A sigh of relief comes over Jak as he shuts his sticker covered laptop after recording a podcast with his forgetful friend. Another 5 starer Jak thinks to himself whilst marking the 26th off of March with a red line, but the red marker doesn't leave the WWE themed calendar as Jak's eyes get distracted by the box two to the right, the 28th, Wrestlemania XXVI, he was as excited for this event as he was scared, his favourite wrestler Shawn Micheals was getting ready for the biggest match of his career, in which he would be defending it against The Undertaker in an attempt to defeat his 17 match long Wrestlemania undefeated streak, the biggest prize a wrestler can claim, and Shawn was going to risk it all to take it. The thought of Micheals retiring kept Jak's mind wandering through the rest of the night which consisted mostly of editing his podcast and reminiscing over Shawns greatest career highlights, Jak wasn't ready for his most beloved sports entertainer to hang up his boots just yet, and
neither were the many fan pages he frequented, so Jak 
had an idea, who better to hear why Mr Wrestlemania 
should revoke his challenge to the phenom than the 
heartbreak kid himself. An email was started and 
Jak poured his heart into it, listing how much Shawn 
meant to him, potential matches if Shawn would 
miss out on, he could never try and defeat undertaker 
again and that Jak would do whatever it takes to keep 
Shawn Micheals on the active raw roster. Knowing 
that Wrestlemania was a 2 days away Jak knew time 
was extremely important so he didn't have time to 
edit or tone his email down which he wanted to do 
as the total word count came just shy of 3,954, so it 
was sent, a few minutes past and Jak started to get 
impatient, he was stressed and he knew it, Shawn 
couldn't have even read the email yet Jak still wanted 
a response telling him that is was all going to be okay, 
but he couldn't wait for that second by second which 
he was already doing, Jak distracted himself by singing 
Shawns theme song while finishing the final touches 
to his podcast and uploading it. Still no response. 
It was okay Jak told himself, Micheals is probably 
training and preparing, but Jak's own reassurance 
wasn't enough, what if Shawn was spiralling? Jak 
was keeping a close eye on shawn and had seen that 
the famed superstar's mental health had been on the 
decline in recent history, running back into the royal 
rumble and interfering in matches he shouldn't have 
been in to only scratch the surface, and calm washed 
over the fanboy, Jak re-opened his laptop and sent one
final email before he went to bed for the night telling Shawn that he should try and relax, because if he is going to go through with this Wrestlemania match that is was absolutely paramount that HBK enter with the confidence he always had, the confidence and swagger that made Shawn Micheals the greatest wrestler alive. Happy with the advice, Jak sent the email and tucked himself into his Shawn sheets and put on some soft sweet chin music to fall asleep to, mimicking a superkick to turn off his clap activated lamp was the last time light touched him until the next morning. When his phone rang.

Chapter 2
Talent Scouted

Jak was ungracefully woken up by the buzzing of his phone on silent atop his bedside table, channeling his inner orange cassidy Jak reached his limp hand and knocked his phone onto the floor in an attempt to answer the call, but it had rung out by the time Jak could reach over the bed so Jak counted that as a win with the reward being few more hours of sleep, except the phone rang a second time. Jak leaned over the side of his bed to grab his iPhone, the number was blocked, but clearly they had a purpose so Jak begrudgingly answered, "H-hello?" Jak croaked out And in a tone that did not match the early hour of
the day he heard an unfamiliar but quite professional sounding woman on the phone
"Why hello there Mr Jones I presume?"
"Yes, speaking"
"My name is Clair and I'm calling on behalf of World Wrestling Entertainment, but you'd probably know us as..
"THE WWE" A well intentioned Jak interrupted
"Haha, yes that is it" The lady responded
"I am contacting you specifically on behalf of one of our talents"
Jak wanted to shout many more things but couldn't get a single one of them out
"He is very eager to meet you"
Jak was even more shocked, but managed to let one word escape his lips
"Meet?"
"Yes, and like I said he was very eager, you have a flight booked and a car waiting for you outside"
This was too surreal, a flight? The day before Wrestlemania? This had to be a prank by one of the forum users who must have figured out his details, but caught up in the moment Jak rushed to the window to check for the supposed car, and to his shock, it was there. A black SUV guarded by one jacked dude in a suit, Jak could barely contain his feelings
"... Hello?" Asked Clair
"Uh-oh my god-okay-when is the flight?" Jak asked while was rushing around packing clothes and wondering if this was still an elaborate prank, Jak was ready to
leave ASAP
"The driver is ready when you are and your flight is in 2 hours, and with that I'll leave you to get ready, see you in Arizona!"
Jak thanked the woman one last time and just as Jak put down his phone to where it was when it first rang he froze. Arizona. That means only one thing, Jak turned to his calendar and pointed at the Wrestlemania sign above the dates, just as he suspected in the lower left corner it read, Arizona. Jak knew exactly what this meant, he was going to Mania and he didn't even know how, he was so caught up in the moment Jak forgot to ask who asked for him, and why.

