Infernalia: Ep. 3 - The Truth

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Results

Pact In

Segment

The third edition of the Infernalia Tournament opens up in the backstage area near a crew entry door. Standing there, looking nervous in a suit that is at least two sizes too big for his diminutive frame is Ian Ambrose, newly crowned intrepid backstage reporter for the Championship Wrestling Federation.

Ian Ambrose: “Welcome fans to The - uh - Colosseum, where tonight another big night of Infernalia tournament action will commence towards helping us crown the Championship Wrestling Federation World Champion!”

Mike Rolash: “Thank you, Captain Exposition.”

Jim Gunt: “Be nice, Mike. Jeez.”

Ian Ambrose: “L-last round we saw a shocking end to the evening’s proceedings a-as in our main event, Shane Donovan was j-joined by Harlan “The House” Moretti and Jar--KING Jarvis--”

Mike Rolash: “Nice save, numbnuts.”

Ian Ambrose: “--to form a new faction - The Pact - at the close of our broadcast. I am here, hoping to catch a word with this new group to h-hopefullly see what their plans might b--”

Before Ambrose can finish his stammering sentence, the door he is standing sidelong to swings open and strikes him, sending him to the floor, unconscious.

Jim Gunt: “Oh dear…”

Mike Rolash: “TWO SHOWS IN A ROW, JIMBO! KING JARVIS IS WORKING ON ALL STRIKES.”

Indeed, King Jarvis I is the first through the door as, flanked by Shane Donovan and Harlan Moretti, The Pact enters The Colosseum in full force. The three stop as they enter the building and the crowd reacts to their presence, and after a beat, they begin walking in unison.

Jim Gunt: “A very powerful, very strong omen of what is to come for the CWF with these three dominant athletes having joined forces last week.”

Mike Rolash: “It’s like the three of them said, Jimbo - the strong unite to dominate, and these three are some of the strongest, most dominant forces in the biz. I absolutely LOVE to see it.”

The camera follows the three as, bypassing the locker room, they strut immediately to the go position, and through a curtain towards the entrance to the arena.

Jim Gunt: “Well, it looks like we’re not going to have to wait for their matches to see The Pact; they’re on their way here now!”

We cut to the ringside area, as the lights around the Colosseum cut, and “Accidents” by Alexisonfire begins to play. As the music drops in advance of the first verse, “THE PACT” flashes on the tron in bold, block, simple lettering, and a

spotlight illuminates the entrance as Moretti, Donovan and Jarvis emerge.

Joey Garcia: “Ladies and Gentlemen, please welcome The Pact!”

The reaction from the CWF faithful is less than accommodating, but this simply elicits laughter amongst the men as they share a private joke at the top of the stage. The spotlight follows them as they saunter to the ring, with little apparent interest in their use of television time. As they enter the ring, Moretti’s sheer presence is enough to scare Garcia off, who drops his microphone as he exits the ring. The music begins to fade, as the mammoth man known as “The House” picks up the microphone and addresses the crowd.

Harlan Moretti: “It doesn’t take much to understand an opportunity if you’re smart enough to pay attention and recognize one when it arrives. That’s what separates you people - the chaff, the cattle, the weak-minded - from the three of us. We are three men who, absent each other, would sleepwalk through this tournament. Now, we stand united. We stand dominant. We stand united as The Pact.”

Moretti passes the microphone to King Jarvis, who laughs wickedly.

King Jarvis I: “What’s funny, Harlan, is the only thing that surprised me was how many of these rubes we surprised. Did you morons not see this coming? You have Harlan Moretti - an adonis twice as solid as pure marble, unflinching in his ability to calculate. You have King Jarvis the First - a literal ruler of men and dominator of the weak, with a strategic mind unmatched by nearly anyone…and you, of course have The Manmademonster himself. Shane Donovan. A destroyer. A tactician. A man who stood shoulder to shoulder with gods of the past and now stands with the titans of today. This, ladies and gentlemen, was inevitable. This was unavoidable. This was fate.”

Donovan is next to get the mic, which he takes with a smile and pats Jarvis on the shoulder.

Shane Donovan: “And the thing about fate is that just like The Pact, whether or not you recognize it, whether or not you believe in it, it imposes itself anyhow. What made all of the fools out there think that we’d do anything different than what we’ve done? That Infernalia is every competitor for themselves?”

The Pact share a chuckle.

Shane Donovan: “Come on, you people can’t be that naive. King Jarvis. Harlan Moretti. Shane Donovan. We are three men who come into this night undefeated, obviously great on our own, but even more than the sum of our parts. You believe there’s no honor amongst killers? Well, gaze upon us in awe, because we are - -”

Donovan doesn’t get to finish his thought, as “The Cruxshadows” by Sophia plays over the speakers, cutting him off. The normally mixed response is decidedly positive this evening, as Elijah steps through the curtain. As he surveys the crowd, the reaction grows in intensity as he is joined, first by Dangerous Dan, already in full ring-ready regalia, and then The Shadow.

Mike Rolash: “HOW DARE THESE PEOPLE INTERRUPT SHANE DONOVAN!”

Jim Gunt: “Well, admittedly these three men seem to be giving Shane Donovan about as much respect as they’d give Shane Dawson!”

Mike Rolash: “...what?”

Jim Gunt: “Never mind, kind of a private joke.”

Elijah’s music quiets, and the solemn fighter brings the microphone he has in hand to his mouth to address The Pact.

Elijah: “Shane Donovan, you are not wrong in that you are mighty warriors, all three. But tonight you face all three of us, and while we do not form a Pact in the same manner as you, the result will be the same. Tonight, you three enter undefeated in the Infernalia. You leave, changed.”

The crowd cheers this, slightly cryptic, promise from Elijah, as King Jarvis takes the microphone from Donovan and addresses the Pact's quarries.

King Jarvis I: "Are you kidding me, poet? You think that individually you can stand opposed to the greatest collection of talent that this company has seen in all its centuries? We are undefeated alone and united and tonight will be no different. We will dominate tonight and we will dominate in the future because once the Pact is formed, it cannot be broken!"

Jarvis, obviously satisfied with his having gotten the last word, flips the microphone over the top rope with a cocky grin. Unfortunately, Elijah does not follow suit, instead passing the mic to Dangerous Dan.

Dangerous Dan: "Well, Jarvis - here's the thing - even if you idiots manage to beat us tonight, there's the little matter of next round…what's going to happen when the little King has to take on The House? Seems to me…that might spell the ENDD of The Pact."

With that, Dan does dispose of the microphone, as "Enemy" by Imagine Dragons begins playing. The Pact, seething furiously, look on as their opponents for the evening jaw-jack, and the scene fades.

The Punch Line (Jester & Franklin Fredrickson) vs. The Unstoppable Force (Billy & Tyler Anderson)

Match

Jim Gunt: "Well things may not have gone exactly the way the Pact were expecting opening tonight's show, but regardless, it's time for the first match of the evening!"

Spotlights shine down into the audience from dozens of different drones flying around the Colosseum, all of them scanning, watching as most of the crowd pay them no mind, their eyes towards the ring or talking to their companion beside them.

There is however a young male that feels the heat from the light shining down on him, taking off in a sprint just as the camera zooms away from him and onto the face of Joey Garcia, standing in the middle of the ring with wearing a black winter jacket and a magenta scarf pulled and twisted around his neck.

The new voice of CWF wasn't coming unprepared this week.

Joey Garcia: "Welcome everyone to the third episode of Infernalia! Tonight we have a very special bout opening this evening's proceedings, as we take a short break from the Infernalia Tournament itself. The following is a TAG TEAM match scheduled for one fall!"

"ONE FALL!"

"Lark On My Go Kart" by Asher Roth plays over the speakers, the fans in the Colosseum throwing eggs, bottles full of who knows what God awful liquid 2326 has in store for us, and all kinds of other dumb shit.

Franklin and his new found friend the Jester pay the idiots absolutely no mind, making their way down the ramp and ignoring the ignorant. They look on at the ring, past the monks and hooded morons, it's time to go.

Joey Garcia: "Introducing first, weighing 114 and 335 pounds, respectively, they are Jester and Franklin Fredrickson….THE PUNCHLINE!!"

Franklin walks around the ring animated, amazed at all the boos coming from the Colosseum crowd. He swats his hand at them, realizing even three hundred years later the people just don't get a good joke.

Jim Gunt: "As Joey said, Mike, tonight we're opening with a very special bout that is not included in the Infernalia Tournament!"

Mike Rolash: "Any time we can get good ole Frankie to grace our presence, it's definitely special."

Jim Gunt: “That’s not quite the words that I would use, but I get your point. The thing is, just like a lot of the Warriors fighting the Infernalia tournament, this is not the same Franklin Fredrickson we all know and uh…love? Picking up over a hundred pounds since the last time we’ve seen him and clearly running on hard times, what condition do you think the Facetious One will really be in for this one?”

