

NOT IN HIS CORNER



QOS COMIX
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SOMETIMES, PATIENCE IS THE KEY. WHAT I MEAN IS, IF I WOULD HAVE REACTED RASHLY TO FINDING OUT WHAT MY HUSBAND WAS UP TO, I MIGHT HAVE DIVORCED HIM RIGHT THERE ON THE SPOT. I MIGHT HAVE KICKED HIM OUT OF THE HOME WE SHARED AND OUT OF MY LIFE FOR GOOD...BUT INSTEAD, I TOOK A BREATH. I WAITED.

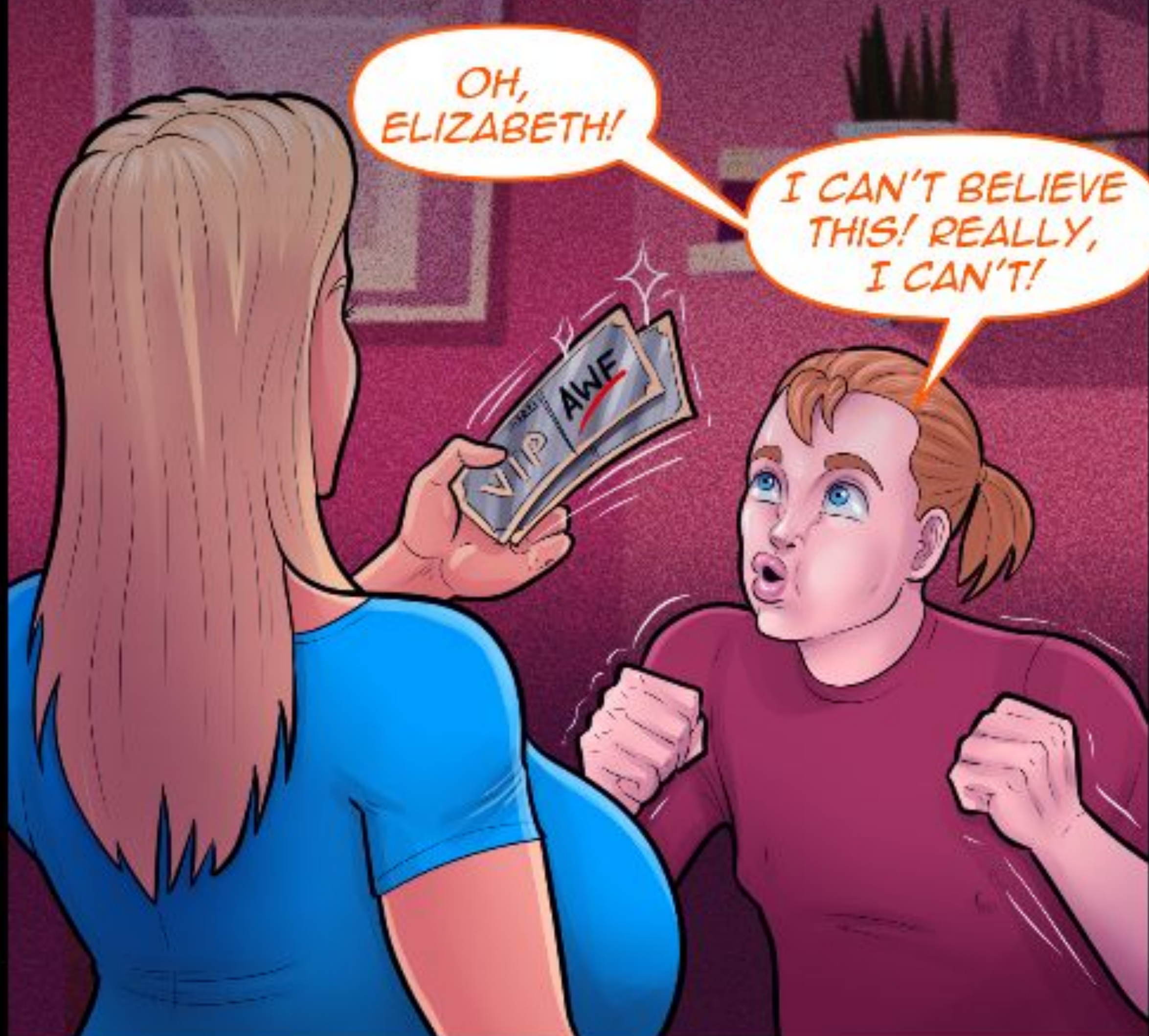
AND BY GIVING HIM SOME TIME TO DIG HIS OWN GRAVE, I NOT ONLY GOT MY REVENGE... BUT I FOUND OUT SOMETHING ABOUT MYSELF THAT I WOULD HAVE NEVER KNOWN OTHERWISE.

IN A WORD, I WAS PATIENT. WOULD YOU HAVE BEEN SO LENIENT IF YOU FOUND OUT THAT YOUR SIGNIFICANT OTHER BLEW YOUR LIFE SAVINGS ON CAMGIRLS AND ONLINE GAMBLING? BE HONEST. YOU PROBABLY WOULD HAVE BLOWN A GASKET, FLIPPED OUT...AND I ALMOST DID, TOO. ESPECIALLY WHEN YOU CONSIDER THE FACT THAT THE DAY I FOUND OUT WE HAD NO MONEY LEFT IN THE BANK WAS THE SAME DAY I SURPRISED HIM FOR HIS BIRTHDAY.



