



To say the night hadn't gone quite as planned was a bit of an understatement but if I were ever to be entirely truthful to myself, it rarely ever did.

The ending to the show wasn't as pleasant as I had hoped it would be, however my share of the beating was minimized. Autumn, especially given it had come about directly after her match, came out likely doubling the amount of ice she'd be pressing to herself. Tomorrow will be the day she sleeps in, I assume.

I came out a little better all things considered.

This would be because Ravyn wasn't the only person I was secretly meeting behind the scenes. I had in fact met with Kandis the day before. To say it was awkward would be an understatement. It wasn't the first time we ever met but the first time wasn't in the middle of business disagreements.

“Oh sweetie, does it still hurt? Want me to kiss it all better?” Kandis teased. It was the day before Breakdown where I was set to face her boyfriend. Is he like a pimp too? I don’t know. I was sore from hitting the gym but of course she wants to bring up the week before first.

Kandis crosses her legs on the stool where she sat, rubbing a finger over the top of the glass. I force myself to smile. All things considered this was the encounter I was least looking forward to. Ricky was easy. Ricky was fucking dumb.

“Sure you don’t want an actual drink?” I ask.

“Maybe next time. I don’t believe I can quite trust you at the moment. We have conflicting interests.” I’ll be honest. I don’t like her. Had nothing against her until the Jackals formed which felt like something done out of desperation. I should be able to relate, the wrestling industry craves desperate fools, I dare say even fueled by them. I am one of those fools, clearly.

However with two hungry clans in an industry where only one of us could have it all, it left little room for friendly banter with the competition. They weren’t all even interested in winning their matches to elevate themselves, preferring more guerrilla tactics to earn their attention. I wasn’t Chris Cannon however. I wasn’t David Helms, Jordan Majors or any of the other people they picked bones with over the last year.

I couldn’t give a flying fuck about Peyton Rice and her wellbeing.

I also had no interest in going months with them into lame ass back and forth assaults for some 700 AD vision of supremacy.

Unfortunately, as much as I’d have been fine moving on to actually do my job, I had to play nice for the sake of any shot at trios.

“Although,” she continues. “I am sure we can come up with some arrangements and play nice for the foreseeable future. There is obviously something we both want.”

“I scratch your back, you scratch mine?”

“Oh I was going to offer more than a massage. Our only conflict is the fact we’re chasing the same thing, otherwise... I really have nothing against you. I am someone who keeps my word on said arrangements.”

I was in the process of consuming alcohol, only making not staring directly at her chest that much harder. It’s frustrating.

Just stare at her dead in the eyes and don’t relent. It’s a sign of weakness.

Staring up at Ravyn now, I really am beginning to wonder how in the *hell* the meeting with Kandis went more smoothly. The power of trios? Everyone wants to take the crown. Never appreciating how fragile it is to have it all sitting at the top. Trios was an anomaly, it brought chaos to anyone’s imagined order. Ravyn? She was just bored. I assume it’s why CHBK and Crowe were off in the distance, waiting. I had to make a proposal and it needed to be good.

I had no doubts. I was already laying on the ground in a dirty alley with my pants wrapped around my ankles, both hands cuffed behind my back as Ravyn stared down, for the first time appearing vaguely intrigued in something. I didn’t know if it was in what I had to say or what she could stand to do to me.

“I have no interest in the tag division,” I claim. It was kind of true? Not really? I want ALL the titles. They all look pretty and carry prestige. If I had to claim otherwise then so be it. It’s not like I expect her to believe a word that comes out of my mouth anyway, just make play

and go about business. Business, business, business. It's what this is all about at the end of the day.

"We're only here together because we want the same thing, let's just be honest here," she says. I nod in agreement, not sure how I couldn't. I assume she'll lie through her teeth too. Call me a cynic if you want.