Mike Rolash: “I mean he’s only going against the Anderson boys, and he’s got a new clown buddy…he’ll be fine!”

“Wild Things” by Troggs plays loudly over the speakers, the lights dimming and shaking momentarily before they shine once again on the audience, this time showing Billy and Tyler Anderson coming through the crowd in different areas.

Members of the Watchers hold back fans with their arms and laser tasers in hand, the Unstoppable Force slowly make their way from the top of the Colosseum down, taking their time and taking in the moment as they make their CWF return.

It may be three hundred years in the future but the Andersons soak everything in like it’s 2019, oblivious to the world around them and loving every minute of it as they enter the ring.

Joey Garcia: “And their opponents, weighing 225 and 220 pounds respectively, they are Billy and Tyler Anderson…THE UNSTOPPABLE FORCE!!”

Jim Gunt: “Do you hear the reaction that the Unstoppable Force are getting, Mike? The fans here in Anthropolis are loving the Andersons!”

Mike Rolash: “Anderson Anderson. Kennedy Kennedy. The blue or the red pill?”

Jim Gunt: “Yeah, I didn’t figure you’d have a well thought out response to that.”

Billy and Tyler talk amongst themselves in the bottom right hand corner of the ring, the brothers deciding that Tyler will start off the match as Franklin slaps Jester across the chest out of nowhere, shocking him and nearly knocking him off his feet.

Jester stares back at his sire as if to ask “what for?” but Fredrickson simply nods at him, waving him forward. Transplant IV calls for the bell, the sound booming across the Colosseum as Tyler Anderson immediately springs to action, running towards the ropes and coming back at Jester as he simply stands in the middle of the ring frozen.

SPEAR! Tyler spears Jester to the canvas, shrieks coming from him as he holds his ribcage flailing around. Anderson pulls him back up, kicking him rapidly several times in the midsection before whipping him hard into his corner.

Jim Gunt: “Tag! Franklin Fredrickson’s new buddy Jester isn’t starting this one off too hot, and now he’s going to have to deal with Tyler’s older brother!”

Mike Rolash: “I mean…where the hell did Frankie find this guy anyway? I don’t think he would’ve made a good stunt double in the original IT movie, better yet making it as a wrestler.”

Jim Gunt: “Probably an idea from some fantasy obsessed twelve year old.”

Tyler Anderson stays in the ring as Billy enters, his older brother pointing to the top rope as he pulls the stunned Jester in, turning him upside down in a precarious position. The younger Anderson nearly loses his footing on the wet top rope, the ring rust showing a little bit and Tyler never having wrestled in a live snow storm. He eventually catches himself and leaps off, the two men destroying Jester with a Spiked Piledriver!

Jim Gunt: “Jester is dead! The Jester is dead!”

Mike Rolash: “Oh settle down Jimbo, if he was dead he wouldn’t be shaking around the ring like he’s having a fucking seizure!”

Jim Gunt: “I mean…good point.”

Leaving the ring before Transplant IV can admonish him, Tyler goes out to the apron as Billy makes the cover on Jester.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Jim Gunt: “Franklin making the save there for his partner! Thank God for the big man, because Jester was in some serious trouble there.”

Mike Rolash: “At least he wasn’t dead like you thought he was!”

Stomping down heavily on the back of Billy, Anderson rolls over but Franklin stays on the offense, getting atop the man and reigning down rights and lefts. Transplant goes to stop him but Fredrickson pays him no mind, instead grabbing the arm of Jester and pulling him harshly over to their corner. Tagging himself in, Frankie flicks off the referee bot and goes right back for Anderson…who is ready for him and uses all his might to roll the big man up in a small package!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Mike Rolash: “WHAT!?”

Franklin kicks out of the roll up just a second too late, completely furious as he slaps the canvas and begins to scream out at the Transplant IV bot.

Joey Garcia: “The winner of the match by pinfall…THE UNSTOPPABLE FORCE!”

Jim Gunt: “Well if that was any indication on how things are going to go tonight, we’re in for one hell of a shocking night, Mike!”

Mike Rolash: “That…that was nuts! What happened to poor Frankie!?”

Jim Gunt: “Well folks, I guess we’re headed to the back. I hear we may get to see the King of England again!”

Last Rites

Segment

We cut to a shot of a prison cell mockingly set up as a locker room. The man depicted as the King of All England has been released from his tree, but lies nearly motionless, emaciated and groaning in pain, his skin grey, wearing nothing but a loincloth. To his foot is attached a ball and chain. A Grigori guard bangs on the cell bars with a nightstick.

Guard: “Well now, your Majesty, almost time for your duel! Better eat your feast!”

The guard tosses a piece of moldy bread into the cell, along with a plastic bottle of curiously-yellowish water.

Guard: “A fitting meal for the Last Traditionalist! Eat up before we get your tree ready again!”

The “King” can only groan; he lacks even the strength to . Abruptly, off-camera, we hear a loud snapping noise, and the sound of a body falling to the ground.

Male voice: “It’s ready?”

Female voice: “As it’s going to be.”

Male voice: “Then let’s do this.”

Mandatory Submission

Segment

Sounds of a tune being hummed fill the scene as we open into the cell of Byson Kaliban. He sits on the concrete floor, patiently waiting for the guards to come get him for his match with Caledonia. Whatever song he is humming appears to be calming his spirit, when the sound of footsteps echo off of the stone walls.

The noise catches Byson's attention but he remains focused on singing to himself. Soon, a group of guards, maybe four at the most come to a halt at his cell. Byson stops his tune, turning his attention to the men.

Guard: "Stand up! Turn around! And back up to the cell door slowly."

Byson's accustomed to this routine, complying with their orders.His hands are already placed behind his back as he nears the door.

Guard: "It's your lucky day. The Redeemer has ordered a quick software update."

Byson Kaliban: "Update? Hope it's an ad-blocker. I'm tired of hearing the Redeemer's voice in my sleep."

Guard: "Did I fucking stutter? Remain facing in the direction that you are facing and lean against the cell door."

Kaliban sighs but does as he is instructed. The guard takes a device and pushes it into a plug-in slot that is located on the back of Byson's neck. His eyes go docile as the information is downloaded onto his Cortical Stack. After about three minutes, the guard unplugs the device and Byson regains consciousness. Just as quick as he snaps back, a look of concern crosses his face. He turns to face the guards.

Byson: "If that's what you want. Guess I can handle that for ya, Redeemer. But make it clear to them that one day.. One day, I'm gonna break free from this sadistic cycle that you have me stuck in currently and when I do, I'm coming for each and every one of you."

The guards all laugh in unison at Byson's bold statement. His face never wavers though.

Guard: "Shut the hell up."

The cell door unlocks and the head guard opens it.

Guard: "Do as you're told and we'll let you off. Don't want you losing your match because of a pre-existing injury. You're lucky that you're property of Anthropolis or I would take liberties on you."

Byson sucks his teeth, now standing face to face with the guard.

Byson: "Not like it would be the first time. Know this, I'm gonna make sure that you're the first… Now get the fuck out of my way."

The guard chuckles while stepping to the side. Byson scowls at the guard while he walks past the four men with no incident. With a deep sigh and crack of his neck, Kaliban heads off.

King of All England vs. Nerezza

Match

The Colosseum's interior has been draped with royal-blue banners and St. George Cross flags, as a full orchestra begins playing Rule Britannia.

Joey Garcia: "Up next – we have our very special exhibition match! It is scheduled for one fall… and I am told that this is a no-disqualification, no countout, no holds barred, no deposit, no interest, no payments until 2329 match!

Please rise and welcome – HIS ROYAL MAJESTY, THE LAST TRADITIONALIST, THE KING OF ALL ENGLAND!"

The orchestra switches to God Save The King (that's My Country Tis Of Thee to you heathen Yankees!), as the crowd

looks eagerly to the ramp. They laugh uproariously as eight Grigori agents come forth, bearing a full-size elder tree, with a nearly-naked man dangling by his foot from one of the branches. A comically-large crown is strapped to his head.

Jim Gunt: “Well, here we go – the last trace of the old Order, and the final victory of Amorality.”

Mike Rolash: “Sh, Jim, didn’t you get the memo? We have to at least pretend it’s a real fight!”

The “King” is carried all the way to the center of the ring on his tree limb, and a Grigori agent slashes the rope holding him up with a knife. His Royal Majesty falls in an undignified heap on the ground, and the crowd hoots with laughter.

Joey Garcia: “And his opponent, making his return to the Colosseum, please welcome back – NEREZZA!”

As much beast as man, the hulking Nerezza, hauled up from the bowels of Amorality’s deepest prison, advances slowly, menacingly, towards the huddled form called the King of All England. His scarred face narrows as he hoists the King to his feet, punches him hard in the stomach, and, as the breath is driven from His Majesty’s lungs, drags him over to the ropes and lays the King atop them.

