Infernalia: Ep. 2 - The Pact

Promotion: Championship Wrestling Federation
Date: February 20, 2026
Location: The Collosium

Results

Truth Serum Part I

Match

Opening up back in the unfinished concrete basement, the full frame of Jaiden Rishel immediately comes to light from just a singular old-fashioned light bulb swinging away from above. What technology had advanced through the centuries was not being used in this instance, as pure barbaric heavy steel chains connected to thick cufflinks hold Jaiden in place.

Jaiden Rishel begins to awaken, his senses groggy as everything around him seems to be spinning. As his focus comes back, he's immediately startled as he sees both a man and a woman completely covered in white tyvek suits, the female seated with her back to him at a small black plastic table, mixing a set of liquids into a beaker. The male stops in his tracks, looking up from the only sense of technology in the entire room, the pad in his gloved hands, springing into action as he realizes Jaiden's consciousness.

Male: "Subject forty two, good evening. I trust that you slept well?"

Looking up from the table, the eyes of the female go wide as she too knows that the moment they've both been waiting for is finally at hand. Jaiden watches through half open eyes as she gets to her feet, unable to answer the man in front of him even as he goes over to the black table and grabs a taser gun, bringing it right to the face of the Prince of CWF in threatening fashion.

Male: "Cat got your tongue, little buddy?"

Prying the mouth of Jaiden Rishel open, the man attempts to place the taser into his mouth even as he struggles, shaking violently and attempting a scream that comes out more like a muffled yelp.

"STOP!"

The female subject suddenly yells out, placing a hand over the right arm of her male counterpart, calmly pulling his arm and the gun away from the face of Jaiden. He turns to look her in the eye, the lighting in the room barely adequate to see each other, but a whisper is enough to settle him down.

Female: "We must do this another way, Dez. He gave us strict orders to keep Jaiden alive until the Gathering of the Raven."

Not listening to another word past "Dez", that was enough to snap Jaiden Rishel into reality and his eyes opening as wide as humanly possible, his surrounding a complete shock to him as he realizes his father's best friend Dez and an unknown female are the two companions in white space suits in front of him. Jaiden pulls his right arm hard, attempting to swing out at Dez in an act of desperation, sadness, confusion and a million other characters from Inside Out, all to no avail.

The heir to CWF is stuck; powerless as he watches a man he used to call a best friend, an uncle at that, punch him square across the jaw. Dez echoes a heartless laugh before turning back to the woman.

Dez: "Yes, he did. He never said what condition Subject forty two had to be in, however. But if you have any other

ideas on how to get the information we need out of this little punk? Be my guest."

A smile barely shining through the darkness on the female's face, she turns back to the black table behind them, walking Dez over to it and pulling a needle into the air, drawing in the serum that she mixed earlier. Dez looks on quietly, holding back questions until she looks him back in the eye and answers it for him.

Female: "It's truth serum. Once we inject Jaiden with this, he'll be like putty in our hands. Anything and everything that you and I, or the master, want to know? All we gotta do is ask."

Another deep chuckle from Dez as he takes the needle right from the hands of his counterpart, not leaving her a chance to second guess it before hurrying over and injecting Jaiden right in the side of the neck. He squirms violently but is unable to do anything to stop whatever liquid was concocted from running through his veins.

Jaiden falls limp once again, however this time not falling unconscious but falling every muscle in his body begins to twitch and pull before giving out completely. His arms no longer able to swing out at Dez, his legs unable to move at all. A singular tear falls uncontrollably down the cheek of Jaiden Rishel, the sight creating an evil cheshire grin across the face of Dez as the camera cuts out.

Arrival of The King

Match

Backstage, the stagehand previously assaulted by King Jarvis I stands nervously with a microphone in hand. The young man is dressed not in backstage blacks this week, but instead in a smart looking black suit.

Mike Rolash: "Good thing he wore dark pants; kid looks like he's gonna piss himself."

Jim Gunt: "Well, ladies and gentlemen, this young man is joining our broadcast team this week - please welcome Ian Ambrose. Ian?"

Ian Ambrose: "Thanks Jim - I'm waiting on the arrival of - and I cannot stress this enough - His Royal Highness King Jarvis, and I'm hoping to get a word in with him ahead of his big second round match with Mia Ra–"

Just then the door that Ambrose is standing in front of bursts open, smacking him in the head, immediately rendering him unconscious.

Mike Rolash: "HA!"

Jim Gunt: "Oh my…"

Mike Rolash: "DOWN GOES AMBROSE!!"

Completely unaware of the carnage wrought by his entrance, King Jarvis I strolls nonchalantly through the door. The camera follows him as he, and a small entourage of guards, enter a red door, closing it behind him, with two of the guards left outside standing on either side.

Jim Gunt: "Well, King Jarvis is here, ready for his match tonight."

Mike Rolash: "Can we get a replay of Ambrose hitting the deck? That shit was hilarious."

The Shadow vs. El Escorpion Azul

Match

Jim Gunt: "After the wildness of the first round of Infernalia, the Amoralist overlords have raised the barriers keeping the crowd at bay; hopefully that will bring some normalcy to the rest of the proceedings."

Mike Rolash: "Normalcy? Ha! We're in bumfuckin' twenty three twenty six, Jim, if you're looking for normal…you're in the wrong place, buddy."

Jim Gunt: “I mean I’m still sitting here next to you calling action for the greatest wrestling company in the world *looks up at the drone flying around him scanning his every word and move*, you know…I wouldn’t have it any other way.”

Mike Rolash: “Awww…you’re sweet, Jimbo. But you know, just because Neezletoe turned you down for the ball last week…doesn’t mean I’m going to be your valentine.”

Jim Gunt: “?...”

Joey Garcia: “Our first match this evening, will be the opening match in Group A of the Infernalia tournament, and will be one fight to the finish. Introducing first…”

The ominous opening sounds of “At The Crossroads of Ash & Flame” bellow throughout the arena, the audience reacting with a passionate mixed response as all lights are extinguished. Fog billows out of the entranceway, which is now only lit by four flickering flame torches.

Joey Garcia: “First, standing at 6’1” and weighing in at 230 pounds… THE SHADOW!”

A moment or two after the introduction, The Shadow steps out of the fog, ornate staff in one hand, a larger flame torch held high in the other. His companion, Genevieve, stands beside him, the two wearing identical black robes. The two share a quiet look, before walking steadily towards the ring, paying the baying crowd no heed.

Jim Gunt: “The Shadow was thwarted last week in what many were calling an upset victory by Dangerous Dan.”

Mike Rolash: “I’m glad you see it that way, Jimmy, that’s why you’re our village idiot. Anyone with a set of eyes could see the Dangerous One coming out on top; Danny boy is on the move here in Infernalia. The Shadow better get his head out of his ass before he becomes just that, a shadow of himself…”

Jim Gunt: “Jesus, Mike, anything else you have to say…?”

Mike Rolash: “Actually, yes. Genevieve is looking smoookinnngg!

Jim just sighs, as Garcia prepares to announce The Shadow’s opponent.

Rolash’s snicker 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 and standing at a height of 5’8”…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: “Speaking of coming into this second round with a loss, The Shadow’s opponent also was handed defeat in the early going of the Infernalia tournament. Cruz Garrajon, or better known to all of us, as El Escorpion Azul, lost a very close match to King Jarvis I in round one.”

Mike Rolash: “I still have a headache from that weird ultraviolent frequency…that shit was enough to blind me!”

Jim Gunt: “Oh what happened to ‘don’t make excuses for him.’?”

Mike Rolash: “What the hell are you talking about Jimmity Cricket? I’m just asking for some tylenol, or whatever the equivalent here in this god damn future world is. Give me the Limitless drug, the red or the blue pill, I don’t care. Just give me some god damn drugs!”

Jim Gunt: “I wonder if they got a rehab here in Anthropolis…”

Jim's supposed valentine, referee Neezletoe calls for the bell. The resounding sound echoes over the Colosseum, waking a few of the fans in the front rows, passed out on designer drugs of their choosing. The Shadow and El Escorpion Azul pay the crowd no mind however, both men focused on the task at hand.

They come to the center of the ring never taking an eye off the other, knowing the stakes that this bout truly has to it. The descendant of The Blue Scorpion versus the former Forsaken's backbone, one on one, locking arms in the center to test each other out. The Shadow immediately outpowers the much smaller Cruz, but El Escorpion is able to duck underneath him and drop him with a russian leg sweep. The masked luchador attempts to stay on the leg of Shadow but he wiggles free, a stiff kick to the face nearly knocking the head right off of Azul!

Jim Gunt: "The Shadow is not playing games tonight, and honestly I can't say that I blame him. This match could be life and death, and failing this one may lead to never being there for the crowning of the Redeemer."

Mike Rolash: "And….?"

Jim Gunt: "And that is the whole point of this damn tournament, you moron!"

Seeing tweety birds, El Escorpion Azul sits flat on his rump looking helplessly as The Shadow saunters over to him. Superkick! If Azul wasn't seeing stars before, he certainly is now, and Shadow isn't going to wait around for him to come to. He immediately uses his forearm to shove the head of Cruz sideways, making the cover.

ONE!

TW-KICKOUT!

Not wasting any time following the failed pin attempt, The Shadow pulls Escorpion back to his feet and launches him against the ropes. Cruz comes back at an ultra fast speed that even the Shadow wasn't ready for however, ducking under the lariat attempt and running right through to the other ropes. This time Shadow is ready for him however, destroying Azul with a Tilt-A-Whirl Slam! Azul is wincing in pain, holding his lower back, but the Shadow doesn't give him a reprieve, stomping down heavily on the back and side of Azul even as he tries to roll away.

Mike Rolash: "I think we're seeing a newfound vicious side of The Shadow tonight. I kinda like it, Jimmy…"

Jim Gunt: "That's what I was trying to say earlier, The Shadow has clearly come into this one with something that he didn't have round one. Azul is going to have a really hard time coming back at this juncture."

