Infernalia: Ep. 1 - The Premonition

Promotion: Championship Wrestling Federation
Date: February 6, 2026
Location: The Collosium

Preview

Results

The Premonition Part Two

Match

“So are you ready, or not?”

Her eyes begging for attention, Amber Rishel stares back at her husband through the door of their hotel room at the Weldon. After listening attentively to hours and hours of nonsense about alternate timelines and the end of the world that never happened, she was exhausted. She was tired. She was hungry.

She was getting impatient.

Rish: “Yes dear, let me clear my thoughts real quick…”

Amber: “Babe! You’ve been clearing your damn thoughts for long enough. If you wouldn’t let your mind run so wild, you wouldn’t have so much shit to clear out!”

Finally, a smile brightened the face of Rish, who had still been sitting on the edge of the bed with only the most serious of looks in his eyes, staring almost through his wife as she looked back at him. Rising up to his feet, Rish throws his hoodie and sneakers on, checking himself in the mirror and brushing himself off before turning back to Amber and winking at her.

Rish: “Alright, I think I’m ready…”

Amber: “Good! You know you can’t be late for these things, Justin. I booked our ferry ride for 11pm, and it’s already 10:38…”

Rish: “It’s a good thing I called us an Uber Lux a half hour ago then, huh?”

The former president of CWF brushes by his wife as he walks out the hotel door, gently taking a hold of her right hand and kissing it before leading her down the hall to the elevator. After reassuring his wife that all the nonsense he was speaking earlier is behind them, they make their way through the hotel lobby and down through the front door where 2026 Smart Truck is waiting on them. Amber immediately rolls her eyes.

Amber: “So this is your idea of deluxe?”

A Familiar Face

Match

The camera moves to what is ostensibly the backstage area of the Colosseum, and a wide echoey corridor comprising a juxtaposition of light and dark, old and new. Bright neon strip lights illuminate dusty ancient runes and fast-moving digital text alike along both walls, whilst state-of-the-art mechs, convincing androids and downtrodden human slaves intermingle throughout without a second glance.

The large metallic double doors at the end of the corridor open to reveal Cruz Garrajon - El Scorpion Azul - stepping through and appraising his surroundings. He is wearing his luchador-style mask, with a simple black zip-up jacket and dark trousers completing the ensemble. He carries his gear in an archaic-looking black kitbag. Amongst all of the extraordinary sights in the corridor, El Scorpio looks positively bland.

He eyes all of the comings and goings with quiet suspicion, his cybernetically-enhanced eye swivelling this way and that as he silently assessed and analysed all of the sights in front of him. His frown only lifted when his eyes - both augmented and human - settles on a familiar sight.

A man, similar to Azul in only a single way, in that he had fashioned for himself an utterly plain and homogeneous appearance, stood quietly thirty feet or so away, hunched slightly against the wall, muttering into a small hand-held device. The man is smartly-dressed in an elegant yet understated suit, with his dark hair brushed neatly into a subtle centre parting.

A man last seen inside an undisclosed grubby-looking bunker, plotting the Amoralists' demise…

Cruz immediately, visibly relaxes upon seeing the familiar man, trying to catch his eye amongst the hustle and bustle. Eventually, unseen by those milling around the backstage area, their gazes met, with the well-dressed man's only reaction a slight quirk of the lips.

El Scorpio nods simply, before looking up and heading off up the corridor, searching for an area to change and prepare for his Infernalia tournament match. The other man watched him go silently, tapping a simple note into his handheld device, before turning on his heel and disappearing into the general hubbub.

Darkness Descends

Match

The catacombs of the Colosseum, the sound of footsteps. The corridor is concrete, with exposed pipes, fluorescent lighting buzzing overhead, some of the bulbs dead, some flickering as if debating whether they should continue or not. In the distance is the sound of the fans, muted, distorted, as if underwater.

The Shadow and Genevieve walk around a corner, dressed in their black hooded robes. They don't seem to be in a hurry or nervous, despite being in the belly of the proverbial beast. The Shadow's robe brushes the floor, a low whisper of fabric against concrete, with Genevieve keeping step.

The Shadow: "Do you hear that? Everybody believes this sound is anticipation. No, it is the sound of impatience."

Genevieve looks at him sideways.

Genevieve: "They want a spectacle."

The Shadow: "Oh, they always do, but here, the stakes are high. Higher than anything else I've ever been in. This crowd doesn't just want a spectacle, they want blood."

They continue to walk, past some production crates with old, fading CWF logos on them. The Shadow continues.

The Shadow: "Dan thrives on noise. On energy, on rhythm. Hands clapping in sync with his heartbeat, lifted by the crowd he flies. But crowds are fickle things. They will cheer your ascent, but they will not be there to cushion your descent."

They pass a monitor that shows Dan warming up. The Shadow barely glances at it.

The Shadow: "You know, the truly dangerous men never advertise themselves as such."

Genevieve laughs softly.

Genevieve: "They're usually described as 'charismatic.'"

The Shadow: "Or 'safe.'"

He says, finishing her sentence.

They take another turn and the crowd's noise becomes louder.

The Shadow: "Dan thinks that this match is about proving something. I've already proven what I am."

They reach the curtain. The Shadow finally looks at the camera.

The Shadow: "Dan, you're not my enemy. You're my opening statement."

He reaches out and parts the curtain.

King Jarvis

Match

Backstage, a door from the outside swings open violently as a stagehand is tossed through it. The young man, clearly frazzled and intimidated, scrambles to his feet, backing away as King Jarvis I enters after him.

Stagehand: “I’m sorry Jarvis -- the call time for today was --”

In a flash, King Jarvis I closes the distance between himself and the stagehand and backhands him. The young man crumples, obviously rendered unconscious.

King Jarvis I: “That is King Jarvis.”

The one true King dusts himself off not even bothering to look down at the stagehand, simply walking away.

Jim Gunt: “What a bully!”

Mike Rolash: “He’s right though - that punk was in the presence of royalty and he needs to show some respect!”

Jim Gunt: “You’re unbelievable.”

Mike Rolash: “No, I’ll tell you what’d be unbelievable. Imagine being a King! Of course, I wouldn’t be here…imagine a King doing colour commentary.”

Jim Gunt: “....”

Mike Rolash: “What? Why the sigh, Jimbo?

The Premonition Part Three

Match

Portland, Maine
11:00PM January 26th, 2026

“Please watch your step, m’am.”

The attendee of the Portland Ferry raises his gloved right hand in the air, taking the hand of Amber Rishel as she graciously takes hold, pulling herself onto the boat from the dock. Rish follows right behind her, showing off his supposed masculinity by not taking the hand. He does however nod his approval, before turning to his wife, who is already amazed at the beautiful sights. Miles and miles of ocean await them, so far out that to the naked eye it looks like the world is nothing but water beyond the dock they had just departed.

Amber: “This is breath-taking.”

Ever the romantic, Justin smiles at his love.

Rish: “You’re breath-tak…”

But before he can finish his sentence, a very peculiar sight catches his eye. Three seats down on the main lower area, just little more than ten feet past them, sits Mariella Jade Flair with a male guest, fidgeting in her seat and making an obvious attempt to try to not be noticed.

And two seats right behind her, a seat or two to the left is Freddie Styles. The final CWF World Heavyweight Champion looks completely different now, his hair cut very short and his clothes looking rather worn down and ratty. Freddie and Rish make eye contact for a short time, but he quickly looks away.

Rish: “What in the fuck…?”

His attention completely diverted at this point, Rish looks round and around the ferry boat and more and more faces become apparent as the time passes.

One of the most decorated and respected competitors in all of wrestling, and the final Golden Intentions winner, Andy Murray. He smiles away having a conversation with his wife, the two of them lost in the sights as well as the love they have for one another.

The first woman to break through the male/female barrier in CWF, and one of its most legendary figures, Angelica. She sits all to herself with a very nervous look as well, pretending to be on her phone as soon as Rish looks her way.

The big man, Alex Cain, seated with a newspaper in hand. The most decorated fighter in the company’s history pays no mind to his former boss, raising the newspaper up even higher to cover his face as if he could feel eyes on him.

So many former Championship Wrestling Federation stars, all seated in different spots in the same city, on the same ferry boat…at the exact same time?

Rish: “No, something is wrong here. This can’t all just be a coincidence.”

Ignoring the calls of his love, Rish stumbles his way across the hallway in a trance, his eyes calm and still, but his attention turning from warrior to warrior. Unknown to the founder of CWF, a man wearing a plum suit and designer sunglasses walks across the opposite side of the hall towards his seat, and Rish nearly spins him all the way to his knees accidentally. The fine suited man looks up in an abrupt moment of anger, pulling up his sunglasses and revealing himself to be yet another piece to the puzzle.

Jace Valentine.

Sensing that her husband is nearing a mental breakdown or possibly a fist fight, Amber Rishel quickly pulls her cellphone out of her pocket. She goes to swipe it to put her password in, but immediately freezes when she looks down on the lock screen.

January 26th, 2326.

The date? Correct as usual. The year? Amber simply cannot comprehend the numbers placed before her.

Amber: “Babe…”

Nudging Rish to break his concentration away from creepily looking on at all the former CWF World Champions seemingly randomly placed all across the boat, he tries to apologize to Valentine for knocking him over, but when he turns back towards him he’s no longer there.

Rish looks on, dumb-founded. Astonished.

Amber shows him the date on her phone screen. Quickly turning as white as a ghost, he spends nearly a full minute just looking down at the screen before staring at her with solemnity.

Rish: “I think we’re too late. I know I told you I would make this night about us and stop with all the craziness, but look around you Amber. There are at least a half a dozen passengers on this boat that have worked for me in CWF in the

past. Every single one of them is a former World Champion. Every. Single. One. Tell me how that isn't a pattern? Tell me how that doesn't mean something? And now your phone screen randomly shows the year to be three hundred years in the future?"