Jim Gunt: “Nerezza’s going for Suicide!”

Mike Rolash: “I mean, I would too if I’d been kept in a Grigori prison for eight years, but I imagine he’ll finish the match first…”

Jim Gunt: “It’s the attack name, dumbass.”

Indeed, Nerezza ascends the top rope. He briefly plays to the crowd as the King hangs as limp as a ragdoll.

Jim Gunt: “Appropriate, that the monarchy will end with a decapitation…”

Nerezza launches himself nearly ten feet in the air, and plummets with a vicious leg drop towards the King…

… who moves out of the way at the last second!

Mike Rolash: “Wait, what, this wasn’t in the script…”

The King moves like a different man entirely, dropping into a three-point stance. Nerezza still lands hard, roaring in pain as all the momentum that was to strike the King’s head instead strikes the monster’s groin. The King leaps onto the adjacent turnbuckle and delivers a jumping, spinning back kick to the side of Nerezza’s head.

Mike Rolash: “Uh, guys, he’s supposed to have taken the bump…”

Between the unexpectedly missed guillotine strike and the unexpected kick to the side of the head, Nerezza has been caught completely flat-footed. He lands hard, and the King rolls forward as he lands, getting immediately to his feet. As Nerezza slowly rises, the King delivers a Superkick with superhuman speed!

Jim Gunt: “What the fuck is happening?!”

Nerezza towers tall for a moment, wobbling before he finally falls flat. The King goes for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Joey Garcia (nervously, since he is flanked by two Grigori agents): “Erm… the winner of this match… His Majesty the King of all England!”

The crowd, robbed of their spectacle, boo loudly. The King ignores them, when…

Jim Gunt: “Wait, what’s happening to him?”

A strange light begins to shimmer around the King, as though he is melting. His grey, pallid, emaciated appearance is replaced by a young man with pale skin and sharp features; his near-bald scalp replaced by flowing amber locks.

Jim Gunt: “Oh my god! It’s – wait, who is that?”

The stranger pulls forth a microphone.

Stranger: “For those of you who don’t know me… my name is Mark Carlton. I am a warrior of the Order of the Oncoming Storm, and his Majesty’s chosen champion in this trial by combat. I declare victory in the name of the Order!”

Mike Rolash: “He can’t do that! Shoot him… or something!”

Carlton: “I have nothing more to say. Fuck you – and GOD SAVE THE KING!”

With impossible speed, he leaps the barricade and tears out of the Colosseum through the crowd.

Jim Gunt: “So, er…”

Mike Rolash: “Jim. Times like these, I say we just call the match, and let the Grigori kill who they’re gonna kill. “

Gathering of the Ravens Part I

Segment

Opening back in the dingy basement area of the Colosseum, a small bunker now having been set up in the corner with a thin wool blanket covering it, Jaiden Rishel sitting elbows on knees with his head in his hands, mind off in space.

How did we get here?

He followed the lead, the vision, of his father and went to Dez to help him with the Cryogenic Chamber. And he did just that, willing. But somewhere along the line, something changed.

Dez changed.

Jaiden didn’t know how or when or why, but somewhere along the line his dad’s best confidant was corrupted; and now knowing that his father was murdered in cold blood, he knows without a shadow of a doubt that Dez had something to do with it.

Jaiden knows that his time is limited, Dez and his female companion could be back at any moment’s time. Over the last two weeks they have let him roam fairly free, at least of the cuffs and chains anyway. He had still been locked in the same lifeless room, never being able to see the Colosseum or the world around him, most likely for fear that he would figure this all out before the proper time.

A rustling noise breaks the Heir to CWF out of his concentration, and as his eyes peer upward he notices the beautiful woman yet again.

Red, black, and white luscious hair flies in the wind over a face of uncertainty, a face one would almost call lost in the wind.

The woman who introduced herself to him days ago as Lilliana Primrose smiles back at him, ceramic white plate in her right hand as she approaches in graceful, yet uneven steps. Moving his ass a few feet to make room for her, Jaiden motions for Lilliana to sit down next to him. The bewonderment in her eyes is captivating to Rishel, as he has yet to even look at the mystery meat sandwich in Primrose’s hands. Her voice is soft, breathy, and distant when she speaks, as if she’s somewhere else entirely.

Lilliana Primrose: “Alone. Alone is best for escaping prying eyes. Lets us maintain your strength.”

Jaiden smiles.

Jaiden Rishel: “Thank you. You know, out of all the weird and crazy shit going on around here - from my dad’s best friend Dez turning on me as soon as I get to Anthropolis, to this Infernalia tournament, the supposed crowning of this Redeemer, and whatever this Gathering of the Ravens is?”

Jaiden takes a breath.

Jaiden Rishel: “I think meeting you...Lilliana, and not just meeting you but having you come here on a daily basis and bring me food, strength. For the Amoralists to allow that and to allow our conversations? I just don’t understand any of this…”

She quietly hums a tune neither of them recognize as she looks around the room.

Lilliana Primrose: “Lost you once, so long ago. I’m glad we met. We can work in concert now. Won’t that be nice.”

Handing the sandwich over to Jaiden with another curled smile, Primrose and Rishel make eye contact for the very first time since having met. Immediately rushes of the past hit him like a brick, memories that are swirled and unclear, memories that make absolutely no sense.

The Kleiner Institute For Mindful Wellness.

Four walls, four cufflinks, four chains.

A straight jacket.

None of it made the slightest of sense, but when Jaiden looked deep within the eyes of Lilliana Primrose? The entire world made perfect sense. It was like the pieces of a thousand puzzles all formed together to form the Optimus Prime of puzzles.

Jaiden took the sandwich from the plate in Lily’s hand, taking a healthy bite. Chewing it as quickly as he can knowing that this will be the last meal he’ll get for the day, Rishel relishes it but barely has time to enjoy it.

Jaiden Rishel: “We must figure out a plan, Lilliana. Dez and that witch said they would be back for me in about an hour, and the Gathering of the Ravens is tonight. Whatever the plan is, whatever this Gathering is really about, we must stop it. My father warned me that I am the singular key to stopping this madness, and if I don’t get started now I feel this could all be for nothing.”

Looking off towards nothing, Lilliana’s head tilts to the side and shakes a few times before her eyes return to Jaiden. There’s a dangerous joy dancing within her eyes as her entire demeanor shifts. The smile that opens across her face is almost sinister. Her voice drips with rotting honey as she leans towards him in flirtatious confidence.

Lilliana Primrose: “Don’t worry darling, a plan is coming to mind as we speak. This will be nothing like before.”

The smiling, crazed face of Primrose is the last visual shown before cutting back to ringside.

Caledonia vs. Byson Kaliban

Match

Mike Rolash: “Well, Jimbo, looks like a new “warrior” has entered the Colosseum!

Jim Gunt: “Not sure if “new” is quite the word, as Jaiden seems to have a past connection with this Lilliana Primrose. But nevertheless, she seems a welcome addition to our roster and I can’t wait to see her in action hopefully soon!”

Mike Rolash: “As for now, it’s time for another feminine warrior to fight her battle, against the brother of Duce Jones. Caledonia vs. Byson Kaliban starts right NOW!”

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 new "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.

Joey Garcia: “The following contest is scheduled for one fall and is a third round matchup in the Infernalia Tournament! Introducing first, weighing 195 pounds….BYSON KALIBAN!!”

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.

Jim Gunt: “Both Byson Kaliban and his opponent tonight, winless so far in this tournament – this match is their last chance to survive!”

Mike Rolash: “…You’re speaking metaphorically, right, because I’m cool if the Watchers gun them down, but I’ll need to log in to Polymarket first…

“Day and Night” hits over the speakers as the lights flash. The crowd cheers as Caledonia Highlander emerges from behind the curtain, followed at a slight distance by her husband.

Joey Garcia: “His opponent, being accompanied by Dan “The Hammer” Highlander….CALEDONIA!!”

Jim Gunt: “The former World Champion, not off to a great start in this tournament, coming off two consecutive losses. Can she shake off some of that rust here tonight?”

Mike Rolash: “Really? You talk about rust for the fighter who isn’t a cyborg?”

Jim Gunt: “Well… technically Byson isn’t a cyborg, Mike. He's more like an android…”

Caledonia’s face is set with grim determination as she walks down the ramp. Upon reaching the ring, she climbs atop opposite turnbuckles and poses. Kaliban stands eerily still, his eyes not flickering off her, his expression inscrutable. Eventually, Caledonia turns to face Kaliban, and the bell rings. Transplant IV waves its little robot arms and backs up.