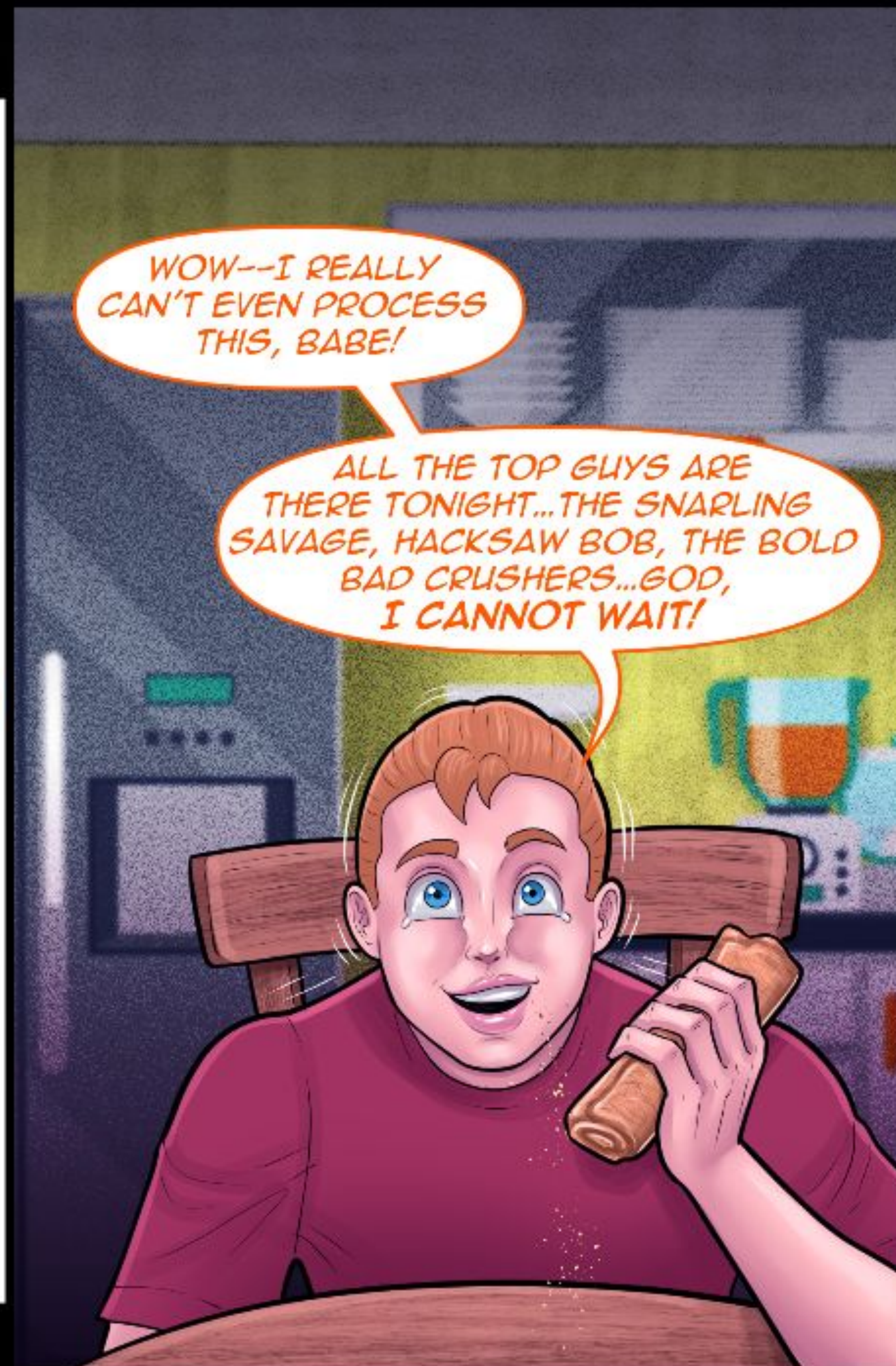
RANDY WAS A NERD FOR LIFE, AND HE LOVED PROFESSIONAL WRESTLING. ESPECIALLY FOR THE AWF, THE ACTION WRESTLING FEDERATION. IT HAD ALL HIS FAVORITE WRESTLERS, I THINK SECRETLY, HE DREAMED OF BEING A PROFESSIONAL WRESTLER. EVEN THOUGH IT WAS COMPLETELY OUT OF THE REALM OF REALITY WITH A PHYSIQUE LIKE HIS.

SO NATURALLY, WHEN I TOLD HIM WE WERE GOING TO THE AWF EVENT THAT NIGHT IN JACKSONVILLE, WITH BACKSTAGE PASSES TO BOOT, HE NEARLY CRIED IN HIS JOY.