Taking in a sigh, Amber thinks out her next words as she looks out at the beautiful Atlantic Ocean around them. The ferry had already taken off onto the water nearly a half hour ago, there was literally nowhere they could go at this point.

Amber: "Okay, you're right babe. Something is definitely off, but what the hell does it all really mean? What do you want me to do? I mean…what is there really to do?"

A deep breath.

Rish: "We need to call and warn Jaiden, now!"

She may be scared shitless looking back at her husband for the first time in her life, but Amber knows just what to do. She swipes past the incorrect date, rapidly puts her password into her phone and calls the one person that her husband goes to only in the most desperate of times.

For Blue

Match

The scene opens up backstage once more, this time inside a plain box room. El Scorpion Azul sits on the solitary chair in one corner, contemplating the Infernalia action via a hologram hovering nearby.

El Scorpio stands, sighing deeply, running a hand over the top of his royal blue mask, shaking his head faintly at the pictures manifesting in front of him. After a moment or two, he turns his back fully on the depiction of the action. He looks around, searching for something unseen, before taking a couple of steps towards the far wall, kneeling at his bag. After a little rummaging, he stands again, holding a faded, ancient framed photograph. The camera zooms in to reveal…

THE BLUE SCORPION.

El Scorpion stares, intently and intensely, at the photograph for several moments, saying nothing. Finally, he gives a firm nod, prodding the photo with his right hand, growling low:

For you, Blue.

He tossed the photo back into his bag, before giving his masked face a couple of quick, sharp slaps. He ambles over to the door on the other side of the room, pulling it open, allowing the various sounds of the stadium to permeate the room. He stood tall, puffing out a deep breath, before muttering quietly but defiantly to himself.

Ding ding. Round one. Let's fucking do this.

Suffer The Consequences

Match

Backstage, King Jarvis I in full regalia sits, solitary, wrapping his fists in tape.

King Javis I: "Tonight. Tonight the Colosseum bears witness to what thousands have already borne witness to. Tonight, you all get to see the greatness and the majesty, the pomp and the circumstance, the showcase and the spectacle that is King Jarvis I."

The young self-styled king smirks, a true reflection of his ancestor, and stands.

King Jarvis I: "Why does a king want to compete in a tournament such as this? Why am I deigning to grace you with my presence? Why, when I already have my kingdom, am I seeking conquest here?"

He scoffs.

King Jarvis I: “Simple. Conquering is what I do, and frankly I am magnanimous enough to give you people the show of a lifetime. For generations, people have marveled at watching a lion hunt a helpless, lesser beast. Tonight, the Colosseum becomes the serengeti of old. Escorpion Azul plays the role of the sick, elderly gazelle. And I…”

He laughs, flicking his hair back and puts a golden crown on his head.

King Jarvis I: “I am not just King Jarvis the First…I am the king of the jungle.”

He turns to leave, but thinks better of it and stops himself.

King Jarvis I: “Of course, a damned fool must be organizing this shit, because you place a King in the main event, but nevermind that. All the more time for this to sink in. Infernalia is my birthright. Conquest is my specialty. I am King Jarvis I. All those who stand in the way of this great lion WILL Bow Down, or suffer the consequences.”

King Jarvis I vs. El Escorpion Azul

Match

The drone camera flies around the Colloseum, panning over the bloodthirsty fans who are craving more action. Some of them are fighting amongst themselves, a brutal tradition that’s held fast for decades. However the atmosphere shifts with the lights going down, save for a single spotlight, feet away from the entrance as the opening stanzas of Liszt's Totentanz begins to ring out. Slowly, as the music builds, King Jarvis I strolls into the light with a towel draped around his neck in a plain, black singlet. He saunters down the ramp a few yards before lifting his left fist in the air, bringing down a shower of sparks around him. Once the pyro stops, the lights come back up and the King saunters towards the ring, in no hurry to go at any pace but his own.

Joey Garcia: "Representing his Vengeance, weighing 250lbs…KING JARVIS THE FIRST!"

Rolling into the ring, he climbs to the top turnbuckle of the nearest corner and looks out onto the crowd with disdain.

Jim Gunt: “Here is King Jarvis the First, finally gracing us with his appearance.”

Mike Rolash: “Show some respect, Jimmy! Jarvis the First has carved a legacy for himself, a conqueror of tribes! Ruthless Ruler of The Vengeance! A man who I think could come out as THE victor of Infernalia.”

Jim Gunt: “The brown on your nose is beginning to show, Mike.”

Mike Rolash: “Zip it! Bow down and recognise greatness when you see it.”

The regal music is cut off by the gritty, distorted bass of Kasabian’s Underdog. The lights shift to a harsh, flickering industrial blue, the raucous crowd expressing their emotions for the next competitor. Some boo while others cheer. Emerging onto the stage is Escorpion Azul, his prideful look can be seen under a high-tech version of a lucha mask, the fabric interwoven with fiber-optics.

Joey Garcia: “His opponent.. Weighing in at 207lbs…EL ESCORPION AZUL!”

Escorpion Azul makes a deliberate walk straight for the ring, Azul ignores the Amoralist officials who line the walkway. As he nears the ring, he touches the “Blue Scorpion” emblem on the chest plate of his cape, a secret nod to his forefathers. Escorpion Azul climbs up onto the apron and uses the ropes to spring himself up and over the top rope into the ring but in the same motion he springs to the corner second rope, facing the crowd with a stoic look.

Jim Gunt: “El Escorpion Azul, a member of the Loyalist making his debut here tonight and he looks set for action.”

Mike Rolash: “If he’s such a Loyalist, why is he hiding his face? In my opinion, if you’re loyal to anything, you do not hide your face!”

Jim Gunt: “There’s so much irony in that statement that I feel you should research some history from say, three hundred years ago.”

Mike Rolash: “My statement still stands. But since we’re talking about research, if I’ve done mine correctly. You could say that these men have generational beef.”

Jim Gunt: “My apologies for questioning your morality but you are right. Both of these men are descendants of CWF Hall of Famers, respectfully.”

Standing with a cocky smug on his face, King Jarvis I stands across from Escorpion Azul who appears focused and ready to compete. The ref checks with both men to see if they are ready to go. Both men nod, the ref signals for the bell and the match is officially on! Both men's faces turn to scowls, as if former memories of past battles flash before their eyes. They charge at each other with pure malice in their hearts. Azul makes the first move with a wild right hook that’s expertly dodged by Jarvis who now has Escorpion locked in for a Saito Suplex.

The First goes to lift Azul off of his feet but Escorpion blocks with an elbow to the top of the King’s dome. Jarvis the First drops Escorpion Azul to his feet, he shakes off the elbow shot, making his way towards his opponent. Azul sees him coming, anticipating the right jab that Jarvis was going to attempt before firing back with a quick right jab, left hook combination that has King Jarvis the First staggered a bit. Jarvis recovers quickly though, infuriated by someone who he feels is beneath him having a slight advantage at the current moment.

Jim Gunt: “This one has started off hot, however Escorpion Azul has King Jarvis the First reeling.”

Mike Rolash: “Do not count out the King! Even peasants get lucky at least twice during their lifetime. This is the feeling out process, when the King catches his stride.. This insect won’t know what hit him.”

Jim Gunt: (depressed sigh) “You would think after three hundred years you could enjoy the sport for what it is but your bias is very telling.”

Mike Rolash: “Who gives a shit? I’m not a referee, I do not have to be impartial.”

Jarvis blocks another right hook attempt, shoots a knee into Azul’s gut. With Escorpion doubled over, Jarvis shoots a stiff kick into his face that stands the Scorpion vertical. The impact sends Escorpion Azul staggering backwards while the King moves in to inflict more damage. When Jarvis the First moves in to continue his offense, Azul leans forwards towards Jarvis violently, choosing to share ideas with him. The sound resonates throughout the arena, sounding as if a hammer has hit an anvil!

Jim Gunt: “Windup Headbutt from Escorpion Azul! King Jarvis the First was not expecting that one to come full force!”

Mike Rolash: “That has to be illegal in some form or fashion, who sees something like that coming?”

Jim Gunt: “Clearly, Jarvis didn’t see it coming as he seems to be nursing a bloody nose currently.”

Mike Rolash: “It’s King Jarvis the First you prick, show respect before he makes you bow down.”

Jim Gunt: “Hmph.. okay..”

The King is down to one knee, shaking away the birdies that are flying around his noggin. His recovery is swift as Azul nears, trying to grab him by the hair but Jarvis clamps his hands around Escorpion Azul’s waist tightly with a bearhug. However, he isn’t content with the submission as he spins around and flips the lighter Azul over himself with an Overhead Belly-to-Belly Suplex, however he holds onto the hold with a bridge before flipping over and pulling Escorpion back upright.

Jarvis throws Azul’s right arm over his shoulder, hooks the left leg and spikes him with an Exploder Suplex! The King isn’t done though, continuing to roll through, this time pulling Escorpion Azul to his feet, once again throwing Azul’s right arm over his shoulder. Lifting the dazed Escorpion from his feet, the First spikes Azul into the canvas!

Jim Gunt: “What a brutal set of suplexes from Jarvis the First, ending it with a brutal Uranage! Escorpion Azul appears out of it right now, Mike!”

Mike Rolash: “I told you not to count the King out, I think he’s starting to hit that stride at this very moment.”

King Jarvis I, stands in the center of the ring, looking at the crowd with a proud smirk. “This is light work!’ He yells towards the crowd who becomes more rowdy than before. Escorpion rolls around the mat in obvious pain. The arrogant King continues to strut around the ring, confident as ever about the current beating that he’s giving Azul. With a boot, he mockingly shoves Azul back down as he was trying to get up to his feet. The First seems confident, ready to inflict more damage when a commotion comes from the crowd.