Almost immediately, Caledonia goes on the attack, throwing left and right hands at Kaliban, and sending him staggering with a well-aimed uppercut to the jaw. Her unexpectedly furious assault pushes him back into the corner, and the referee steps in to tell her to release him. Kaliban capitalizes on Caledonia’s momentary distraction, catching her in the temple with an elbow and sending her reeling. He surges forward and whips her into the corner, where –

Jim Gunt: “Queen’s Gambit! Caledonia’s going to clinch it early!”

The Companion leaps nimbly up the ropes, and whips around with a roundhouse… but Kaliban’s sleeve has been optimized to respond to her aerial assault, and his joint tension quickly adjusts to maximum, blocking the Gambit and stopping Caledonia in mid-air. She crumples to a general “oof” from the audience.

Mike Rolash: “So what was that about an early clinch, Jim?”

Jim Gunt: “Shut up.”

Kaliban, now standing tall above Caledonia, proceeds to lay in some heavy stomps before hauling her to her feet. He pauses for a second before launching Caledonia in a devastating back suplex, sending her flying almost halfway across the ring. Kaliban taunts the slowly-rising Caledonia for a second, before throwing her into the ropes; she bounces off, only to be met with a massive Back Body Drop.

Jim Gunt: “Dear God, she must’ve gone fifteen feet in the air.”

Mike Rolash: “That’s the raw strength of Byson Kaliban.”

Kaliban goes for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

If Kaliban is even remotely surprised by the kickout, his face doesn’t show it. Immediately, he stands, stalking Caledonia as she slowly rises… very slowly.

Jim Gunt: “Caledonia must have really felt the impact of that Back Body Drop!”

As Kaliban loses patience and runs in, Caledonia abruptly switches stance and goes for a small-package rollup!

ONE!

TW-NO!

Caledonia is thrown bodily off Kaliban, and he looks pissed at the deception. He returns to a stalking posture, and she doesn’t bother feinting this time. They lock up in the center of the ring, and Kaliban pushes Caledonia into the corner, raining down heavy punches. The referee calls him off, but he immediately whips her into the opposite corner, and charges close behind, squishing her with horrific force!

Mike Rolash: “Well, looks like that High Priestess thing isn’t going to work out after all.”

Kaliban briefly plays to the crowd before whipping Caledonia once again into the opposite corner – but as he charges, she manages to get a foot up and stop him in his tracks. She begins to mount a comeback, throwing rights and lefts, and eventually a big kick to the midsection…

… which Byson catches!

But just as he’s about to punish the error, Caledonia whips around with the Such Is Life enziguri!

Mike Rolash: “Double down!”

Caledonia is unable to go for the cover, but the move has brought her and Kaliban to equal levels of exhaustion. As the referee counts to ten, both slowly rise to their feet.

Kaliban is the first to reach a standing position, and he angrily stalks towards the rising Caledonia. The two trade blows, and he blocks a wild haymaker from her left arm, locking it in place.

Jim Gunt: “DUCES WILD! Kaliban has it locked –”

But Kaliban doesn’t have it locked in – as he attempts the ripcord headbutt, Caledonia is able to match his strength and block his forehead with a palm-strike. Undeterred, Kaliban tries again, and again Caledonia blocks.

Mike Rolash: “The awesome tenacity of both these fighters…”

Kaliban roars with guttural frustration and, with a scream, throws everything he has into a headbutt. But abruptly,

Caledonia's eyes begin to glow, and she blocks the strike.

Jim Gunt: "What the hell is going on?!"

Mike Rolash: "I don't know, but I think I'm about to have some of my words force-fed to me…"

There is a massive burst of light around Caledonia, and Byson is blown into the corner with sheer force. As the light dims, we see Caledonia's ring gear has been replaced with the garb of the High Priestess, and the former World Champion is wreathed in blue-white flames.

Jim Gunt: "Holy shit!"

Kaliban comes in swinging, but Caledonia ducks under his strike and delivers a sharp knee to Kaliban's stomach, driving the wind from him. She hooks his head under her arm and delivers the Reverse the Polarity swinging neckbreaker!

Rather than going for the cover, she springs to her feet and, looking around, launches herself into the air – nearly ten feet skyward!

Jim Gunt: "Fall From Grace – from the ground!"

Mike Rolash: "Something tells me she'll be reinventing that name soon…"

Caledonia's Shooting Star Press lands hard, driving with massive force into Byson's midsection.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Joey Garcia: "Here is your winner of this B Block Match by pinfall….CALEDONIA!!"

"Day and Night" once again plays over the speakers as an exhausted Caledonia rolls off her opponent, elation in her eyes as she looks out at the cheering crowd and her husband looking on at her with a bright smile on his face. She rises to her feet, hands in the air as she celebrates her first victory of the new era.

Jim Gunt: "What a win there for the High Priestess, Caledonia! I'm hearing word that King Jarvis the first is backstage with something to say of course, so let's head back there now…"

Copy of A Copy

Segment

Backstage, King Jarvis I sits in the same dimly lit locker room he has found himself in prior to his previous tournament matches, doing the same act - taping his fists, preparing for battle. He sighs.

King Jarvis I: "Crazy Chris."

A confused look crosses the monarch's face, and he shakes his head slightly, almost shaking out cobwebs.

King Jarvis I: "Sorry. Dangerous Dan. A simple mistake to make, I guess."

He finishes taping the knuckles on his right fist and tests the strength, punching into his left hand, before carefully examining the tape while he addresses the camera.

King Jarvis I: "Dan, you are a copy, of a copy, of a copy, who thinks that the blemishes and distortions that come from making so many repetitions counts for a personality. Believe me, it doesn't. And tonight, you are once again copying those who came before you, and facing down the barrel of King Jarvis the First. You are confident. So was Mia Rayne. You are poised. So was Escorpion Azul. And like those two, you will fall."

His eyes raise to the camera.

King Jarvis I: “The one difference - the glitch in the copy - is that you have their example to go off of, Dan. You could run. You could escape the fate of those who have fallen before me and simply live to fight another day.”

He laughs.

King Jarvis I: “But you won’t, Dan. Because even with your miniscule differences…you’re just a copy.”

Jarvis stands, grabbing a towel that he drapes around his neck; his appearance is almost eerie in how much he resembles the Jarvis King of old.

King Jarvis I: “And much like those you’re destined to emulate, I’ll break you tonight, Dan. You’ll be broken, busted and bruised and I will be triumphant and…well, you’ll have no choice but to Bow Down.”

Black.

Your Lessons Have Just Begun

Segment

Dangerous Dan is in one of the many changing rooms set out within the Colosseum, several members of the Watchers standing steadfast at his closed door as he wipes moisture off his face, looking to his side as his brother looks down at a rusty set of CWF Tag Team Title belts laying in his lap.

Crazy Chris: “You know Dan, once upon a time we laid claim to these beauties.”

Dan smiles at his brother, continuing to wipe himself off with the white towel.

Dangerous Dan: “Where the hell did you find those old things, anyway?”

Crazy Chris: “Some merchant droid sold them to me for scraps earlier today. It’s what it represents though, Dan. The historical meaning behind them.”

Dangerous Dan had been working out all day, doing sit ups, push ups, everything he could to prepare himself for his fight against King Jarvis the first tonight. Looking across at his brother, Dan couldn’t fight the feeling that something was missing, however, even with Chris sitting beside him with the titles they never lost staring him right in the face.

Dangerous Dan: “Don’t tell me you’re about to teach me one of these life lessons like Harlan, Shadow and Jarvis were teaching me the other ni..”

Suddenly the picture frame cracks.

Static through the camera, mist through the room.

Dangerous Dan feels reality fracturing before him, and before long his brother Crazy Chris is his brother no longer.

Byson Kaliban stands before Dangerous Dan, the android staring back at Dan stoically. The Dangerous One doesn’t even realize that his brother has been laid out on the floor before him, his attention fully on Kaliban as he stares back at him intensely.

Byson Kaliban: “Your lessons have only just begun.”

And just like that, he’s gone. The lights go back to normal, and a confused Dan shakes his head before turning down and realizing Chris on the floor, immediately calling for help for his brother.

King Jarvis I vs. Dangerous Dan

Match

Jim Gunt: “Well, I certainly didn’t see that one coming!”

Mike Rolash: “Dangerous Dan has been hit on all fronts with “lessons” from his Infernalia competitors, but for some reason this message from Byson Kaliban seems different.”

Jim Gunt: “I guess time will tell, Mike, but for now it’s time for another tournament match! And Dan better get his head back in the game, because he goes one on one with the undefeated King Jarvis the first!”

Joey Garcia: “The following match is a third round match in the A Block of Infernalia!”

The lights 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 any pace but his own.

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

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

Jim Gunt: “King Jarvis the first may have been in one of the weirdest matches we’ve ever seen that week, but he came out of that nightmare with yet another victory under his belt.”