Knee drop across the spine of Azul leaves him screaming in pain, the dark eyes of the Shadow squaring down on his opponent as he lashes out with another knee drop. The crowd inside the Colosseum doesn't know what to think as they watch on, thousands of them cheering but a good number just watch on in awe as Shadow completely dismantles Escorpion in front of them. He brings him down with a backbreaker, but grabs ahold of Escorpion's right arm to lift him right back up.

German Suplex that shakes the entire ring! El Escorpion Azul is in a terrible way at this point, leaving him prone for The Shadow to cover him once again.

ONE!

TWO!

THR-NO!

Somehow Azul rolls a shoulder, shocking the entire Colosseum and even The Shadow himself. A small look of anger comes across his eyes before Genevieve places her hand on his arm through the ropes, the Shadow stopping in his tracks as he feels her touch. He turns to her, nodding and mouthing quiet words before turning back to the task at hand. Placing his hand around the neck of his opponent, he thrusts Azul up to the top rope. Placing his arm over his head in a DDT position, The Shadow briefly looks out at the crazed fans before doing what needs to be done.

Jim Gunt: “NIGHTFALL! The brutal Diving DDT, this has GOT to be over!”

Mike Rolash: “There’s nothing left to do but scrape El Escorpion Azul off the pan. Flip him over if you must, I think that baby’s well done!”

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Joey Garcia: “And the winner of this A Block matchup by pinfall…THE SHADOW!!”

“At the Crossroads of Ash & Flame” once again begins to play as Genevieve joins The Shadow in the ring, the lights turning dark yet again as he celebrates his first victory in Infernalia quietly, not bothering to raise an arm or taunt to the fans, instead muttering quiet words to Genevieve as they exit the ring.

When One Door Opens...

Segment

We cut back to the back, focussed on the red door, flanked by security guards of King Jarvis’s Vengeance. The door opens, and out comes Harlan “The House” Moretti.

Harlan Moretti: “Gentlemen.”

The House cracks his knuckles and leaves, the door shut behind him.

Byson Kaliban vs. The Ripper

Match

Joey Garcia: “The following match is a second round match in Group B of the Infernalia Tournament…”

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.

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.

Joey Garcia: “Introducing first, standing at 6’1 and weighing 195 pounds….BYSON KALIBAN!!”

Jim Gunt: “Byson Kaliban is looking massive tonight, even bigger than last week, Mike!”

Mike Rolash: “What are you talking about Jimmy, the supposed brother of Douche is only a hundred and ninety five pounds…”

Jim Gunt: “I bet you every last one of those pounds would toss you around this Colosseum like you were a stale loaf of bread.”

“For I Am Death” by Pretty Reckless booms over the Colosseum, the lights dimming down as The Ripper saunters his way slowly down the ramp. He looks out at the crowd, smirking at them as he sees the Watchers attacking some of the more unruly ones before they could even attempt to jump the barricade. Ripper rolls into the ring, pushing right through Garcia and his opponent to walk up to the far corner and raise his arms high to a loud but completely mixed response.

Joey Garcia: “And his opponent, standing at 5’10 and weighing 210 pounds…”THE RIPPER” DANNY B!!”

Mike Rolash: “Now here is somebody who looks like a freaking giant. A Greek GOD!”

Jim Gunt: “You know his mentor literally was a God, right?”

Mike Rolash: “Psssth. This is CWF 2326, Jim, everybody has a freakin’ superpower.”

Springing to action before Transplant IV can even motion for the bell, Byson Kaliban shocks The Ripper before he can even take his jacket off. Fumbling and bumbling, Ripper pulls at the jacket even as Byson lights him up with a disgusting punch with the titanium reinforced arm. Danny B is stunned, but Byson hits yet another punch, knocking him over the top rope and to the outside!

As soon as The Ripper hits the floor a young male in the audience looks to try to jump the barricade, but members of the Watchers holding new weapons that are somehow both medieval and futuristic at the same time, stops him immediately in his tracks. The fan shrugs his shoulders, tossing the chair underneath him at the Watchers before running full speed up the steps. He’s immediately tackled, but the steel chair itself is now in the perfect place for Ripper to quietly grab as Kaliban dashes across the ropes and goes for a Suicide Dive – RIGHT INTO THE STEEL CHAIR!!

Jim Gunt: “Holy shit, Mike! 2018, 2026, 2326…it doesn’t matter what year we’re stuck in. A steel chair to the skull is gonna hurt in every century!”

Mike Rolash: “I would say…look at all that blood! Looks like Eve should have never eaten that apple.”

Jim Gunt: “God damn it man, you gotta lay off those mystery bottles backstage…”

Byson Kaliban is writhing in pain, his body convulsing as he holds onto the severe gash in his forehead, attempting to apply pressure even as the blood continues to flow out. The Ripper will allow no reprieve however, lifting Byson up and digging his fingers right in the cut of Kaliban. An audible “OOHHH!” can be heard as squirts of blood pulse from the brother of Duce Jones like a high school water fountain. Ripper seems to enjoy the gore, rubbing the life of Kaliban all over his chest as he backs up to measure his opponent. A massive big boot leaves Kaliban crashing hard into the barricade!

Jim Gunt: “Uh oh, things might get a little dicey here as the competitors near the barricade, Mike. The Watchers have been given direct orders to keep the crowd at bay for tonight’s proceedings.”

Mike Rolash: “It looks like they’re actually doing a hell of a job tonight, as Ripper just successfully took Kaliban out from the barricade and brought him back in the ring!”

Jim Gunt: “DESTIN-KNEE! That V-Trigger Knee was just waiting on Kaliban to get to his feet, and I think this one might be over!”

Shoving the dead weight of Byson Kaliban over to his back, Ripper places his palm on the gushing forehead of his opponent, making the nasty cover.

ONE!

TWO!

No! Byson rolls his shoulder, not only shoving the hand of Ripper away from his face but blasting him with a right to his own! Danny B is sent flailing backwards, stunned from the shot from the titanium arm, but he quickly regains his wits as Kaliban approaches him. The Colosseum is rocking at this point, cheering on the warrior Byson Kaliban even as he bleeds buckets of crimson death all over the canvas.

Ripper runs full speed at Kaliban who launches him up in the air for the Air Raid Crash, only to see Danny slip out of mid air and land several feet behind him! SHINING WIZARD! Laughing as resounding boos come through, Ripper looks on at the crowd before him making a cut throat sign before turning to pull the incapacitated Kaliban back to a kneeled over position, suddenly snapping his head and back backwards.

Jim Gunt: “THE COLOUR RED! Kaliban has already been seeing plenty of it, but if he hasn’t seen enough, I think he has now!”

Mike Rolash: “Hardy har har. Let’s use trademark move names as word play. Har har.”

Jim Gunt: “You know, you’d have thought you would have gotten more tolerable 300 years later…”

Mike Rolash: “You thought wrong, Jim. Now hush so we can hear the sweet sound of Transplant IV’s little robot arms hitting the mat.”

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Joey Garcia: “And the winner of this B Block match by pinfall….”THE RIPPER” DANNY B!!”

“The Ripper” stands over the fallen body of Byson Kaliban, ripping his hand away as Transplant IV attempts to raise it into air. He instead raises both his arms in the air himself, a bit of a shiver running down his spine as he celebrates, the temperature in the air suddenly dropping at least ten degrees in just seconds. A strange glance at the Watchers around the ring before Ripper makes his way back up the ramp.

It Remains Open

Segment

Once again, a single shot of the red door, its solemn guards on either side. The guards, already at attention, come to address a man who walks up to the door.

Guard: “Right this way, Mr. Donovan.”

Indeed, as the guard opens the door, the MANMADEMONSTER Shane Donovan nods his approval and waltzes through the door, which is dutifully closed behind him by the guard.

A Special Announcement

Segment

Cutting back to the Colosseum, the speakers begin to crackle alive before booming over the entire arena.

Voiceover: Next week, we have a very special exhibition match for your viewing pleasure, featuring a very, very special guest contender – the King of All England!

We see a decrepit-looking man - whose age could be anywhere from twenty-five to seventy, it’s impossible to tell with how much he seems to have suffered – wearing an extremely gaudy crown that seems three sizes too big. His skin

looks like crumpled parchment, his eyes look vacant.

As the camera zooms out, it becomes more and more clear that something is off; abruptly, the camera flips, and shows that the "King" is hanging upside down from a gnarled tree, dangling by a bruised ankle like a pendulum, gently swaying in the wind.

The audience cackles with delight.

Dangerous Dan vs. Harlan Moretti

Match

Returning back to the Colosseum, the lights go out as a strobe of red and blue begin flashing across the arena: “Enemy” by Imagine Dragon begins to play. Dan, accompanied by Crazy Chris, slowly walks onto the stage. He glances over the wild crowd both to his left and right.

Joey Garcia: “Weighing in at 225 pounds… DANGEROUS DAN!”

Dan slowly begins making his way down towards the ring with Chris following behind. Dan acknowledges several fans at ringside, though ensuring that his emotions are in check as well. Dan now climbs the steps and heads up to the turnbuckle. He raises his arms in a Randy Orton-esque manner.

"Oh, the misery
Everybody wants to be my enemy
Spare the sympathy
Everybody wants to be”

He turns to look at the entrance area and lip syncs "My enemy (look, look, look, look)

(Look out for yourself) enemy ..." from his theme song lyrics.

Dan slowly climbs down the turnbuckle and stands in the middle of the ring, as the lights dim and a spotlight shines on him. He falls to his knees, glares up at the ceiling and takes in the loud reaction from the crowd.

Jim Gunt: “Last week, Dangerous Dan was able to squeeze out a victory over The Shadow, earning him a substantial victory in Infernalia.”