While facing the hard camera, Jarvis turns towards his rear and sees fans in the crowd arguing amongst each other. The arguing soon turns into fisticuffs as there’s clearly two fights now happening. One in the ring and one in the crowd, however Jarvis appears humored by what’s happening at ringside. He looks to turn his attention back towards Escorpion when without warning, a riled up fan jumps over the guardrail. He jumps onto the apron, looking to climb into the ring and fight it out himself. But before he can even act, the King cracks him with a swift Mafia Kick that sends the fan from the apron, crashing hard onto the floor completely unconscious.

Jim Gunt: “What the hell? Why would he try to get in the ring?”

Mike Rolash: “Do you see how GREAT the King is, he didn’t have to look behind him to know that that idiot was there. This man moves off of pure instinct.”

Jim Gunt: “Well I hope that it was worth it for that idiot because serious consequences come with interfering in matches, Every one knows that..”

Mike Rolash “Makes you wonder, huh?”

SSRI guards come grab the fan from ringside, quickly removing him. Jarvis watches on, happy that this jackoff is going to get exactly what he deserves. He noisily watches until the man is drugged completely up the aisle before going to focus back on his opponent. But, his arrogance cost him as he turns into Escorpion Azul who comes flying like a bullet from the top rope and splits the King in half! The collision sounds like a car wreck.

Jim Gunt: “Spear from the Top Rope! He’s going for the pin off of the distraction!”

Mike Rolash: “Not like this…”

ONE!

TW—

King Jarvis shoulders shoot from the mat, not allowing Escorpion Azul the satisfaction of hearing two. Azul’s frustrations are clear through the glowing mask. He doesn’t argue though, just springs to his feet, looking down at the “King” who is rattled. Escorpion knows that he has to keep his assault going, moving in on Jarvis the First. He connects with a few stomps onto the King before grabbing his legs. The King pleads with Escorpion but he pays the First no mind, dropping Jarvis’ left leg.. He holds onto the right one, stepping through with a twist, Escorpion places the right leg onto the King’s left one before falling towards the mat with the submission hold locked on.

Jim Gunt: “Figure Four by Escorpion Azul! A move as old as time and he has it locked in.”

Mike Rolash: “Come on King Jarvis! You’re a man of the people and they do not want to see you go out like this.”

Jim Gunt: “Do you have money placed on the line? Because you’re making it fairly clear who you’re rooting for.”

Mike Gunt: “We’ve already established my bias.. Why must we still discuss this fact?”

Jarvis’s face goes purple from the pressure being applied to his legs. Escorpion Azul wrenched back, applying as much pressure that he possibly could. Jarvis tries to fight it off, shifting from side to side, looking either for some relief or a reversal. However, he doesn’t see light at the end of the tunnel, deciding to look towards the SSRI officials at ringside.

One of the officials taps a device on his wrist, suddenly the arena's overhead lights pulse a blinding ultraviolet. Azul is momentarily blinded by the frequency, allowing the King to reach the ropes.

Jim Gunt: "What the hell was that?"

Mike Rolash: "I have the slightest idea but Lord my eyes are hurting."

Jarvis the First rolls away from Azul positioning himself on one knee as he watches a momentarily blinded Escorpion Azul clutching his eyes in pain. A smile crosses the King's face as he watches Escorpion slowly stagger back upright. He spots his moment, springing from his knee, charging full throttle at Azul before connecting with a vicious Mafia Kick!

The force of the impact sends the masked man spinning as Jarvis quickly darts behind him and crosses Azul's arms over his own chest. With a display of pure strength, King lifts the dazed Azul up into the air, holding him up for a second before driving him violently into the canvas with a Straightjacket German Suplex! He holds on for the pin.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

The ref calls the match, signaling for the bell.

Joey Garcia: "Here is your winner… KING JARVIS THE FIRST!!"

King Jarvis I has a proud smirk on his face as he sits up on the mat, looking around at the madmen and women in the audience who are showering him with admiration.

Mike Rolash: "Our King has pulled it off, he defeated Escorpion Azul!"

Jim Gunt: "What the hell was that with the lights? If it wasn't for the distraction, El Escorpion Azul could've very well had this one in the bag."

Mike Rolash: "Don't make excuses for him."

JIm Gunt: "There's no excuse, he was clearly screwed out of this match."

Mike Rolash: "Hey man, at the end of the day, a win is a win. No matter how it comes."

Jim Gunt: "Ugh.. A noble fight put up by Escorpion Azul but when you have friends in high places, the sky's the limit on what you can accomplish."

The Premonition Part Four

Match

Portland, Maine
11:49PM January 26th, 2026

"No honey, I'm sorry. He's not answering my calls or texts…"

Her I-Phone 17 in hand, Amber Rishel looks on with sadness at her husband, the two of them walking out of a Trader Joe's grocery store. Their time in Portland was coming to an end, but without a resolution, Rish still felt completely incomplete. Wiping his right hand across his forehead and balding brown hair, the former CWF owner takes a few seconds seemingly deep in thought as he motions for traffic to stop, allowing his wife to cross the road to the store parking lot.

Rish: "I've got an idea. I think I know just where to find our son."

Her face lights up, a brightness rarely seen in the last few days following the mental transformation of her husband. She looks on, listening with a smile.

Rish: “Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. When all hell breaks loose and there’s nowhere left in the world to go, Jaiden goes to the only place he really knows. Philly.”

Now Amber is intrigued, but no less confused.

Amber: “But how do we even know that Jaiden would sense the danger that’s coming, if any of this is even fucking real that is?”

A tinge of anger and disbelief seeping out accidentally.

Amber: “I’m sorry Justin…just…you know what I mean.”

Rish takes the hand of his soulmate, nodding them forward.

Rish: “Let’s just get to the car and we’ll talk all about it on the way to the airport..”

Amber takes a deep breath as they get to the car, something clearly bothering her and her open book personality shows that to her husband easily.

Rish: “Alright, tell me. What’s wrong?”

Amber: “It’s just…you know how I get on airplanes. And now you already have me all tensed up with this end of the world thing, and we couldn’t even get ahold of Jaiden. I’m stressed the hell out, babe. Do you think we could stop at one of the dispo’s up here and get some THC gummies or something to calm the nerves before heading to…Philly, I guess?”

Rish hadn’t partaken in smoking or doing any kind of cannabis for many years, his asthma getting to him as he began aging, but the edibles were always something he was interested in trying. He wasn’t sure what was open this time of night, but he looked back at his wife, nodding his head at her with a smile.

Rish: “That actually sounds like a hell of an idea.”

Samyaza

Match

The arena lights begin to flicker. The digital billboard above the ring lights up with the eye in the ouroboros, the atomic symbol in its centre, staring out over the audience.

The symbol is replaced with a string of wanted posters. Criminals of all shapes and sizes - dissidents, Traditionalists, common vagabonds and social rejects. This Vicious Cabaret by David J starts to play, as a man makes his way down the aisle, flanked on either side by armed security - monks clad in dark robes, a machete strapped to their thighs, torches in hand.

They reach the ring and the man enters, the security guards surrounding him, ready to strike. The man looks out over the crowd, regarding them with a quiet, satisfied contempt.

Man: "Good evening, one and all. You may call me Samyaza. You may not know me. But I know you - better than you know yourselves.

I represent the Grigori. The Watchers. We know you. We see you. Your every movement. The food you eat, the things you drink, your pleasures and guilts and lusts and fears.

We see your crimes. For too long we have stayed our hand, reserving our vengeance only for the most reprehensible of criminals. Those who practice the sins of altruism and empathy, mercy and solidarity. No more!

Tonight you will see. The scales will fall from your eyes and you will see."

A man is dragged down the aisle to the ring, barely conscious, held upright by monks on either side. They roll him into

the ring, prop him up in front of Samyaza.

The digital billboard lights up, showing a group of people running through the streets of Anthropolis. One of them is clad in a black robe fringed with purple. The figure trips and falls, quickly surrounded by Guardsmen, beating them with batons.

Samyaza: "This individual is known only as The Apprentice. Young, foolish, drawn in by that parasitic sect known as The Children. They model themselves on the legends of rebels of days gone by. And they, like their predecessors, are destined to perpetual failure.

Amorality persists. Now and forever."

Samyaza reaches into his pocket, withdrawing a spiked gauntlet and strapping it to his left arm. With his right, he takes the Apprentice's head, cradling it, almost sensitively. Samyaza stares into the Apprentice's eyes.

Samyaza: "Oh, my fool. My dear, deluded fool. Have you any words for posterity?"

The Apprentice raises his head back and spits straight into Samyaza's face with a gutteral "fuck you!". Samyaza reaches his arm back and slams it into the Apprentices chest, the spikes cutting into his flesh, carving out a pattern in blood. The Apprentice throws his head back and moans, the sound of life leaving his body.

Steam rises from the Apprentice's body, held upright by the monks. Slowly, what remains of the Apprentice falls to the ground. The skin is pale, bones jutting out, face contorted into a grotesque parody of life. Samyaza reaches down and grabs the Apprentice's skull, the hair coming away in his hands, eyes oozing pus. Samyaza addresses the crowd.

Samyaza: "Let this be a warning, to the Children, the Forsaken, to any would-be dissidents and heroes. If you stand against the forces of Amorality, this - and only this - is your future. Amorality forever."

The music plays once more and Samyaza exits the ring. The monks gather up the remains of the Apprentice and follow after him side by side.

Caledonia vs. The Ripper

Match

Returning to the Colosseum, Joey Garcia uncomfortably rests in the corner, standing in attention when a drone censors for him to continue. He walks to the center of the ring, looking out at the thousands of fans of all kinds of nastiness in attendance, wipes the sweat from his brow and looks up as a microphone materializes in front of him. The lights dim down.