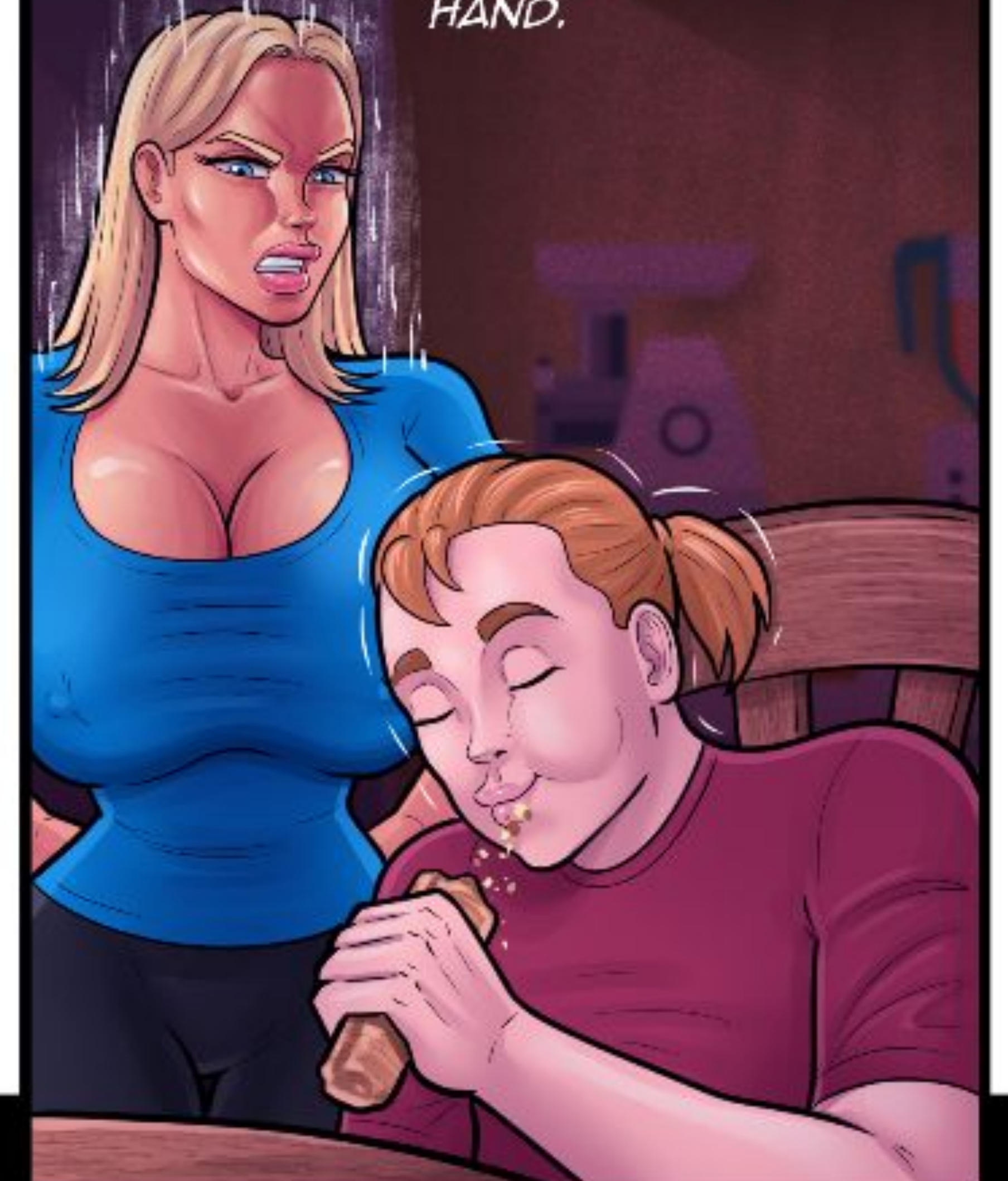


WOW--I REALLY CAN'T EVEN PROCESS THIS, BABE!

ALL THE TOP GUYS ARE THERE TONIGHT...THE SNARLING SAVAGE, HACKSAW BOB, THE BOLD BAD CRUSHERS...GOD, I CANNOT WAIT!



AS I WATCHED HIM MUNCH DOWN HIS BURRITO, THE RECEIPTS FROM THE CAMGIRL SITES FLASHED IN MY MIND. HOW MANY COUNTLESS HOURS HAD HE SPENT WATCHING THOSE WOMEN MASTURBATE ON CAMERA? HOW MUCH OF OUR SAVINGS HAD HE BLOWN ON SPECIAL REQUESTS AND POINTLESS DONATIONS? IT TOOK EVERYTHING I HAD NOT TO REACH ACROSS THE TABLE AND SMACK THAT GODDAMN BURRITO OUT OF HIS HAND.



AND THAT NIGHT WE ARRIVED AT THE ARENA EARLY FOR AWF'S WEEKLY CLOBBER FEST.





YOU LOOK EXTRA BEAUTIFUL TONIGHT, ELIZABETH

THANKS, RANDY, I KNOW

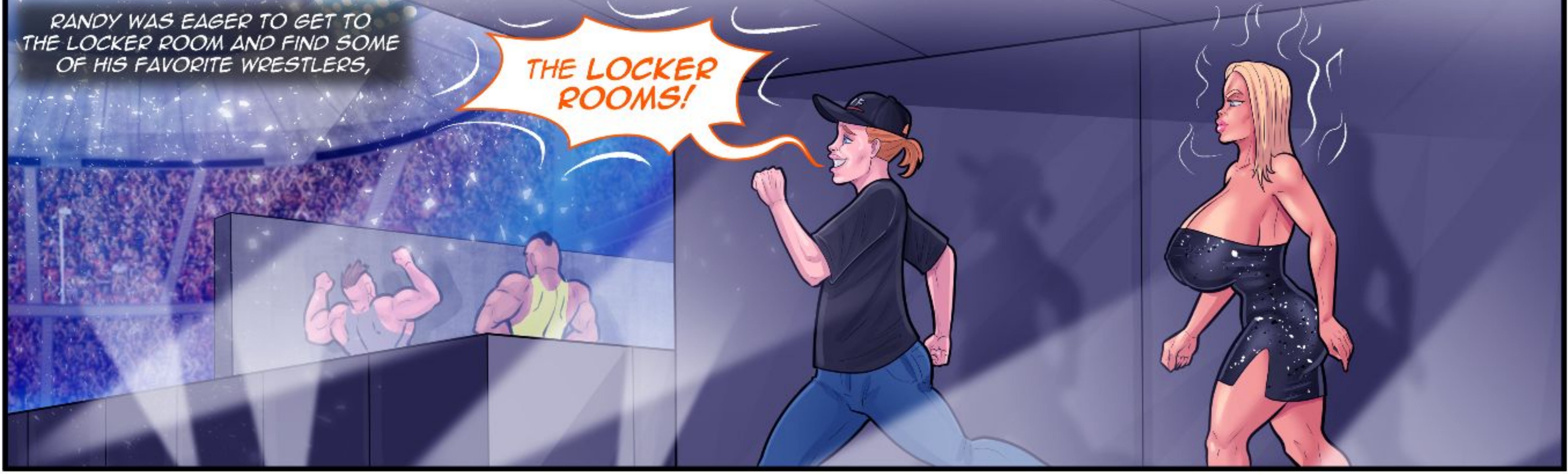


SOMETHING THE MATTER, HONEY?

YOU'VE BEEN **AWFULLY QUIET...** I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE WE'RE HERE!

EVERYTHING'S FINE,

TONIGHT'S ALL ABOUT YOU, REMEMBER? SO, ENJOY YOURSELF, RANDY. HAPPY BIRTHDAY...



RANDY WAS EAGER TO GET TO THE LOCKER ROOM AND FIND SOME OF HIS FAVORITE WRESTLERS,

THE LOCKER ROOMS!



CAPTAIN CARNAGE!

DOCTOR DEMENTED!

