

The Cold Blood of Wrestling

By Yvette

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Basically me and Sean are at Smackdown to see Jeff's big match for the WWE Championship belt and some stuff happens...

Warning-I insult some wrestlers.

I re-did the entire story and added some.

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1 - Watching

'Wow this is going better than I thought it would be!' I thought to myself. Hayden and I had just found our ringside seats at Smackdown to see Jeff Hardy face Chris Jericho for the WWE Championship. "This is going to be so cool!" I told Hayden eagerly. 'Well I hope he likes it at least a little...' I hoped, I took off my jacket and he did the same. I rolled my eyes,

"Hey Hayden can I ask you something?"

"Yeah, go ahead."

"Why are you copying me?" He turned away, a sure sign he was blushing.

"You want popcorn?" I asked trying to clear the air

"Yeah that sounds good! You want me to come with you?"

"Yeah, c'mon" I told him, I grabbed his hand and led him away from our seats toward the snack stand. We arrived rather quickly and sat down with a large popcorn, a soda for him and an iced tea for me. We had returned just in time because just as we were sitting down the show began. The fireworks went off and the giant flat screen TV had Smackdown written on it in bright blue, Smackdown's theme color. Then Vickie Guerrero came out and ruined the view. Vickie is the general manager of Smackdown and she controls everything that goes on every Friday night from eight to ten on channel seventeen. She is also fussy, annoying and greedy and that doesn't make her a likeable person. First of all her 'husband', Edge, is also about as annoying as she is and just as greedy, if not more. As Vickie rolled down the entrance ramp with her black hair and purple highlights bouncing with every bump the wheelchair hit, the audience (including me) shouted in disappointment.

"We want action!!! Not to listen to you blabber about your husband!!!" I shouted angrily standing up like my fellow watchers. Only Hayden actually seemed interested in what she had to say. As Vickie finally rolled her rather large body up and into the ring, everyone in the audience was booing her. Her nephew, Chavo who was loyal to her only because she was family, handed her a microphone to make her announcement.

"Today on Smackdown-EXCUSE ME!!!!!" she yelled into the microphone but she still couldn't match the yelling of the thousands of people packed into the stadium. Finally she gave up trying to quiet us down and continued with her announcement.

"Today on Smackdown we are having some rather interesting matches. Our first match for the night is MVP and Fetus. Just then the fireworks went off and Triple H came out and did his entrance. When he was done he went up to Vickie and said,

"You know Vickie, I've been thinking." He smirked "I don't think these folks like you very much" He gestured toward the audience. In response we roared approval. "So I think we should give them a little more action than 'Excuse Me!!!' He did his worst-it actually might have been his best I don't know-impression of Vickie.

"Excuse me?!?! I think that---"

"See there it is again! And do you really think these people care what you think?"

"Do you realize who you are talking to?!!?" Man did she sound ticked!

"Yes, but who here could hurt who?" Triple H stated matter-of-factly

"Yes well- But- Do you know-???..." Vickie stuttered over her words. She was actually speechless!

"And you know what else? I want a match against your husband." He said the word with a nasty look on his face.

"Absolutely not!! He is still resting from his injury!" Most likely not! I thought That is so lame!

“You know what--?”

“What Vickie? How are you planning to punish me for being, how would you put it, truthful?”

“You had better get ready, you’ll be fighting Big Show in a no disqualification match.” Vickie said curtly Triple H nodded and he walked out of the ring area, a mischievous smile crossing his face.

“Jeff Hardy and Chris Jericho will be fighting for the Heavyweight Title and last but definitely not least my husband, Edge, will be fighting Hurricane Helms”

“Is that all she ever does when she comes out?” Sean asked me curiously

“Yeah, it’s either that or she comes out and blabbers about how good her husband is...” I told him half-heartedly. “Which he isn’t even something to brag about, he’s not even half as good as what I have here.” I grinned and he blushed again. Soon our fun filled night was started off with a rough but fun to watch match between MVP and Festus. MVP came out and I couldn’t help but sing along with his music. Sean looked at me like I was crazy!