"I don't expect us to be friends. Or even help each other outside of Trios. Just enough so that we both get what we want. Getting along for a few weeks can't be that bad, right?" I raise a finger up to the bored looking bartender. It was a slow evening but it was also Wednesday. I only wondered if she actually showed up alone or if the pack were outside ready to bury me in some Indian burial grounds outside of town.

"Offer is still on the table. Anything that makes us closer."

"And break Autumn's heart?"

"Oh please. I am not stomaching that load of shit. You're terrible actors and would make for an even worse combination."

I wanted to exclaim how dare her and say that's the love of my life but I have to remember I am here for trios, not to stand for the honor of my imaginary relationship. I didn't want to say yes or no.

"Consider the one time offer I made with you in our match still on the table. That's all I am saying."

I fidget awkwardly. I felt like she'd eat me alive at the moment, especially since I was the only one getting drunk and weaker by the moment. I raise my glass halfheartedly, smirking.

"Cheers then?"

I raise my glass of Johnny Walker up and for a second I am questioning my life choices. I feel queasy and the world for one brief second becomes a blur.

These moments are becoming all too frequent. I was mentally unwell. It was slowly becoming apparent to me. I could only forget so often. Haven't I always been however?

I could dwell on that later. There was more business to attend to even after this exchange. Had plans to meet with Ricky later in the week. A part of me hurt if I was to be honest. It was far more fun tying people up and dragging them out to do whatever I felt like doing at that moment than trying to have 'healthy' relationships with my partners. Alas, I was starting to feel like that was just going to get harder and harder to get with in time.

“Come on, do I really need to be making the speech of a lifetime? I want to have fun. We can play a game! A *different* game, doing more than whatever this is supposed to be between you and Autumn.”

She continues looking at me with that same never shifting demeanor.

“*Really?* Your very low effort proposal is really doing it for me, I must say,” she shakes her head, seeming disappointed. I knew that expression from anywhere, all too well.

And so I laid there. I slowly focus on that hole. Hoping something could be pulled from within that aching misery that I suppose would be my soul. Deep, buried in there with my metaphorical heart that I've made a lifetime commitment of ignoring.

It's where I go when I am trying to be semi-convincing. It often leads to my biggest mistakes.

More and more I was slowly beginning to feel it creeping back in. Depression was a lifelong curse. This year was one giant random ball of escaping from everything and yet when I let my guard down, that demon was always looming there waiting to reemerge. I looked at familiarities

as safe places to go to and strangely enough she was one of them. However it couldn't really be the same could it? We'd both be bored in no time and I honestly don't know her as much as I wish I did. Our main connection came from that curse I believe we shared. Wanting a thrill. I don't know if she felt that downtrodden about everything quite like me. But if it was on some level similar, she'd at least consider it.

"You've just been existing, Alexis. Doesn't that bother you?"

"We're using real names now?"

"Mine never made it public, bite me." I grin, closing my eyes. This proposal would have been way easier with her tied up in my trunk. "Is this as outlandish and wild as it gets these days for the *bad, bad* girl? Is war really going to be a mindless exchange of cheap jabs here until we get some throw away contest where we rant for a half hour over how we're mortal enemies and it's time for us to settle it? Aren't you bored with the status quo that has seemingly been your existence? I am. I am sick to fucking death of trying to pretend I am normal. Trying to cope with the monotony that is the daily grind. I want to have fun again and we never finished our business. We bailed just as the stakes were getting out of our comfort zone. I assume yours. I wasn't ever going to lose."

She doesn't immediately respond. I hope she's contemplating my plea over my demise. Finally, she speaks.

"If you wanted to talk, you could have just called me. You have my number."

"I've been calling."

I feel her hand ruffling by my knees and try in vain to conceal my still very obvious excitement. She pulls out my cell phone and begins to look through it.

"Did you get a *new phone*? That's certainly not my number."

I blink in confusion. Copying address books was pretty damn easy these days.

“Who the hell have I been calling?”

“I only dread to know what you said to them. Hope they weren’t children not of age.”