Joey Garcia: "The following match is a first round, Group B Match in the Infernalia Tournament!"

A thunderous roar from those in the Colosseum as "For I Am Death" by Pretty Reckless plays, the sound nearly enough to knock Garcia right off his feet.

Joey Garcia: "Introducing first, standing at 5'10 and weighing 210 pounds, the Ripper…DANNY B!!"

Jim Gunt: "It's been a long time since we've seen the former CWF World Champion Danny B in action, Mike, it'll be interesting to see if the man has any ring rust."

Mike Rolash: "What the hell are you talking about, dumbo? It's been over three hundred years since we've seen ANY of these people!"

Jim Gunt: "I mean yeah, I guess you have a point…if you put it that way."

"The Ripper" makes his way down the ramp as confident as ever, wearing a gaudy black medieval-esque gear out to the stage, even as he looks back towards the curtain at the Amoralist that left him out of his captivity.

He brings what looks like a beat up black tool box with him down, almost challenging anyone to confront him with his

eyes as he stares out at the crowd. With the mysterious box in hand, no one in fact does so, allowing Danny to make it all the way down to ringside. He smiles eerily at the monks guarding the ring, before rolling headfirst into the ring with the toolbox tucked under his armpit. Ripper slowly takes off his entrance gear, placing them in a pod atop one of the corner turnbuckles with the box down on the mat underneath it.

Joey Garcia: “And his opponent…”

“Day and Night” by Billie Piper drowns out the sights and sounds inside the Colosseum.

Joey Garcia: “Weighing 130 pounds and standing at 5’5 tall, she is the High Priestess…CALEDONIA!!”

An eruption of mostly cheers comes from the people watching on, one of the loudest receptions of the night immediately warming the heart of Caledonia as she appears from behind the curtain with “The Hammer” Dan Highlander and Eris behind her. Her husband smiles and kisses Caledonia on the lips, nodding at her before Eris shrugs their shoulders, asking if they could give her a good luck of their own. Caledonia snickers, kissing them as well before turning her attention back to the ring, her two companions following her down the ramp just long enough to make sure she can safely get to the ring.

Mike Rolash: “Oh my god, can we get these two morons out of here!?”

Jim Gunt: “What is your problem with Dan Highlander and/or Eris, Mike?”

Mike Rolash: “I don’t remember if I have a specific problem with anybody, honestly. And this is three hundred years in the future, like I said, so new century, new slate I guess. What I have umbrage with, however, is these two coming down to the ring to help Caledonia! This should be one on one, one fall to the finish, a battle to the deat..”

Jim Gunt: “I get it, I get it. Relax. Take an icicon pill or something.”

Mike Rolash: “A what?”

Several rabid members of the crowd look like they want to jump the barricade, but with Dan and Eris looking on just waiting to smack a bitch, no one makes a move. Once at the ring, Caledonia thanks the two of them for everything, walking up the holographic set of steps and making her way into the ring. She immediately gets in the face of The Ripper, going eye to eye with the man despite being five inches shorter. Danny only laughs back at her, the heat between the two of them looking to burn down the Colosseum before the bout even begins. Eris places a hand on the shoulder of Dan Highlander, signaling that it is time, that Caledonia had asked them to allow her to do this on her own.

Jim Gunt: “What was all that nonsense you were saying a minute ago, again?”

Mike Rolash: “Oh shaddup. Drone A, take care of my light work!”

Of course absolutely nothing happens at the request of Mike, causing the play by play “star” to sigh and grumble as the match begins inside the ring. A metallic bare-bones framed robot named Arlizicon is set to referee, and watches on as “The Ripper” immediately goes for the tool box following the bell resounding over the Colosseum. Caledonia only lets him get as far as reaching out to open it before grabbing him from behind, bulldogging him head first right into the steel lid.

A small gash immediately opens up on the forehead of Danny, but he swipes it immediately, kicking out as Caledonia tries to mount him for an attack. Changing his tactics, he swings his left leg suddenly, taking Caledonia by surprise and taking her off her feet as well. He rises atop of her, an elbow coming down hard but just hitting the mat as she is able to slip out from underneath him. Both competitors rise up quickly, Caledonia attempting a kick to Ripper’s midsection that he catches with a smile on his face that only lasts a moment.

Jim Gunt: “SUCH IS LIFE!”

Mike Rolash: “What is?”

Jim Gunt: “That Enziguri kick, you idiot! God damn it, Mike. We’re three hundred years in the future…you’d think you’d you know…have read a couple books by now? Maybe just follow my lead?”

Mike Rolash: “Every time I do that, I end up in this god damned place!”

With his lights seemingly out, Caledonia turns her attention to the toolbox that Danny brought down to the ring with him. A mischievous smile brandishing her beautiful looks, Caledonia walks over to the toolbox, opening it up and immediately backing up just a step as a glorious golden light shines brightly out of it. Pacing back forward, she sees all kinds of small, malicious weapons within. Several daggers, a spiked ball, shards of glass, as well as several other weapons of various levels of destruction. Cali grabs ahold of the largest piece of glass she can find, licking across it as the maniacal fans cheer aloud. She turns back to Ripper, digging the glass into his open wound!

Blood starts pouring from the wound like Niagara Falls, and the only thing Ripper can do to fight off the onslaught is deliver a nasty back elbow to the jaw of Caledonia. It is more than enough to knock her to her side, though, leaving Ripper enough time to jump to his feet and immediately recover. The blood gone in an instant, and Caledonia left looking on in absolute shock.

Jim Gunt: “My god, I thought Caledonia was about to stab Danny to death, but instead…he’s fully recovered?”

Mike Rolash: “I’ll take whatever magical invincible potion he’s having, bartender.”

Caledonia shrugs her shoulders, once again charging forward to attempt another attack with the glass shard. This time Ripper is ready for her, running at full speed and nailing her with a Shining Wizard that knocks the glass nearly into the crowd, getting stuck right in the barricade. Ripper grabs Cali by her hair, smacking her across the face getting loud jeers even the most vicious of fans watching on, before giving her an array of offense including an uppercut, a back fist, followed by a Desti-Knee V-Trigger knee to the groggy former World Champion. The match at hand now, Ripper covers Caledonia nonchalantly.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Caledonia rolls a shoulder, shoving Danny B off of her.

Jim Gunt: “I think this one would have been over if Ripper would have hooked both legs there.”

Mike Rolash: “We’re still using that age old trope here in 2326? Really, Jim?”

Danny is angry at this point, pulling himself to his feet quickly and taking a dagger out of the toolbox. He mounts Caledonia with the dagger over her, the High Priestess attempting to fight back with several forearms to the face of Ripper to no effect. He only smiles on, continuing to raise the dagger up as the world seemingly stops. Before Danny can do his worst however, Eris appears behind him, taking the dagger out of his hands!

The Ripper turns around with absolute hatred seeping out of every pore, but Eris only winks back at them, rolling out of the ring with the dagger in hand, quickly grabbing the rest of the toolbox and scurrying up the ramp. Cuss words come from the distracted Danny B as he looks on at Eris, Caledonia rising to her feet behind him unknowingly.

Jim Gunt: “Poison Rana! Caledonia spikes Ripper on the back of his head with that rana, now she’s headed up top to put an exclamation point on this one!”

Mike Rolash: “What a shooting star press, Jimmy!”

Jim Gunt: “The Fall From Grace.”

Mike Rolash: “Being here with you, three hundred and eight some years later? Yeah, that sounds about right.”

Jim Gunt: “….”

ONE!

TWO!

THR-NO!

The Ripper kicks out from the Fall From Grace, Caledonia smacking the mat in a brief moment of frustration. Turning her attention back to him, the High Priestess latches onto the right shoulder of Ripper to attempt to bring the both of them to their feet. Suddenly she loses her grip, Ripper using superhuman strength to flip her violently to her back. He attempts to mount her again to deliver elbows, but Caledonia rolls him over into a cradle pin attempt. Arlizicon drops down to make the count just as Ripper reverses it, hooking the tights of Cali out of the sight of the bot.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

The people in attendance, and especially Caledonia, look on at Arlizicon in disbelief.

Joey Garcia: “The winner of this Group B Match by pinfall…”THE RIPPER” DANNY B!!”

Jim Gunt: “What a shocking victory there for the Ripper! Both competitors put up a hell of a fight; but this time around it is Danny B starting things off with a victory over Cali.

With “For I Am Death” beginning to play yet again, The Ripper quickly climbs to his feet, ignoring the disdain and confusing looks coming from Caledonia as he goes up the nearest turnbuckle, raising both arms in the air in victory as all forms of trash come from nearby independents. Amoralist security quickly cleans up the mess, however, both the trash and the independents themselves as Ripper continues to celebrate.

The House Enters Infernalia

Match

The screen cuts to black.

No music.
No graphics.
Just darkness.

Then a faint metallic hum begins — low, steady, industrial. Something between a generator and a heartbeat.

A single overhead bulb snaps on.

It swings slightly, revealing a concrete floor beneath it. The light doesn’t fill the room — it only forces the shadows to rearrange themselves.

A voice speaks, calm and grounded. Not a whisper, not a threat.
Just truth.

Harlan Moretti: “Every system runs on rules.”

The camera shifts.

We see the outline of a massive figure standing behind the bulb’s circle of light, the shape too large and too still to be anything but deliberate.

Harlan Moretti: “Every world… every district… every arena.”

The bulb sways again, and the man steps forward — slow, certain, owning each inch of floor he crosses. Harlan Moretti enters the light.

He isn't dressed for battle.

He isn't dressed for spectacle.

He wears a coat, hands in his pockets, posture loose but immovable.

His gold chain catches the light like the only thing in the room worth money.