“The song is really cool!” I explained. Hayden made an ‘okay whatever works for you’ face with a smile. We turned back to the match at the moment MVP’s entrance was done and Festus and Jessie came out with their music. “Biscuits and gravy!” Their song caught Sean’s attention.

“Biscuits and gravy?” he asked me.

“I guess their theme is like a hillbilly of some sort or whatever.”

“Interesting... which one is Festus?”

“The big dumb looking one.” I told him.

“And he wrestles?”

“Yep, and he’s really good too, he definitely has his own style though. Or at least until Koslov came.

“What do mean?” He asked

“Well until Koslov came, Fetus was the only wrestler who rammed people with their head and the both have a very aggressive type of wrestling.” Then the bell rang and Fetus transformed, and that kind of disturbed Hayden. After that were mostly quiet just watching the match except the few times Hayden would ask me what a move was called or what was up with Festus. After the match was over, the bell was rung (MVP was too depressed at his loss to cheat) and everyone had left the ring for the next match to begin. “So what do you think so far?” I asked Hayden.

“It’s actually pretty cool.” I laughed.

“What? He asked.

“Nothing” I replied laughing. I continued laughing as Hayden looked at me completely puzzled, and the confusion only made me laugh harder. I was soon bent over laughing with tears streaming down my cheeks.

“Are you okay?” he asked. He was always asking me that, and it gets on my nerves.

I opened my mouth but all that came out was air, no sound. I nodded a few times and stopped laughing hysterically by breathing slowly. If I went into hyperventilation, I would miss my chance to meet Jeff.

2 - Something Fishy is going on here...

Just then Triple H's theme song came on and we stopped talking to watch. He came out all dressed to wrestle with a determined look on his face. He completed his entrance by misting us and I swear he looked right at me. He ducked under the ropes and into the ring. Then Big Show came out and walked down to the ring, he doesn't really have anything special he does for an entrance. I leaned towards Hayden and said

"That's supposedly the world's largest athlete."

"Really? Him?"

"Yep. And wait 'til you see how he fights, it's really funny, he has no offense really."

We went back to watching the match. 'Ding ding ding!' The match began, Triple H and Big Show circled for a minute or two and then Triple H ducked out of the ring. He reached under the ring and pulled out a sledge hammer. Then he got back into the ring. Seeing that Triple H had a sledge hammer, Big Show jumped out of the ring. Triple H followed him and quickly bashed him on the back of the head. Big Show cringed and fell right onto the steel steps, splitting his forehead open. After the Ref made sure he was okay he turned to face Triple H, but as he was scanning the audience he caught sight of me and his mouth dropped a little. He continued to stare at me until Triple whacked him with a steel chair on the back. He fell forward and hit the mat with a heavy thud. Triple H rolled him over to pin him and I saw his face. It was smeared with blood and his wound was a thin strip of darker red across the right side of his forehead. I thought I saw Big Show's mouth move just the slightest bit and then Triple H looked up at me, his head angled to the side just the slightest bit. Before I could point it out to Sean, he looked away.

Triple H left the ring occasionally looking back at me. We were in commercial so I started thinking.

"Hmmm....." I said

"What?"

"I dunno, it seems like some of these superstars know me. I caught both Big Show and Triple H staring at me.

"That's weird." We sat in silence for a minute or two, both engrossed in thought.

"Ya know what; I think I know what's going on here!"

"What?"

"Well, I've been writing to Jeff a lot lately and-

"Jeff-...c'mon, I need more than that!"

"Sorry, Jeff Hardy, you know my all time favorite wrestler..."

"Okay."

"Anyway," I continued "The letters I write to him are all in green envelopes so he knows which ones are mine. He's been writing back too; so I sent him a picture of me telling him instead of him sending me a picture, I'd send him one. You know trying to be funny. I'm thinking maybe he showed the other guys..."