Mike Rolash: “Dan was able to walk away from a hard fought match against The Shadow, a match that I’m sure many of our viewers may have been surprised by, but tonight he faces ‘The House’. A mountain of a man and someone who may run straight through the brackets and win this thing.”

Jim Gunt: “Dangerous Dan, if my memory serves me correctly was a formidable competitor within any ring he stepped foot. Not to mention, along with his brother Crazy Chris, they were one of THE top tag teams that this business has ever seen.”

Mike Rolash: “I’m not trying to discredit him.. All I’m saying is that my parlay didn’t hit and now I’m left scrambling trying to figure out how I’m going to recover.”

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

No pyro. No spectacle.

Joey Garcia: “And his opponent.. Here is the House…HARLAN MORETTI!!”

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 stares at his opponent.

Time to collect the debt.

Jim Gunt: “Here’s a man, who last week, took the liberty of beating Mia Rayne with her own arm.”

Mike Rolash: “Ahh yes, a glorious sight to behold but watching her grow the limb back like some sort of chameleon really had me clutching for my pearls.”

Jim Gunt: “Excuse me? Clutching your what?”

Mike Rolash: “I know it’s been a couple of years since we’ve called some action but I think time is starting to catch up to your ears.”

The official for this match, “Gavel 7-X”, a former peacekeeper droid who had been lobotomized and reprogrammed to be a referee. The bulky humanoid droid moves with jerky, mechanical precision towards the middle of the ring. His high-intensity spotlight head with three camera lenses for up-close shots of the action acknowledges both competitors before signaling for the bell.

Dan moves in quickly, using his speed as a tactic, leaping through the air, landing both feet into Morretti’s chest with a dropkick. Harlan merely takes a step back while Dan pops back to his feet. Running the ropes this time, he connects with another dropkick but receives the same result.

Refusing to give in, Dan is up once more, hitting the ropes full speed. As he returns back towards the House, he leaps for another dropkick but Harlan simply steps to the side and with full force drives both his hands into Dan’s chest, he’s flattened instantly. The impact of the slaps echo like gunshots throughout the Colosseum. The rabid fans can’t help but let out a collective groan.

Jim Gunt: “I think we just witnessed a murder early in this match! Loaded Dice has Dangerous Dan down momentarily.”

Mike Rolash: “I guess he didn’t know that these days, the third time is never charmed and he probably crapped out.”

Moretti looks down at Dangerous Dan who’s gasping for air, standing over him and looking down at Dan as if he’s a spill that needs to be cleaned by a janitor. Reaching down, grabbing a handful of hair, the House yanks the face-painted warrior from the mat. Looking poised, Moretti pulls the Dangerous One in for a lariat but he ducks underneath. Creating some distance for himself, Dan immediately shoots off a SUPERKICK!

He’s hoping that THE ENDD is NEAR!

Moretti’s head snaps back from the impact of the kick as he stumbles into the ropes. The crowd goes crazy because they think the House is about to fall. Dan doesn’t let up, rushing in and connects with furious strikes to the body and face of Moretti. Swinging wildly, he doesn’t care where his strikes land. Endding the barrage with a huge uppercut, Harlan bounces off the ropes and slowly stumbles towards the middle of the ring. Dan, knowing he has to keep being faster, hurriedly, he jumps onto the apron and, as quick as a cat, springs himself from the top rope.

Jim Gunt: “Dangerous Dan has to stay on the offense if he plans to get a mammoth of a man like Moretti down. He’s trying to give Harlan an ENDDING HE’LL REMEMBER!”

Mike Rolash: “Oh shit!”

Jim Gunt: “MORETTI CAUGHT HIM! HE CAUGHT HIM!”

Mike Rolash: “That is a grown man inside of that ring right now.”

The House walks around the ring with Dan, carrying his 225 as if it was light work. Dan tries to at least keep the guillotine locked in but he's not able to match strength with Harlan who squeezes tightly around Dan's ribcage forcing him to release his grip. Seizing the moment, Moretti violently swings Dan around, catching his leg and drives him back first onto his left knee.

Dan cries out in pain, Harlan doesn't care as he continues to apply more pressure under Dan's chin while also pressing down on his legs, looking to Break Even. Crazy Chris slaps the mat with all his might, looking to get the crowd behind his brother. They instinctively join in because old habits and traditions sometimes last centuries. Harlan is unmoved, he shoves Dan from his knee onto the mat, covers him half heartedly. Gavel X-7 moves closer but he doesn't get down on the mat but a loud "THUD" emanates from his chest plate, he counts along.

ONE!

Dan's shoulder quickly pops from the mat.

Jim Gunt: "You have to take a man like Dangerous Dan seriously! You can't half ass cover him and believe that you're going to pull off a victory."

Mike Rolash: "Or.. hear me out, he was just testing the waters to see if the deal was done. You never know these days."

Jim Gunt: "Dan's never been a quitter, nor a pushover. What are we talking about?"

Mike Rolash: "Look man, we couldn't just have these guys fighting it out like maniacs until one of them was incapacitated. That's not how this works, we build the momentum, we test the waters and then we go for the kill."

Jim Gunt: "Right… Either way, Moretti now has Dan pinned upright in the corner. I think a Margin Call is in the cards!"

The House unloads forearm after forearm across Dan's jaw, each blow appearing more vicious than the one before. Face-paint smeared onto Moretti's forearm with each strike. Chris looks to get the crowd involved again as he pounds our favorite cadence onto the apron. Continuing his work, Harlan pulls Dan from the corner, looking to grab him for a sideslam. However, Dan uses the momentum to rotate and flip over Harlan, landing behind him. Dan falls through the ropes but lands on the apron, he quickly pops back to his feet. The House moves in but the Dangerous One ducks through the top and middle rope, sending his shoulder into the midsection of the big man.

Harlan doubles over for a second and that's all it takes for Dan to come springing from the top rope, grabbing Harlan's head on the way down and finally connects with the Endding to Remember! The Springboard DDT has Harlan down but not out, he is however on a knee and without hesitation Dan sidesteps right into another SUPERKICK for The House.

Jim Gunt: "What is it going to take for this man to go down?"

Mike Rolash: "Technically, it's kinda hard to just knock down a House and this guy is six fucking eight, three hundred thirty plus pounds of pure muscle. It'll take a miracle for a guy who's physically not able to match strength to bring this guy down."

Jim Gunt: "Dan is doing a fairly good job of chopping this tree down and right now another ENDD is NEAR to the face of Moretti."

Mike Rolash: "You remember when guys used to spam this move like we were living in a real life video game.. Ahh.. The memories.."

Dangerous Dan has The House appearing vulnerable for a slight second. The crowd cheered and chanted for him.

"LET'S GET DANGEROUS!"

Clap-Clap

Clap-Clap-Clap

“LET’S GET DANGEROUS!”

Clap-Clap

Clap-Clap-Clap

With a tired look of pride, Dan steps out onto the apron and goes to climb the buckle towards the top rope. There’s another commotion from the crowd though, someone from the crowd climbs onto the barrier surrounding ringside, meant for confining the fans. The man jumps from the barrier to the ring, landing on the apron with agility so smooth you’d thought he was made to do this. However, his hood falls from his head and he’s revealed to the Colosseum.

Jim Gunt: “It’s Donovan! Shane Donovan!”

Mike Rolash: “What the fuck is he doing out here?”

The Manmademonster knocks Dan’s legs from under him, causing him to land crotch first onto the top buckle. He yelps loudly but Donovan isn’t done there, he climbs up the corner a bit before pulling Dan back down a bit with a headlock cinch in. The Dangerous One is already stuck in a deadly situation on the top buckle but the Manmademonster makes it even worse as he quickly and violently spins Dan neck first into the apron! The crowd goes silent for a moment, Dan crumbles down to the floor while Shane sits on the apron.

Jim Gunt: “Dragon Screw Neck Whip onto the apron from Donovan to Dan? What could this possibly be about?”

Mike Rolash: “Has there ever been beef between these two men? That almost seemed out of left field.”

Jim Gunt: “Dangerous Dan has been making enemies right and left. Last week he had an exchange with The Ripper and now tonight there’s this and why isn’t the ref doing anything?”

Mike Rolash: “I guess he doesn’t care…”

Gavel X-7 seems to only be concerned with getting a close up shot of Dan who’s momentarily reeling at ringside, clutching his neck in agony. Donovan still sits on the apron, facing the crowd but he suddenly shoots forward and down to the floor as Dan’s brother Chris smacks him in the back of the head with a dropkick! The Manmademonster crashes to the floor but he springs back up to come face to face with Crazy Chris.

Donovan throws the first punch but Chris fires back with one of his own. The two men begin to exchange rights and lefts, Gavel X-7 moves in to record some more, possibly collecting more data for the Redeemer. Dan is now back to his feet, leaning against the apron, still clutching his neck. He looks to go help his brother but a hand reaches down from the ring, grabbing the top of his head.

Jim Gunt: “He palmed his head like a basketball! Bringing him back onto the apron.”

Mike Rolash: “Does basketball still exist during this time frame?”

Jim Gunt: “I don’t see how that would matter.”

Mike Rolash: “It doesn’t. But I’ll tell you what does, The House has a Cobra Clutch locked in deep.”

Jim Gunt: “Dan is fighting for his life but he’s in the ropes, Harlan has to release this hold.”

Mike Rolash: “You truly believe that this guy cares about any rules?”

Dangerous Dan tries to fight off the hold but he’s no match for the raw strength of the House who easily pulls him over the top rope looking to now Cash Out with the submission hold. Dan continues to resist but Harlan calmly holds him in place, dragging him towards the center of the ring. He faces towards the brawl between Shane and Chris as Donovan

now has the advantage over Chris.

Moretti leans down a bit, whispering into Dan's ear as we can now see the energy begin to fade from the Dangerous One. He holds onto the clutch, Dan's body no longer flailing or fighting. The House looks at Gavel X-7 who has less emotion than Moretti.. It almost becomes a competition but neither man wants to give. Moretti, knowing that he truly holds the cards, releases the unconscious Dan as Gavel X-7 signals for the bell.