Mike Rolash: “By hook or by crook, the peasants learn quickly to mess with a King and his dreams!

Returning back to the ring, 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: “And his opponent, weighing in at 225 pounds… DANGEROUS DAN!!”

Dan slowly begins making his way down towards the ring with Chris following slowly behind him, trying to come to from the earlier attack. Dan acknowledges several fans at ringside, though ensuring that his emotions are in check as well. Dan now climbs the steps into the ring, walking right past Jarvis 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. King Jarvis I gathers up a handful of snow behind him, balling it up hard and throwing it right at the back of Dangerous Dan’s head!

Jim Gunt: “What a wild way to start this bout already, Mike! Before Neezletoe can even call for the bell, King Jarvis I is taking advantage of the frigid cold snow coming down, smacking Dangerous Dan in the back of the head with a snow ball!”

Mike Rolash: “Well the bell has rung now, Jimbo, so old Danny better get his head outta the snow and get with it!”

As soon as Neezletoe calls for the bell Jarvis strikes, not leaving his opponent even a second to get back to his feet before he strikes down on him with rapid right hands from behind. Dan rolls to his back, kicking King Jarvis I off him and kipping up to his feet. The Pact member snorts, attempting to run in and take him down with a clothesline that

Dangerous Dan avoids, bending himself completely backward into a spider like form.

Dan moves across the ring quickly, freaking the King out and reminding him a bit of the oddness that he went through in the prior round. Jarvis shakes it off, shouting at his opponent to get to his feet and face him like a man. Dangerous Dan bends back and quickly goes to his feet, smiling a coy smile as Jarvis looks angrily back at him. Jarvis waves his hands for Dan to bring it and he suddenly does just that, leaping up into the air and taking his opponent down with a flying head scissors!

Jim Gunt: “King Jarvis the first may have grown tired of the games his opponents have been playing with him after last week’s fiasco, but he has to be careful. If he shows Dangerous Dan that he’s allowing him to get in his head too much, that will be a clear advantage that he could use to bring an ENDD to the King’s tournament.”

Mike Rolash: “Oh boy, ENDD jokes again? I forgot to come up with some good ones!”

Looking to press the advantage, Dangerous Dan runs across the ropes looking for a basement dropkick but the King sidesteps him, wiping his legs out from under him before he can take full leap. He stomps down hard on the stomach of Dan; once, twice, three times to stun him before taking his right leg and bending it over his own, twisting the Dangerous One over to his stomach and putting on full pressure.

Jim Gunt: “The Royal Mutilation! King Jarvis the first has the Sharpshooter all the way locked in, and Dangerous Dan is dead set in the middle of the ring!”

Mike Rolash: “And we’re barely even talking about how difficult the inches of snow coming down seemingly per hour affects how these competitors go through these matches. It’s not going to be easy for Dan to get to the ropes when he might have to dig his way out before getting there!”

Jim Gunt: “The pain in Dangerous Dan’s eyes is telling an entire novella of a story, Mike. Dan may have gotten recent advice from not only a Jarvis AI bot, but a Harlan Moretti and Shadow one as well. However, none of that advice seems to be doing him any good right now!”

Dan turns, attempting to flip out of the Royal Mutilation, but King Jarvis I holds fast, sitting down even further on the lower back of Dangerous Dan. A guttural scream comes from deep within the Dangerous One as he begins to claw through the snow, inch by inch making his way towards the ropes as the fans in the Colosseum cheer him on every step of the way.

Just as he’s about to get to the ropes, however, King Jarvis I breaks the submission hold, kicking down on the back of Dan again for good measure. Hoisting his opposition up with his arm around his back the entire time, Jarvis pulls him in tight and tosses him high. OVERHEAD GERMAN SUPLEX LANDS DAN HARD ON HIS LOWER BACK, SNOW FLYING EVERYWHERE! Jarvis dashes over to him, shoving him down hard against the canvas as he covers.

ONE!

TWO!

Jim Gunt: “NO! Dangerous Dan is not out of it yet! The fans here in the Colosseum willing him on every step of the way!”

Mike Rolash: “The fans can’t do a God damned thing to help him though! The Watchers have made sure of that the last few shows after how badly they interfered with the proceedings the first round. Dan’s got his brother Crazy Chris out there, but I think he’s gotta do this one on his own!”

Jim Gunt: “On his own!? You weren’t saying a word when the Pact were interfering in each other’s matches last week and wrecking all kinds of havoc!

Mike Rolash: “Yeah well…that was then. This is now. Get with the program, Jimbo!”

Pulling him right back up for another suplex attempt, this time Dangerous Dan shoots a back elbow that stops King Jarvis I in his tracks. Snapping a flip, Dan kicks Jarvis in the face with a Pele Kick. The King of CWF sways side to side before comically slipping on what is now becoming a sheet of ice below him.

Crazy Chris slaps the canvas, shouting at his brother to head up to the top rope, the crowd clearly on his side as he looks out at them, the sound in the Colosseum becoming deafening. Dangerous Dan heads towards the top rope, moving carefully as he goes all the way up calling for King Jarvis I to get to his feet. Springboard Diving DDT!

Jim Gunt: “ENDDING TO REMEMBER! And if this one is over, I doubt it would be one King Jarvis would soon be likely to forget!”

Mike Rolash: “And it could be, Dan is going for the pin!”

ONE!

TWO!

Jim Gunt: “No! King Jarvis the first rolls a shoulder!”

Mike Rolash: “Oh thank God!”

Jim Gunt: “Hmm?”

Mike Rolash: “I mean…that would have been a bit of a bad ending to this story, don’t you think? At least the writers should have wrote some alternate endings if we were going to go with something that monotonous.”

Jim simply shakes his head at his broadcast partner, choosing to ignore him as Dangerous Dan takes the face of his opponent, turning him sideways as he rubs his face into the snow. This angers the King, who quickly gets back to his feet and strikes out at Dan with a forearm strike. Dan comes back with one of his own.

A heavy right hand from King Jarvis the first.

THE ENDD IS NEAR! The Superkick comes suddenly, and nearly decapitates King Jarvis I! Dangerous Dan goes right for the cover, the fans counting along with Neezletoe as he drops down.

ONE!

TWO!

THR-NO! JARVIS KICKS OUT AT TWO!

Dangerous Dan right back to his feet, not wasting a single moment in time as he springs off the ropes and hits a perfect standing Shooting Star Press across the chest of King Jarvis. Once again right back to the cover!

ONE!

TW-NO!

King Jarvis I shoves Dan off him hard this time, leaving the Dangerous One crumpled in a pile of snow, having to brush it off his face as he looks back at Jarvis. The two men approach each other slowly once again, a fist fight once again ensuing. Dan attempts to break up the punches yet again with a kick, this time a spinning roundhouse, but King catches the leg coming through! ENZIGURI- NO! Jarvis ducks out underneath, running into the ropes and ducking underneath a leaping body press attempt from Dangerous Dan. The two men come back around, double clotheslines taking them both out!

Jim Gunt: “Head on collision there taking out both Dan and Jarvis! What a match this has been so far, neither man willing to give a solitary inch!”

Mike Rolash: “I wish mother nature would be willing to give an inch. You know, like take back all these god damn

inches of snow!”

Jim Gunt: “Well put yourself to good use the next few days and help your Amoralists buddies build a roof for this place!”

Mike Rolash: “Nah, fuck that. They have droids and all kinds of other machinery for that shit. I’ll just sit back and watch the show and complain about it, like always.”

Both men struggle to get back to their feet following the massive double clothesline, but it is King Jarvis I who uses the ropes to pull himself up first. Dangerous Dan uncharacteristically looks out at his brother, calling out to him to give him some kind of weaponry. Chris looks back at him dumbfounded, telling Dan that he’s got this and he just has to believe in himself. Before Dan can hype himself back up however, he falls victim to a V-Trigger knee to the back of the neck!

The Dangerous One crumbles like a piece of stale bread, his throat snapping against the bottom rope before his body convulses on the canvas in a heap of agony. King Jarvis I grabs him by the arm, placing his boot down across the throat of Dan and stomping down on him again and again. The sound in the Colosseum booms, the fans clearly not happy with the King but he pays them no mind, laughing as he continues stomping down on Dan. Jarvis waves at his brother Chris, the smirk remaining on his face as he finally pulls Dan back up.

Jim Gunt: “STRAIGHTJACKET SUPLEX! It may have been King Jarvis the first that’s been stuck in a bad dream as of late, but I do believe it is Dangerous Dan going to sleep tonight!”

Mike Rolash: “Cover him!”

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Joey Garcia: “And the winner of this A Block Match by pinfall….KING JARVIS I!!”

Butt of the Joke

Segment

Billy and Tyler Anderson are celebrating their win from earlier on in the night, drinking what may or may not be beers in brown bottles, standing in a back room with their wives and a couple lucky fans who the Amoralists allowed backstage.