He meets the camera with the eyes of a man who has already measured it and found it lacking.

Harlan Moretti: "I came from a place where those rules were simple."

A soft clink echoes behind him — chains shifting, metal hooks settling.

The camera pans slightly, revealing nothing fully, only hints:

Steel beams.

Stained floor.

A shadow that could be a chair or a warning.

Harlan Moretti: "You earn. You pay. You lie...you learn."

He looks away from the camera briefly, as though remembering something not worth emotion but worth precision.

Harlan Moretti: "In The Yard, I didn't raise my voice. I didn't chase anything. I didn't hope."

His gaze returns to the lens.

Harlan Moretti: "I collected."

The hum grows louder. Not dramatic — just present, like machinery preparing to do what it was built for.

Moretti begins walking.

The camera follows at a respectful distance, never catching up, never daring to pass him.
As he moves, the environment shifts — concrete becomes steel, steel becomes something older, something carved, something humming with runes.

Infernalía's architecture bleeds into existence around him, as if the world is remembering to catch up.
Harlan Moretti: "Then someone took me."

He pauses in a corridor that bends in impossible angles.

Harlan Moretti: "Dragged me out of my world without asking. Without warning. Without paying their due."

A drone floats beside him, scanning him with a blue beam.

He doesn't acknowledge it.

The beam stutters and dies.

Harlan Moretti: "That's a debt."

He continues walking, the floor lighting beneath each step — not because it chooses to, but because it must.

He enters a wide chamber, walls lined with floating screens showing symbols, glimpses of the Colosseum, bursts of static.

The screens twitch when he walks by, as though adjusting their posture.

Harlan Moretti: “And the first thing this place hands me…”

One screen solidifies into clear footage:

Fragments of Mia Rayne — lunges, contortions, violent arcs of movement that feel like storms trapped in a human shape.

The footage glitches, then resumes, then fractures.

Moretti watches without reaction.

Harlan Moretti: “…is chaos.”

He doesn’t say her name.

He doesn’t need to.

Harlan Moretti: “Volatile. Unstable. Unpredictable.”

He steps closer to the screen.

Harlan Moretti: “People think chaos is dangerous.”

His hand rises slowly — not to touch the image, but to cut its reflection across his palm like a playing card he refuses to pick up.

Harlan Moretti: “It isn’t.”

He drops his hand.

Harlan Moretti: “Chaos is a hole in the wall. And holes get patched.”

The screen flickers off, unable to hold his stare any longer.

Moretti moves again, and each shift of the camera makes Infernalía reshape — corridors tightening, lights dimming, the structure reacting like a living thing that hasn’t yet decided whether he is a contaminant or a correction.

He stops at a reinforced door.

It opens for him.

Not because it should.

Because it doesn’t know how not to.

Inside is a lone platform etched with the same crimson runes that marked his transfer earlier. It pulses slowly, rhythmically.

He stands before it.

Harlan Moretti: “This is my first night here.”

A beat.

Harlan Moretti: “My first match.”

Another beat.

Harlan Moretti: “My first… reminder.”

He steps onto the platform.

The runes flare briefly, then settle under his weight.

Harlan Moretti: “I didn’t come to entertain you.”

A low thrum echoes up through the floor.

Harlan Moretti: “I didn’t come to impress the Redeemer.”

The walls contract, sensing the shift.

Harlan Moretti: “I didn’t come to play games with whatever rules you think this place runs on.”

He looks straight into the camera — through it, past it, into everyone watching.

Harlan Moretti: “I came to balance a ledger.”

The platform vibrates, preparing the transfer sequence.

Harlan Moretti: “And Mia Rayne?”

He tilts his head a fraction, the smallest movement carrying the weight of final judgment.

Harlan Moretti: “She’s the first name on the list.”

The runes flare again — bright, sharp, abrupt.

Harlan Moretti: “She won’t be the last.”

The light swallows him.

The hum dies.

The screen cuts to black.

Harlan Moretti vs. Mia Rayne

Match

Coming back to the main section of the Colosseum, Joey Garcia wipes his forehead and brow, flicking several drips of sweat off him as he prepares for the next match. The crowd watches on in anticipation, cheering quietly and murmuring, despite the nearly unlivable heat.

Joey Garcia: The following bout is the main event match in the Group A Block! Introducing first, standing at 6’8 and 335 pounds…

The arena lights dim as “House of the Rising Sun” by Five Finger Death Punch begins.

No pyro. No spectacle.

Harlan Moretti walks out alone, gold chain resting heavy on his chest. He does not rush. He does not acknowledge the belligerent crowd or the drone cameras scanning him as he walks down. He steps onto the apron with deliberate care, wipes his boots, and pauses before entering.

Once inside the ring, he removes the chain and hands it off wordlessly. He stands in the center of the ring, arms at his sides, staring forward.

He does not warm up.

He waits for his opponent.

Time to collect the debt.

Joey Garcia: “Here is the House…HARLAN MORETTI!!”

Jim Gunt: “Harlan Moretti, or as he’s more well known as, The House, one of the newest competitors coming into the Infernalia tournament. Do you think his lack of history in CWF will do him good or hurt him in this environment, Mike?”

Mike Rolash: “Well I mean, the guy is a ruthless killer. He doesn’t mind getting his hands dirty, and he’s gonna have to

be willing to get absolutely filthy if he wants to contend with this one…”

"Don't... Be... Silent...

...

...

FIGHT!!!”

The opening of "Confrontation" breaks the silence and blares out into the atmosphere. As the song picks up, Mia Rayne skips out onto the stage and spins in a circle, soaking in the various noises from the crowd, unflinching, uncaring, her eyes set on the ring in front of her, a sly smile on her face.

She skips slowly down the aisle, her gaze never wavering, her smile only widening as various crowd members start thrusting random tools of violence at her.

"No thanks, got my own."

She giggles and proceeds, waving her fingers slightly and suddenly, all the tools of violence poof out of existence, only to be replaced by tools of non-violence; various stuffed animals and figures, pillows for the inevitable pillow fight, rubber chickens, and beach balls just to name a few.

Her giggles get louder as she enters the ring, skipping around the perimeter, ensuring her opponent knows she just doesn't care about their presence, and finally settling in her corner, where she puts herself in the "tree of woe" position in the corner and crosses her arms, waiting patiently for the match to start, her eyes locked on her next piece of prey.

Joey Garcia: “And his opponent, standing at 6’1 and 250 pounds, the Forsaken Psychotic…MIA RAYNE!!”

A grim little troll named Neezletoe wearing nothing but an Amoralist referee patch sewn to his bare chest nods to the thin air, a bell sounding as Joey Garcia makes his quick exit. Mia Rayne is quick to snap into action, running towards Moretti who simply stares back at her. Mia finishes the sprint off with a dropkick attempt, one in which Moretti easily slaps down. The House goes to pick Mia up by her hair but she side rolls, kipping up to her feet behind him. She attempts to swing him around to meet her face to face but the House is unwavering, standing in a still position no matter how hard she pulls.

Mia sighs, giggling suddenly before maintaining her grip on Harlan’s arm, jumping atop the ropes and finally pulling him off his feet with a twisting arm drag! The Forsaken Psychotic turns to listen to the thousand in attendance screaming her name in all sorts of languages, a smile coming across her face before she drops the rising Moretti with a Busaiku Knee. Mia pushes the face of Harlan downward, making the first cover of the match.

ONE!

TW- KICKOUT!

A hard kickout from Moretti, the power of it enough to shove Mia into the air and crawl to the corner.

Jim Gunt: “Pretty even match in the early going of this one, and I can’t say that I’m all that surprised. Moretti may have nearly a hundred pounds and a seven inch advantage on our favorite Forsaken Psychopath, but she’s also a veteran of the game, Mike.”

Mike Rolash: “Mia Rayne’s a VETERAN at playing games, Jimbo. But this Moretti is a whole different kind of cat. He treats violence like it’s accounting. The only games he’s into playing are the kinds where people are cowering at his feet, begging for forgiveness that he’ll never grant them.”

Jim Gunt: “Looks like he wants Mia to do that right now!”

Inside the ring, Mia crawls out of the corner, Moretti stoically standing in the center of the ring awaiting her. She grabs

onto his legs, but instead of begging for mercy or crawling her way up to his feet like he expected, instead Rayne snaps her left shoulder out of socket, shocking the fans at ringside and Harlan alike.

Before he can come to his senses, snapping himself out of what he just witnessed, Mia uses her now lifeless limb almost as a baseball bat, swinging it again and again at the left leg of Moretti until he has no choice but to fall to a knee. Wrapping her good arm around him, Mia goes for a DDT just to get lifted high in the air.

Jim Gunt: “DEBT PRESS!”

Mike Rolash: “All the way to the outside, Jimmy!”

Moretti tosses Rayne over the top rope with the standing body press, hovering over her just inside the ring, watching her every move as he holds onto the top rope. In a flash Mia is back to her feet, rolling into the ring just as Moretti knew she would, receiving a hefty stomp to her left arm for her troubles. The House yanks her to her feet now by said arm, pulling her to the corner and wrapping it around the top rope like a bow tie. He places several slow, deliberate boots to her stomach, leaving her gasping for breath as the crowd starts to boo, restlessly watching on.

Backing up with the slightest of smirks coming across his face, Harlan Moretti weighs out the scene before coming back forward and hitting Mia with the Loaded Dice double handed palm strike to her chest. The Forsaken Psychotic drops now, holding onto her left arm in a mixture of pain and regret while simultaneously trying to get her breath back. Moretti will have none of it, however, picking Mia up into the air in a Powerslam position.

Jim Gunt: “Mia is a sitting duck now, Mike. I think the fun and games are just about over.”

Mike Rolash: “Guess she should’ve cashed out.”

