

## Prologue | Fine Social Scene

### On The Record Comments

Reflecting on my emotions after WARGAMES is tough, even after having two weeks to think about it. **I'm torn** - On one hand, I'm frustrated about not winning my first XWF match; on the other, I'm relieved I didn't end up with the dubious honor of becoming the Xtreme Champion.

Certainly, I would have defended the championship as though it were the Universal Title, committing myself entirely and unequivocally to the role of champion. However, it's no secret that I abhor the brutality of hardcore wrestling and refuse to mark my flesh with scars for the sake of bleeding. My 25-year tenure in combat sports isn't owed to taking unnecessary risks; but rather my strategic and tactical perceptions of this sport, to which I owe my whole being.

*Spontaneity would be an anomaly in the narrative of my career.*

This, partly born of my disastrous pride, is why I failed to defeat **Johnny Bacchaus**.

For when I held that baseball in the palm of my hands, squeezing its handle with thoughts of vengeance filling my heart with a *cold*, unsettling **blackness** - I stopped. I could have swung away like **Gary Carter** playing longball for the **Expos**, but I chose decency and integrity over violence for the sake of it.

Does that make me a better person than him?

**-Yes-**

Did I deserve to lose an Xtreme match for that?

**-Absolutely, yes-**

Understand that I endeavored to leave the past behind upon joining the **XWF**. I sought to elevate and honor him as the champion - I even refrained from resurrecting the corpse of a defunct federation. *And yet, he couldn't restrain himself*, revealing his true nature as a scoundrel.

Johnny Bacchus unleashed the figurative pipe bomb on me. Not due to any genuine grievance over my past actions, but because he believed it might grant him the clout he so fervently seeks.

And while he succeeded in pissing me off. **He failed to prove his point.**

Unlike you, I'm neither a **coward** nor a **fraud**.

I remained true to myself at the cost of a match.

Congratulations, you've felled a woman you scandalized as some old washed-up Karen trying to cling to a dream. You beat a born loser in a match for a championship she never desired. *And yet, you ultimately failed to prove me to be some fraud.* I concede defeat on the battlefield, *you won the match because you were willing to be a coward in the face of integrity.* I chose to remain true to myself, I held onto that which makes me unique while you proved to be the malignant coward in wolf's clothing.

This wasn't our first battle, Johnny-Boy - nor will it be our last. So pat yourself on the back and bask in your radioactive glow.

**The battle has concluded | the war is far from over.**

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## **ACT I | A Tale of Two Ideologies** **(Off Camera)**

"Honestly hunny, I thought it was one of your best performances all year. You appeared both eager and optimistic in equal measure; something for which you seemed to lack over in DPW."

The melodious voice of **ROWEN kito** captured her attention, pulling her from the mental malaise she seemed to be caught in. And yet **Tatiana** seemed to go from one fixation to another as she shifted attention across the coffee table and upon Rowen's attractive features.

"Eager is an understatement..." *she mused absently* "I only participated in the match itself to demonstrate my commitment to the team. I had little interest in Bacchus and even less in the Xtreme Title."

Until recently, she would have thought it inconceivable to be sitting in the Los Angeles mansion of wrestling legend **Jack Glory**, conversing with an icon like Kito.

And yet, TJ's relationship with Rowen's sister-in-law has brought her into the inner circle. In truth, this was something of a family affair with **Madison**, her sister **Zoey** as well as both **Athena** and **Minerva Janus** all in town for the opening of Rowen's newest movie.

It was all a whirlwind for the Canadian.  
Convolutd as it sounded.

"It's something to build on. Though, I can't for the life of me understand why you didn't take his head off with the slugger. Surely it would have been the ultimate in poetic justice?"

**Yeah... It sure would have...**

"Believe me... I thought about it. I mean... Just like knocking him the fuck out with his own weapon and leaving him prostrate on the floor? Heh... It'd be like riding off into the sunset at the end of a spaghetti western."

Giving him the **Cromwell** *treatment* just to make an example out of that emo bitch was more than just tempting - *it was downright tantalizing*. However, it would present numerous complications beyond those mentioned in her remarks regarding the match's aftermath. The reality is that she remained friends with his spouse, and **Ruby** did not need to cope with her husband in a vegetative state during the holidays.

"I could have knocked him out, placed the belt on his chest, and walked away from the match... But I didn't because I respect the fans, the business, and myself far too much for that. My dignity is worth more than some petty revenge."

"It is an ideal many would be willing to forsake in the pursuit of revenge. It's commendable to be somebody unwilling to put her interests above that of the collective good."

