

Cookie & her FANTABULOUS Adventure within the COOKIEVERSE!!



EPISODE 004

THE HOUSE OF KABLAM

Las Vegas, Nevada

Another day, another dollar that is the saying and in the land of Sin City, it's the one place you can make all the dollars in the world if you know how. But our tale isn't about any of that, not this time at the very least maybe it will in a future episode. As of now our focus is on the forever lovely, the cutest woman in the world, a woman so sweet she could cause diabetic comas if you licked her is seen in the front garden of the House of KABLAM, she lays positioned in the Dirty Dog pose, her butt firmly up in the air wiggling away as if she were in fact a dog in heat all while on her KABLAM branded YOGA Mat. Available online for a mere \$19.99!! Her form is perfect and gets an applause from the mailman who currently stands at the gate admiring the view, you can't blame him. Cookie turns and quickly jumps to her feet and waves to him before skipping over to greet them.

There is a momentary pause when she arrives as he looks her up and down and nods approvingly, her outfit leaves little to the imagination a sports bra and short shorts, and the KABLAM Yoga she performs daily has clearly helped her...

Mailman: "So uh... Here's your mail..."

Cookie: "Thanks! How's things, we haven't seen you around for a while?"

Cookie takes the post from him and begins to sift through the variety of letters and continues to smile, her innocence seemingly



MAILMAN

all too alluring with him losing his own train of thought. All she is focused on is the junk mail in her hands however as he responds.

Mailman: "Oh... Yeah, tragic really... My wife passed away and I guess I had to go mourn and bury her..."



Cookie: "Oh no! My condolences!!"

Mailman: "Yeah... it was all rather sudden..."

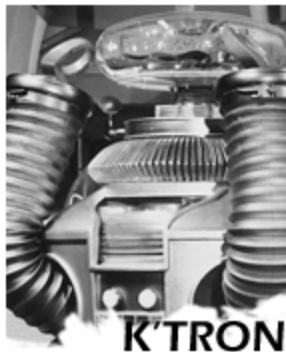
Cookie pouts a little, and looks away to wipe away a small tear. Her mailman stands there with a somber look on his mug with all manner of thoughts running through his mind.

Cookie: "You poor thing, would you like a hug?! They usually cheer me up!"

Hearing that the mail man's eyes light up, he nods with a grin. Cookie jumps up and down excitedly before running off and telling him to wait right there. The mailman watches the entertainment, likely imagining everything is in Baywatch mode. A couple moments pass by and our heroine returns but she isn't alone...

Mailman: "What. the. Fuuuuck?"

You would be remiss if that wasn't your first thought also when we see a giant looking contraption shuffling behind her, it has a glass like dome at its peak and a large metallic frame. Two long arms with hooks either side are flailing like lethal weapons once it reaches the top of the stairs on the porch...



Kablamtron 4000 "DANGER! DANGER!!"

The mail man stands there unsure what to make of this monstrosity standing at the top of the stairs. Cookie looks confused now too, she tries to calm it down...

Cookie: "What do you mean danger?! We're just outside... The Canadian Crusader isn't here is he?!"

She immediately turns around in her Kablam **MAGA** stance, if that ever truly is a thing... Kablamtron 4000 however continues, only now it lights up parts of itself red to further emphasize its point...

Kablamtron 4000: "DANGER DANGER, MISTRESS COOKIE!! HORNY HUMANOID LOCATED. THREAT LEVEL GAMMA!!"

Cookie: "WHAT? Where, I thought Derek was indoors?! Wait did you say GAMMA!?"

She turns around quickly thinking of the threat not only to her but to her friend the mailman but see's that he has already disappeared. Upon this moment the Kablamtron 4000 begins to quieten down and begins to walk down the steps one by one, the threat having subsided...

Cookie: "How weird... He was here a minute ago, I guess he didn't want that hug after all... I really wanted to try out this new feature we installed too..."