Jim Gunt: “You know what? It’s getting way too hot in here to put up with your bullshit tonight…”

THE HOUSE EDGE! A crushing Powerslam to the Forsaken Psychotic, designed to take whatever air and life she has left in her away. The House is now satisfied with the debt paid, as he approaches Rayne and drops down for a cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THR-

NO! MIA KICKS OUT!

Instead of showing frustration or getting angry at Neezletoe, Harlan simply turns back to Mia Rayne, latching onto her dislocated left shoulder and smashing it several times over and over again onto the canvas. Screaming out in agony, Mia can do nothing but swing her right arm wildly, meeting nothing but the air as Harlan once again pulls her high up, dropping her right on the now destroyed arm.

Rayne attempts to crawl away from the House, her pinch point from her shoulder to her arm now a disgusting shade of black and blue. He does not allow her to make it to the corner, instead lifting her up and tossing her violently there himself with the Line Adjustment!

Mike Rolash: My god, Mia has to be dead!

Mia Rayne’s body spikes against the corner, the quick motion leaving her defenseless as she once again lands right on the injured left shoulder. The House stands over her once again, his grip tightening to deathly levels on her arm. Looking her right in the eye, Harlan Moretti finally smiles the sickest of smiles, pulling the arm of Mia Rayne clean off!!

Resounding chants of “Holy Shit!” as well as several people vomiting in the front row are the first sounds heard, the next a deep and piercing scream coming from Mia Rayne herself. Harlan holds onto the bloody appendage of Mia Rayne with awe in his eyes, before tossing it aside and quickly shoving her to her back, the blood of Mia staining the

ring instantly as Harlan covers her.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO!! MIA KICKS OUT YET AGAIN!

Jim Gunt: “HOW!? How is Mia Rayne still alive better yet still fighting in this thing!?”

Mike Rolash: “I don’t know, Mia’s not fucking normal! She never has been, and in this setting and timeline, that may be exactly what we need to take down those Amoralist whackos!”

Jim Gunt: “Hey now, watch what you say…”

A tinge of frustration can be seen coming from Harlan now as he looks down at Mia, mouthing a couple of words quietly to the Forsaken Psychotic before backhanding her right across the face. A trickle of blood from what looks to be a broken tooth now joins the blood pouring from her open wound on her left side, but still Mia Rayne fights on, a wicked smile on her face as she pulls herself to her knees.

Another backhand. Another smile, this time Mia Rayne begins to laugh uncontrollably as Harlan arches back to swing again.

Another backh- no this time Mia Rayne leaps to her feet, dodging the attempt. Harlan turns back around to attempt the House Shot short arm lariat but once again finds nothing but air, Mia hopping around him at this point and giggling to herself.

Mia Rayne: “You, a house, really believe that you have the stamina to keep up with a lunatic like me, all... night... long?”

Harlan Moretti is forced to watch on dumbfounded as Mia springs around the ring like a rabbit fed cocaine for lunch, every move made to stop her unable to find its mark. She starts gyrating, dancing and shaking right in front of him before Moretti finally attempts one more lariat to an approaching Rayne, just to have her twist around said arm through the air, pulling him down with a thud and yanking back, using all her weight to wrench him into a tight arm bar submission.

Mia struggles, using her only arm left to try to keep down Moretti, but it’s only moments until he shoves her off him and halfway across the ring. Moretti turns to the nearest corner, reaching for the turnbuckle pad atop the top rope.

Jim Gunt: “Looks like the House came prepared!”

Mike Rolash: “You have to when you’re up against something like Mia Rayne, you never know what she could have in store!”

What looks to be a futuristic version of a multi tool screwdriver is pulled out from within the turnbuckle pad, receiving a brief cheer from the crowd as Moretti turns around to do his worst. He turns back around and is surprised that Mia Rayne is already back to her feet, striking out with a shotgun dropkick that knocks him back into the corner.

To the shock of everyone in attendance in the Colosseum, Mia Rayne begins to whisper some words looking down at what used to be her left arm, giggling as the appendage begins to grow back before our very eyes!

Mia Rayne: “Nuh-uh-uh, big one. I know that was your kill shot, but I have something called 'plot armor.' Look into it.”

Harlan Moretti shrugs his shoulders, tired of the games being played by his opponent this evening. He charges in for an attack with the screwdriver concept raised high, running right into a Surprise! Headbutt from Mia Rayne! Moretti’s lights are out as the tool goes tumbling across the ring, falling to the outside. Rayne walks over to her former left arm, a

bloody lifeless appendage that's only use left is to take and choke Moretti out with, pressing it down hard against his neck and face as she calls Neezletoe over to make the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Jim Gunt: "I thought the House may have fallen there, but it looks like this one may have been built from brick, Mike."

Mike Rolash: "If you think I'm going to equate nursery rhymes to wrestling matches with you, you're out of your fucking mind."

Moretti grabs the left arm right out of the arms of Mia Rayne, an angry look on his face as he throws it out to a ravaged fan who immediately raises it in the air in celebration. A fight breaks loose for the appendage of Mia Rayne, several members of the Amoralist guard quickly breaking things up as Moretti pulls Mia once again to her feet. She strikes out with her elbow, her shoulder, anything she can to stop the man from lifting her high in the air. HIGH ROLLER SLAM! The Sideslam with full body drop leaves both Mia and the canvas shaking, but Moretti is not finished. Never taking his eyes off his prey, the House waits patiently for her to get to her feet.

THE COLLECTION! A lifting sit-out sidewalk slam, delivered with total control. Moretti stays seated on the opponent's chest during the pin, counting along with the referee — calm, insulting, inevitable.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!!

Joey Garcia: "The winner of this Group A Main Event Match…HARLAN MORETTI!!"

"House of the Rising Sun" begins to play again as Harlan Moretti pulls himself to his feet, allowing Neezletoe to raise his hand in victory as he stands over the body of Mia Rayne. Nearly the entire Colosseum boos the man they call the House but he remains emotionless in the ring, looking on to whatever challenge lays ahead.

Jim Gunt: "Well…that was absolutely disgusting."

Mike Rolash: "And this is only episode one, Jim, buckle up!"

Jim Gunt: "Either way Harlan Moretti picks up three points in his first round bout in the Infernalia Tournament, and our favorite Forsaken Psychopath will have to do everything in her power to claw back up the bracket board starting next week."

Battle of the Dans

Match

"The Ripper" Danny B, confident as ever after his victory earlier tonight, paces in nearly a strut through a backstage corridor. The pompous former CWF World Champion looks around the corner, sighing, continuing his walk before coming across one of the backstage drones. Not missing a beat, Ripper looks right at it and begins speaking.

Danny B: Listen…whatever you are. I'm fucking hungry. I did you and your shithead bosses bidding, now where the hell's the catering?

"Ah, it's you."

Coming into the corridor from the opposite corner, another competitor who was victorious in their fight earlier on, the Danger Boi himself, Dangerous Dan. A few fan girls watching the mega screens at ringside whistle aloud. The Ripper,

however, looks on at the now Group A favorite non-impressed.

Danny B: And you are?

A smile from Dangerous Dan, as he ignores the ignorance coming from the Ripper.

Dangerous Dan: I think you know exactly who I am. I am the greatest CWF Impact Champion of all time, Dangerous Dan. And when Infernalia is said and done, I'll not only be the only Dan left standing- I'll be the only one standing, period.

Danny gets right in the face of the Dangerous One.

Danny B: Dan, huh? What kind of stupid name is that.

The former CWF Tag Champion holds back a smile.

Dangerous Dan: You gotta be shitti..

Danny B: Tough talk from such a small dude. But you know what, maybe we'll put your little theory to the test some day. You just keep on winning there Danny boy, and perhaps I'll see you in the finals.

Unblinking, Dangerous Dan stares right back at the Ripper.

Dangerous Dan: I look forward to it.

Let The Games Begin

Match

The camera shows a zoomed out view of a cryogenic chamber. Beyond the large chamber; the room is a desolate, empty concrete frame, what looks to be an unfinished basement. Zooming in on the chamber itself, a loud pop comes before a fizzing sound, the chamber itself beginning to open. Once the smoke clears the form of one man can be seen within, unconscious.

Jaiden Rishel.

An unknown subject can be heard in the background, out of the view of the camera but a distinct female voice.

Unknown Subject: Subject 42 is beginning to awaken. Are we ready?

Another form can barely be seen beside her, a shadow of a man.

Unknown Subject 2: Oh yes. Let the games begin!

The shadows on the concrete wall show the two forms in the background, the man raising a large needle high in the air as the camera cuts out.

A Forsaken Sense of Deja Vu

Match

Elijah is backstage, pacing back and forth waiting for his call to fight. He flexes his fist, the skin turning from flesh toned to metallic and back again. He mutters under his breath, mantras and incantations, keeping himself centered.

Mia: Surprise, mother fucker!

Elijah jumps with a start, turning to follow the voice. Mia hangs upside down from the ceiling, waving down sarcastically at the Amoral Apostate. Despite going through one hell of a fight just mere minutes ago, she seems fresh as a daisy. She falls to the ground, and immediately pulls herself up to do a curtsy.

Mia: You and I have some -

Elijah: - unfinished business. Who are -

Mia: Where are you -

Elijah: What are you doing here?

Mia: You first.

Elijah: I think not.

Mia: Paper, scissors, stone? I pick scissors.

Without warning Mia reaches back and thrusts her arm forward, the fist replaced with a comically oversized set of barber's scissors. Elijah jumps, narrowly avoiding the blades aimed at his throat. Elijah lands behind Mia and slams her squarely in the back, sending her face first into the wall.

Elijah: Who sent you? The Moonchild? What do the Amoralists have over you?