*Rowen Kito's specialty was her idealism*. She was renowned for her oratory skills and composure. If Tatiana could find even a fraction of that charisma, she would be the complete package. As it was, she always felt as if she were on the defensive, struggling to prove herself and feeling inadequate, as if every battle was an uphill fight.

"May I ask you a question, Rowen?"

"Of course. And please, call me Norah."

TJ reflected quietly for a moment feeling slightly embarrassed for addressing her friend by a stage name rather than her given name. It was easy to forget that **Rowen Kito** wasn't her real name, as she used it for both her wrestling and acting careers.

*Saturation being what it is...*

"Sorry. Norah... Anyway, how do you do it? I mean, how do you balance your emotions from promo to match? Bacchus likened me to Hitler.. Fucking Hitler.. He baited me all week and I couldn't help but rise to the occasion time and time again."

She grumbled... The fact that he didn't even get punished by the company for that was frustrating. But what could she do about that?

**-Nothing**

"How did you always manage to stay so poised and composed when you were on top? I mean you had people like Lacey Cohen cutting venomous promos on you - and she was a shit-talker of the highest level."

"The cherry on top of the irony sundae is the fact that I'm sister-in-law to Zoey... Some of the things she's said about me back when we were rivals would get you demonetized on YouTube."

A collective chuckle rang out between them...

*God, that was so true... Zoey's mouth makes Bacchus look like the Pope.*

"Honestly... And this may sound weird, but there's a lot in a name. Rowen isn't just an identity, she's my body armor - and so when somebody would talk shit, I would let her deal with it so *Norah* could focus on life outside the ring."

*Interesting...*

"So... You compartmentalize?"

"In a sense, yes... I also find that if you're willing to make fun of yourself, you disarm those trying to drag you down. No matter how angry you might be, it's always best to fake it till you make it... Put on the poker face and never give them an inch of satisfaction."

That seemed easier said than done. She was never going to be Rowen Kito, and while TJ possessed charisma and charm in abundance, she lacked the presence and eloquence of her friend. It was like comparing a tomboy to the homecoming queen.

Though, not everyone can be 5'9 and just as pretty as she was fierce...  
*TJ could only imagine what that would be like.*

"Well... I suppose if anyone could be Rowen Kito, then no one would be Rowen Kito. I will never have the kind of presence you do, but I will certainly keep your advice in mind."

"You don't need to be Rowen Kito, hunny - you need to be Tatiana Jolee. No one can be TJ like you can. Don't lose sight of yourself by chasing other people's shadows."

*Damn... she's really good at this...*

A charming wink and purse on the lips, once more... Charisma in abundance, or so it seemed. TJ pondered inwardly why someone with Rowen's talent, both on the microphone and in the ring, would retire in her early 30s. Especially given her phenomenal track record... *Yet again, a muse was a muse* - it would be easy to get carried away.

"Point taken."

*If only it were as easy as it sounded...*

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## **PROMO:** Bound for Television On the Record

The more things change, the more they stay the same. I started wrestling in 1999 - my first ever championship came two years later and it was ironically the Television Title. Since then, I've been up and down the road more times than I care to admit, I've fought in hundreds of matches - maybe into the thousands. I've held many

championships since those heady days in my youth. And yet, it always seems to come back full circle to that Television Title.

I joined Action Wrestling in 2021 and my first championship there was the TV Title.  
One of several to be honest.

Now I find myself, in the esteemed realm of the XWF... My inaugural match was not, in fact, a TV Title bout, but rather an Xtreme Championship match against Johnny Edgelord himself.

*And... Well, the outcome of that was evident.*

I was out of my comfort zone, and my decision to adhere to traditional wrestling cost me a victory in my debut. However, I must acknowledge that a match for a title I have no real desire to hold led to this moment. It presented me with an opportunity to become the number one contender for the XWF Television Title.

A title I am **VERY** interested in.

Let me be clear, *all aspire to be the XWF Universal Champion*. I do, you do, and every fan watching at home. **However, for me, the Television Title is a close second best.** It is the literal representation of the federation and holds the champion as the poster child for the company, *which, as a reminder, is primarily a television product*. Therefore, representing XWF as its TV Champion would not only be a cathartic milestone in my illustrious career - but would also place me among those at the pinnacle of success.

For me, the XWF Television Title isn't just a stepping stone on the path up the ladder... It's an honor worth cherishing, a challenge worth accepting - and most of all, an accolade worthy of anyone worth their salt.

I do not merely intend to hold the TV Title; I intend to embody everything it stands for. To represent XWF as the greatest wrestling on television anywhere in the world. Being TV Champion isn't a token award, but a monument to a career that has come full circle from a naive kid with big dreams to an experienced veteran living those dreams.