Cookie looks around for the mailman but he has disappeared, with a shrug of the shoulders she walks down the steps along with Kablamtron 4000, the automatron stops to look at his mistress after a few clicks, beeps and whirls.

Kablamtron 4000: "Area secure. No threats located. Now re-entering hug mode."

Kablamtron extends its robotic arms and hugs Cookie to complete its programming. Cookie smiles warmly upon receiving a hug from her creation. Probably one of the best she and Kablam Labs came up with in recent memory...

Once the hug cycle is complete she takes a hooked hand and looks at her robot...

Cookie: "Thank you for the hug! But listen, Kablamtron... However I have some news I wanted to tell you personally, I would have told you sooner but I had a TV Title Defense to focus on, the very first of my Title reign which I won by the way... You understand right?"

Kablamtron beeps with a few boop's too.

Cookie: "Good to hear and thank you! So like, my father is coming to stay with us today, I don't know how long though..."

She paused for a moment, it was probably strange that she was even telling this news to a robot but there was something about it, about her, about them together which was all needed to be seen. It was evident that they had a special bond...

Cookie: "It's a long story why he's coming, but since he is going to be staying with us I am gonna have to update your software to include him with the functionality. Is that okay?"

A few more boop's and beeps, Kablamtron begins to shuffle from side to side. Cookie shakes her head as if she can understand what it is saying to her and tries to calm it down.

Cookie: "Oh no! Of course not!! No Admin privileges though, i'm not crazy. Not even Derek gets admin privileges, geez."

There are some more clicks, whirls and what have you as Kablamtron computes what Cookie has just told it. Her answer is satisfactory for the sanctity of their relationship whatever it may be.

Kablamtron 4000: "Mistress Cookies, Father... Also Known As... DADDY DREAMS! Kablamtron will welcome with open transistors."

Cookie: "YES! YOU REMEMBERED?! But please don't show him your transistors, that's naughty!"

Cookie jumps up and down excitedly before opening a compartment and beginning to do as she said, update its software with a usb drive she pulled out of her shorts pocket. Kablamtron begins to power down into sleep mode while this goes on. While it does as if magically on cue due to bad writing we see a black Sedan slowly pulling up outside the House of Kablam.

A few moments later after the driver exits and opens the door we see the man of the hour, Cookie's father dressed in a Hawaiian shirt, some khaki shorts and flip flops. Cookie runs over with her arms out along with a child like squeal with excitement.



Daddy: "PUMPKIN!!!"

Cookie: "DADDY!!!"

Cookie reaches her father and hugs him tightly with a huge grin on her face. Her father is equally happy to be here as the driver removes the case from the trunk of the car. Cookie walks over to help take it from them... Meanwhile Derek walks out onto the porch drying his hands, he wears a pink shirt with the sleeves rolled up along with some tight shorts and sandals.

Cookie: "Thanks, I got it from here."

She nods to the driver who heads back to the car, her father having walked into the garden and looking at Kablamtron 4000. He gives its foot a small kick but there is no response... Cookie shakes her head as his attention shifts from Kablamtron to Derek who now approaches with his arms extended.

Derek: "Daddy, it's great to see you again sir."

Daddy: "You too, Derek..."

An awkward pause occurs when Derek goes in for the hug and Daddy Dreams offers just a friendly handshake. Neither can quite get what they want and it ends up an

amalgamation of the two instead. Daddy's attention quickly shifts back to the robot in the yard which quietly hums.

Daddy: "What's this here, one of those Art Deco things?"

Cookie: "No daddy this is Kablamtron 4000. A one of a kind automatron designed by yours truly at Kablam Labs! It's kinda like my baby."

Daddy: "You... Designed this thing? My baby girl the inventor, you're kiddin' right?!"

He looks to Derek who nods, Cookie beaming a smile in his direction.

Derek: "Your daughter, my beautiful wife is incredibly talented, Daddy. You should be proud of everything she has accomplished."

Cookie: "Yup, that said though it kinda means you should consider it your grandchild..."