Joey Garcia: "Here is your winner of this A Block Matchup… HARLAN "THE HOUSE" MORETTI!!"

Dan falls flat on his face, Harlan raises his right fist high in victory but his focus is on Donovan who moves up the entranceway and towards the back. Chris slides into the ring to check on his brother, Harlan simply moves past them both and heads for the back himself.

Jim Gunt: "Harlan Moretti earns another victory in Infernalia and I'm just happy that he didn't murder Dan here tonight."

Mike Rolash: "Man, gotta admit.. Dan was seemingly picking up momentum but Shane Donovan with that surprising attack ultimately softened him up for defeat."

Jim Gunt: "Hopefully we will learn more about that situation here in the upcoming weeks but nonetheless still an impressive win for the House."

Mike Rolash: "I'm telling you now, put all your money on the House."

Now You've Done It

Segment

"You don't deserve a setting."

Mia Rayne's voice is heard, but she isn't seen. Nothing is seen, except white, as far as the eye can see, in every direction.

Mia Rayne: "Hell, you BARELY deserve me. But I'll get to that in a moment. For now, there's some matters to discuss."

An audible click and a swinging lamp later, and Mia is seen sitting simply in the middle of the plane of white. What's she sitting on? Does it matter? It looks comfy…

Mia Rayne: "You don't deserve a seat. What you all deserve is a swift kick in the groin area, regardless of what exactly you identify as. What you're going to get, is me, chaos, redefined! The Amoralists summoned and expected me to bow to their every whim, don't THINK I don't see what's coming ahead and don't even start to believe that I have turned a blind eye. But again, I'm getting ahead of myself.

Jarvis is worried more about how I got confetti and glitter into his room, while I'm busy invading his FUCKING DREAMS. Then he has the audacity, the sheer audacity, to say that I'm all bark and no bite? Bitch, you obviously weren't listening, and having your head chopped off with a guillotine didn't do it, so let's get blunt. What the HELL are you king of? You want to talk about MY accolades? Bitch, at least I have something to hang my hat on, what have you done aside from waking up one day, deciding that you feel like you're going to call yourself, 'king' and then treat those around you like shit?! Bitch, I can't wait until our match, I can't wait to give you your comeuppance, and I can't wait to see the glazed look in your eyes when it finally gets through your thick cranium.

You fucked up kid. Don't play with fire, or you're going to get burned. You want me to bow to you? I am the embodiment of chaos, and you expect me to bow to YOU!? Why? Why should you matter to me more than just another nameless peon in this stupid tournament, that you're too BLIND to realize is just a way to kill and shun nonbelievers of a friggin' cult. Cold murder. That's all Jarvis, and now you want to provoke a force that came here to destroy the murderous cult. I knew you were dense Juggy booboo, but this? This is BEYOND dense."

Mia pauses and chews on her bottom lip for a moment.

Mia Rayne: “Speaking of dense. Hey there, Harlan. I hear you think you ‘collected’ something from me. You thought I ‘owed’ you because I existed in that ring at the same time as you. The only thing you collected from me is the fiveish minutes it took you to finally catch up and pin me to the mat for three seconds. Do you realize what I could have done in that time? I could have ripped one of those weird zombie soldiers apart! I could be searching for my SISTER. Yet you… You want to march around, tell everyone that you got what you came for from me. Guess what?! I’m still here, still standing, and ready to make you look like the BITCH I know you to be.

So we’re going to make this simple Harles. I’m challenging you to a match. After this tournament, we’re going to meet again. We’re going to walk in there, and they’re going to have to scrape you up off the ground and drag you out as I dance around your mangled corpse. See, I’m not going to be content pinning YOU to the mat for a three count, like what you did to me. Oh, no, No, NO Harley! You want to pretend you stole something from me?! Well, mama is coming to collect!”

Mia’s voice grows in pitch and intensity. Somewhere in the vast sea of white, a glass shatters. Yeah, she was getting THAT upset. The air around her shimmers, and much like a tea pot that has water boiling in it, Mia shrieks. The space around Mia grows thick, constricts her presence, and for a brief moment, it almost looks like she’s being censored from existence, until she’s just… Back.

But in Mia’s place stands a familiar face to the CWF historians and to those new? Well, buckle up buckaroo, because this ride is going to get wild. She wears a simple pair of black combat boots, white and black striped socks, stretching up over her knees. She wears a simple purple dress that cuts off right above her knees, dark stains splatter the front of the apron she wears around her waist. Her face is stark white, her lips pitch black, and her pupils acid green. Her hair is frizzled out as she tilts her head to stare at your soul.

Mia?: “Do you remember me? Not you Harlan, you aren’t important. Therefore, I’m putting you in a position you have no choice, but to come to me on your knees, begging to make this happen. You want to prove that the ‘house always wins?’ You… Versus…”

Amelia tilts her head, as if listening to a far off voice. She nods in earnest.

Amelia: “Yesssss… You versus us… We don’t want to pin you once. It’s time you’re made to beg like the bitch you are. I’m going to make you give up, over, and over, and over, and over again, and again, and again and again. Mmmmmmhmmmm…. Iron person match, predetermined time frame, most decisions wins. Oh, and decisions are only earned, through submission. You see Harlen? We’re going to have SO much fun together! You take something imaginary from me and we take EVERYTHING from you. You should have done some more research, read some more files, we ALWAYS collect on interest.”

Amelia pauses to consider, turns, and looks into a new soul.

Amelia: “Mmmm…. Hello all. My name is Amelia and once upon a time, in a CWF far, far away, I fought against The Amoralist’s predecessors, The Institute, the SSRI, the… Ouroborus. Mmmm, they had the fakest bitch there was. What was her name again? Cass, Cassie… Cassandra! The fake profit whose demise came at the hands of…”

Amelia holds out her hands, now dripping with blood. There’s no way to know for sure, but there’s a pretty good chance that that blood once belonged to Cassandra.

Amelia: “You want to make examples, Amoles?! You want to send messages to The Forsaken? Message received. Here’s a reply.”

Amelia flicks her hands up, her two middle fingers stuck high into the air.

Amelia: “Now. We came here because you stole our sister, Zephyr Quinn. You killed our soon to be sister. It is time to pay. The deal is this. You return Zephyr to us, alive. That’s the deal. Failure to comply and… Well…”

Amelia shrugs her shoulders as a razor sharp fork appears in her hand, dripping with a foreign liquid, poison? Blood? Poisonous blood? In her other hand appears her trusty cast iron skillet.

Amelia: “We remember what happened when Cassandra pretended to know our weakness. We remember when she acted out of arrogance, and we remember her falling, the hardest we’ve ever seen a person fall. I invoke her name and I will hereby VOW to END EVERY Amoralist, every one of their ‘volunteers,’ and every single person that decides that supporting a futuristic cult is a good thing. You have been warned, we are more than we once were, so I suggest you make the right call. You have… Until the next show for a response. Until then? Well, swingers gonna swing.”

A rusty swingset springs up from under Amelia, who simply rises into the air and settles on one of the most comfortable looking swings ever. Except as Amelia swings back and forth, the sound of rusted metal fills the air and all the white, fades to black…

SQUEAKsqueak

SQUEAKsqueak

squeakSQUEAK!

Ataxia vs. Elijah

Match

Joey Garcia: “The following match is a second round B Block Match in the Infernalia Tournament…”

“Die Die Die My Darling” by Metallica begins to hum over the Colosseum, the lights dimming to a red hue as the Messiah Pariah slowly approaches the ring. He cackles as he watches several fans try to jump the barricade, none of them able to do so without failing. Ataxia nods his bagged head, the Watchers spreading to allow him to enter.

Joey Garcia: “First, standing at 5’11 and weighing 225 pounds….”THE MESSIAH PARIAH” ATAXIA!!”

Jim Gunt: “I have to say that I’m shocked to see Ataxia still in this tournament, Mike. We watched the Messiah Pariah fall to the floor, literally dead after Donovan shoved his own finger deep into his eye socket.”

Mike Rolash: “How do you know this is the same Ataxia? There are hundreds of these freaks all around the world, and apparently several of them came along the ride to Anthropolis!”

“The Cruxshadows” by Sophia plays over the speakers, a mixed response coming from the fans in attendance, who are getting more and more impatient that they’re being forced to only watch the proceedings this week. Elijah steps out onto the top of the ramp, taking in the response for just a moment as he looks from the crowd to the night sky above them, thick with moisture and seemingly turning colder by the second.

Elijah makes his way to the ring, keeping his eye on his second round opponent as he gets closer. Ataxia jolts his head sideways, smiling at him even through the mask as Elijah pays him no mind, staring a hole through a Watcher that stands in his way. Another one of the Watchers behind him places a hand on the man’s shoulder, backing him up and allowing Elijah to enter the ring for the match at hand.

Mike Rolash: “Something is clearly going on with these Watchers and Elijah, Jimmy. Are they in cahoots or something? And why the hell is it getting so cold tonight!”

Jim Gunt: “You don’t remember all the history of Elijah and the SSRI who became the Amoralists? The Prodigy and the Princess? The Academy? The end of the world in 2318? Please tell me if you remember any of th…”

Mike Rolash: “And you talked about me laying off the bottles backstage? Jim, you’re talking like you’re out in space nine without a parachute.”

Jim Gunt: *sigh*

Head CWF referee Trent Robbins looks over the heavy task at hand, eventually calling for the Overlords to ring the bell. Elijah approaches the center of the ring at a slow and deliberate pace, which Ataxia looks to return until he suddenly goes at full sprint, leaping atop of Elijah to mount him with a Lou Thesz Press! Ataxia rains down three quick right hands before Elijah can guard himself, but eventually a fourth is caught by the former Prodigy, his arm nearly twisted right off as Ataxia is whipped by his arm right off him.