But most importantly, to make sure the Television Title is where it belongs.

**- At the TOP -**

And that brings us now to the crux of the situation... To challenge the incumbent champion and claim my destiny, I must first dispatch two very different opponents in

a three-way dance. Once more, I find myself in a match with no rules - *no ring-out count, no DQ for the use of foreign objects* - and thus all the incentive to pull those punches.

Naturally, the referee possesses the authority to remove a participant if there is a sufficiently flagrant reason. However, such instances are exceedingly rare, and I have only witnessed it once in my 25-year career.

*And so once again, we prepare to enter battle in a manner unbecoming of a prizefighter.*

Which brings me to my opponents... Two men, each with a distinct journey to reach this point. On one hand, we have **Reggie Estrada** - a man whose style can be as volatile as his temperament. He is a rough-cut individual; someone who has had to battle his way through life to arrive here. While I respect his passionate and ambitious nature, it often leads to mistakes and can one vulnerable at crucial moments.

Being a brawler is good in a bar fight, but not so much in a wrestling ring.

He takes risks, lives life on the edge, and relies on his instincts to navigate through challenges. This type of match suits him in many ways, allowing him to be reckless, violent, and impulsive without fear of disqualification. However, I would caution him against this approach, as he is entering the arena with two of the most tactical competitors in the industry today.

Being cavalier sometimes pays off.  
But a roll of the dice is always just that...  
*Playing the odds.*

This leads me to the other competitor in this match, **Adam Garcia**. He is a wrestler of the highest caliber, a man who upholds the values and traditions of this esteemed industry. Some have even likened him to a '*young Tatiana Jolee*.' Frankly, I'm unsure whether to feel *honored* or *insulted* by this comparison

All of us shooters admire each other for adherence to the dying art form.  
*But at the same time, they're inferring that I'm old.*

**Rude.**

All kidding aside, I eagerly look forward to the game of four-dimensional chess against a fellow practitioner of technical wrestling. If this were a one-on-one, I'd even

venture to claim that we might put on the match of the year in its final month. But there's always that hot-headed wildcard to contend with.

Heh...

I suppose I could just be leading you two boys along too... I mean, there's all the chance in the world that I walk into this match espousing the virtues of technical purity and then knock you both the fuck out with a folding chair...

*Or maybe a rainbow baseball bat?*

Nothing in life is guaranteed. We live, we react, we thrive, and we fail - **two** will fall short and **one** will earn the opportunity to compete for the **Television Title**. While I am undoubtedly the most experienced wrestler in this match, I am by no means the predetermined victor. *Neither is Adam or Reggie* - all three of us will have to play our cards, execute a strategy, and hope for that one lucky break that will present itself at some point in this fight.

*Except one thing...*

Let us remember that this is taking place in **Canada**, and there are few in this industry as beloved and revered as I am in my home country. They say there is nothing like a wild Canadian crowd cheering on their own in the Great White North. It is akin to being at a football match in England or Spain. Indeed, the fans are not fighting this for me, but there is something to be noted about the home-field advantage.

And in this... Few have a larger advantage.

You are set to battle a **Canadian Hero** in front of an entire country supporting her with the type of zeal found rarely in any other sport. They will be loud, aggressive, and uncharacteristically unwelcoming for my two rivals on this night. Make no mistake, the people of Canada will be here to see ME earn a shot at the XWF Television Title.

*And I don't intend on letting them down...*

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## ACT II | The Pressure (OFF CAMERA)

“Compartmentalize, TJ.. Compartmentalize.”

I kept trying to remind myself, repeatedly, as the words of ROWEN Kito swirled around the torrent in my mind. Was it as simple as putting on the character mask and not letting it infiltrate your life? Surely, it was more complicated than that... How can you be dedicated to something so thoroughly that you devote your life to it, yet be able to leave all of its troubles in your locker when you leave work?

“Maybe it’s me? Maybe I’m too serious?”

As I age, I find myself increasingly frustrated with the direction the business has taken. However, in many ways, it’s reverted to its roots, coming full circle from a regional entity to a concentrated television product and now into a regional television hybrid.

When I was emerging in my career, it was during the height of the television era, before the advent of social media. The veterans at that time often complained about the younger generation appearing on TV without paying their dues. I used to think they were just out-of-touch old crones, but now, I see that same out-of-touch old crone when I look in the mirror.

*Face it, TJ... You’re in the “get off my lawn” stage of your career.*

“The circle of life, huh?”

I chuckled between sips of my hot tea. I feel genuinely welcomed in the XWF. The roster is larger than any other I have ever belonged to, and several of my *new* peers are actually *former* peers.