Daddy: "I see... well is it broken? What's wrong with it?"

Daddy tries to kick Kablamtron again but Cookie stops him and shakes her head.

Cookie: "Nope, please don't do that! It's sleeping, I am updating its software right now and shouldn't be disturbed."

Daddy: "I know how that is..."

Daddy softly pats the metal frame of Kablamtron which echoes a little due to the apparently hollowness of its insides and turns towards the lovely yet quaint House of KABLAM! Derek smiles once again and stands beside his father in law proudly.

Daddy: "So this is where you live huh, it's quaint."

Derek now takes the luggage from his wife and the three begin to walk up the steps and then into the house, it truly is a beautiful home, one of many located in the enclosed neighbourhood situated in Las Vegas. Derek closes the door behind them as he is the last one in.

Derek: "This is where all the magic happens."

Upon hearing those words from her hubby, Cookie immediately interjects after going a little red faced...

Cookie: "Derek! You can't tell him that. Sorry Daddy he shouldn't have said that."

Daddy: "What? We're all grown adults here. Don't need to be embarrassed darling."

Derek: “Sorry, i’m just excited to show you around.”

The trio step into the hallway and Derek begins to do just that to show Cookie’s father around their home. This has been weighing heavily on Cookie's mind and it shows as she bites her bottom lip often each time a new room is revealed. A smaller version of KABLAM Labs in the basement, the room where she makes all her own wrestling gear and cosplay outfits. Another room she has set up to watch her wrestling collection. There are many other rooms which remain nameless for now but these stand out the most for this part of the story.

The final room is of course the bedroom where her father will be staying, a lovely looking room which has been decorated in a variety of product placement from KABLAM Labs and SCW. He picks up a photo of his daughter, it’s a recent one when she won the TV Championship...

Daddy: “I wish I could have been there and see this live... It would have been quite the moment...”

Cookie: “I wish that too... Well I don’t know what is going on yet, but maybe I can arrange a ticket for you to watch Rise to Greatness?”

Daddy: “You don’t need to do that sweetness, I can watch it on TV here with Derek.”

Cookie nods although looks at her husband who shrugs his shoulders...

Derek: “Truth be told however I don’t know if I will be booked myself... If I am not you and I could watch the show there live and in person? A man of your stature and regality for the wrestling business, you must still have a bluster to be around it once more...”

Cookie: “Yeah! That might be fun for you to see how it all changed behind the scenes to when you ran Foxtrot.”

Daddy: “That could be fun... If i’m not imposing then sure why not. Would you be defending your title then possibly?”

Cookie: “I don’t think so, it’s mostly on Breakdowns I defend it right now. But that said I have to get past my latest foe, The Canadian Crusader who as of right now I still don’t know what his letter means...”

The twist in the story finally reveals itself, the letter the SCW intern had forwarded on still stumping our heroine, she punches the wall softly for dramatic effect.

Daddy: “The Canadian Crustation? Didn’t he work a few gigs at Foxtrot?”

Derek: “No sir, The Canadian Crusader... The letter he sent is a most troublesome piece and one we have tried valiantly to decipher.”

Cookie moves her father's luggage and lifts the case up onto the bed, but as she does the sound of her cell phone ringing catches her ear. Unknown to everyone including Derek and Daddy was the fact she had an earpiece which she uses to answer the call.

Cookie: “Hello, Cookie here!”

There is a momentary pause, a bit of static but then a disembodied voice is heard, it is being disguised clearly...

“Cookie, I need to see you, I have deciphered the letter sent to you... from the Crusader and it is imperative that we meet to discuss this further.”

Cookie's eyes widen, she is both excited and a little confused though because she doesn't know who this is and makes a point of telling them that...

Cookie: “Really, you deciphered it?! That's FANTASTIC! But who is this, I don't recognize your voice and it sounds all robotic like...”

“Oh shii - dang it did I leave it on again... Hold up...”

There is another pause, and a voice speaks up once more and it's one Cookie immediately recognizes.