Chapter 3

'Airport 5km Ahead' read the sign on the side of the road, the road to wrestlemania. Jak had spent the last 34 minutes in the car with the jacked dude, who didn't speak much, or at all, when Jak asked his name he just grunted in response, but Jak didn't need nor want to take his mind off of what was happening, he was in a car, booked by a wwe superstar on his way to America. Jak spent most of the car ride speculating on the reason this was all happening, and while a prank still pranked(power ranked) #1 on the most likely reasons, Jak still couldn't shake the feeling that Shawn had read his emails and asked for him personally, this of course would be the greatest result for Jak as it has been a
lifelong dream to shake Shawns hand. He was turning off to the airport now, the grunt grunted what almost seemed like a happy grunt, Jak was confused by most of what was happening this day but his speechless driver was the most normal part of it. They pulled into the terminal, the driver helped Jak with his bags and without so much as half a grunt the driver was back behind the wheel leaving Jak by himself with a plane ticket and not much else. Jak quickly made his way to the correct terminal not wanting to waste much time, taking a lesson in efficiency from his recent driver. Jak waited patiently until his plane was called, his mind racing the entire time. Hurrying the passengers infront of him to their seats and as soon as Jak sat down he buckled up. Somehow this waiting was painful, on the drive over and sitting in the terminal he was fine, but now that reality had set in and he really was going to Arizona, he couldn't handle it, asking each stewardess that passed if he could help speed up the process in any way which was met with a firm no from every single one of them.

Just as Jak could barely stay in his seat, the lights to the plane flicker heavily and the unthinkable happened when over the speakers we heard the pilot mutter "mmmmmAttention all passengers we have aaaaaaaaa very intense lighting storm that has just rolled in... mmmmplease stay in your seats as we figure out an alternate route"
The plane full of people start complaining to any worker with ears and suddenly the plane is full of
commotion and just before Jak stands up to go confront the pilot the person sitting next to him reaches out and grabs Jak's arm, Jak turns to see the man with thick long length hair down to his waist wearing a baseball cap obscuring his face "I wasn't going to say anything but you look like you could use a little help"

"Thanks I guess, but I don't need anyone's help" responded Jak pulling his arm back

"I wasn't talking about me" The man shuffles in his seat turning his partly hidden face towards Jak "I'm talking about our old friend... Stone-Cold"

Jak's eyes widen, stunned for words, does this guy know what's happening? Can he provide answers to Jak's questions?

"That's what I thought" The mysterious man pulls out a small bag with white powder in it "I've always prefered taking these bumps" It is in this moment the man takes his hat off, revealing his largely uninteresting face "Names Marty Janetty, my friends call me Party Genetics" "Im not going to do that" responded Jak "Marty is good, are you a wrestling fan at all?"
Jak held back unleashing the story of his day so far. "Well not to brag, but that's where I started, pretty big deal" bragged Marty before he did a line of cocaine off of the plane armrest. Jak looked around and Marty went unnoticed in the commotion of the plane being delayed. "Oh really? What did you do?" Asked Jak curiously. "I teamed with Shawn Micheals back in the day when he was good" Marty seemed bitter. Jak quizzical and almost offended says, "Oh what was your wrestling name? Perhaps I know you".

"You heard it first, Mr Marty Janetty" he said while giving his best blue steel.

"I think I would have remembered you" said Jak.

"Pffftt whatever, you're just like the rest of them" Marty pulls a second small bag out and only then does Jak realise Marty had finished the first.

Jak notices people leaving the plane in frustration and quickly decides that perhaps this long flight might be better booked elsewhere, Jak flags down a stewardess taking her away from the loud chants of "BBUULLLSSHHUITTTT, BBUULLLSSSHHIITTT" and dueling chants of "LETS GO ENGINES, TURBINES SUCK". Jak asks if there are any more seats available for him to move, the stewardess says yes before
apologising and asking what the problem was, and almost on queue Marty snorted a small pile of coke so hard the passengers in front cheered because they thought their chanting worked.

"Ah fuck Party Genetics, you said that you were going to wait until we landed" Exclaimed a reasonably frustrated employee

"Well we're grounded" retorted Marty

"Not this time Party, this is your third strike, you're out, get off my plane" as the stewardess throws up the X to her co-workers

"Oh you mark-narc I've only done 2!?

