terms, you wish to cash in on all the potential you squandered. Normally, I wouldn't share many similarities with a common man like yourself, but I can relate to your reasoning.

I was youn-ger. An eighteen year old kid full of dreams. All the potential in the world, Generation Next I foolishly called myself. Not to bore you and everyone else with the story of my career, safe to say an Adrenaline Championship run and a short reign as World Tag Team Champions isn't going to cut the mustard. I'm a Hall of Famer based on my infamous moments alone. Moments that should have me buried under a prison cell, nonetheless, what I truly want to be known for is being a former World Champion.

As much as I tried to resist the urge to come back, thinking I run several businesses, I have a marriage I am quite fond of, being a certified billionaire is pretty cool. We are all human at the end of the day, the mark of death is being content. I couldn't sit in a cushy office watching men and women I know I am light years better than in the ring achieve their professional wrestling dreams.

Why not me?

Why not William Blake Mason?

We both wish to finish out our respective stories in an ideal way. For this week and this week only, you can't be the one with your hand raised.

It needs to be me.

Nothing personal, Christopher.

Just business.

No more.

No. Less.

Thanks for coming.