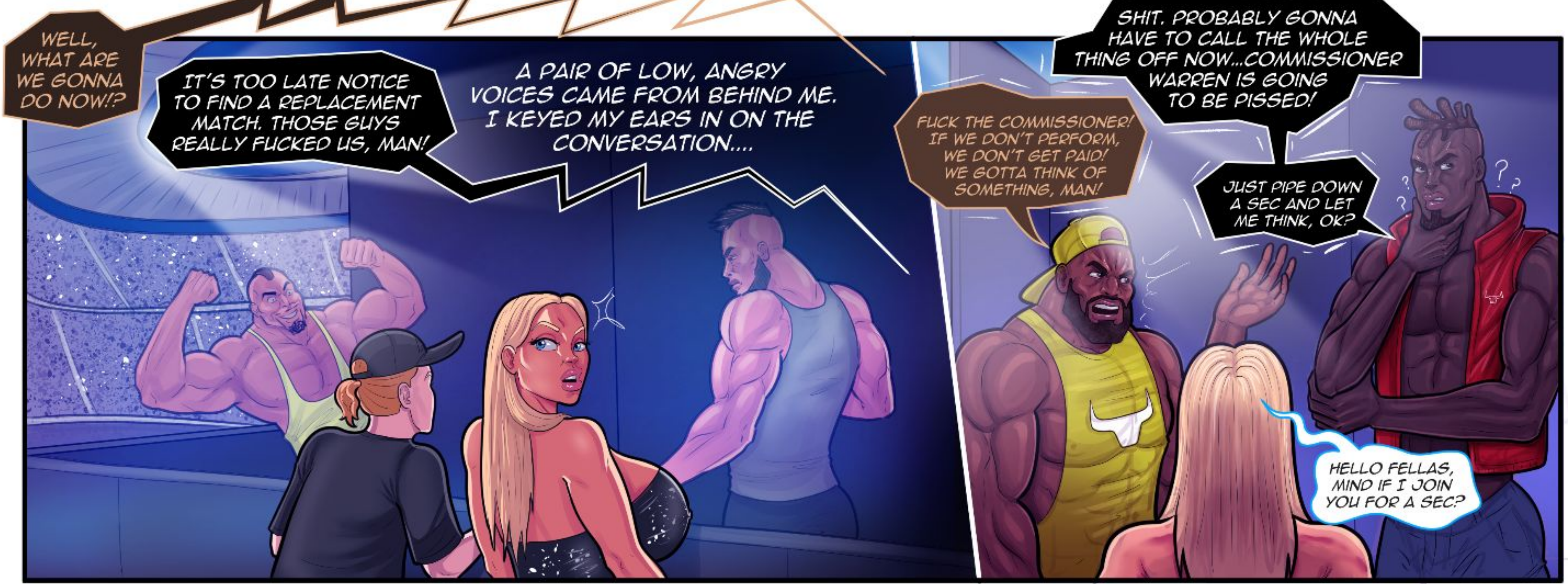
ELECTRIC THUNDER!



I WATCHED MY HUSBAND MAKE HIS WAY AROUND THE DRESSING ROOM ONE WRESTLER AT A TIME, LOOKING UP AT THE WRESTLERS WITH THE SAME ADMIRATION A LITTLE BOY HAS FOR A FIREFIGHTER. --IT WAS FRANKLY EMBARRASSING.

OMG!





WELL, WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO NOW!?

IT'S TOO LATE NOTICE TO FIND A REPLACEMENT MATCH. THOSE GUYS REALLY FUCKED US, MAN!

A PAIR OF LOW, ANGRY VOICES CAME FROM BEHIND ME. I KEYED MY EARS IN ON THE CONVERSATION....

FUCK THE COMMISSIONER! IF WE DON'T PERFORM, WE DON'T GET PAID! WE GOTTA THINK OF SOMETHING, MAN!

SHIT. PROBABLY GONNA HAVE TO CALL THE WHOLE THING OFF NOW... COMMISSIONER WARREN IS GOING TO BE PISSED!

JUST PIPE DOWN A SEC AND LET ME THINK, OK?

HELLO FELLAS, MIND IF I JOIN YOU FOR A SEC?



DAMN, GIRL, "SAID THE LANKY ONE," YOU CAN JOIN US FOR AS MANY SECONDS AS YOU WANT

PREFERABLY THE WHOLE DAMN NIGHT,

HOW CAN WE HELP YOU, BABY GIRL?

DAMN!

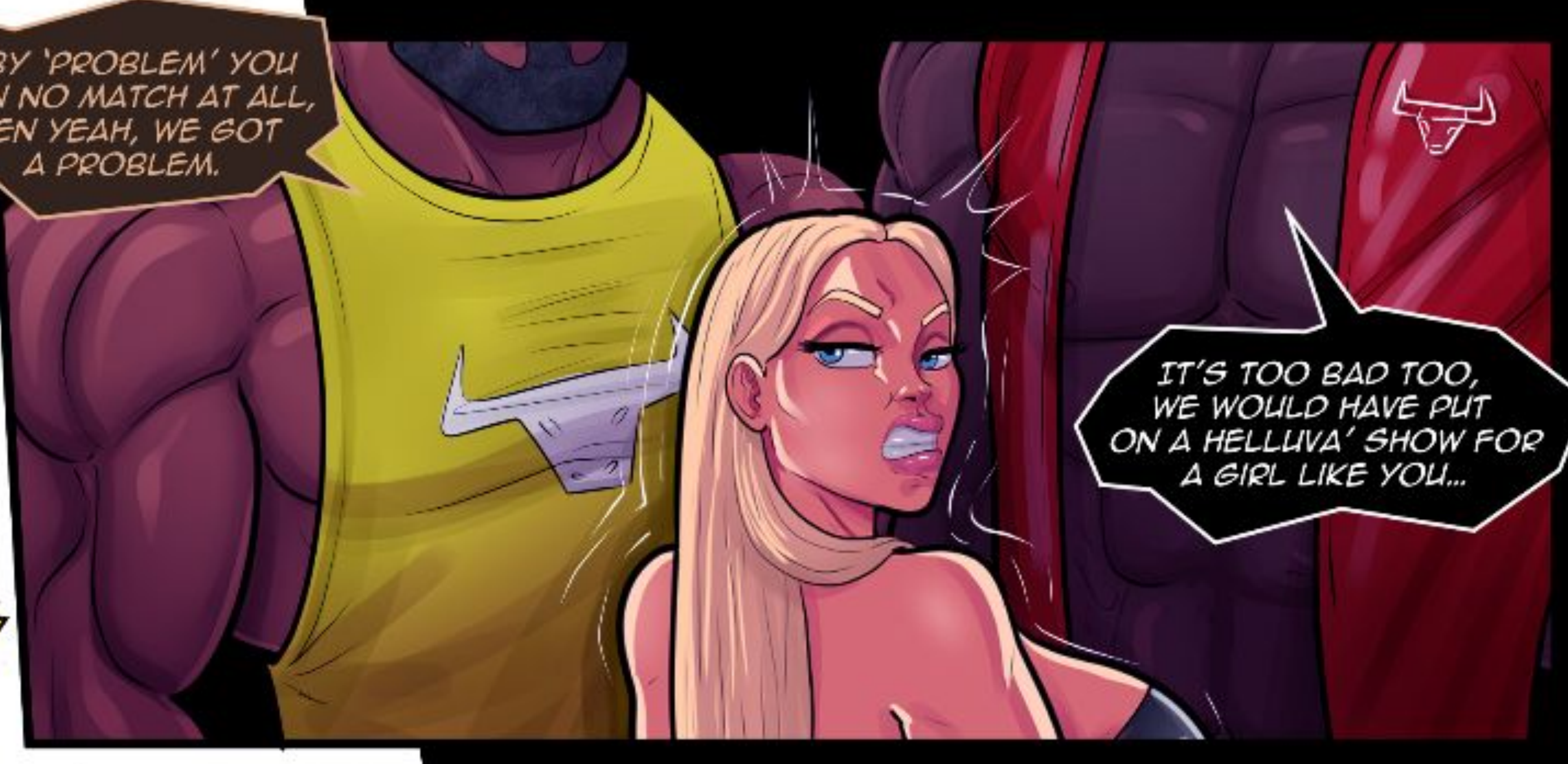
I COULDN'T HELP BUT NOTICE YOUR CONVERSATION,

IS THERE A PROBLEM WITH YOUR MATCH TONIGHT?