"I MEAN IN GENERAL"

"C'mon baby girl, the PG-Era has just begun!!"

Jak steps up and out of the way to a seat by itself as Marty gets what the air marshal labelled as escorted off

"TAKE ME TO ARIZONA THAT MOTHERFUCKER OWES ME A CAREER, AND HE IS GONNA PAY OUT IT'S EYE FOR AN EYE"

Marty Janetty is dragged off the plane and into a local
prison facility for the rest of this story.

Finally the speaker pipes up again "aaaaaaaAAAtten-
tioneverybody I would like to inform you all that the
storm has cleared" the crowd cheers "so we will give it
20 minutes to make sure it doesn't come back before
we leave, mmmthank you" the crowd collectively
sigh and with almost perfect synchronicity burst out
chanting 'Flight forever, clap clap clapclapclap'

Chapter 4
The Hunt Begins

The plane lands as our protagonist awakes from the
bump of wheel hitting tarmac, he would have stood
up and started walking if it wasnt for the seatbelt
keeping him in place, awake for a second and back on
his mission. After thanking the staff Jak left the plane
and went for his bags while wondering what his next
step would be when suddenly he saw a large pale man
with a plain white sign with a simple drawing done in
black marker that looked like a sled going up a ramp
ontop a table, he turned his head towards his bags
when a loud grunt brought his eyes back for another
look, the large man in a suit was pointing towards Jak,
looks like another silent car trip he thought to himself.
As Jak comes to greet his new driver he realises the
chauffeur only has one arm, but he was a professional,
so Jak set his thoughts back to Wrestlemania and
what was in store for him. During the 20 minute drive to the university of phoenix stadium Jaks thoughts were sidetracked by the driver moving his stump as if to change gears with his phantom arm even though he was driving an automatic, he didn't respond to questions about it, or questions about Jak's own situation so he remained in a cloud of anticipation. Shortly they arrived, Jak took his bags and by the time he went to thank the driver he was off, continuing his journey Jak headed straight in past the massive advertisements for Wrestlemania the following day, quickly approached the man behind the counter and asked to be pointed to the nearest WWE official because he has extremely important business, the clerk opened his mouth to talk when he froze.

"I find it funny that man has important business but doesn't know where to go?" A deep and slightly grainy voice behind Jak had piped up "So tell me stranger, what's best for your business?"

Jak turned around to reveal a man surrounded by security personell as his eyes caught up with his brain Jak realised that this wasnt just a man infront of him but one of wrestlings most popular figures, COO of the company and Shawn Micheals greatest ally, the cerebral assassin, Triple H. Jak was getting familiar with the feeling of shock and awe, so he only had to fight past about 20 seconds of panicked scrambling for words
"Ahhh I can't believe you are RIGHT in front of me, Triple H? Hunter? Paul?" As Jak extends his hand to shake

"Hunter is fine, but can call me the Sheamus Shamer after tomorrow night, hey, put that on a shirt" Hunter almost seemed like a magnet for business, every few sentences he turns to the men around him and answers some questions or asks a few of his own, often stats and terms Jak doesn't understand and always unrelated to the topic "Anyway" Haitch continued back to the impromptu meeting "Important business, let me hear it"

Jak explained the email, the call, the pre booked flight and the drivers, the man of three H's seemed more invested with each step of the story.

"Seems about right" Hunter responded while rubbing his beard "He has really been going off the rails recently, so I'm glad you reached out and got to him"

Jak was still taken back by the situation he remembered he was in, but now that others had tried to reach out he knew he had to help Shawn no matter what.

While Jak had this realisation Hunter seemed to have dropped his authority attitude and started going about how distant shawn has been recently
"I was giving him DX chops and he's just not responding man, the only 2 words he knows are under.. and taker, I just can't get through to him" Hunter turned his head and placed his hand on his head "Not even" Hunter was getting very emotional, one of the men placed his hand on Trips shoulder for comfort "Not even hornswaggle could get anything out of him"

This was worse than Jak thought, this wasn't just nerves, this was Shawns biggest moment in his life and it was taking its toll. Triple H rushed himself away as the first tear went over his face, Jak was left alone again, until the suited business associate who comforted Hunter returned and handed Jak a card, which on the back was written in blue pen '62 Street Road, Arizona'

Chapter 5
Going Over

After realizing that silence and grunts are almost better than your average conversation with your uber driver, Jak stepped outside of his destination and looked at 62 Street Road which was a Gym. Not a fancy gym, or a crappy gym, just a normal 24 hour gym named 'Gym-Jams'. Jak pushed open the door
which triggered an audio response 'WELCOME TO GYM-JAMS, THE ANSWER TO SUCCESS' Jak walked to the empty counter, gave the bell on the counter a ring and waited patiently.. to no answer, he slapped the bell again, this time he heard a noise coming from behind a wall

"WHO IN HELL IS THAT?"