Kahlil: “Is that better, can you hear me now?”

Cookie: “Kahlil, I certainly can, though I am surprised you called me, I thought you hated these things?”



Kahlil: “Yeah normally I would, but it's a matter of life and death and well I really needed to speak with you! So get that tight cracker ass over here.”

Cookie: “Oh okay...”

She briefly looks back to her ass and nods approvingly, it is quite firm...

Kahlil: “Oh and if you can bring me some toilet roll, I'm fresh out and I really need to wipe my ass. Thanks!”

Cookie: “What do you mean Life and dea-”

Before she could finish he hung up the phone, she immediately shuddered at the last request however but made a mental note all the same to bring him some toilet paper because no one should go without the ability to wipe one's ass.

Cookie turns to her hubby and daddy with both an elated and concerned look on her face. Her father was the first to speak up...

Daddy: "What's wrong you look like I do when I take a dump, you need to go?!"

Cookie shakes her head, Derek taps his wife on the shoulder and snaps her out of her momentarily stunned stance...

Derek: "Cookie my dear, is everything okay? What was life and death, who called?"

Cookie: "Khalil... He has deciphered the letter I was sent by the Canadian Crusader, I didn't even know he had Twitter... Maybe Red sent it..."

Daddy: "Who's Ted?"

Cookie: "Nooo Red... I'll let Derek explain it to you Daddy, I have to go... Help a man wipe his ass and find out just what was sent to me!!"

It took a moment for her father to grasp what it was she was saying, he had only just arrived and already his daughter had decided to up and leave him with her husband...

Daddy: "Are you sure you're not a nurse? I had one help me wipe my ass back at the retirement home!"

Cookie didn't pay much attention to that last statement from her father, she rushed off to her bedroom to get changed into something a tad bit more comfortable, a KABLAM! T-shirt, some short shorts, a pair of sneakers and a fanny pack along with a baseball cap. Once she found her keys, she kissed her father and KABLAMAPOTAMUS and hopped into her car and began her drive to the top secret location of Kahlil Jones, the cousin of Red Velvet Jones, the official brand ambassador of the KABLAM Brand.

Cookie was thankful that he had decided not to move, but while heading there she had many other thoughts as well. Was she making the right choice coming here alone... The last thing she remembered was feeling a prick in her arm which wasn't her husbands and then passing out on the floor of the R.V. It took her a little while to find the place she was looking for but eventually at the dead of night she pulled into the trailer park Kahlil had created himself.

There was an ominous feeling surrounding the place as a slight mist lingered in the air, amplified with her headlights pushing through it... Cookie exits the car and looks around at the various R.V's and calls out...

Cookie: "KAHLIL?!"

There is a momentary pause for suspense, she walks over to the trunk of the car and removes a package from it before closing. When she does the door to the R.V. opened and Kahlil poked his head out from behind a wall as Cookie slowly walked up with the pack of gold in her hand, quilted toilet paper...



Kahlil: "Finally you're here, thought you weren't gonna come! Now gimme! Stay over there and throw em!"

He had a worried tone as he looked at Cookie with desperation, this was unlike him. Something however took over a plucky young buxom heroine and she stood her ground...

Cookie: "You're not getting anything... Not until you tell me what you discovered!!"

Cookie stood her ground, her voice not ignored over her attempt with negotiating with Kahlil, the fact he hid behind a wall and was desperate not concerning her in the slightest in fact she'd be remiss not to be curious, which she was...

Kahlil: "That's why you're here woman! No give me the rolls or do you want me to come out there and have you wipe my ass for me?"

She thought about it and as he started to move she immediately changed her mind not wanting to do any of that, she couldn't bring herself to let him suffer anylonger and rushed over to the R.V and handed him the package. He immediately disappeared with Cookie stopping the door from shutting entirely as the sound of euphoria escaped the toilet cubicle at the back of the R.V.

Kahlil: "Oh my lord you brought quilted tissue..."