Getting over this revelation, I shake my head annoyed.

“You know, you didn’t answer me. Aren’t you bored?”

She places my phone back, how sweet of her.

“I suggest not getting my number wrong again.”

“Is that a yes?”

She smiled. Such a sweet, beautiful, and scary thing.

“You do realize I am going to have to... Well, you’ll see. For appearances sake, obviously.”

I don’t think I want to know what that means.

She pats my playfully on the chest. “Don’t you know we’re still at war?”

“Is that a yes or a no? Really need clarity here.”

“Xander! Sweetheart. It would be rude to leave the trash out here for someone else to clean up. Care to assist me?”

Fuck me.

Two dangerous women in one week, dangerous for their very own special reasons and I am trying to negotiate with them both. One offers pleasure and pain in odd quantities while the other potentially could be promising everything I want, just not in the way I want it while having me tossed aside like a bag of trash needing to be burnt in a pile.

I question my deductive reasoning abilities as two men who really don’t seem to like me take seeming pleasure in doing as their mistress bided, ripping my shirt from my back and carrying

me over to the dumpster. She removes my phone from my pocket and shoves it into my mouth, before tapping me once more on the chest.

“Nice chat.”

At least I can say it didn’t hurt. The smell was truly the worst part of it, finding myself in a hot cesspool of filth.

I drop the phone from my lips and consider my next move when my phone flashes right before my eyes laying a pizza box. I don’t have to open it to see two words appear overhead of the notification from one Ravyn Taylor. It simply read *Game on*.

What a fun game I went out of my way to play.



-Shoot-

Trios.

Trios.

Trios

Say it thrice in a mirror and suffer the wrath of the twisted Boogie Whoogie, a horrible rip off of Candy Man. The ill advised mascot I pleaded for SCW to use annually for this particular event.

You'd think people would take me more seriously, I often do bring a special touch to these spectacles after all. Do you know how many times I've stated in the last six months that the fans can kiss my big beautiful ass and they still cheer me? They are drug addicts and fully willing to embrace an addiction with a man who will make a sport out of belittling them.

It likely doesn't help that I am having to seemingly interact with the least popular people in the company now on a weekly basis because they dread the idea of Ace Marshall and Autumn Valentine going once more for the Tag Team Championships.

There are like four teams in the company, waiting in line is like missing one PPV cycle, tops. Chill the hell out.

Alas, we all have our own special fits of rage in this company. I am having to come to terms with mine.

I am going nuts for gold, choombas.

I want it all. I want everything. I want every title, everyday and I touch myself religiously just imagining the prospect. I've gone from nonchalant and meh to I don't care and now GIVE THEM TO ME in the span of years. I have finally succumbed to the addictions wrestling offers.

*I want it all and I want it now. Thankfully, we have trios. I am not thanking God. I'd thank an Irish man if he had a bit more competence, he sucks at his job of keeping 'order'. Do the air quotes with me folks, Captain Orange Pubes couldn't break up a fight between toddlers. I can prove it, we've had toddler on toddler action in back to back weeks where the overly paid janitor has done **NOTHING**. I am an adult but I can be a toddler too! And the other toddlers won't get over the fact they aren't doing shiiiit and they want to take that out on me.*

Yet he does nothing at all.

Alas, as the damn addict that I am, I am running head over heels into this ceremony for the opportunity to once again hold a trio's contract. I am such a sucker for a good time. And the cash ins I make?

*I have screwed myself **TWICE**, to make the biggest spectacle possible. Almost fifty competitors entered the first one, almost twenty the second. I am a bit of a mad lad, wouldn't you agree?*

I appreciate the chaos that this event brings. The fun, the attention, the gut wrenching sobbing of the people that have to endure what I put together.

It's my thing. It's what I do.

You know what?

I don't like one of my partners. She doesn't like me.

And you know what?