Billy Anderson: “Well Tyler, I’m so glad that CWF invited us to come back here. We started off our comeback with great success!”

Tyler nods at his older brother, but looks around side to side, realizing that the lucky fans around them are actually droid bots.

Something seemed off and he wasn’t quite sure what it was.

Tyler Anderson: “Uh brother, does something about all this seem off to you, or what?”

Billy doesn’t know what he’s talking about.

Billy Anderson: “What do you mean?”

Tyler points at the droids all dressed as men and women of all ages, fake wigs and makeup and “skin” covering them to make it seem like they’re something other than just nuts and bolts.

Billy Anderson: “Yeah you’ve got a po..”

Suddenly one of the droids comes alive, a right hand striking Billy across the face! It wasn’t a fucking robot at all, but the Jester! Jester turns on Tyler, dodging a flying attack, Anderson running right into Franklin Fredrickson who lifts him up and plants him hard, back first on the concrete below!

The Facetious One spits on Tyler, standing over him and pouring the liquid from one of the brown bottles all over him.

Franklin Fredrickson: “So you idiots thought my buddy and I were just going to be the butt of your jokes out there, huh? Looks like you missed the Punchline, bitches.”

Jester and Franklin stomp down on their respective brother, before leaving the Unstoppable Force in a heap as they walk away.

Ataxia vs. The Ripper

Match

Jim Gunt: "So much to unpack there with that one, but let's just head back to the ring instead!"

Joey Garcia: “The following match is a round three match in the B Block of Infernalia!”

“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: “Introducing first, standing at 5’11 and weighing 225 pounds, the Messiah Pariah…ATAXIA!!”

Jim Gunt: “It’s do or die time for the masked maniac tonight, Mike, as Ataxia sits at zero and two coming into tonight’s match.”

Mike doesn’t respond to his broadcast partner initially, only snickering at the response.

Jim Gunt: “Excuse me?”

Mike Rolash: “You said do or die, Jimbo. I think Ataxia’s been doing enough dying lately, might be about time to do a little doing?”

“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. The atmosphere is electric as The Ripper looks on at the crowd before him, most of them booing him but a good number cheering along as he makes his way through Infernalia. Ripper soaks in everything but doesn’t show any of them attention as he makes his way towards the ring, his eyes solely placed on the Messiah Pariah who has his head twisted to the side watching him from inside the ring.

Joey Garcia: “And his opponent, standing at 5’10 and 210 pounds, he is the Ripper…DANNY B!!”

Jim Gunt: “I do have to agree with your sentiment earlier, for once, if there is any time that Ataxia needs a win to get him back not only into winning ways but giving him a possibility at winning the Infernalia Tournament- tonight is it. The only problem? He’s facing down one of the toughest, most ruthless fighters in the entire field.”

Mike Rolash: “No kidding. While the Messiah Pariah comes into this match having yet to taste victory, the Ripper has been feasting on them. In the first round he defeated Caledonia in what many call one of the most shocking moments of the whole tournament, and he destroyed Byson Kaliban last week to prove that it wasn’t just a fluke.”

Referee Neezletoe looks over at Ataxia and Ripper, attempting to check both men for weapons for no reason whatsoever, and after neither man lets the troll do so, it instead decides to call for the bell. Both men approach the center of the ring slowly, Ripper methodically while Ataxia attempts to use mind games right from the start. The Messiah Pariah moves awkwardly, jolting his body sideways back and forth with his fingers in the air, but a sudden uppercut to the jaw brings the fun and games to an end quickly!

Ataxia is rocked from the uppercut, taking several steps backward and leaving just enough room for Ripper to measure him up. The stunned Ataxia falls victim to a running lariat from the Ripper!

The Messiah Pariah grabs the bottom rope, attempting to roll out of the ring for reprieve, the masked man pulling in

deep breaths through the burlap sack as Ripper stomps down on him, stopping any hope for escape. Danny pulls Ataxia up, slapping the Messiah Pariah right across the masked face! This seems to wake up Ataxia, a look of intensity suddenly coming over him as he faces down the Ripper. He snaps forward, attempting his renown mandible claw just to get a sudden Destin-Knee to the face!

Jim Gunt: “Destin-Knee and Ataxia is down for the count! Ripper makes the cover!”

ONE!

TWO!

TH-NO!

Mike Rolash: “No, somehow some way that masked moron is still in it! I guess there’s a reason that Ataxia is still in this tournament, even after facing sub freezing temperatures, two losses, and death itself, nothing can put the Messiah Pariah down for good!”

Rolling right off his opponent, the Ripper uses his arm hand to crack his neck back and forth as he holds himself in a crouched position with his left. He waits, rather impatiently as Ataxia turns over in agony, attempting to pull himself back up up to his feet. As he’s half way up, Ripper moves in, grabbing Ataxia by his left arm and pulling it behind him for an arm bar. He wrenches back at full capacity, the strength of the gods pulling Ataxia all the way off his feet. Using the momentum, Ataxia takes his legs and arches them upwards around the neck of Danny B, pulling him down with a Spinning Headscissors Takedown!

The crowd inside the Colosseum wakes up with cheers, the chill in the air getting just a hair warmer as Ataxia begins to mount an offense. He springs off the ropes, landing a basement dropkick to Ripper. Taking in the cheering for just a second, Ataxia once again goes towards the ropes, but the distraction leaves just enough time for Ripper to get back to his feet and Spear him right out of the air! The body of Ataxia crashes against the canvas like a sack of bricks, Ripper wasting not a second of time to cover him afterward.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Jim Gunt: “Oh come on, you’ve gotta be kidding me!”

Ripper stops the count himself, to the chagrin of Neezletoe and the thousands of booing fans within the Colosseum.

Mike Rolash: “Hey Jimbo, Ripper must have just a little more punishment to dish out. Ataxia asked for this you know.”

Jim Gunt: “HOW!?”

Mike Rolash: “Well I mean, he did enter Infernalia…”

Jim Gunt: “Again, somehow…good point. I swear the Amoralists have brought in an AI version of you, I’ve never heard you be so analytical in your life!”

Grabbing Ataxia by the burlap sacked head, Ripper yanks him right back to a standing position. The Messiah Pariah is out on his feet, falling forward in a heap right into the chest of Danny B who simply laughs back at him before suddenly grabbing him and pulling him forward.

THE COLOUR RED!

The Sister Abigail maneuver twists Ataxia inside out before planting him clean on the cold canvas. He’s a sitting duck as Ripper doesn’t even bother to hook either leg, just lowering himself down to cover Ataxia.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

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

On Notice

Segment

Rather than making his way to the back, the Ripper stomps the lifeless body of Ataxia several times and then boots him out of the ring. Ignoring the booing coming from nearly every fan packed within the Colosseum, Ripper turns towards the Watchers looking on from outside, yelling for one of them to get him a microphone.

To his surprise, one materializes right in front of him. The holographic microphone somehow becomes a real one within seconds, dropping out of thin air at a slow enough speed for Ripper to snatch it up with a huff. He walks over to the ropes, looking out at his handiwork momentarily before making his way back to the center of the ring, eyeing up all the fans before him in disgust.

The Ripper: “So this is the “competition” that you set before me!? I implore you Watchers, Amoralists, SSRI, whatever the fuck you halfwits call yourselves, bring me a real challenge!”

Boos. The fans are not happy with the Ripper, not in any timeline. Ripper pays them no mind, however, looking out towards the ramp as if to call out any one and every one looking for a battle.

The Ripper: “I am putting the entire CWF roster on notice. I’ve grown sick and tired of the weak excuses for opponents that I’ve fought against so far. Next week, I’ve drawn the Prince of CWF himself, Elijah. You and your pathetic goon squad could have stopped all of this from happening, but you didn’t, and next week you pay the consequences.”

Ripper looks back at the droid camera, staring a hole right through Elijah, knowing the former Prodigy has to be watching in the back.

The Ripper: “Next week, Elijah, you better bring your A game. Or I’ll bring the Golden Shovel.”

Ripper shoves the droid camera out of his way and rolls out of the ring. He drops the microphone deliberately across the head of Ataxia before turning and making his way up the ramp, the fans continuing to boo him loudly.

The Shadow vs. Harlan Moretti

Match

Joey Garcia: “The following match is a third round match in the Infernalia Tournament!”

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, the snow coming down at a rapid pace looking beautiful in the midnight sky. Fog billows out of the entranceway, which is now only lit by four flickering flame torches.

Joey Garcia: “First, accompanied by Genevieve, 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: “Coming off a massive win over El Escorpion Azul last week, tonight The Shadow looks to take things personal. The Pact took down one of his own, and now it’s his turn to make a statement.”

Mike Rolash: “The Shadow obliterated Azul so bad last week that he went crying to the Amoralists to allow him to go

home! And he went home alright, straight to the pearly gates!"