Both men are quickly back to their feet, coming to the center of the ring as the Colosseum rings loud with anticipation. Ataxia is the first to go for another right hand, one that Elijah eats, his jaw shaking but never wavering. Elijah moves his fingers in motion, calling out for another one, but this time ducks underneath the attempt, taking him by the side and dropping him down hard with a Sidewinder Suplex. Elijah kicks the midsection of Ataxia as he gets back to his feet, taking a hold of him and dropping him backward then forward quickly with the reverse STO!

Jim Gunt: “Flatliner! If the Messiah Pariah’s brains weren’t scrambled enough from that strange match with Shane Donovan last week, they certainly are now!”

Mike Rolash: “And Elijah is wasting no time tonight, going right for the cover!”

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Jim Gunt: “Nope! Ataxia rolled a shoulder there, and this one continues!”

Elijah remains focused on his opponent, rolling back to his feet and attempting to pull Ataxia to his. Just to get surprised as the Messiah Pariah latches onto him and rips him downward into a roll up!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Elijah kicks out this time, clearly angry at Ataxia now. The fun and games are just beginning, however, as when Elijah attempts to run at him for a clothesline…he’s stopped in his tracks immediately as Ataxia rips the mask off himself, revealing Elijah’s love and soulmate Omega underneath. Somehow it seems like the true Omega, no mask but the real face staring back at Elijah.

Mike Rolash: “Why can’t Ataxia EVER be normal!?”

There is love in the air as Elijah slowly approaches Omega in a trance, the look of anger and rage removed as he oddly looks at the sight in front of him. Finally, just as Elijah is about to approach and touch Omega, he snaps himself out of it, realizing that the reality in front of him isn’t reality at all. It’s too late, though, as Ataxia returns back to his true form and grabs the throat of Elijah. Chokeslam! The back of Elijah’s head snaps sickly against the canvas, knocking out whatever altered visions that may have remained. Ataxia pulls him up and hooks him from behind.

Jim Gunt: “E.R STAT! We might have to get our hero there if there’s a good one in Anthropolis, as that German Suplex damn near destroyed the turnbuckle as Elijah blasted into it!”

Mike Rolash: “I think the Overlords need to enact a new law that Ataxia must keep that god damn mask on. I’m tired of all these games!”

Jim Gunt: “And how do you think his opponents feel, Mike?”

The body of Elijah lays crushed in the corner following the E.R Stat, but instead of turning him to his back to go for the cover, Ataxia grabs him by his hair, pulling him right back up for more. Elijah is slumped, barely able to stand on his

feet, but the Messiah Pariah holds him in place, a small sinister laugh coming from him.

Ataxia chops the chest of Elijah, leaving him seething in anger, as he brings in a chop of his own back to the Messiah Pariah. A chopping war ensues, both men nearly destroying each other with every blow. Both competitors are ravaged, but neither will give in, striking each other back and forth as the thousands of fans cheer the brutality. Elijah finally turns to his new weapon, the Fist of God, striking the jaw of Ataxia with an Uppercut that shoots him nearly fifteen feet in the air! Ataxia crumbles as he lands on the canvas in the sickest of ways, his left leg twisted backward as he lands.

Jim Gunt: “Oh god. Oh god…that’s disgusting!”

Mike Rolash: “What, you mean that bone sticking out of ole’ Taxi’s leg? Nah he came back from death last week…he’ll be okay.”

Jim Gunt: “That doesn’t make it any less disgusting, you idiot!”

Ataxia screams out, absolute pain in his eyes as he withers around, attempting to straighten out his left leg as he gets to a seated position. The blood runs down his pants as he rips them, not paying any attention to Elijah as he attempts to quickly heal his bone even without any knowledge of such things. Or does this Ataxia have knowledge of such things? We’ll never know.

What we do know, however, is that Elijah isn’t going to wait around for him to heal himself, as he wipes away the moisture on his shoulder from a couple of wandering snow flakes as if they’re annoying him. He measures up the Messiah Pariah before blasting him with the ROYAL TOUCH! The cybernetic implants inside Elijah’s hand nearly imploding the head of Ataxia as he just collapses down to the canvas, unconscious. A sick smile forms on Elijah's face as he looks down at the body of Ataxia.

Jim Gunt: “The Royal Touch! What would normally be a gentle flick of the forehead to a normal man, now a destructive force with the cybernetic implants placed into Elijah!”

Mike Rolash: “Jesus Jimbo, I think Ataxia may have gotten killed two weeks in a row. This is too much, even for me!”

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Joey Garcia: “The winner of this B Block Match by pinfall….ELIJAH!!”

A Shocking Turn of Events

Segment

Going through the backstage corridor, El Escorpion Azul stops at an unlabeled black door with a defeated look on his face. This was not the tournament that the descendant of the Blue Scorpion had envisioned. He had heard stories, legends, of the past, but this was all too much for him.

Knocking loudly on the black door before him, Azul hears a “come in!” in response. Looking down at his ring gear before shaking his head in disgust, El Escorpion readies himself to do just that. He enters the unmarked room, revealing Samyaza; the leader of the Watchers, Dez, and several other unknown Amoralist leaders. As they look upon the man coming through the door, quiet snickering can be heard while others stare at him intently.

Azul pays none of them any mind, looking right at Samyaza as he speaks.

El Escorpion Azul: “I can’t do this any longer.”

This piques the attention of Samyaza, the figure that’s been attempting to destroy the path of Elijah as of late more than happy to hear what Azul has to say.

Samyaza: “Excuse me?”

El Escorpion Azul: “I can’t do it. I really thought I could. I watched all kinds of videos on the great Blue Scorpion, I’ve trained in the great art of luchador for many years, but this is a whole different kind of fight. I wasn’t prepared to battle to the death…”

More laughter now as some of the female Amoralists begin talking amongst themselves about the cowardliness of Azul. Samyaza is not impressed, however, looking sternly at him.

El Escorpion Azul: “There has to be some way out, right? I mean I know I signed the contract and this is a five round tournament, but…I just wanna go home! To mi amigos!”

Samyaza: “Enough! Listen you coward, you signed up for this! Whether or not you were taken by force or by your own free will, you signed the god damned contract to enter Infernalia. And when you sign that contract, you sign it with your lif…”

A gentle hand on the shoulder or Samyaza stops him in his tracks. A female in a hooded crimson and black cloak, her face shadowed by the hood, her frame looking oddly familiar. She bends her head to gently whisper something in the ear of Samyaza. After a few moments of listening he nods his head up and down, turning to her and saying something that only she can hear.

Samyaza: “You seem to have fallen into a bit of luck, young Escorpion. This one tells me that she feels sympathy for you somehow, pathetic really, but being that she is one of the cogs to the machine that you’ll never truly understand, I get it. How about we make a little deal, Azul?”

Knowing that he has no choice but to do everything the Amoralists ask if he wants any chance of ever making it back to his home and time, Azul simply nods and says “yes.”

Samyaza: “You enter this portal before you, and when you do so we will beam you back to the place and time that you came from. Everything will be normal again, except you will have memories of this place and you MUST not tell a single soul about it. That is the deal. If you break it, there will be severe consequences. Deal?”

El Escorpion Azul: “Deal.”

Looking past the Watchers, Azul sees the portal that Samyaza was describing. A massive metallic mash, oval in shape with a large glass window at the center. Samyaza raises a hand to stop the other Amoralists from attempting to step in Escorpion’s way, smiling as he motions for him to enter the portal. Taking a deep breath, he looks over the portal one last time before stepping in.

Samyaza turns to his female companion in the hooded cloak, nodding. A remote control materializes into her hands, and she presses the red button.

The door to the portal closes with a large “thump”, steel hitting steel before the machine instantly lights up. Instead of millions of colors blending together or time running at a hundred miles an hour like one would expect when going back in time, instead lightning bolts begin to shoot out through every inch of the “portal”. Electricity shoots up and down, side to side, going through the body and veins of El Escorpion Azul like the most destructive of potions. Within just moments he crashes down to his knees, then his stomach.

Dead.

Keep Your Eye On The Prize

Segment

Backstage, King Jarvis I sits, solemnly taping his fists ahead of his match.

King Jarvis I: “First was the Scorpion, proven to be as big of a failure as his ancestor. Next, the self-styled weasel, Mia

Rayne. Mia, you invaded my privacy, my dreams, my sanctum and my life. This wasn't meant to be anything more than business, but you went ahead and tried to make it personal in an effort to catch me off my guard."

Jarvis snorts, a smirk eerily similar to that of his ancestral namesake crossing his face.

King Jarvis I: "I understand why you did it; you're trying to get me to lose sight of my goals. You're trying to rile me, to make me angry, and thus sloppy. A wise move, I'd say…if I were any mere mortal."

He stands, his impressive physique in full glory as he looms down on the camera.

King Jarvis I: "But I am not a mere mortal. I am a King. Tonight, I keep my eye on that prize, Mia. I continue to dominate. All that you've changed is that now…well, now I am going to enjoy hurting you. I am King Jarvis the First, and you will Bow Down."

Cut.

Mia Rayne vs. King Jarvis I

Match

Back at ringside, Joey Garcia looks on in a sense of amazement as snow begins to fall down on the open ended Colosseum. Focusing on the task at hand knowing that the Overlords are watching him, he looks straight ahead as the holographic microphone appears before him.

Joey Garcia: "The following match is another second round match in the A Block of Infernalia! Introducing first…"

"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: "Standing at 6'1 and weighing 250 pounds, she is the Forsaken Psychotic…MIA RAYNE!!"

Jim Gunt: "Mia is looking confident tonight, and surprisingly has quite the spring to her step despite having her arm literally torn off her last week!"