The sounds of pleasure from the back of the R.V. concerns Cookie, but she does her best to wait it out. Twenty minutes later finally the sound of a toilet flushing finishes and the sliding door opens to Kahlil stepping out with just a pair of shorts on and a pair of vans.

Kahlil: "Ya'll can come in now."

Cookie was playing on her cell and immediately closed it before walking into the R.V expecting the worst but we see Kahlil sat at a desk. The walls have all manner of photographs which have been either printed on paper or given to him from somewhere as she moves closer, none of which make any sense. But then nothing here ever really did from the first visit she had here either...

Kahlil: "Before we begin, ya'll don't have any baby wipes in that fanny pack do you?"

Cookie stands there bemused for a moment because she isn't sure although her mind is wandering to dark thoughts... He continued to look at her...

Cookie: "...Why?"

Kahlil: "I think you know why, after all that wiping i'm red raw! You ever had one of those moments where you..."

Cookie immediately shook her head and covered his mouth with her hand, he continued to talk and talk although it was through muffled undertones and at one point she felt he licked her hand which immediately caused her to pull back.

Kahlil: "And seems to last forever, it was one of those..."

Cookie: "Eww... Please don't lick me ever again."

Kahlil: "What if your life depended on it? Like I was given a choice of licking you or something else and if I didn't you would die a painfully slow death?"

He said it with some focus as he stared at her, she couldn't tell if he was looking at her or through her. He was a strange one, Cookie thought about it for a moment and well she didn't want to die a painful death...

Cookie: "Okay... If it's life or death then you have permission to lick me, but let's not focus on that... You said the letter sent to me by the Canadian Crusader was a matter of life and death?"

She pauses for a moment but shakes off what she just said, her focus on Kahlil now that he has turned back to a very old computer which doesn't even look real.

Kahlil: "That's right, after our last encounter I thought about a lot of things, stuff like she was cute, you had a nice butt. There are a lot of weird people where you work, your friend Jordan is hot and totally into Kath."

Cookie: "Oh I know right! They'd be so cute together."

Kahlil: "Totally I'm rooting for them! But anyway through the sea of chaos that is your life, I came to the conclusion that because you know my cousin, you must be protected... So the moment that letter came into my possession, I got to work..."

Cookie: "Awww, you're the second person today who has complimented my butt, thank you."

Kahlil: "You're welcome, but lets focus."

Cookie: "Yes, lets! What did you discover?"

Kahlil: "Well I cross referenced the art work which was crude workmanship, but I have to admit it was done so explicitly well that I began to think maybe a child drew it. However that was not the case as you can see here..."

Cookie is then shown photographs of ancient temples where one such image of the bear or dog thing lies on a wall...

Cookie: "Oh my god... Are you telling me it is the Egyptians?!"

Kahlil: "What? No, they're Canadian..."

Cookie: "Oh right, sorry I forgot..."

Kahlil shakes his head as he continues to show off more things to her, each one looking all the more confusing than the last but she looks like she is trying to keep up with his wild theory...

Kahlil: "So you know what this means don't you?"

Cookie: "Sure but for everyone else reading, why don't you tell me why...?"

Kahlil: "It is a declaration of war on you Cookie... The Canadian Cruader, it's a ruse, a falsehood, he doesn't exist other than within the mind of THE ENTITY!!"

Cookie: "..."

Kahlil: "..."

The dramatic pause for effect clearly isn't working and actually beginning to get a little awkward between the two...

Kahlil: "I SAID THE ENTITY!!"

Cookie: "OH MY, NOT THEM!"

Kahlil: “No! I said the Entity, they’re your big bad you’re not teaming with the dependables right now!”

Cookie turns and winks at the camera before focusing back on Kahlil...

Cookie: “Sorry, you mean the being that created me and you and everyone else?”

Kahlil: “No! The one that one, who i named Jon plays with to appease! They have caught wind of what we know, what I know, what YOU Know and are now actively looking to destroy you and all you hold dear... Your husband!”

Cookie: “No!”