DAMN!

BOTH THEIR HUNGRY EYES FEASTING ON MY CLEAVAGE.

IF BY 'PROBLEM' YOU MEAN NO MATCH AT ALL, THEN YEAH, WE GOT A PROBLEM.



IT'S TOO BAD TOO, WE WOULD HAVE PUT ON A HELLUVA' SHOW FOR A GIRL LIKE YOU...



OMG!

I LOOKED OVER MY SHOULDER TO CHECK ON RANDY; STILL LOST IN HIS OWN CHILDHOOD DREAMS AS HE WENT FROM LOCKER TO LOCKER SHAKING EVERY WRESTLER'S HAND HE COULD.



WHAT ARE YOUR NAMES?

I'M PRETTY BOY FLOYD

BUT YOU CAN CALL ME FLOYD!

I'M THUG D, BUT YOU CAN CALL ME WHATEVER YOU LIKE

IF YOU DON'T MIND ME ASKING, HOW ARE YOU TWO WITH...CROWD INVOLVEMENT?

WHAT YOU MEAN?

YOU TRYING TO GET INVOLVED IN THE MATCH, LITTLE LADY?

I MIGHT HAVE SOMETHING YOU COULD TRY OUT



SHIT

DO YOU SEE THAT LITTLE GUY OVER THERE AT YOUR 1' O'CLOCK? SHORT, STUBBY, HAT ON?



THEY SPOTTED MY SQUIRRELY HUSBAND IN THE BACKGROUND AND NODDED IN LINISON

I'D LIKE YOU TO MAKE A FOOL OF MY HUSBAND TONIGHT... IN FRONT OF EVERYONE. NO LIMITS. YOU CAN HANDLE THAT?



DAMN SHORTY... WHAT DID THE POOR BASTARD DO TO DESERVE THIS?

LET'S JUST SAY, HE'S HAD IT COMING...

AND WHY SHOULD WE HELP YO' PRETTY LITTLE ASS OUT? WHAT? WE JUST GONNA CLOWN YOUR LITTLE HUBBY FOR FREE?

WHAT OTHER CHOICE DO YOU HAVE?

IT'S EITHER THAT OR GO HOME WITHOUT A PAYCHECK, RIGHT? PLUS, YOU CAN TAKE IT AS FAR AS YOU WANT WITH HIM. NO HOLDS BARRED. THROW HIM THROUGH A GODDAMN TABLE FOR ALL I CARE... JUST MAKE IT HURT



IT'S A TEMPTING OFFER, BUT I THINK YOU CAN MAKE THE DEAL A LITTLE SWEETER

I'M SURE WE CAN THINK OF SOMETHING

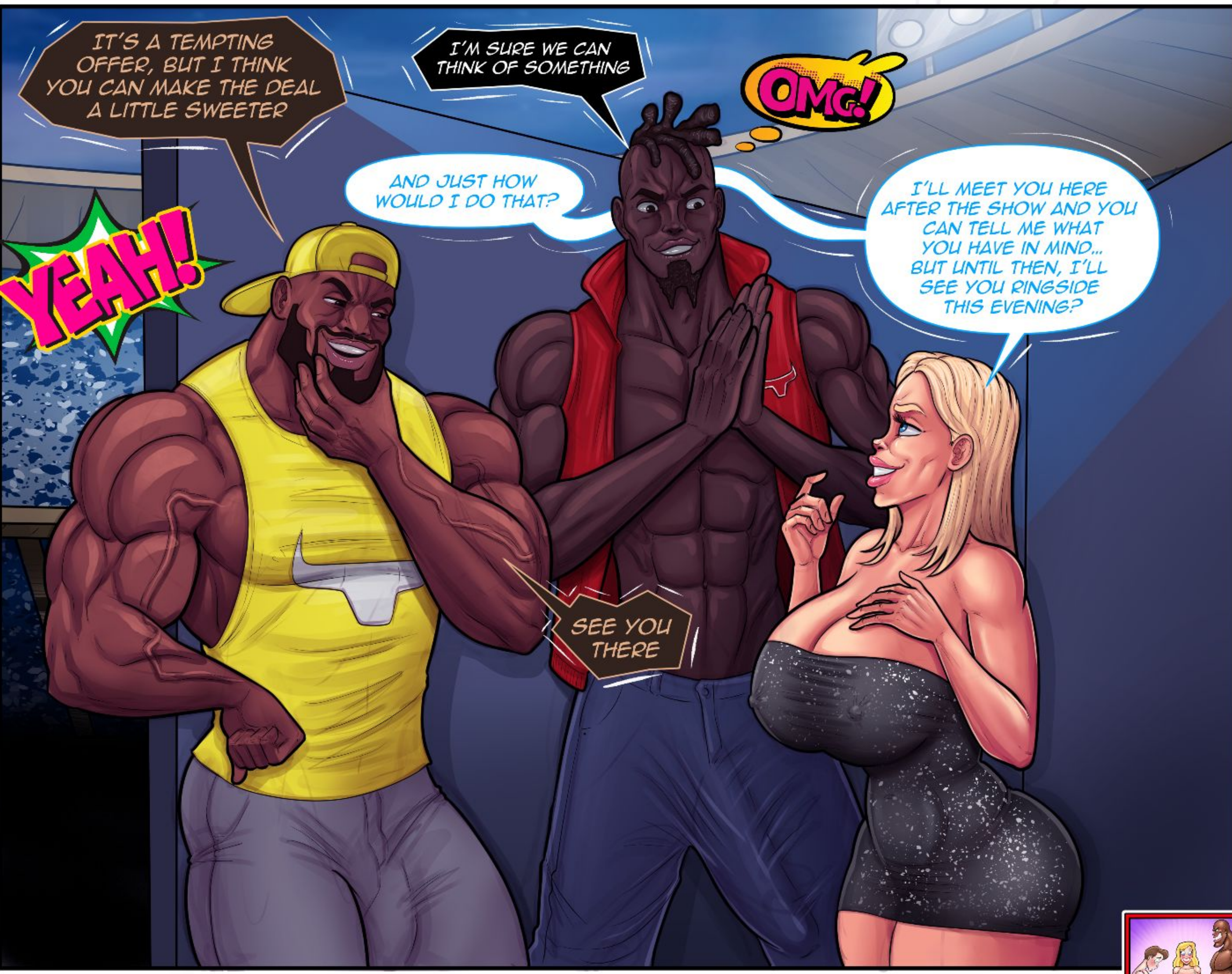
AND JUST HOW WOULD I DO THAT?