The oddly familiar voice which was demanding a response quicker than Jak could recognise

"UHHH IT'S JAK"

A man wearing a cowboy hat, white singlet and jeans came from behind the doorway and straight towards the door to lock it while mumbling to himself that the door should have been locked

"I repeat, who in hell is that?"

The man wearing a cowboy hat, turns around and looks up and Jak can't believe his eyes, Shawn Fucking Micheals was standing in front of him, after all this, and this time Jak got his words out on time

"Ahhh I'm the one who sent you the emails? You sent for me, the plane and the drivers?"

"I didn't get no stinking emails"
Jak was confused, then how on earth did he end up standing in front of his idol?

"Well spit it out" Shawn said abruptly

"Spit what out?" Jak responded as he regained himself

"These special emails that you travelled all this way to tell me about" Micheals points at his fans baggage

"Like right here?"

"Well if you prefer somewhere a little more comfortable away from all these weights, I see you don't work out much" Shawn started walking to his makeshift room

Shawn Micheals is kind of a dick, Jak kept that to himself, but for some reason he found himself wanting more. Micheals held out his hand signalling for the man he just met to sit on the end of his bed, there were no chairs in sight, Micheals followed and sat next to Jak eager to hear what he had to say. Jak pulled out his phone and started reading, Shawn extended his hand over the phone and pushed it down "You do better without a script, just take who you are and turn it up to 11, and speak from the heart"

Jak fell silent for a moment

"Shawn I'm not here to try and talk you out of what you
want, I just want to help the person I care about"
Micheals nods "I dont know how I can do it, I failed last
year, and I trained even harder for that"
"It's about your mindset, you have to know you are
going to win, know what your fighting for and don't
stop until you have it"
Shawn look towards the ground "I'm past my prime, I'll
never have a major championship win again, what am I
even fighting for?"
They look each other in the eye as time slows down,
"Fight for me" Jak pleaded
These two men looked into eachothers eyes as Shawn
places a hand on Jak's thigh before both men are
taken away from their moment by the lights instantly
shutting off, Shawns hand leaves Jak's leg to find a
light switch.
FLK FLIC FLK "Power must be out" Shawn remarks
while returning to his new companion "It should be on
in a short while, until then there's nothing here but you
and me"
"And this bed" Jak laughed nervously
It was pitch black, Jak felt a warm hand return to his
thigh,
"I don't think the lord's watching anymore"
The adoration that Jak had for Micheals couldn't be
contained, his hand finds a home across Shawns
cheek
"Or maybe this was his plan all along"
Just seconds before they embrace eachother Jak and
Shawn are interupted once again this time with a loud;
The lights turn back on, both men cover their eyes as they adjust back to the light, and when they do, neither man can make a sound as they see The Undertaker suddenly standing in front of them, hard as a rock. No one can say a word, as the deadman breaks the silence.

"I've got 2 holes, for 2 souls"

Despite his permanent rigourmortis and the pressure of biggest match of his career the next night, the undertaker was looking to go out on his back before he would do the same to a long respected rival.

"I want you to face me at your best Shawn." the undertaker grumbled

"With a clear head." The deadman turned slowly turned his gaze to the only man without several world champion reigns in the room

"And I need you to help"

Everything was happening so fast to keep up with, but all 3 men knew exactly what they wanted, and in that moment most passionate triple-threat in history began.

Chapter 6
The Hardest Part of the Relationship

The clock strikes midnight as three men lie completely sexually satisfied in every way, unable to move, when the undertaker does his patented sit up, Shawn and
Jak can't believe what they are seeing, if he feels the way they do, this should be near impossible. The deadman pulls his outfit back on "I'll be seeing you for the last time tomorrow night Shawn, no excuses" the lights turn dark before he vanishes just as quickly as he left.

Jak and Shawn remained in each others arms making what room they could in Micheals small bed, more words of encouragement were said before they drifted off, well, before Jak drifted off, Micheals waited until his recent tag partner was out cold before slipping away from their hug and getting dressed. Shawn took down his boots from the wall and put them back on, then he started walking off into the night, stopping in the doorway, turning around he couldn't help but feel like he was abandoning jak and leaving behind a special bond, a tear welled up in Shawns eye before he spoke the words "I'm sorry, I love you."

Jak woke up the next day alone, but... also not alone, because not only did he know why they called him the heartbreak kid he knew Shawn was with him spiritually, and every time Jak mimicked a superkick, a smile would form as he would forever be reminded of Shawns hand returning to his thigh.

The End.