Mike Rolash: "Well as you can see, Jimbo, our little psycho has grown her appendage back and looks to be back nearly at one hundred percent. She's also been busy invading dreams, lately, from what we've seen. Might have a career playing in the next Nightmare on Elm Street movie?"

Jim Gunt: “I don’t think that’s a thing anymore in this day and age, Mike. If you haven’t realized, the world has kinda sorta gone to shit.”

Mike Rolash: “No kidding.”

The lights in the Colosseum go 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: "And her opponent, representing his Vengeance, weighing 250lbs…KING JARVIS THE FIRST!"

Rolling into the ring, he walks right past Mia as if she were invisible to climb to the top turnbuckle of the nearest corner and looks out onto the crowd with disdain.

Mike Rolash: “If there’s anybody out there that’s going to save us from this Amoralist hell, Jimbo, it’s this guy.”

Jim Gunt: “You honestly think that someone who rules his own kingdom with the most iron of fists; a ruthless individual that cares nothing about this world’s future other than his own well being- is going to save us from the future the Amoralists have in crowning the new Redeemer?”

Mike Rolash: “Well yeah. You said it yourself, he is a King!”

Arlizicon moves its robot arms, signaling for the bell and immediately backing up as quickly as it can as Mia springs into action, running at King Jarvis I and leaping into the air to latch onto his head with her legs. King, not quite ready for the fast pace action coming from Rayne, is unable to reverse the spinning head scissors takedown that leaves him flat on his back in the middle of the ring. He quickly gets back to his feet though, looking to attack Mia just to be stopped as she looks on at him, smiling coyly.

Jarvis raises a hand in the air.

Mia blows him a kiss.

Jim Gunt: “LOW BLOW! Mia goes down low, kicking Jarvis right where it hurts before he could take a swing at her!”

Mike Rolash: “NOOO!! Think of all the future Kings!”

King Jarvis I holds onto his jewels, legs bent as he writhes on the snow slicked canvas. Mia walks over to him, smiling as she strikes down again on his midsection with a kick. Jarvis rolls to his side, but she doesn’t let him relent, dashing towards the supposed King and striking him with a basement dropkick to the back! King rolls out of the ring this time, thinking that the outside will be his only hope at recovery. Mia will not even let that happen, however, as she bounces off the opposite side ropes for momentum and comes up over the top ropes in a corkscrew fashion.

Jim Gunt: “Corkscrew Plancha by Mia Rayne! She absolutely never goes for the high flying maneuvers, so that shows you how much the Forsaken Psychotic is willing to do to come out of this one victorious!”

Mike Rolash: “Jarvis is in a bad way. Someone get him some help!”

Jim Gunt: “What the hell do you mean get him some help!? I think we’ve already seen enough interference tonight, Mike, this Infernalia tournament matches are supposed to be one on one affairs. And with the way Mia was calling out Harlan and warning both him and Jarvis earlier? I think I’d be afraid to get on this one’s bad side.”

Mike Rolash: “You have a point, Jimbo. Mia is one cast iron skillet short of a full kitchen set!”

Speaking of the cast iron skillet, it has miraculously appeared in the hands of Mia Rayne, awe in her eyes as she looks

down at it with glee. Before Rayne can even raise the weapon in the air, though, Jarvis kicks her legs out from under her. The King of CWF hurries for the frying pan, grabbing it before Mia can and hurling it several feet away from them. He mounts Rayne, swinging down a right hand before she quickly tosses him over, getting atop of him to do the same. The two combatants roll around the outside of the ring, the crowd watching on intently, a few members looking as if they want to join the action but knowing better of it at this point.

Finally they make it to their feet, still swinging, neither of them getting the better of the other. Mia throws an exhausted right hand at King, but this time he's able to duck underneath, the right hand of Rayne striking the turnbuckle hard! She looks down at her reddened and most likely broken knuckles, but has no time to sense the pain as King Jarvis I pulls her in for an Exploder T-Bone Suplex! The Forsaken Psychotic lands hard on her upper neck, Jarvis rolling his own to get back to his feet, taking Mia with him back into the ring to go for a cover.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: "Mia Rayne was in complete control in the early going of this match, but all it took was one of those explosive suplexes and King Jarvis I is right back in it!"

Mike Rolash: "Right back in it? The King is dominating."

Jim Gunt: "For God's sake, Mike, you were just calling for some help for him two minutes ago!"

Quick to stay on the offensive, Jarvis wraps his forearm around the neck of Mia, pulling her up into the air. The Forsaken Psychotic uses the nearest corner to her advantage, spiking King Jarvis I backward and breaking the sleeper hold before it could fully be synched in. Mia rams her full body frame into him once more, his grip coming completely free as he stands stunned awaiting her.

She backs up, sizing up Jarvis with a wicked smile on her face before charging in for a big boot that he's ready for, ducking under it just in time. With her leg stuck on the top rope, Jarvis uses the ring senses of his ancestors and snatches her. Capture Suplex sends Mia doubled over, landing her hard right in the middle of the ring!

The thin layer of snow covering the canvas launches up into the air in a scene that would make even Al Pacino jealous.

Jim Gunt: "Another massive suplex from King Jarvis the first!"

Mike Rolash: "And now it is the King who is measuring up his prey, oh boy Jim…"

Jim Gunt: "MAFIA KICK! And Jarvis goes for the cover again, could this be it!?"

ONE!

TWO!

TH-NO! MIA KICKS OUT AGAIN!

Jarvis slaps the canvas, yelling "make the count right you stupid fucking robot", before picking Mia right back up to her feet, wasting little time as he realizes the advantage at hand. He sets up the Straightjacket Suplex, but Mia goes low yet again, this time placing a back kick perfectly right between his legs!

Once again doubled over in pain, King Jarvis I's eyes nearly pop out of his head as he holds his nether regions. Mia does not let him fall to the floor however, turning to hold Jarvis even as he nearly folds himself in half forward. She looks deep in his eyes as if to remind him of something, before smiling and nailing him with the SURPRISE! Wind Up Headbutt! The King has fallen, and Mia Rayne is right there to pick up the spoils as she goes right for the pin attempt.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!?

Mike Rolash: “NO! Jarvis rolls a shoulder at two and three quarters, thank God!”

Jim Gunt: “Why do you choose to be so biased all the time, Mike? Isn’t there a tinge of fear of what the Watchers could do to you after the show should you say or do the wrong thing?”

Mike Rolash: “No…I mean yes…I mean no. I love the Amoralist party. Vote black!”

A trickle of blood begins to form on the forehead of King Jarvis I, one that Mia Rayne relishes in as she wipes the crimson from Jarvis’ face, licking it to the disdain and amusement of those in attendance. Mia looks on at the crowd, raising a bloody hand in the air as if to offer some of the King’s blood to his “servants”. When no one obliges, Mia simply shrugs, licking away at her hand yet again before coming back for more.

Jarvis will have none of it though, striking out with a hard forearm as Mia bends down! The King is right back to his feet, and once again looking for another Suplex. This time the Belly to Belly Suplex is stopped as Mia hits yet another head butt, the grip of Jarvis loosening immediately as more blood begins to flow. She lifts him up, dropping him right back on his dome with a Blue Thunder Bomb. Holding onto the legs of Jarvis, Mia maintains the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

JARVIS KICKS OUT!

Jim Gunt: “What a freaking match, Mike! Back and forth we go, King Jarvis I with an array of suplexes and Mia coming back with a raw, unbridled attack of her own.”

Mike Rolash: “Wait a second…what is that crazy woman’s hands now!?”

Pulling herself to her feet, Mia looks down at her palms as what appears to be a miniature version of a Guillotine has materialized in her hands. She stares at the object as if waiting for it to come alive, and as Jarvis finally comes to and realizes what she has, it does just that.

Mia, holding the guillotine in her left palm while staring a hole straight through King Jarvis I, snaps the fingers.

Suddenly the Colosseum is no more, and we’re back in the dream of Jarvis. He is back under the guillotine; his head and neck stuck in place as the blade hovers dangerously just several feet above him.

The men and women of his Kingdom are nowhere to be found. Only a black abyss with Jarvis laying prone within the Guillotine, Mia Rayne watching on in the utmost glee as she has complete control over him.

The King looks up at his opponent, attempting to free himself from the future that awaits him, but when he realizes he’s unable to, a solemn "QUACK" is all that’s able to escape. Mia watches on, pacing slowly side to side as a smile forms on her face like a cracked egg.

Mia snaps her fingers yet again.

This time we’re on a roller coaster in some unnamed amusement park in some unnamed time and place, King Jarvis I rolling at relentless speed as he tumbles down the largest of hills. The steel frame shakes, King watching on in horror as his life flashes before his eyes. The night sky belts snow like no tomorrow, leaving the track slick and dangerous as ever.

Mia appears before him, smiling that smile yet again.

Mia Rayne: “I warned you, King.”

Before the fallen King can even respond, the Forsaken Psychotic shoves her hand down his gullet. The mandible claw made famous by her former Forsaken compatriot Ataxia leaves Jarvis struggling to breathe, mumbling obscenities as Mia cackles crazily choking him out.

His head snapped backward on the frame of the roller coaster, Rayne watches only him as the coaster rolls down the track more and more out of control, the wheels shaking under the pressure of the thunderous tussle. Finally, just as he's about to go completely unconscious, Mia snaps her fingers yet again.

Only this time, it's not Mia's fingers that are snapping.

CRACK!

Coming out of the dream like state, Mia Rayne falls to the canvas in a heap, not realizing what hit her until she barely sees The House standing over her with the iron skillet in hand. A pool of blood sits behind the back of Mia's head, the damage from the pan reigning true to the back of her skull. In and out of consciousness, Mia watches on as Harlan drags the body of King Jarvis I over to her, placing him atop of her perfectly in calculated fashion.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Joey Garcia: "And the winner of this A Block Match by pinfall….KING JARVIS THE FIRST!!"