OMG!

I'LL MEET YOU HERE AFTER THE SHOW AND YOU CAN TELL ME WHAT YOU HAVE IN MIND... BUT UNTIL THEN, I'LL SEE YOU RINGSIDE THIS EVENING?

YEAH!

SEE YOU THERE



THE CROWD WAS ELECTRIC THAT NIGHT, A SOLD-OUT SHOW WITH NEARLY NINETY THOUSAND PEOPLE IN ATTENDANCE, AND IN THE MIDDLE OF EVERYTHING WAS THAT BIG SQUARE WRESTLING RING, THREE ROPES RUNNING DOWN EACH SIDE. I KNOW THEY SAY WRESTLING IS 'FAKE' BUT WHEN YOU HEAR THOSE BODIES SLAM INTO THE MAT IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE IT DOESN'T HURT.



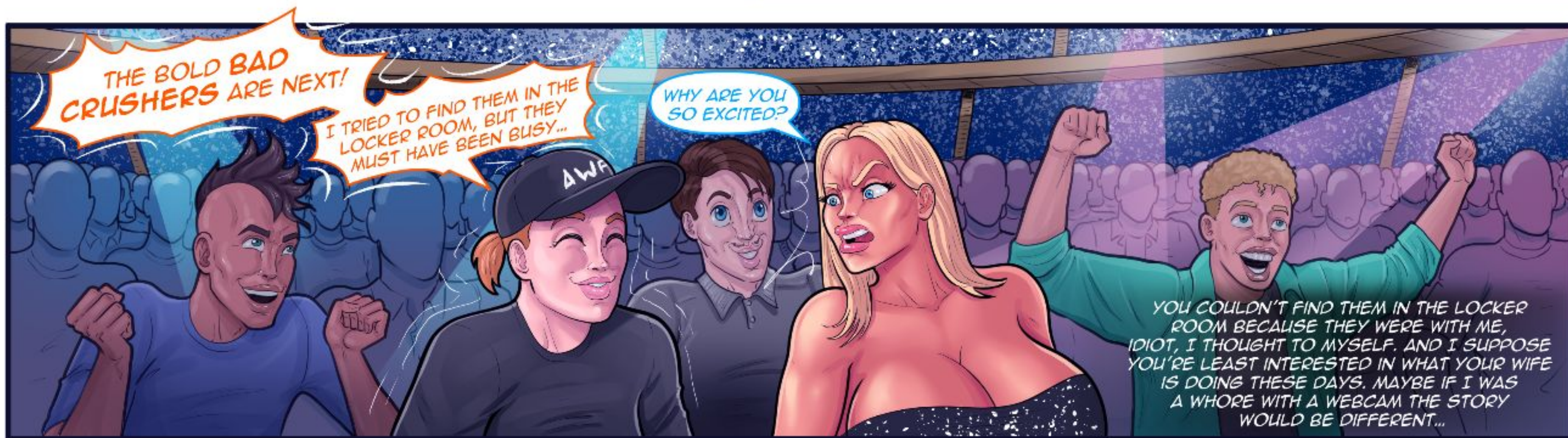
THE FIRST THREE MATCHES CAME AND WENT AND I BARELY SO MUCH AS LOOKED UP AT THE RING. MY EYES WERE TRAINED TO RANDY, OBSERVING HIS EVERY MOVE, EVERY FACIAL EXPRESSION. I WAS LOGGING HIS HAPPINESS IN REAL TIME, TALLYING IT UP SO I KNEW HOW MUCH TO SUBTRACT LATER.



THE BOLD BAD CRUSHERS ARE NEXT!

I TRIED TO FIND THEM IN THE LOCKER ROOM, BUT THEY MUST HAVE BEEN BUSY...

WHY ARE YOU SO EXCITED?