"That might be it!" He nodded looking at the floor.

A few seconds later, Chris Jericho's entrance theme song came on, and Chris came out with the coveted WWE Championship over one shoulder. I stared at him angrily as he walked in front of us. He jumped up and into the ring, and then after scanning the audience around us looked right at me.

"Look!" I said quickly. Sean looked over and saw him staring at me. Chris and I made eye contact and I thought I saw a flicker of a smile, but it was too quick to be sure. Then the screaming started, that always happens when Jeff's music comes on. I'm definitely not his only fan! 'Don't ya see the writing

on the wall?' I watched him come out and do his dance thing, and sighed happily. He ran down the ramp and slid into the ring. He jumped up onto the rope on our side and did his thing. He confronted Jericho and I saw him say something. Chris nodded slightly towards me and Jeff followed his gaze, right to me.

He walked over to our side of the ring and pulled the T-shirt off the back of his belt; as if he was going to throw it, he scanned the audience. He threw the T-shirt over our heads and his eyes met mine. My breath caught in my throat as he smiled. It took me a second to recover and then I smiled back. Then he turned back to face Jericho. The referee, Charles Robinson, took the belt from Jericho and held it above his head, and then he handed it to someone outside the ring. 'Ding, ding, ding!' The bell rang the match began, Jeff and Jericho circled around and then Jericho lunged at Jeff. Jeff and Jericho were locked in a grapple hold, neither advancing nor falling. Jeff pushed Chris to one knee and began to build his momentum. The grapple broke and Jeff threw a punch at Chris's face and it met its target. Chris fell back a step and when the next punch hit him in the face he fell back another few steps. He continued to back away from Jeff's raining blows until he was backed up against the rope. Jeff grabbed his arm and swung him so he was running across the ring. He bounced off the rope, and began heading back to Jeff. WHAM! Chris was on the mat after a devastating clothesline. Jeff laid over him and pulled his leg up, a pin position. Wham! The first hit...Wham! The second hit...Chris pulled his shoulder up just in time. Jeff rolled off and brushed his multi-colored hair out of his eyes. They stood up and Chris swung at Jeff. Jeff took the punch and took a swing at Chris but he blocked it. It was turning into a slug fest! The fest only lasted a few seconds before Chris took over. His fists rained down on Jeff with fury. Jeff was soon lying still on the mat. Jericho, stomped on his stomach and he curled up in the pain. Jericho walked to the rope and tried to get the audience railed up. Jeff pulled himself up and as Jericho turned around Jeff kicked him, but Chris caught the kick. Jeff threw up his other foot and connected with Jericho's face. Jericho fell, right next to the corner. Jeff ran over and jumped up onto the second rope. He climbed up to the top rope and yelled out to the audience, signaling the Swanton Bomb. He set his feet on the rope and jumped. At first it looked like he was going to land on his neck and snap his spine, but just like all the other times he's done it, he finished the flip at the last second. The audience, including me, erupted into cheering and applause. Jeff pulled Chris into a pin. Wham! The first hit...Wham! The second hit... the ref's hand was like an inch away from the mat when Chris's shoulder came up. Jeff brushed the hair out of his eyes as he stood up. He grabbed Chris's legs, spread them apart and did a mid-section double leg drop. Chris rolled over, his knees pulled up to his chest. The second Chris stopped moving Jeff dropped an elbow to his head. Both men were looking worn out about now and Jeff may have bitten his tongue because his mouth kept pooling up with blood. Holding his right arm against his body (he's always had problems with his arm) he rolled out of the ring. He walked behind the announcement table and grabbed the metal chair the camera-guy usually sits on. He folded it up and headed back into the ring. As he turned around Chris Jericho leaped out of the ring at him. Jeff put up the chair and instead of hurting Jeff as he intended, Chris found himself flying into metal. They fell onto the announcers table. "Whoa, did you see that? I wonder who that hurt more, Hardy or Jericho?" J.R. continued his endless stream of announcements, along with Tazz. In his haste to get away from the table Tazz had lost his sun glasses and he bent over to pick them up. Jeff pushed Chris off of him onto the mat. Jericho hit the floor with a heavy thud. Jeff could barely stand, but some how managed to drag Jericho to his feet and roll him into the ring. Jeff must've had an adrenaline rush and he rolled in rather quickly. He pulled Jericho into a pin position, holding both legs.