I would crawl over broken glass bottles a mile through the Mojave Desert to only hydrate myself via sucking a horse's cock to team with her on this event. Teaming with the enemy is a very tiny price of admission in trios. It's my privilege and honor to be in the middle of some mini war with her and hell, half the roster these days. Ricky? He's just happy to be here, the happy go lucky bastard.

There is power in this event and I am power starved.

If I say offensive things, hello? I am not for kiddies folks. Stop expecting me to be. That's the Farmstead. I am a monster, how long is it going to take for you people to figure that out? A fun loving and adorable monster but nice and wholesome? Not in the slightest.

As for Kandis she wants it too! We're in agreement! I even promised not to go for the tag titles with them! With trios? I don't give a damn ladies and gentlemen, I have a Rise to Greatness main event to rectify.

Maybe I'll go for Adrenaline. I feel like Holly deserves some special love and attention. I feel like Christy doesn't need a single's title, she's being way too greedy. Maybe Shilo needs a special touch. He is way prettier when he frowns.

The potential is there, anything can happen.

The first hurdle just so happens to be the most interesting one.

Hello Selena. How are you doing?

How are things? Has your title reign changed the scope of wrestling forever? Did you save the whole industry from the scourge that it had become? You made some really big promises, how did that turn out?

Did you accomplish anything beyond delaying the inevitable? Be rest assured, I am inevitable. I will be the World Champion again. The fact you're teamed with Mr. Super Starr makes it all the sweeter. Let's see what can be in the near future. Let this match be a sneak peak.

Everyone wants to be victorious here. And I know what the odds are. I know them all too damn well. Now, I want you all to remember this. I have continued to defy odds, I have continued to win events by all rights? I shouldn't.

Odds however are for people who settle for the expectations. My need, my lust, my damn ego just will not allow me to stop here. I will always need more.

*Now, I am not going to ask you to believe in me. Frankly, I'd rather win big betting on myself when everyone is looking at the former and current World Champion and saying '**that's my ticket.**' Not the mismatched trio of me, Kandis and Ricky James. This is likely the most awkward pairing of styles and places in their respective divisions than any other team this year.*

We by all rights should likely be buried to rest. The problem is, I am done entertaining you assholes. No one here gives a damn about what you want and thinking is probably beyond your capabilities. This isn't a game decided by who has been here the longest, who goes without more. It's not even who wants it more. It's who can come out on top and I live to defy your stupid odds.

And just as I'd do a lot of terrible, disturbing things just to be in trios, be rest assured the rule applies for winning it too. I have gone from zero to hero to zero in the blink of an eye, in very quick order. I main evented Rise to Greatness for my third occasion and while Selena may say the event was unbelievable to sell stupidt-shirts, I was my own worst enemy and there were no checks for that.

The beauty in trios?

You never win it alone.

It starts this week and it starts here in HOUSTON, TEXAS. Home to a lot of really shitty sports teams. More importantly! The birthplace to Ace! Marshall!

Get ready Houston, DADDY IS COMING HOME! I want you wretched dull witted hicks to come to terms with the fact the best thing to ever come out of Houston fled to Las Vegas a refugee the moment it was an option.

This week I return to my hometown solely, and I do mean solely, to start round one of this tournament as a winner. If I had my way, the Mojave desert really is far more appealing.

I know the team we're facing consists of some of the best today. I also know the team has Purity Pixie.

Do you people know what I do to things that are pure? I desecrate them. I violate them.. There will be nothing pure after this event. Two giant whores teaming together, against this apparent innocent little snowflake. For once that isn't a Selena reference.

The question with trios has always been, can you get along with your partners? Can you work as a unit for a very brief moment in time?

*It's also about knowing who the weak link is and focusing on it. Knowing the objective and being willing to do whatever it takes to accomplish it. Having no limits or reservations. Like a Goddamn **Jackal**. Like a man going far and wide just to be here. Like me!*

The ball is in your camp. If only this game allowed everyone to be a winner. Alas, in the game of trios there can only be three amigos and you ain't it.