Kahlil nods.

Kahlil: “Your father!”

Cookie: “No! We just reconnected!”

Kahlil: “Jordan Majors!”

Cookie: “They wouldn’t she is one of my best friends!”

Kahlil nods again!

Kahlil: “They would, they’re monsters, and they would target me... “

Cookie: “Oh... I mean no!”

Kahlil pauses and looks to Cookie a little disappointed...

Kahlil: “Really? I’m trying to save you and all I get is an oh, that’s not cool Cookie...”

Cookie winces a little and shrugs her shoulders before putting a hand on the bare shoulder of Kahlil who looks down a little despondent now...

Cookie: “I’m sorry but this all sounds wild, and far fetched and totally absurd! Entities that battle each other to appease an even greater entity? And That one has issues with little old me? I mean what did I do that is so wrong?!”

Kahlil: “I don’t know, but I will find out what you did wrong and help you fix it! But you’re gonna have to trust me, do you and will you unequivocally trust me from here on out to further future plot points, so help you god?”

Cookie: “We’re not getting married are we?”

Kahlil: “No... that would be weird...”

Cookie: “Okay good, I can only handle one marriage at a time!”

There is another momentary pause, it's incredibly brief with Cookie kicking off the conversation again...

Cookie: “So what is going to happen now, what should I do.. I mean if what you say IS true after all, then aren't I already under threat? Can they not hurt me?”

Kahlil: “No, they wouldn't dare hurt you immediately, they will try to hurt you slowly, and painfully and in ways that might seem miniscule to you but to them fiendishly so.”

Cookie: “Those bastards!”

She immediately covers her mouth realizing that if they are indeed listening, which we are ;-) then it would be also held against her, which it will - muahahaha...

Kahlil: “You are safe for now though, I will contact my colleagues and together we shall figure out a way to break you from their grip! As of now though keep up appearances, do what you want, i'm not your boss and neither are they even if they did create us.”

Cookie: “I am so confused right now.”

Kahlil: “Good! Use that, it will help in this coming war, a war that you will win Cookie, especially tomorrow night!”

Cookie: “Oh god... Remind me about tomorrow night, knowing my opponent could be someone tied to the Entities, I don't know what i'm going to do...”

Kahlil: “Exactly the same thing you have done up to now, be yourself! Go in there and win! You are the champion of Television! You are a public figure now, people idolize you!! They love you! Use that as your strength and you will succeed, you will... Win!”

He said it with such vigor, and confidence Cookie truly believed every word. Kahlil looks for a hug but after the earlier story of wiping Cookie decides not to follow through instead shakes his hand which actually upon further thought, was probably a bad idea... One maybe the entity made her do...

Which left her with so many more questions than answers, but one she would look to do is make like a Selena Frost fan and BELIEVE! THAT SHE CAN WIN!

Cookie vs The Canadian Crusader!

SCW TV Championship

From solitary darkness, the camera begins to fade in with the picture of a living room area. From previous moments in the life of Cookie we see it is in fact the home of Cookie and Derek Adonis, currently the living room area. A camera is set up facing an armchair that has seen better days, a lot of usage. There is a noticeable butt crack indent in the cushion which certainly belongs to a male figure, most likely Derek. There is then a sound of foot steps shuffling on the wooden flooring along with a thud...

There is another...

And another and the reason why is clear when an older gentleman walks in with the aid of a stick. He looks at the camera with his thick black frame glasses and positions himself so he is able to take a seat in said chair. He rests the stick next to the arm and looks around aimlessly for a moment, he looks at the watch on his wrist and casually begins to whistle before again noticing the camera and possibly remembering something...

[Rec.]

Daddy: "Oh yeah I remember now... YOU WILL NOT KILL MY DAUGHTER!!"

He glares at the camera for a moment and we again hear more footsteps this time a lot more hurried and we see Cookie slide into the frame with the TV Title in her hands...

Cookie: "What are you doing?"