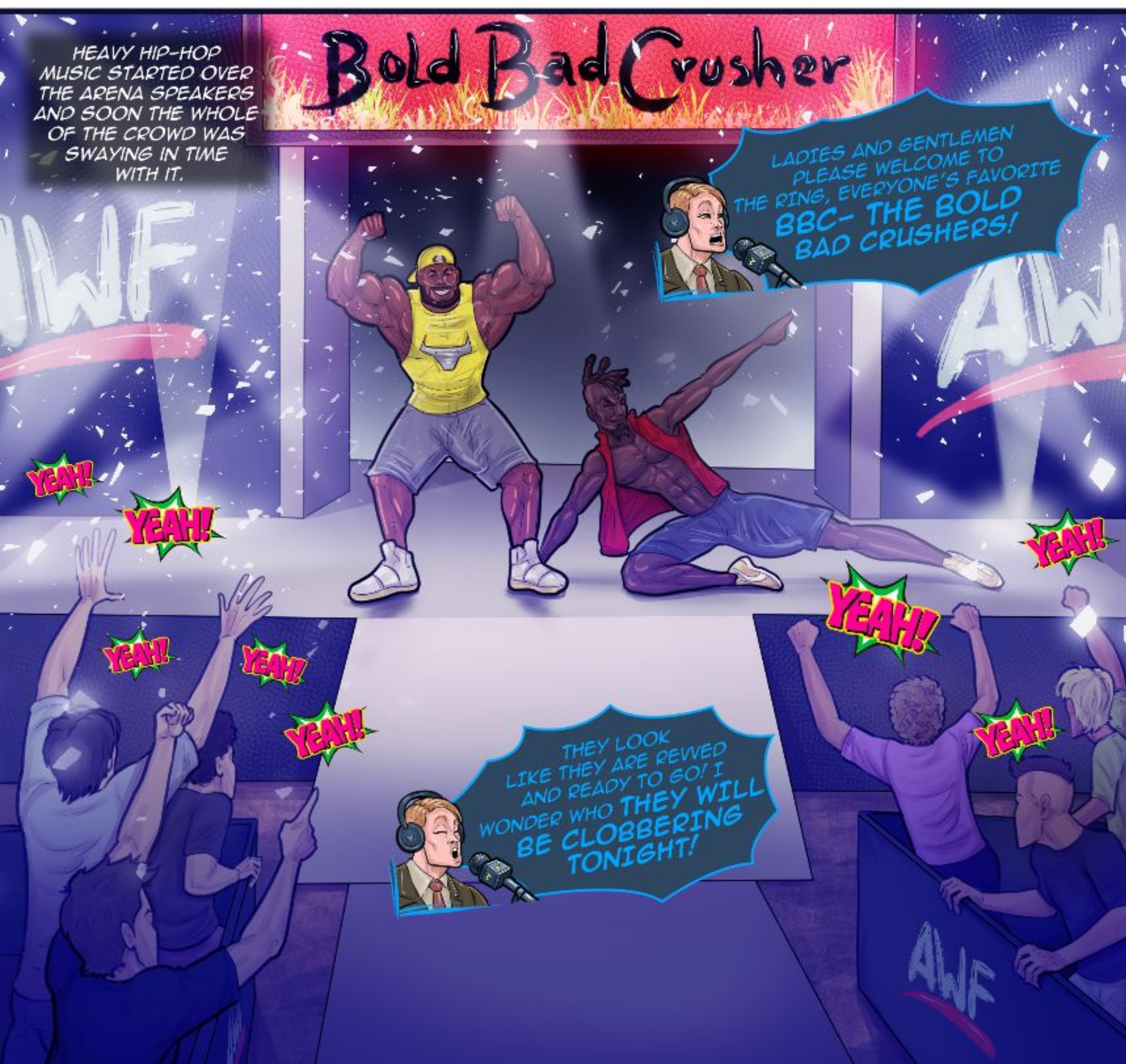


YOU COULDN'T FIND THEM IN THE LOCKER ROOM BECAUSE THEY WERE WITH ME, IDIOT, I THOUGHT TO MYSELF. AND I SUPPOSE YOU'RE LEAST INTERESTED IN WHAT YOUR WIFE IS DOING THESE DAYS. MAYBE IF I WAS A WHORE WITH A WEBCAM THE STORY WOULD BE DIFFERENT...

HEAVY HIP-HOP MUSIC STARTED OVER THE ARENA SPEAKERS AND SOON THE WHOLE OF THE CROWD WAS SWAYING IN TIME WITH IT.

Bold Bad Crusher

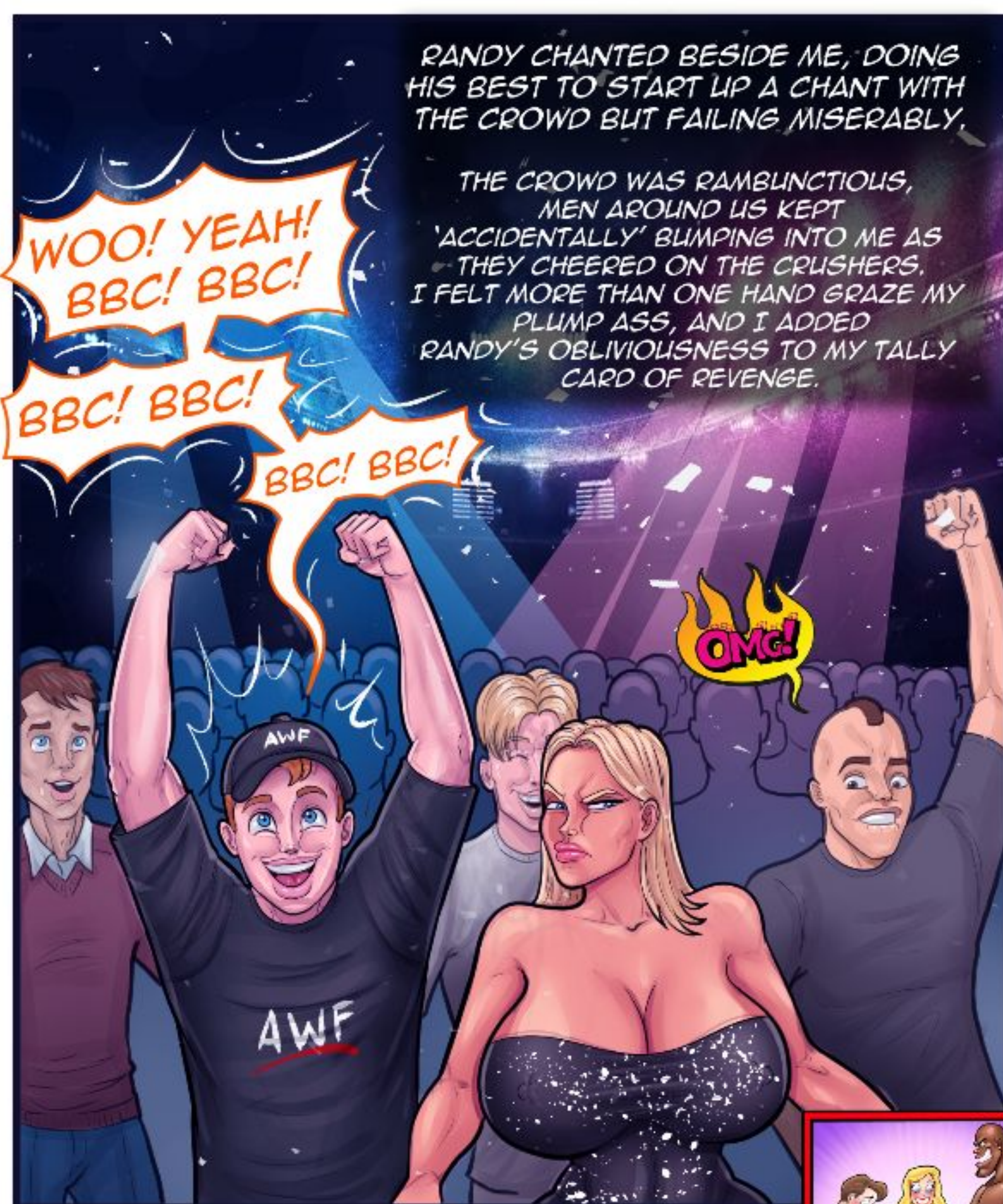
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN PLEASE WELCOME TO THE RING, EVERYONE'S FAVORITE BBC- THE BOLD BAD CRUSHERS!