Jim Gunt: "Ummm…wow. That's about all I can say after all that, Mike."

Mike Rolash: "Well I guess I got what I wanted in getting Jarvis some help out here, but if that wasn't the most peculiar thing we've ever seen on a CWF broadcast then my name isn't Mike "Big Willy" Rolash.

Jim Gunt: "I've never heard a soul call you that in 330 years, bud. But nevertheless, I think we can fairly say that the challenge Mia made to Harlan Moretti earlier on tonight has certainly been answered."

We Need To Talk

Segment

We cut backstage to Caledonia's locker room as she and her husband Dan do some light pre-match warmup sparring. She spectacularly ducks a big right hand from him and flows it into an armdrag and on into her kata-hajime. He taps quickly, and she releases him. Caledonia gives Dan her hand and hauls him to his feet.

Dan, panting heavily: "So, uh… you think you're ready?"

Caledonia: "I think I can go another round."

Dan: "Hoo boy… um, I mean, I can try, but you might want to temper your expectations…"

Caledonia: "What can I say? Since my… session, I've felt stronger. Like I can fight longer and harder."

Dan: "…Maybe I should see if that room still works…"

They are interrupted by Nia entering the room, her expression troubled.

Caledonia: "Nia? What are you doing here?"

Nia: "It… can wait. But not long. Once your match is over… we need to talk."

Caledonia: "Why am I getting flashbacks to Rory Chesterton in fifth grade?"

Nia: "I'm sorry. I shouldn't have said anything, but…"

Caledonia: "It's alright. We'll talk. Only… after my match, okay?"

Nia nods.

Truth Serum Part II

Segment

“Your full name?”

Back in the decrepit basement area, Jaiden Rishel is only just beginning to come to and already Dez stands before him, an old fashioned notepad and pen in hand as he glances up at the Jaiden, waiting rather impatiently for his response. The son of the fallen Rish blinks his eyes very slowly before looking around him, realizing once again the place and time that he’s fallen into. A sigh comes from deep within as the medicine works its way through him.

Jaiden Rishel: “Jaiden Wayne Rishel.”

Dez looks at the unknown female beside him who nods back at him, a small and almost forced smile on what little we can see of her face.

Dez: “Good. And your hometown?”

Jaiden Rishel: “Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.”

Satisfied with himself and the fact that the truth serum seems to have done its job, Dez notes down a few things before looking straight back at Jaiden with a more serious tone in his eyes.

Dez: “Okay then, let’s get to the more serious questions now, shall we? Jaiden, you came here to this place and time for a very good reason, didn’t you? What was that reason and how much of it do you really understand?”

Hesitation.

Jaiden contemplates his next words for just a moment, pushing back the strange waves and sensations running through his brain the very best he can. After mere seconds, he can no longer fight the drugs pumping through his veins.

Jaiden Rishel: “I received a voicemail from my father, Dez. Despite not having talked to the man in years, since the time him and I had that heated…discussion at your house, he called me. Not to call back to old times and reminisce, not to see how I was doing and if I wanted to share a cup of coffee. No, Dez. My father called me with a warning.”

Squinting his eyes as he looks down at the paper before him, Dez jots down every word coming from the Prince of CWF. He peers back up at him, looking for more.

Dez: “A warning? Of what.”

At this point Jaiden is putty in the hands of Dez and his companion, the chains around his wrist not even needed as he sits calmly in place, responding to every question coming from his former friend.

The truth serum had run it’s course.

Jaiden Rishel: “A warning…of things to come. In 2018; my father was sucked into a vision of a world ran by a group of SSRI cult dictators, three hundred years in the future, who not only took over the world as we know it but left it destroyed in their wake. Factions were built to oppose them only to be completely ruined. In the end, my father watched as Elisha set the world ablaze right in front of him.”

Dez: “And…?”

Jaiden Rishel: “And he had a vision. A vision that that same future would come to be, yet again. That in 2026, we would yet again all be taken from our places and times into this desolate world, once again ruled by the SSRI just in a different mask, this time calling themselves the Amoralists.”

Jaiden takes a breath.

Jaiden Rishel: “This wasn’t just a vision, Dez. My father saw what was to come to be. Somehow, some way, Rish saw the future and he knew that this day would come.”

Jotting down more of Jaiden’s words, Dez grunts as he finishes. The elderly man paces around the room, whispers something to his female companion before slapping Jaiden right across the face. A shocked look comes across the Prince of CWF as he looks up at his former friend, but Dez’s laughter and the drugs running through him quickly spoils any sense of shock.

Dez: “Enough of the games, Jaiden. I know all too well of your father’s visions, I was his very best friend and confidant after all. What I what to know from you….what I REALLY want to know, Jaiden…is why you? Infernalia was to come to be no matter the interferences. No matter the distractions. There was no turning back, no stopping this from happening. Your father knew that. So why did he send you, his own flesh and blood, here? To die just like him!?”

Jaiden instantly looks straight up at Dez, staring him in the eye as if to question him “what did you just say?” Before the realization can even fully set in, Dez laughs back him, uncaringly as he slaps Jaiden once more. The face of Rishel snaps sideways, his cheeks reddened heavily as he turns back to face Dez.

Dez: “Oh…you didn’t know?”

A look of anger, intensity, begins to seep through Jaiden even through the truth serum drove through his veins.

Jaiden Rishel: “What the hell did you do to my da..”

Dez: “Answer the question. Now.”

Taking a deep breath, Jaiden is forced to do so.

Jaiden Rishel: “He called to warn me, because he said that I was the only way to stop this.”

A pleased smile. Both from Dez and his companion as they look back at one other, and then back at the notepad in Dez’s hands.

Dez: “Good. Now let’s get you out of those chains.”

Fade.

Caledonia vs. Shane Donovan

Match

Joey Garcia: “Your main event this evening is a Group B Match, scheduled for one fall!”

Mike Rolash: ”I mean, duh.”

Jim Gunt: “What?”

Mike Rolash: “Every match in the tournament is a one fall contest. Duh. Like why the hell is Garcia even saying that?”

Jim Gunt: “...a rare good point, Mike.”

The camera pans around the Colosseum, the crowd uncharacteristically calm, anticipating the main event contest as flurries float through the air around them. Spotlights pan throughout the arena as Billie Piper’s “Day and Night” begins to blare through the sound system to the delight of much of the crowd. The spotlights converge at the entrance of the stage, as Caledonia - this time alone - emerges through the curtain.

Joey Garcia: “Introducing first, weighing 130lbs, she is The High Priestess, The Archer, CALEDONIA!”

Determined as ever, Mrs. Highlander slaps a few of the hands reaching towards her with polite intent as she makes her way to the ring, with snowflakes lazily falling all around her and her breath hanging mistily in the air.

Jim Gunt: “A look of intense focus on the face of The Companion tonight, Mike.”

Mike Rolash: “Well, yeah - she’s gotta be focused tonight; Caledonia’s coming into this one at 0 and 1, and she’s going up against the top seed!”

Jim Gunt: “...You did get this job through legitimate analysis, huh?”

As Caledonia makes it to the ring, she rolls in, and climbs the near post, looking out into the crowd. Billie Piper is cut off suddenly, and “God in Extension” by Jack Daw immediately replaces it.

Joey Garcia: “Her opponent weighs in at 230lbs and is the top seed in the Infernalia Tournament - The MANMADEMONSTER, SHANE DONOVAN!”

Jim Gunt: “Donovan opting to enter second here, Mike.”

Mike Rolash: “Clever move; he’s exercising that right as top seed in the tournament, subtly implying he’s champion already by entering after his opponent, like a champion would.”

Jim Gunt: “...seriously this is freaking me out here.”

Mike Rolash: “What?”

Jim Gunt: “You keep on making sense, legitimately analysing things here before the bell, and making solid, cogent, good points!”

Mike Rolash: “I gave your mom a good point, Jimbo!”

Jim Gunt: “...so much has changed in 300 years, but some things stay the exact same, I suppose.”

Caledonia paces the ring, eyes locked on the entrance, awaiting her opponent.

Mike Rolash: “What the hell!?”

With her attention fixed on the entrance, Caledonia is completely blindsided by Shane Donovan, as the latter slides into the ring having apparently been waiting under the ring for some time. The MANMADEMONSTER doesn’t wait for the bell, or for his opponent’s attention, as he quickly blasts her with a stiff discus forearm shiver to the back of her neck. The bell sounds as Caledonia crumples to the mat, apparently knocked senseless at the match’s outset.

Jim Gunt: “COVER! This might be over before it begins!”

Donovan quickly shoots the half, and indeed is trying to have an early night as he goes for the cover.

ONE!

TW–kickout!

Caledonia clears the cobwebs quickly and manages to get a shoulder up before the count of two. Donovan, for his part, immediately grabs a front-facelock, clinching in tight and wrenching on his smaller opponent’s neck, imposing his weight and height advantage immediately. Caledonia grapples ably, working Donovan’s grip to provide a bit of space to breathe and a light distraction of his attention to allow herself to a kneeling position. From there, both competitors work up to a vertical base.

Jim Gunt: “I can’t believe Donovan; he comes into this one with an immense size, power and experience advantage, but still he attacked Caledonia from behind, before the match even started.”

Mike Rolash: “That’s what you call working smarter, not harder Jimbo. Besides, that’s just Donovan pressing that very experience advantage! Caledonia didn’t have her six covered, and he smashed her seven ways till Sunday.”

Jim Gunt: “6-7 jokes were already tired three hundred years ago, Mike.”

Donovan, sensing the likelihood of losing his grip from this more even base, transitions immediately to a side headlock, but this momentary lapse allows a bit of a chance for Caledonia to create some distance, and the smaller wrestler manages to shove Shane off, shooting him into the ropes. On the rebound, she leapfrogs him, before dropping down, both to avoid the tackle, but also in an effort to trip him. Donovan avoids the trip and steps over, but is actually caught with a lighting fast leg lariat as he returns off the ropes.