Daddy: "I'm doing a fathers duty, telling that Canadian Schmuck that he will not kill you, he will not beat you he will do NOTHING!!!"

Cookie: "I know you are and I appreciate it, but that's my job! I am the TV Champion! Just sit there and watch okay?"

Daddy Dreams rolls his eyes, he couldn't help himself of course he had to protect his daughters honour and who could blame him, look at her! But that said, Cookie was a little flustered now with everything she had learned and now this... But being the constant professional, Cookie takes a deep breath and composes herself...

This was actually quite exciting having her father watch...

Cookie: "As you heard from my father, I want to reiterate all of that he said and more because while I now understand what that letter meant, it won't deter me from walking out to that ring tomorrow night and defending this championship, Canadian Crusader! In a world which is forever growing darker by the minute, and not just because it's late here so the sun is setting.

But with our beloved boss's father getting assaulted by madmen who then go out of their way to attack Kelcey Wallace as well as targeting Sasha as well... I mean when will it all end? I've been a fan of SCW for a long time and I have seen many things unfold, some of it very weird but others were just to entertain, but this... THAT?! There is a saying that Controversy creates Cash, maybe it's true but at what point does it become too much? I know Sasha wouldn't allow someone like Giovanni to attack her father like that all to make a little more money for SCW, ratings right now are at an all time high! Why do you think Cid Turner is back? Why do you think Holly Adams is back and out of rehab? Why do you think Ace Marshall returned from his vacation?"

Cookie pauses for a moment to think about that thought, she then snaps her fingers.

Cookie: "Okay... Likely it's because of the Rise to Greatness season which is understandable, but I also want to believe it's because of the ratings and the fact that SCW always has and always will be the place to be! It's why I stand here proudly as your SCW TV Champion! Last week I faced my very first defence head on and tomorrow night I will do that again! Not because of who I am and what I can do in that ring, but it is because of who I beat for this TV Championship. Regan Street. One of the very best in this company, a woman who has a killer documentary movie type thing happening soon. A woman who has done it all in SCW almost. I guess what I am trying to get at is I made her a promise that I would defend this championship with all I can."

Cookie: "It's why I want to face EVERYONE! Not at the same time, that would be crazy... But I want to face all comers because everyone of you, every title defence I go into for me is a dream match and that includes you Canadian Crusader whoever you are. So if you want to threaten the very existence of Cookies everywhere, then I am glad that I am the first one you will go up against. The difference is that this Cookie will not crumble under the weight of your threats! Just like the idea that our next Breakdown is going to get ruined if the rumors are true..."

Cookie: "I won't let you or anyone else ruin what is set to be one of the very best Breakdowns to date Crusader. The United States Title tournament is going to be so much fun to watch, especially since as a fan I am rooting for Selena Frost! That might be a controversial choice to some but as long as the super douche doesn't win I'm fine with it. Now if you excuse me I have some more training to get done before my flight! I will be at the arena early so any fans interested in some autographs and photos, I won't be hard to find! Byeeeeeee!"

Cookie waves to the camera and smiles to her father who just looks at her a little confused, far from her usual promo but she was doing it specifically because of him...

Cookie: "Now that was fun."

Daddy: "That was a lot different than I expected. Remember when in doubt, kick them in the balls."

Cookie: “Oh my god I can’t do that!”

Daddy: “Didn’t you do it once before?”

Cookie squirms a little remembering what she did to Gio at Fatal Fortunes...

Cookie: “That was different. He’s a douche.”

Daddy Dreams nods, he understands because he too has come up against many a douche in his lifetime.

Cookie: “Right i’m gonna go get packed, you sure you’re going to be okay?”

Daddy: “Yeah yeah, i’ll be fine. Scram I got a zoom date. I didn’t realize there were so many hot singles 20+ in my area and with cams!”

Cookie looks directly at the camera, as her father pushes himself off the chair and disappears out of view without the aid of the walking stick. She makes a mental note to edit this part out of the promo video before posting. However, given how her mind works, evidently she has forgotten...