Mia spits out a tooth and turns to confront Elijah, sweeping his legs out from under him. She climbs onto him and nails him with a series of rights and lefts.

Mia: HOW

SMACK

Mia: FUCKING

SMACK

Mia: DARE

SMACK

Mia: YOU!

Mia: I would never side with those fucking parasites! I'm here looking for someone…her name is Su.

Elijah manages to power out, thrusting Mia backwards and pulling himself to his feet. He shakes his head to clear his mind, looking at Mia suspiciously. Before he can speak, she charges at him. Elijah ducks, using Mia's momentum against her. He scoops the Forsaken Psychotic into the air, catching her with a knee to the face as she falls. Mia crashes to the ground, moaning in pain.

Elijah: I was summoned here, some group, they called themselves The Children. They knew about me….I was raised in the Institute, by the -

Mia leaps to her feet, swinging a fist at Elijah's face. He ducks, dodges left and right as she lunges at him.

Mia: I KNEW IT!

Elijah: Listen! I turned my back on them when I was seventeen years old, devoted my life to destroying the Institute - the ones now known as the Amoralists. The Children continue the struggle. They summoned me here to their time, to help in the fight. Their fight.

He tilts his head, looking at Mia curiously.

Elijah: Our fight?

Before Mia can respond, an assistant steps into the corridor. He regards Mia and Elijah, both battered and drained, the wall damaged and smeared with blood. He shrugs.

Assistant: Elijah. You're up.

Elijah turns to leave, making his way after the assistant, limping and breathing heavily.

Mia: Elijah?

Elijah turns.

Mia: Good luck.

Elijah vs. Byson Kaliban

Match

Clearing the broken ether bottles and other garbage thrown into the ring from unruly fans at ringside, the monks disappear from the ring just as Joey Garcia prepares to bring out the final competitors of the night. “Ain’t Nobody” by Chaka Khan begins over the loud speakers, the fans quieting down as they look on towards the entrance ramp.

Joey Garcia: “The following match is the MAIIIN EVENT of this event and a first round battle in Group B of the Infernalia Tournament! Introducing first…”

The overhead holoscreens in the Colosseum, which usually flash propaganda for the Redeemer, suddenly glitch and fracture. The sleek Amoralist architecture groans under a localized EMP pulse. The arena’s oppressive industrial hum is sliced open by the sharp, iconic opening synth of “Ain’t Nobody” by Chaka Khan. As the beat drops, the heavy blast doors at the top of the ramp hiss open, venting pressurized steam.

Byson Kaliban doesn't walk out—he stumbles out with a manic, rhythmic twitch, his "sleeve" looking pristine and youthful despite the three centuries of madness behind his eyes. He is flanked by four SSRI "Peacekeepers" with electrified batons, but Byson ignores them entirely. He is lost in the music, snapping his fingers and swaying his hips in a way that feels deeply "wrong" given the blood-stained environment.

Byson moves with a loose-limbed, "dirty" grace. He occasionally stops to shout lyrics into the faces of the horrified front-row fans, his eyes wide and unblinking. Halfway down the ramp, one guard tries to nudge him forward. Without breaking his stride or his humming, Byson’s titanium-reinforced arm whips back, a blur of silver and flesh, nearly taking the guard's head off. He doesn't even look back; he just laughs, a high-pitched, rasping sound. Byson slides into the ring under the bottom rope, immediately popping up into a handstand before collapsing into a seated position in the center of the mat. He stares at the hard-light canopy of the Colosseum, licking his lips as if he can taste the desperation of the crowd.

Joey Garcia: “Standing at 6’1 and weighing 195 pounds, here is…BYSON KALIBAN!!”

As the music fades into the screams of the bloodthirsty fans, Byson slowly rises. He stretches his arms out wide, the metallic hum of his titanium skeletal structure audible over the house mic. He looks at his opponent, bites his own thumb until it bleeds, and smears a "K" across his chest.

Jim Gunt: “Byson Kaliban; a mysterious competitor that is said to be the deceased twin brother of Duce Jones, somehow manifested into the flesh.”

Mike Rolash: “We’ve seen this guy before, Jimmy, and he’s about as vicious as they come. Byson is a warrior bred for a battle such as Infernalia, I hope poor little Elijah knows what’s coming for him…”

Jim Gunt: “Oh please, Mike. You should know better than to disregard Elijah, the man has fought in some of the greatest of wars in CWF’s past and lived to tell the tale to all the Princesses and Prodigies around the world.”

“The Cruxshadows” by Sophia plays. The Colosseum shakes in anticipation, sounds of both jeers and cheers resounding throughout.

The former Prodigy makes his way to the ring slowly, watching the fans at ringside knowing that anyone could attack him at any moment. As one looks to jump the ramp the former Prodigy shows off his arm, glowing between metallic and normal skin tone, enough to easily scare the young man off.

Joey Garcia: “And his opponent, weighing 215 pounds and standing at 6’0 tall…ELIJAH!!”

Senior CWF official Trent Robbins looks out of his element as he stands between a rock and a hard place, signaling for the drone bot to call for the bell. The action starts off hot, both Elijah and Byson Kaliban coming to the center of the ring and starting things off with their right hands immediately. What would normally take several shots to show any effect to either competitor is much different in this setting, with both men having cybernetic advances that cause each shot to leave their opponent reeling. After a second blow from Elijah, Kaliban is knocked senseless, backing up to his corner placing his hand on what appears to be a broken jaw.

Snapping his face back into place with a sick crackle, Kaliban glares back at Elijah and calls out for him to bring it on. The former Prodigy looks to do just that, running at Kaliban for a clothesline attempt that is somehow ducked under, the speed of Byson catching him off guard even as he springs against the ropes and comes back with a Ripchord Headbutt.

Jim Gunt: “Duce’s Wild! Byson follows up the headbutt with the Kamigoye knee strike, taking a page right from his brother’s book!”

Mike Rolash: “You know, I never really did like Duce…”

Jim Gunt: “You don’t like anybody, Mike, especially yourself. I think you need to see a shrink, we got any of those in 2326?”

Looking to have this Group B match over with before it even gets started, Byson Kaliban drags the body of Elijah to the center of the ring, screaming for Robbins to make the count as he covers him.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Elijah kicks out with all his might, shoving Kaliban off of him and immediately turning to his side to chase after him, mounting Byson and striking out with a right hand that Kaliban narrowly just misses. Thankfully, because the cybernetic fist of Elijah shoots right through the canvas! An armed size gash in the ring, Kaliban uses the moment to his advantage and springs back to his feet, again going towards the ropes and this time hits a basement dropkick to the arm of Elijah, a snapping noise echoing out as his arm contorts in unrealistic ways, the former Prodigy screaming in agony as he writhes out in pain.

Byson Kaliban doesn’t wait around for Elijah to put the pieces of himself back together, stomping down on him even as he tries to work out his arm. The brother of Duce brings the former World Champion up to his feet, attempting to smash Elijah’s arm into the corner but is surprised when he reverses it, sending Byson flying towards the corner and up over the turnbuckle landing with a thud to the outside! Before Kaliban can even get back to his feet Elijah is already sprung into action, running towards and up the ropes like they’re steps, before leaping into a perfect 450 splash right onto the rising Byson!

Sections of the crowd cheer the attack from their hero Elijah, while a couple others quickly jump the barricade and attempt to attack the man. One young man is able to get their hands on Elijah but a back fist knocks them off their feet, members of the Pacifiers quickly running over and tackling some, while shooting the more rowdier ones with laser tasers.

Jim Gunt: “Yeah, I don’t think there’s going to be anyone else jumping the barricade for the rest of this one…”

Mike Rolash: “These people are fucking nuts, Jimmy. Talk about an unsafe working environment!”

Looking on at the wildness unfolding in front of him, Byson will have none of it. He grabs onto a member of the hooded

Pacifiers who cowers in shock, and runs him right into the re-re-inforced announce table. Another goes head first into the turnbuckle. With the Pacifiers falling left and right, more members of the crowd decide to jump the barricade, one of them holding onto a dagger that they attempt to stab the Amoral Apostate with. Kaliban grabs it out of his hand just in time, however, waving his hand at the man who is actually a mere child, a brutal stomp to the face crushing his dreams of ending Elijah's life. Byson hoists the former World Champion onto his shoulders, running with him and turning him sideways through the air to violently smash ribs first into the steel beam.

Coughing up blood and other bodily fluids, Elijah still immediately begins to pull himself to his feet. Kaliban is happy to oblige, helping him, rolling the man back into the ring and following him in. Hoisting his opponent up from behind, he sets up a back suplex that Elijah somehow rolls out of, facing Kaliban before leaping up and spiking him down with a Jumping Spinebuster! Elijah continues the onslaught, taking the deceased brother of Duce and dropping him headfirst with a Brainbuster.

Jim Gunt: "The end is near, Elijah is calling for the Fist of God!"

Mike Rolash: "What the hell is that?"

Jim Gunt: "You're about to bear witn…HOLY SHIT!"

Elijah leaps nearly ten feet in the air off the top turnbuckle, a miraculous feat only made more amazing by the brutal diving punch to the chest of Byson Kaliban. If the man wasn't reinforced by hundreds of years of preparation, there would be a hole the size of a crater right through his heart. What there is, however, is an absolutely broken Byson who Elijah easily pushes over with a singular finger, covering the man as Robbins looks on.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO!

Byson Kaliban kicks out at the last possible second, the heat of Trent Robbins hand nearly causing the ring to be set ablaze. The Colosseum lights flicker. The digital billboards above the ring light up, showing a series of wanted posters, one fugitive after another. Samyaza steps out onto the entrance ramp.

Jim Gunt: Is it just me or is it suddenly getting cold in here, Mike?