Caledonia drops down for a cover but Shane powers her off before a count can be registered. Both competitors scramble to their feet, and perhaps with an overabundance of malice owing to being caught momentarily off guard, Donovan drives forward too quickly, leaving himself open to a step-up enzuigiri that rocks the MANMADEMONSTER.

Sensing her moment, Caledonia fires up and bounds off the ropes for momentum as her opponent stumbles. Returning, she uses Shane's momentum against him as he again tries to shoulderblock his petite opponent, whipping him with a head scissors that brings him to the mat. The Archer follows through, immediately taking a mounted position, and reigns down several closed fists on Donovan's left temple.

Jim Gunt: "Caledonia relying on her superior speed here, which is maybe her best bet, along with her heart!"

Mike Rolash: "Closed fists, ref! Call the hold!"

Jim Gunt: "Seriously? We had a literal murder last week and you're worried about closed fists?"

Mike Rolash: "There's nothing in the rulebook about murder, Jimbo, but closed fists are definitely illegal. So is having a golden retriever compete, by the way, so don't be looking out for Air Bud 9."

Jim Gunt: "Well, that's a relief I guess."

The MANMADEMONSTER recovers enough to shove Caledonia up off of him, over his head, but the smaller competitor recovers faster than Donovan does, rolling forward. Donovan starts to get up but is stopped in his supine tracks by Caledonia, who hits a Standing Shooting Star Press!

Jim Gunt: "STANDING FALL FROM GRACE!"

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

With authority, albeit a bit slower than earlier in the match, Donovan gets his right shoulder up, stopping the referee's count. Caledonia, pounds the mat in light frustration and stands up, inquiring if she only got two. As the ref confirms, Donovan manages to get to a vertical base. Spinning Caledonia around, Shane quickly lobs a handful of snow into her eyes, temporarily blinding her.

Jim Gunt: "Oh come on!"

Mike Rolash: "BRILLIANT!"

Donovan quickly establishes wrist control, wrenching Caledonia forward and hitting a short-arm clothesline, knocking The Priestess to the ground. He maintains contact and control of the wrist, using it to pick Mrs. Highlander up, and wraps her own bicep across her windpipe before crashing down with a neckbreaker. Donovan smiles, and slithers over to make a cover, grinding his forearm into Caledonia's face.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Caledonia shoots her left arm into the air to kick out, but as she does so, Shane grabs hold of her wrist again, this time turning her over and quickly transitioning into an omoplata. Reaching forward, he grabs hold and locks in a crossface! The MANMADEMONSTER wrenches back, applying copious pressure on Caledonia's neck and shoulder.

Perhaps due to the snow, Shane's grip slips. Rather than fighting against it, he relinquishes the hold but maintains control of Caledonia's arm. Shane stands first, followed by Caledonia, and the MANMADEMONSTER presses his advantage by driving an elbow into her shoulder, before torquing the arm-wringer some more. He draws her in rapidly, hitting a shoulder block that sends Caledonia to a seated position. Shane then bounds off the ropes and flips over, bringing The Priestess back with him with a blockbuster.

Jim Gunt: "True to form here, Donovan focusing his attack on the neck and shoulder of Caledonia, Mike."

Mike Rolash: "Can't raise the shoulder if it's broken, can't stand The Clincher if your neck's hurt. I love how smart Shane is."

Donovan rolls through, bounds off the opposite set of ropes and brings his knee, brace and all, down across Caledonia's forehead. Donovan rolls through and comes to a standing position, immediately rattling off a snap elbow drop, again quickly back to his feet, and grabs Caledonia's left arm once more, dragging the near lifeless Priestess to the corner.

Propping her up against the bottom turnbuckle, Shane bounds over to the opposite side of the ring, leaps, and flips forward, hitting a picture-perfect cannonball. Clearly proud of himself, Donovan again drags his opponent away from the ropes and covers Caledonia with a wicked smile, and again grinds his forearm against her face.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Caledonia gets an arm up but this seems to matter little to Donovan, who simply stalks his opponent like a predator stalks his prey. Shane stands as The Priestess gets to a kneeling position, and he methodically stomps her left shoulder, causing her to collapse in agony. Caledonia crawls to the corner, where Shane meets her, again grinding a boot into her injured shoulder as the referee admonishes him.

Mike Rolash: "Only a matter of time now, Jimbo - Donovan's going 2 and 0 in seconds, mark my words."

Jim Gunt: "Certainly looks like it, I hate to admit it."

Mike Rolash: "Hate to admit it? What the hell kind of broadcaster are you?"

Jim Gunt: "Caledonia's shown a lot of heart. I like that! Besides, it's not like you've been impartial."

Mike Rolash: "I'm as impartial as they come, Jimbo."

Donovan backs off after some conjoling, choosing to saunter lazily towards the opposite corner. He turns around, takes a measure of his opponent and begins to run towards her. He slides slightly, slipping on some snow, but manages to regain his footing before leaping, flipping forward and crashing towards Caledonia with a cannonball!

Jim Gunt: "Caledonia manages to get out of the way!"

Mike Rolash: "WHAT?! NO!"

Jim Gunt: "...as impartial as they come."

Indeed, the momentary slip on Donovan's part allows just enough time for The Archer to slip out from the corner and under the ropes, leaving Shane to crash land in an empty corner. As he crawls out of the wreckage and makes his way to his feet, Caledonia scales to the top rope, and as Donovan gets to a vertical position, Caledonia sails through the air

and hits a flying crescent kick, knocking him back down again. Caledonia screams out in a mixture of rage and adrenaline, springboards off the second rope and hits a picture-perfect moonsault. She doesn't cover, however, and with supernatural speed she slingshots herself onto the top rope.

Jim Gunt: "Caledonia's finding another gear here!"

Mike Rolash: "I can't look…"

Jim Gunt: "She's gotta be looking for the Fall From Grace here!"

Caledonia indeed signals for her shooting star press from the top, and seems to gather some inward strength as she stands over her prone opponent. However, before she can launch herself, the lights around the arena go out.

Jim Gunt: "What the hell?"

Mike Rolash: "What? I've got my eyes covered."

As the lights come back on, Shane Donovan has the referee by the collar, deep in some sort of discussion. This prevents the ref from seeing the scene behind his back, as Caledonia finds herself facing away from the ring, her arms crossed over her torso, with King Jarvis I holding tightly. The brash King arcs backwards, keeping his own legs hooked on the top rope, hitting an avalanche Straightjacket Suplex on Caledonia!

Jim Gunt: "WHERE THE HELL DID KING JARVIS COME FROM?"

Mike Rolash: "MY KING IS HERE?! HELLO, YOUR MAJESTY!"

Damage done, Jarvis slinks off the top rope and out to the floor as Donovan releases the referee and rolls over to his opponent. Rather than pinning Caledonia, however, Donovan grabs the motionless Priestess and locks in The Clincher. The referee checks, but Caledonia is out, and he has no choice but to call for the bell.

Jim Gunt: "What the hell is this?"

Mike Rolash: "It looks like a plan coming together, Jimmy!"

"God in Extension" by Jack Daw begins to play as King Jarvis rolls back into the ring. Not far behind is Harlan Moretti, entering the Coliseum with a smile on his face, applauding as he walks to the ring with an uncharacteristic pep in his step. Moretti joins Jarvis and Donovan in the centre of the ring and shoves the referee away as he and Jarvis raise Donovan's hands in victory as Joey Garcia makes it official.

Joey Garcia: "Here is your winner of this B Block Main Event…SHANE DONOVAN!!"

The crowd is apoplectic with rage, which the three men laugh about. Donovan goes to the corner to get a microphone as King Jarvis and Harlan unceremoniously nudge Caledonia's unconscious frame out of the ring.

Jim Gunt: "We need some answers here, and it looks like we might just get them."

Mike Rolash: "Shh, Jimbo - I want to hear this."

Donovan laughs as he brings the mic to his mouth and his music stops. Catching his breath, he begins to speak.

Shane Donovan: "What? Are you bloodthirsty freaks out there not entertained? This is survival of the fittest, after all. Talent, ruthlessness, guile, these are all traits that you need to have if you want to have a shot in hell at winning this tournament. I have them, The King has them, and The House has them. Human history, whoever, has shown that having all of those things on your own is simply not enough if you want to survive. Numbers to leverage those natural gifts, that is how you prosper. I've always believed the greatest successes happen when you get together a group of individuals who bring to bear those tools, individuals who respect each other and are willing to do whatever it takes for their common cause. I'm standing in this ring with two men whom I respect, and whose abilities I admire, and with them I form a pact."

Donovan smiles widely and gestures at the men at his sides, both of whom now have microphones.

Harlan Moretti: “Tonight, what you saw wasn’t the beginning of something, it was the culmination of an understanding that the three of us have. This was careful planning, executed with efficiency. I said it last show, and I’ll say it again now - every system runs on rules. Every debt must be paid and every gamble has its risk. But this isn’t a gamble, son - this is a calculated investment with a return. Three men. The dominant force in Infernalia. Before you stands that investment. In our path - the dividends.”

The brash, young King is next. He addresses the camera directly.

King Jarvis I: “Three men, three equals, one understanding. See, we know that only one person wins this tournament. What we also know is that person is amongst the three of us. And we could, like the common rabble, allow that to tear us apart, or instead we could rise above it all and dominate. We three understand something - the weak cobble themselves together to survive. The strong, they join forces to thrive.”

Shane Donovan: “We are the strong.”

Harlan Moretti: “We are the dominant.”

King Jarvis I: “We are The Pact.”

Harlan Moretti: “And once The Pact has been formed…”

Shane Donovan: “There’s no breaking it.”

In unison, the three men, The Pact, drop their microphones and cross their arms, an impressive force in the new CWF, as the scene fades to black, bringing the show to a close.

Show Credits

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