THEY LOOK LIKE THEY ARE REVED AND READY TO GO! I WONDER WHO THEY WILL BE CLOBBERING TONIGHT!

RANDY CHANTED BESIDE ME, DOING HIS BEST TO START UP A CHANT WITH THE CROWD BUT FAILING MISERABLY.

THE CROWD WAS RAMBLUNCTIOUS, MEN AROUND US KEPT 'ACCIDENTALLY' BLUMPING INTO ME AS THEY CHEERED ON THE CRUSHERS. I FELT MORE THAN ONE HAND GRAZE MY PLUMP ASS, AND I ADDED RANDY'S OBLIVIOUSNESS TO MY TALLY CARD OF REVENGE.



WOO! YEAH! BBC! BBC!

BBC! BBC!

BBC! BBC!

OMG!



WHAT UP MY HOMIES!

PARTY PEOPLE IN THE HOUSE TONIGHT!

PUT YAH HANDS IN THE AIR IF YOU A TRUE PLAYA!

OUR OPPONENTS WIMPED OUT ON US TONIGHT, YALL!

THEY WAS TOO DAMN SCARED TO FACE THE BBC! KNOW WHAT I MEAN!

BUT WE AIN'T ONES TO DISAPPOINT, SO TONIGHT WE COMIN' OUT TO THE CROWD TO FIND US A PLUNK ASS BITCH THAT NEEDS TO TAKE HIS MEDICINE!

HELL YEAH!



WANTED THIS TO BE A BIRTHDAY YOU'D NEVER FORGET, BABY

JUST GO WITH IT! THEY WON'T HURT YOU... TOO BADLY...

NO WAY, ARE THEY... ARE THEY POINTING AT ME?

PRETTY BOY FLOYD AND THUG D SURVEYED THE AUDIENCE, SEARCHING FOR THEIR CHOSEN 'PLUNK ASS BITCH. AND THEN THEY WERE POINTING. AT THE FOURTH ROW. AT RANDY.



OH MY GOD!! IT APPEARS THE BOLD BAD CRUSHERS ARE LEAVING THE RING!

OH MY GOD-- THEY'RE GOING INTO THE CROWD! I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS ONE FOLKS!



WAIT A DARN SECOND! ARE THEY GRABBING THAT POOR MAN FROM HIS SEAT... WHAT THE HELL ARE THEY DOING?!



DID THEY JUST POUR A DRINK ON HIS HEAD? UNBELIEVABLE! AND HE'S JUST TAKING IT IN FRONT OF HIS WIFE... OH MY GOD!... ARE WE SURE THAT'S HIS WIFE, FOLKS? SHE'S CERTAINLY A LOOKER -WHAT A BODY ON HER! AND WAIT A MINUTE! THEY'RE MARCHING THE POOR FELLOW RIGHT INTO THE RING!

IT'S HARD TO DESCRIBE THE RUSH OF ADRENALINE I GOT WATCHING THEM YANK HIM OUT OF HIS SEAT, DRIPPING WET FROM THE BEER THEY DUMPED ON HIS HEAD. WATCHING THEM TOSS HIS SOFT BODY OVER THE RAILING, SEEING HIS CRASH INTO THE GROUND. EVERYONE AROUND ME WAS LOSING THEIR SHIT, POINTING AT RANDY, LAUGHING THEIR ASSSES OFF.



I'VE NEVER SEEN THE BIG BAD CRUSHERS SO BLATENTLY DISRESPECTFUL!

THE CROWD IS LOSING THEIR MINDS!!

YEAH!

YEAH!

YEAH!

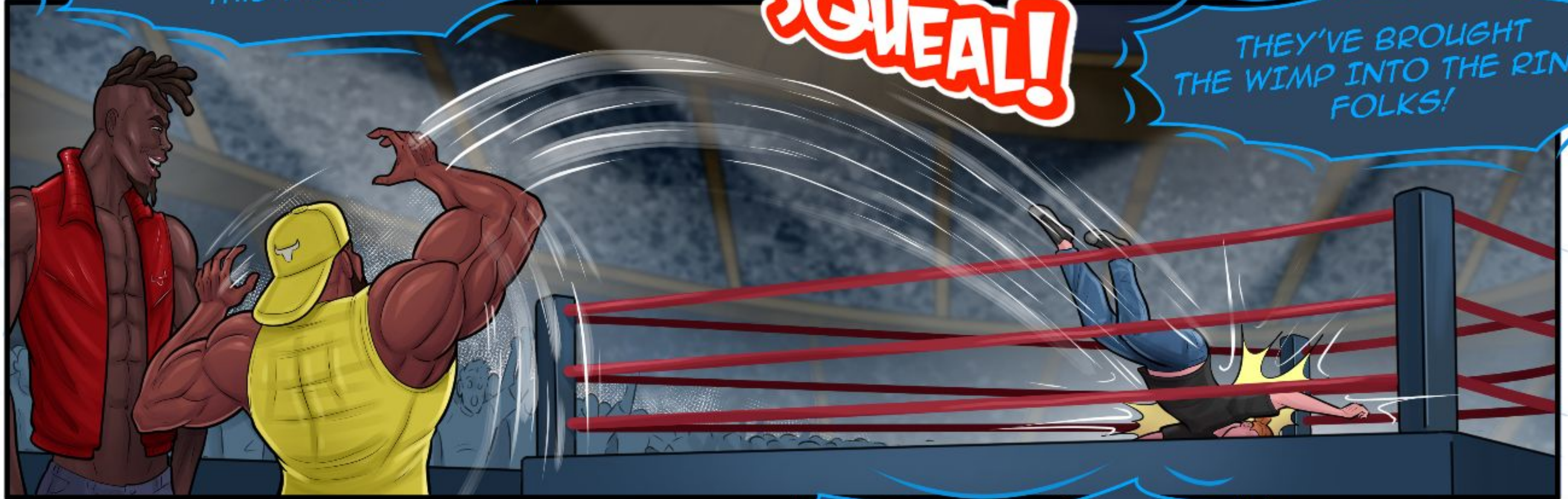
YEAH!



I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE THIS FOLKS!

SQUEAL!

THEY'VE BROUGHT THE WIMP INTO THE RING, FOLKS!



FROM THE LOOK ON HIS FACE THIS WIMP DIDN'T EXPECT SUCH A FRONT ROW SEAT TO THE ACTION TONIGHT!