Elijah steps out of the ring, making his way up the entrance way to confront Samyaza. Before he can get close, he slips and stumbles, struggling to stay upright. The entrance way is covered in thick ice, shining and deadly. In the ring, snow engulfs Byson Kaliban, surrounding the prisoner in a localised storm.

Jim Gunt: What the hell!?

Elijah steps back towards the ring. He reaches for the ring ropes but pulls his hand back, the skin immediately turning blue. Elijah stares up the ramp at Samyaza. The leader of the Watchers smirks and turns away. Slowly, the temperature returns to normal, the snow ceasing, the ice melting away.

Jim Gunt: Okay, of all the strange and crazy things that have happened tonight, this one has to take the cake, Mike.

Mike Rolash: You mean an ice age in the middle of a heatwave? Yeah, seems pretty normal to me.

A deep sigh from the former Prodigy as he ponders out his next steps, eventually putting his legs within those of Kaliban's and turning him over with an inverted Texas Cloverleaf. The muscles and bones of Byson snap, crackle and popping like your favorite childhood cereal, but there is still fight within the warrior that is Byson Kaliban.

A right hand stops Elijah in his tracks. Another one, but this time Elijah holds onto the Cloverleaf even harder, using all

the strength within him to make his opponent in the first round of Infernalia tap out. Seeing his life flash before his eyes, Kaliban looks for any possible way out of the Cloverleaf, his eyes finally coming across the discarded dagger from the fan earlier, conveniently sitting just several feet away in the corner. Kaliban struggles, pushes, does everything he can to inch his way towards the dagger despite the push back from Elijah.

He takes a hold of the dagger, twerking back his body and slashes out at Elijah's leg! Blood trickles from the leg of the former Prodigy, but he fights on as if nothing even happened. Crushing boots to the face of Kaliban. Elijah then takes his index finger, with the power of a chair shot gently touching the forehead of Kaliban, the impact of the Royal Touch nearly caving his skull in.

Elijah looks out at the crowd watching his every move.

So quiet that you could hear a pin drop.

The screens, the guards, the monks, everything all in order and all too clean.

The Prodigy flicks off what is left of the nearby guards, turning back to Kaliban and making a cutthroat motion before grabbing onto him and running with him towards the ropes.

Jim Gunt: "THE DESCENT! The spinning springboard bulldog that's won Elijah so many matches in the past, but never has it been done with such authority!

Mike Rolash: "The entire Colosseum just shook, Jim! I thought we were in a god damned earthquake!"

An exhausted and nearly overheated Elijah pulls over the destroyed carcass of Byson Kaliban, placing himself over him for the cover as he stares out at Robbins to make the count.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Joey Garcia: "And the winner of this Group B Match by pinfall…ELIJAH!!"

The Premonition Part Five

Match

Portland, Maine
12:33 AM January 27th, 2026

Amber Rishel looks on from the window of their rental car, smiling warmly as her husband finally comes out the front door of the Meowy Jane recreational dispensary in Portland. When the two of them googled a list of dispensaries in the city, she immediately picked that one from the name alone (not to mention it was the only place still open). The sign outside made her feel better already; a big old cheshire cat with a burning joint in hand.

Rish opens the driver's side door, entering the rental with a brown bag in hand and a smile on his face. He gives a deep, intimate kiss to his wife, the two of them sharing a moment before he presses the button to automatically start up the car. Meowy Jane being on the outer skirts of the city, there didn't seem to be much traffic this time of night. Matter of fact, he was surprised it was even still open.

What was across the street, however, caught Amber's eye just as they were about to pull off and head towards the highway. The most beautiful of gardens, with cherry blossom trees lined all across and a silver archway opening up to a brick pathway entering it. Her attention fixated on the garden, Rish turns to see it himself, shaking his head as he looks back at his pain in the ass wife.

Rish: "Let me guess, now we gotta go see the damn garden, huh?"

Amber: “Well yeah!”

He chuckles, shaking his head sideways.

Rish: “Anything for you, honey.”

He tosses the brown bag over to his wife, looking out at the traffic as she opens it up and gets out a few gummies for the both of them. Rish crosses traffic to get to the other side of the road where the garden is, just as a speeding car comes in from his blindside, nearly t-boning him but just grazing by as if the rental car had a force field around it. Amber’s eyes are wide, her right hand holding on for dear life to the handle bar atop the passenger door. The car swings around, coming to a screeching halt perfectly in between two other cars, right in front of the garden.

The Garden of Life and Death.

Rish: “Oh my god, are you okay? I looked in both directions twice, where in the hell did that fucking car come from?”

Panicked breathing subsides to a forced smile, as she once again places a hand on her husband’s face to calm him down.

Amber: “It’s okay, my dear. It’s getting really late, and some of these inner city people drive like they own the roads. But there’s no damage to the vehicle, we’re still alive, and look…we made it.”

Rish exits the rental, brushing himself off hoping that the worst of his luck is behind him before walking to the passenger side and opening the door for his love. Amber looks on with amazement at the garden, but when Rish himself takes a closer look, he can’t help but to feel a peculiar oddness to it. Getting out of his cell as Amber leads him through the entrance, he google searches the garden’s name to find no results.

Very peculiar, indeed.

Rish attempts to tell his wife about the search but she interrupts him in glee, pointing to an extravagant array of flowers from all around the world. The sight is breathtaking for sure, but what really catches his eye is what lies beyond it.

Past the hundreds of rare species of flowers is what seems to be one of the most beautifully laid out grave sites he’s ever seen. This intrigues the patriarch, his attention diverted from his wife as he paces quickly towards it.

Amber: “Babe, wait…!”

Trying to stop or slow him down to no avail, Amber finally decides to chase after her husband who has already made it to the grave site. She runs like her life depends on it after him, but when she reaches him she’s surprised to see him down on his knees in front of a grave stone.

His own grave stone.

Amber: “What…what in the hell is this…?”

A grave stone made entirely out of gold material, a clear coded plague shows a picture of the legend himself smiling back at them. A snapshot taken in his youth, at the very peak of CWF. The words Justin Rishel are etched underneath, and underneath that the date and solemn words “January 27th, 2026" and "Gone abruptly, but never forgotten. A world that needed him, and much too soon lost him.”

Rish: “I don’t understand!”

An intense mixture of anger, pain, and confusion running through him, Rish strikes out and smashes the plague to pieces. His knuckles now trickling with blood, Amber immediately rises to her feet and comes to him. She pulls him up, pulling a cloth out of her bag to wipe away the crimson flow. She whispers something in Rish’s ear, seemingly breaking him out of his angry trance. He nods at her, finally smiling and kisses his wife once more as they rise and walk away from the grave site. Before they can head back to the entrance of the garden, however, many more grave stones

suddenly become apparent to the former CWF owner.

Anubis.

Lionheart.

Angel.

Alex Cain.

Angelica.

Freddie Styles.

Jace Valentine.

Jaiden Rishel.

All laid to rest on the same date. All of them taken before their time.

A frustrated and angry Rish pulls out his cell, taking his eyes away from the frightening sight in front of him and swipes in his password. Amber pushes away the foliage of some trees as the two of them walk across a draw bridge, turning to her side as she sees Rish fingering through his contacts to hit the number for Jaiden. She takes a deep breath, truly wishing all this madness was behind them.

Rish: “Jaiden, this is your father. Please, when you get this call, you GOTTA call me back, dude! I know we haven’t talked in years, and I’m sorry for everything that I said at Dez’s, but this is a life and death situation. This is all going to sound bat shit, but try to follow me. You remember everything that happened in 2018 when we got sucked into that world 300 years in the future where the Amoralists ran everything and I watched the world burn to the ground with Elisha smiling back at me? Yeah I know that never came to truly be, but Jaiden, my point is…it will. Or I mean…it’s going to happen again.”

Rish takes a rapid deep breath, knowing his time on his son’s voicemail is limited.

Rish: “Just…please call me back, Jaiden. You are the only one who can stop this.”

Ending the phone call with a tear in his eye, Rish looks back at his wife who can’t help but to feel bad for him. She pulls him in for a tight embrace, opening the passenger side car door herself to get in. He looks down, nearly slipping on some snow and ice on the sidewalk below, but is able to get down to the road safely to cross to the driver’s side.

Before he can make it there, however, a black SUV with darkest tinted windows known to man screams down the road and obliterates the patriarch, doubling him over through the air in a tense and disgusting looking backflip corkscrew. The CWF founder spins uncontrollably through the air, landing with a sick thud right on his shoulder, neck, and head area.

“OH MY GOD!! NOOO!!!”

Amber goes to exit the passenger side door but is stopped in her tracks when the speeding car that hit and ran her husband comes to a halt. Fifteen or so feet down the road, the car comes to a complete stop just long enough for the driver’s side window to roll down a crack. Several passersby begin screaming out, an older lady pulling out her cell phone to take a picture of what is already too late. An assault rifle takes two perfect shots, both of them connecting with the now destroyed body of Rish.

Once again speeding away, the car disappears just as sirens and flashes of police and ambulances blend in. The sounds, sights, smells, everything all seems to blend together for Amber as she comes to her husband’s side, blood everywhere as he lies in a nasty, twisted position in the middle of the street.

EMT’s and police officers rush to both Rish and Amber’s side, questions that’ll be nearly impossible to answer are

bound to come. Tears roll down her face, the world blurs around her.

The only thing that she knows at this time?

Amber Rishel knows that her husband; father to three, former owner of one of the most prestigious wrestling federations of all time and the greatest, most loving human being she's ever met?

He's now gone.

The message to Jaiden that he went out of his way, out of his mind, and sadly lost his life to make sure he received?

Too late.

The horrifying frame of Justin Rishel laying lifeless on the streets of Portland, Amber crouched beside him holding onto her husband's hand for one final time, is the last visual shown before the first Infernalia of the new CWF era fades to black.

Show Credits

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