Wham! "One!" Tazz was adding to the suspense.

Wham! "Two!" The audience was getting excited and I was totally ready to scream if Jeff won.

Wham! "THREE!!!!" I jumped out of my seat and yelled joyously. Jeff rolled out of the ring and leaned against the wall right in front of me.

3 - Didn't See That One Coming!

Jeff rolled out of the ring and leaned against the wall right in front of me. I reached down and patted his shoulder lightly, not sure if I should. He kneeled down and held his arm. He bent his head and as I was rubbing his shoulder, he asked

“Are you Eve, the one who is always writing to me?”

“Yeah...” I answered hesitantly

“Do me a favor and stay after the show?”

“Sure, do I keep my friend with me or leave him behind?”

“Uh...I guess leave him behind if you don't mind.”

“Sure, see you soon” He stood up, his face still twisted up in pain. He limped up the entrance ramp and around the corner. I sat down, flushed from my encounter with my childhood idol. Hayden leaned over and asked

“Are you okay? You seem a little red...”

“Yeah I'm all right...Hayden?”

“Yeah?”

“Can I stay after the show?” I made sure, or at least tried, to hide the fact that Jeff had asked me.

Despite my efforts, another blush washed over me. The burning continued as Hayden asked

“Why?”

“Do you promise not to get mad?”

“Uhhh...sure.”

“Jeff...asked...me to.”

“Really?!? When?”

“You know how he was sitting right here? And how I was patting him on the shoulder and all?” I motioned toward the black rubber wall separating the audience from the ring.

“Yeah...” If Hayden had figured it out yet I couldn't tell

“Well, while he was sitting there he just asked. I don't know...”

“Wow...”He looked away”That's really cool.” He finished

“Are you jealous?” I asked laughing

“Maybe a little...”He replied quietly.

“But you don't even like wrestling! Do you remember the argument we had on the way here? ”

Flash Back:

“Why can't I? It's only across the street!” Hayden yelled

“Why do you want to go see this bar so badly?” I asked quietly

“I don't even like wrestling! You know that! Besides, I haven't seen one of his games in a long time.”

“Okay then go!” My voice was getting louder. I took a deep breath to calm myself down.

“Really?” He sounded excited. By now we had pulled into a parking spot at the Wachovia Center. I reached behind me and grabbed my purse from behind my seat.

“Yes, by all means, go enjoy yourself. Have fun.” I jumped out of seat and hit the asphalt a little harder than I meant to. I slammed the door of his rusty old pick up truck so hard the other door came open. He shut his door and came running after me. I had stormed off toward the bathroom, but he caught me only a few seconds before I got there. He grabbed my arm and swung me around to face him.

“Eve, if this matters so much to you, I'll go!”

“Okay I’m going to the bathroom first though.” I gave him his ticket “I’ll meet you at the seats.” He walked back to the car to grab his bag and I snickered at how evil I was. That was totally a fake tantrum! I walked off to the nearest souvenir shop and loaded up on Jeff Hardy, CM Punk, Triple H and Undertaker merchandise. Hayden would never have let me get so much. I got four shirts, a Jeff Hardy throw pillow and many other items Sean would have disapproved of. I dropped the stuff off at the car and hurried back inside.

End of Flash Back

I snickered just thinking about the hidden merchandise in his pick-up.