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. Standing at 6'8" and 335 pounds, representing the Pact, here is…HARLAN "THE HOUSE" 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.

Gavel 7-X examines both of the competitors in the ring without moving a single inch, the cameras on the former peacekeeper droid zooming in onto both and showing their full forms to the Colosseum's raucous crowd from its wide screens. Finally the noise of a bell is heard, The Shadow barely waiting for the match to start as he runs across the ring and leaps into the air, nailing Moretti with a big Splash before he can even get his bearings!

Unfortunately for the Shadow, however, he isn't in the ring with a mere man. The House shrugs off the splash, cracking his neck back and forth with his right hand and calling The Shadow in for some more. When the Weaver of Dreams backs up for another splash, this time Harlan is ready for him, pulling him in and spiking him face first on the middle turnbuckle pad on the way down with a Flatliner!

Jim Gunt: "The Shadow was coming in hot again tonight, maybe a little too hot one would say as he can't really fight this battle the same as he did with El Escorpion Azul."

Mike Rolash: "Of course not, Jimbo. The House is a 6'8, three hundred and thirty pounds absolute brick shit house of a man. El Escorpion is well…dead."

Maintaining the advantage, Harlan tucks the arm of Shadow in between his legs and wraps his hands backward across his face. The Shadow attempts to fight out of the STF attempt, rolling to his side towards the middle of the ring, but Harlan holds steadfast, right back into position as he wrenches back. Another roll by the Shadow, and another time the House holds right onto the submission!

Jim Gunt: "Harlan is not letting go of that STF, is he!?"

Mike Rolash: "Hell no! You say The Shadow is looking to make a statement tonight, what do you think the House is doing? Sitting at a pretty two and oh right now, you really think he wants to let old goth boy embarrass him?"

Jim Gunt: "I think old "goth boy" is going to embarrass you, soon, if you keep talking about Genevieve the way you do."

Mike Rolash: "Point taken."

Harlan looks to have the Shadow to the point of tapping in the middle of the ring, the Weaver of Dreams doing everything he can to claw through the snow to get back towards the ropes. When he is finally nearly there he looks eye to eye with Genevieve, a singular moment that seems to give the Shadow all the strength in the world.

Seconds later he is pulling himself back to his feet with the enormous frame of the House dangling from his back! He whips him around, the big man moving through the air almost in slow motion.

Jim Gunt: “TILT A WHIRL SLAM!”

The impact of Shadow and the House hitting the canvas nearly implodes the ring, both men bouncing off it and Shadow quickly rolling over to make the cover. Gavel 7-X makes a counting noise through his AI system.

ONE!

TWO!

TH-NO!

Mike Rolash: “Even I have to admit that was a miraculous showing of strength from the Shadow there, but it wasn’t enough to get the dub quite yet!”

Jim Gunt: “He’s not letting up, though, Mike. The Shadow has Harlan back to his feet in the corner, laying in some heavy right hands!”

Harlan “The House” Moretti is rocked as The Shadow puts all of his body weight into every right hand, each shot taking Moretti backward into the corner. The crowd within the Colosseum cheering him on, The Shadow clears out some of the falling snow with his boots to make a path, his boots on both bottom ropes as he pulls himself up and rains down some more heavy right hands to the skull of Moretti!

LOADED DICE!

The Double-Handed open palm strike comes out of nowhere, precision striking the chest of The Shadow and leaving him gasping for breath on the snow covered mat below. Harlan approaches his opponent methodically, looking down at him barely able to breath and even as Shadow kicks back at him, Harlan shows no remorse. He hoists the Shadow up into a Powerslam position, pausing for a deliberate moment of time as the angry fans scream boos and obscenities at him.

Jim Gunt: “THE HOUSE EDGE! That absolutely destructive Falling Powerslam has to be it!”

Mike Rolash: “I guess we’ll see, Jimmers, because this time Harlan’s wasting no time in going for the cover!”

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

The Shadow brings his right shoulder shooting up, shocking both himself and Moretti as well as the thousands of fans that begin to once again cheer him on, willing the Weaver of Dreams to his feet. A stomp to the lower spine stops any dream of that from happening, however, as Moretti stands over him, placing his boot square on the spine of Shadow and then walking across it like a tightrope.

Harlan ignores the resounding jeers coming from all over the Colosseum, but he can’t ignore the heavy snow ball sent flying at him from Genevieve! The friend of Shadow looks on with a wicked smile on her face as the snow ball smacks him right in the nose and eye, covering nearly the whole right side of his face with white powder and shame.

The House flicks off the snow, approaching Genevieve at a slow pace. Somehow the Shadow wills himself back up to his feet behind him, barely able to stand but able to grab Harlan from behind to stop him from going out after Genevieve. He attempts a German Suplex, but the House will not fall! Holding steadfast, Harlan shakes his head as Shadow goes for yet another attempt at doubling him over. Finally as Harlan goes to swing his arm backward at him, he slips on the snowy canvas, finally allowing Shadow the momentum. He somehow muscles Moretti over, GERMAN

SUPLEX INTO THE SNOW!

A thunderous response as the crowd begin to stomp down on the concrete ground below them, willing on their Forsaken hero as he struggles to get over to Harlan, slowly putting his full body weight over him side to side for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THR-NO!

Jim Gunt: “Oh my god, Mike! Not only did Harlan get out of the cover there, he is right back to his feet with the Shadow in his arms!”

Mike Rolash: “Oh this is going to be good!”

Harlan holds The Shadow in his arms, walking around the ring to make sure he gets a good view of Genevieve, making sure she doesn’t attempt to interfere yet again. Taking a quick glance back towards the corner, the House goes for a fallaway slam, tossing the Shadow backwards like a lawn dart. But Shadow lands on his feet on the top rope, an amazing feat that even leaves the normally stoic Harlan turning with a shocked look on his face.

NIGHTFALL!

The Shadow leaps off the top, grabbing ahold of the House on the way down with precision, using all his might to twist him to the canvas and plant him right on his head! Even the snow doesn’t protect the impact of Moretti’s skull hitting the mat, and the House looks to be out as Shadow goes for the win!

Jim Gunt: "What a match, but this HAS to be it!"

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NOOO!!

HARLAN MORETTI ROLLS A SHOULDER AT 2.9!

The fans are booing, The Shadow can’t believe it, but Harlan Moretti is not out of the fight just yet. Shadow slaps the snowy canvas, frustration beginning to run through him as he looks up at the rampway. The lights suddenly begin to shake, going from dim to lit to dim to lit, and eventually falling to complete darkness as a small spotlight shines upon the rampway. The Messiah Pariah comes sauntering out, clearly damaged from his match earlier. He holds a scepter akin to the Shadow in hand as he makes his way down slowly.

Just as Ataxia is nearly at ringside, the Watchers forming a wall in front of the ring, the Messiah Pariah raises the weapon in the air as if power is running through it. The Shadow is on his knees watching his Forsaken brethren, and suddenly raises a weary hand to point behind him.

Steel chair to the back of the head of Ataxia! The Messiah Pariah drops like a stinky old sack of rotten potatoes, Shane Donovan standing over him with a wry smile on his face as he lowers the chair to his side. Genevieve approaches him angrily, just to have King Jarvis I stand in her way with a second steel chair in hand, waving his free hand at her with a smirk of his own.

Jim Gunt: “Oh come on, get these guys out of here! We can’t have this entire tournament marred by interference!”

Mike Rolash: “Hey, Jim, Ataxia stuck his ugly head in the Pact’s business first by coming out here, King Jarvis and

Shane are just evening the score.”

Jim Gunt: “My ass!”

Mike Rolash: “What about it? The Amoralists give you some of those new implants they were working on or are we just quoting Nia Jax?”

Holding the top rope, The Shadow forgets the match at hand seeing the danger Genevieve is in. He raises his left leg to climb up over the top but is shocked to have it caught out of the air, Moretti pulling him in tight and back into the air. BREAK EVEN! After holding Shadow into the air for several moments and waltzing him back towards the middle of the ring, Harlan plants him hard in the snow. With Donovan and King Jarvis I surrounding Genevieve leaving her unable to help, and Ataxia still unconscious outside the ring, Moretti calls for the end.

A young female fan with a blonde mohawk and gothic makeup jumps the barricade, snapping a right hand at the back of King Jarvis I before immediately being tackled by two Watchers. The Watchers quickly take care of the fan while the House lifts Shadow up into a sidewalk slam position.

All the distractions at ringside do not detract from the task at hand.

There was a debt to pay and the Shadow was going to pay it.

Jim Gunt: “THE COLLECTION! One of the most destructive, body-wracking maneuvers in all of wrestling - doing with complete precision!”

Mike Rolash: “And Harlan remains seated on the chest of Shadow. I love it!”

