

A Binding Friendship

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Just a story of Me, Jamie, and Caria

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1 - Are You Kidding Me?

I hobbled out of the ring after being defeated by Randy Orton. I don't know why, but I fight boys...

"Sorry, lovely, you should just go with me and stop screwing around with that puppy, Batista, while you could be screwing with the big dog." Randy laughed through a microphone. I grunted angrily.

"Come on, baby. You know you love me." Randy Orton gloated.

"No, I don't! UGH!" I shouted into a microphone.

"Awwwww... mad little wolf." he laughed.

Lights shone and fireworks burst.

I walk for miles inside this pit of danger!!

'Oh god...' I thought bitterly.

"NOW HOLD ON A DAMN SECOND!" Batista yelled. Why was Batista on RAW...?

"Dameon is my wife!! For christ's sake, Randy. She's mine." Batista raised a fist.

Jamie ran out with CM Punk.

"Oh, cmon! Randy you moran!! Leave my cousin alone. And stop talking about their sex life." CM Punk sighed. Jamie laughed.

"Woah, woah, woah. Everybody, this is between Dameon and me." said Randy, angrily.

"What the frack is there to talk about?!" I yelled.

"About how sexy you are..." Randy said, needily.

Batista looked as if he was ready to explode.

2 - The Story Behind It ALL!!

Dave and Randy broke out in random fight. Jamie, Phil (CM Punk), and I all watched with blank faces. Caria ran down the ramp beside me.

"Don't you plan on escaping anytime soon...?" she asked as she watched Dave hit Randy in the head with a chair.

"I want to, but this is entertaining!!" I laughed. Caria and Jamie grabbed my wrists and began to drag me away. Phil jumped in the ring and started helping Dave.

Well all walked back to Caria's room. Jeff was away at the moment. Jamie and Caria plopped me down on the sofa.

"Alright, what's up with you and Orton?" questioned Caria with a flashlight as Jamie turned off the lights.

My pupils got thin, like a cat's eyes.

"MY EYES!!! GET THE FLASHLIGHT AWAYYYYYY!" I cried out as I pawed at it.

"But what is the deal with Randy?" asked Jamie. Her blue eyes shone slightly.

"Okay, okay..." I began as the lights were turned back on. "Randy and I used to go out. As a WWE thing. But he took it a little too seriously, and things began to crash. I never really loved him. He just loved me. No other girl, and only chases me." I sighed as Jeff walked in.

"Sup, ladies?" asked Jeff as he walked into his room. Jeff heard a loud crash on his door.

"LEMME AT HIM!! I GONNA TEAR HIM TO SHREEEEEEDS!" Jamie cried.

"NO, JAMIE!!! BACK!!! BAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!" I shouted as I pulled her cat tail.

"Owies..." she sniffled.

"Well that's what you get." Caria pouted.

Caria, Jamie and I all walked back to Jamie's room. Batista and Phil stopped to talk to us.

"How did it turn out?" Jamie asked Phil.

"He's in a stretcher." Phil laughed.

"Where are you guys goin' now?" I asked Dave.

"To my room to plan his 'Welcome Back Party'." Dave replied.

"And by 'Welcome Back Party, you mean, 'Welcome Back to Hell Party'...?"

"Yeah, pretty much..."

3 - Alone...

We all walked down the hallway.

"Eh, girls? I'm gonna hit it early tonight..." I said in a cold voice.

"What's...?" asked Caria but she was nudged by Jamie. They spotted the tears I tried so hard to hold back.

"O-Okay... goodnight, Dame..." Caria sighed.

I unlocked the door to my room and shut it behind me. Dave had come back but he was asleep on the couch.

"Dave... you're so lucky to not have to deal with this..." I whispered under my breath.

I closed my bedroom door silently and plopped myself down on my bed.

I stared at my wrestling posters I had taped to my ceiling. Eddie... Dave... John... Phil... Jamie... Caria... Chris...

"Chris..." I whispered as more tears slithered down my cheeks. Wind blew my silky curtains at my window. I saw Jamie and Caria outside, heading over to the bar with Phil and Jeff. Phil was looking back at me until I turned onto my other side. The moon was still in the sky and the sun was fading quickly. I didn't really like the idea of Chris being gone. I had no other close person to comfort. Chris was very close to me... even closer than Dave. Chris was like another brother to me.

Silently, I cried myself to sleep...

XxX

Dave walked into the room and looked at me. He put my covers on top of me and gave me a kiss on the cheek, trying not to disturb me. He looked over at the blood on my pillow. Looking for the weapon that I had used to slit my wrists, he took my pocket knife off my end table and slid it into his pocket, and closed the door behind him quietly.

"Dame... you gotta stop doing that..."