*Whether that’s a good thing or not remains to be seen.*

“I can’t let a second opportunity slip through my fingers. Johnny Butthole got the better of me in my debut... I hate that I ate a loss to that fucking prick. But I’d much rather be chasing the TV Title than holding the Xtreme.”

[It was a bitter pill, one that she was forced to swallow along with her dignity. Despite her preaching morality and ethics, there was a part of her that was a bit regretful over the missed opportunity to kill that motherfucker dead.]

My head and heart were determined to capture the TV title and elevate it to the pinnacle of the XWF. I knew it was a championship overlooked by many and disregarded by some, *but to me, it was as important as the Universal Championship.*

*And once I have it, I intend to make sure the world recognizes its prestige.*

“But first, have the **not-so-tiny** task of defeating **Garcia** and **Estrada** in a match that will once again test the very core of my being. Triple Threat matches are chaotic and rushed - there’s hardly room for finesse and even less chance to slow things down to a tactical pace.”

I murmured to myself between sips of that delightful hot brew. Only a fool would disregard two men of their stature. And though **Garcia** is very much cut from the same cloth as I am, **Estrada** is the grenade that could detonate and take me, Adam, or even himself out.

**One might say he’s Calm Like a Bomb.**

“I suppose you have to take a few hard knocks if you want to be the Television Champion. Hell, Stark or Nichels...” -*pause*- “Ahem, Nickles... Is it pronounced Nickles or Nick-les?”

Focus, TJ... That’s not important.

“Regardless, neither he nor James will simply acquiesce and anoint one of us the champion - it’s going to be an out-and-out fight to win the prize. My match on Warfare will challenge all three of us; only the best, and to some extent, the luckiest, will advance to the title shot.”

Despite my extensive experience and outward confidence, I was extremely nervous about this match. *It was not so much the fear of losing or even doubting my ability to win, but rather the fear of disappointing my fans in Canada.* They deserved to see my best performance, and I needed their support more than I was willing to admit, especially when the stakes were high.

"I suppose the nerves are a good sign... If I stop feeling anxious about these big moments, it means I've stopped caring. That happened to me in DPW/AW and I let myself and the fans down by clinging on for way too long."

There were still many things left unsaid about that chapter of my life. I would not air that laundry in public and always strive to restrain myself from getting baited by the press about it. My attention focused forward not backward. And I was beyond excited to finally be in the **XWF** - for the first time in over two years, I feel like I am a part of something as opposed to being on the periphery of it.

"Finally facing somebody not associated with my past in that place will be a good step in the right direction."

Both were unknowns, one a reckless hothead while the other was a technical wrestling machine with an ego twice his size. Neither would an easy win in a 1v1 setting - but thrown into a triple threat, all bets were off.

"Hey TJ!"

My attention broke from my distant thoughtful gaze and shifted toward the entry of the kitchen. There before me was the most beautiful thing I've ever put my eyes on...

*My girlfriend, my muse, my dream come true... Madison Maddox.*

I still had to pinch myself. How did I end up dating one of the top supermodels in the world? She was tall, youthful, supple, and everything you'd expect to read about in a steamy lesbian romance novel.

And she was MY girlfriend.

**Unbelievable.**

"Hey, princess."

Words could scarcely capture her beauty. How might one describe her long legs, fair skin, ample bosom, and delicate face without sounding like an overly enthusiastic romance writer?

*I was hopelessly smitten as my heart fluttered like a schoolgirl in her presence.*

"Are you talking to yourself again?"

I couldn't help but giggle at that question...  
*Was I talking out loud this whole time?*  
I guess I do it so often that I don't always realize it.

"Guilty as charged."

A smirk and an overly expressive shrug was all I could offer in my defense. Her reply was even more disarming as she playfully rolled her eyes and leaned over the back of my chair, letting her arms loop loosely around my shoulders.

"You're naughty."

"Moi? Naughty? Naah... I'm pure as snow, babycakes."

"Nope" -she quipped- "Still naughty... I think we have a problem here."

"Well... That's not good."

*I didn't know where this was going, but I was here for it.*

"What are we going to do about it?"

"Hmmm..."

Maddie pulled away from me and drifted towards the living room. I studied her movements, those hips swaying in step as she paused. Her shoulders dipped back allowing the bathrobe to fall from her nude form to the floor.

**I was in danger of biting my bottom lip off...**

"We'll have to think of something."

She said with a coy gaze over the shoulder before raising her hand to beckon me with one finger as she drifted towards the bedroom.

"COMING!"

Heh... Freudian Slip

"Yes, please."

She said with a giggle as I jumped to my feet and gave chase toward the bedroom... Whatever comes of it - **today was already going to be a good day.**