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Joey Garcia: “And the winner of this A Block Match by pinfall….HARLAN “THE HOUSE” MORETTI!!”

Moretti stands over the body of Shadow as his theme once again begins to play, the House still as he looks on at the booing fans.

Jim Gunt: "Well that had to had been one of the most memorable bouts in the entire Infernalia tournament thus far, but in the end Harlan Moretti remains undefeated!"

Mike Rolash: "That he does, Jim, but once again something disrupts our proceedings because I'm hearing word of something going on backstage..."

Fast Friends

Segment

Off in a dark corner of the halls within the Colosseum, Shane Donovan is busy getting prepared for his match later in the event, lacing up his boots. The other members of The Pact are not present: a rather bold decision considering the targets each man now possesses on their respective backs.

Regardless, Shane is taking the time to center himself before the violence is set to truly begin for him. He is set to face perhaps his toughest challenge thus far, after all.

Light, deliberate footsteps can faintly be heard approaching. Shane looks up to see a figure in a lavender, hooded cloak. They quietly move into the room; each step is graceful, but without defined direction as they stop just shy of being next to him. The hood tilts to the side in silence for a long moment before the figure turns towards him.

The hood is removed to reveal a woman with long, full hair in faded red with random streaks of black and white. Her

portentous, blue eyes seem to stare in his direction without directly looking at him. Vacant wonder is her only expression as she sways oddly in place near him as if dancing to a song only she can hear. Her voice is soft and distant. The words, spoken without malice.

Lilliana Primrose: “Lilac is not your color. You're wilting.”

Shane looks up at the woman, his expression inscrutable before he shakes his head dismissively.

Shane Donovan: “Lilac isn't anyone's color, lady.”

The swaying stops as she hears him speak. Her next words are breathier than before.

Lilliana Primrose: “You prefer red, don’t you?”

That causes Shane’s brow to furrow, although he keeps an even tone in his response.

Shane Donovan: “Yes, although the same gray as the skies has gained an appeal with me lately. Is there something I can help you with…?”

She leans forward and sniffs his shoulder before turning and walking around him.

Lilliana Primrose: “Help…am I the one who needs it? I was told to be here for you.”

Shane Donovan: “Is that so? And here I thought they had been frowning upon such things here. Let me guess, you can't tell me who told you that.”

An odd, stilted giggle escapes her lips.

Lilliana Primrose: “The wind gave me your scent. Whispered in my head.”

He stands up from the seat at this point, a tinge of agitation evident in his posturing.

Shane Donovan: “The wind? Did it sound like a radio DJ?”

His last comment seems to have not registered at all.

Lilliana Primrose: “Three hundred years…what has changed? Just punctuation that tastes bad.”

Shane sets his jaw before reaching into his pocket and pulling out the same gun he deployed against Ataxia, pointing it at her forehead.

Shane Donovan: “I think it's time for you to get to walking.”

Her eyes roll back in her head and close as she stretches her neck and shoulders. When they open again, it is obvious she’s completely alert as they dance with a dangerous glee. Her posture is confident and alluring. The gun in her face doesn’t seem to mean much to her. Her voice is present, but falsely sweet.

Lilliana Primrose: “Well aren’t you the charmer, my dear? Consider my interest piqued.”

Shane Donovan: “Mine isn't. Leave.”

Her eyebrows raise and then lower before she laughs to herself.

Lilliana Primrose: “I’ll leave you be for now, but I can’t guarantee I won’t be drawn to you again in the future. You’re rather interesting, love. So full of walls and secrets aren’t you? So many things you don’t want to face. Eventually, you will want my help.”

She turns and begins to saunter off, but calls back to him.

Lilliana Primrose: “Don’t worry, darling. I won’t refuse you.”

Shane lowers the weapon once he's satisfied the woman is far enough away, muttering under his breath as the scene

cuts back to the ring.

Shane Donovan vs. Elijah

Match

Jim Gunt: “More Lilliana Primrose, this chick is certainly making her mark right out the gate!”

Mike Rolash: “She might be making a grave mistake messing around with Donovan, however. The Pact are three men I wouldn’t wanna fuck with. Hopefully she didn’t distract the Manmademonster too much, as well, we need Shane as focused as ever for tonight’s B Block main event!”

Joey Garcia: “The following match is the MAAAINN EVENT and a third round match in the B Block of Infernalia!”

“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, snow falling down at a constant pace.

Elijah makes his way to the ring, keeping his eye on the crowd as he makes his way down. Finally down to the ring, several people immediately stand in his way. Elijah stares at the Watchers, who eventually subside and move out of his way, allowing him to enter.

Joey Garcia: “Introducing first, standing at 6’0” and weighing 215 pounds….ELIJAH!!”

Jim Gunt: “Despite feeling like an eskimo at this point, we are at the point in the show where things are about to get as hot as ever, Mike!”

Mike Rolash: “The Fist of God. The Man Made Monster. The question has remained since the beginning of time, who is really the greater of the two? Man or God? We’re about to find out tonight!”

“God in Extension” by Jack Daw booms over the speakers, the lights dimming as fog fills the entrance way. Shane Donovan stands at the center of the ramp, taking in all the hatred from the fans within the Colosseum. The Man Made Monster raises his arms out before snapping them back down, quickly making his way towards the ring with his eyes solely on Elijah. Donovan shouts for the Watchers to get the hell out of his way, making his way up the steps and passing by Elijah to go up the far corner and get the crowd riled up some more.

Joey Garcia: “And his opponent, standing at 6’0” and 230 pounds, representing the Pact, the Man Made Monster….SHANE DONOVAN!!”

Head referee Trent Robbins backs up allowing the two Warriors in the ring to have their space, peering up towards the droids to signal for the bell. The Colosseum is raucous as Elijah and Shane Donovan approach the center of the ring, neither man in a hurry to make a move on the other. Elijah looks to attempt a test of strength as his right arm goes in the air, leaving Donovan just enough time to jab him in the eye.

Mike Rolash: “Yes! Shane Donovan’s already outsmarting the so called world’s smartest man.”

Jim Gunt: “...No one’s ever called Elijah that.”

Mike Rolash: “Nevertheless, look at Donovan! The perfect competitor, eye sight better than Superman, and smarter than Clark Kent.”

Donovan galavants around the ring, impressed with himself even as Elijah pulls himself back up to his feet, hand rubbing his eye to try to get any dust and pain out of it. Shane doesn’t let him recover, however, pulling the hand away and punching Elijah right in the eye! Stumbling backward into the corner, the former Prodigy is prone to Donovan stomping him over and over again in the stomach, bringing him down to a seated position.

A relentless Shane Donovan changes his offense, now driving his knee braced knee across the jaw, cheek and eye of Elijah over and over, grinding it in deeper each time. Donovan backs up, looking for a running knee, but as he goes in for the attack Elijah rolls under the ropes, leaving Donovan crunching the corner knee first!

Jim Gunt: “This could be the opening Elijah has been looking for, Mike! Donovan has had the advantage this entire match, but that mishap could get the Prince right back in this!”

Mike Rolash: “Donovan’s poor knee! You’d think by now they would’ve gotten him a stronger brace!”

Elijah grabs a hold of the damaged right leg of Donovan, the Man Made Monster struggling to wrestle himself free from his grip just to have the side of his knee smashed hard against the slicked corner! The raucous crowd cheer along with Elijah as he attempts to do it again, but Donovan kicks out, shoving him backward against the barricade. The back of Elijah’s head smacks against the steel, the pain ringing through him even with all the cybernetic powers running through him, leaving Donovan enough time to recover and slide out of the ring.

The Manmademonster immediately looks underneath the ring, paying absolutely no attention to the Watchers who quickly move out of the way as he begins to toss steel chairs like Lowe’s was having a going out of business sale. Beaming ear to ear, Donovan finally comes across the weapon of his choice. A barbed wire wrapped steel chair that he pulls out from underneath the ring, momentarily getting a number of cheers from the crazed audience before they go back to booing the Pact member as he rears down and cracks Elijah right across the face!

Mike Rolash: “Holy crap, Jim! Donovan isn’t messing around tonight, is he? He pulled out nearly a dozen chairs before finally coming across that nasty barbed wire wrapped one, and now look - Elijah is gushing with blood!”

Jim Gunt: “Oh joy, that’s exactly what the Amoralists want to see.”

MIke Rolash: “Be careful, Jimbo…”

The snow falling down heavily at this point, Donovan wipes his face and eyes up the blood of Elijah drawn all across the barbed wire with a demented look in his eyes, turning to his side and seating the chair. He yanks Elijah up, the former Prodigy dead weight at this point but Donovan is able to muscle him into an irish whip, turning him end over end and flying head and back first right through the barbed wire chair!

Elijah is in a bad way at this point, rolling to his side and trying to get back to his feet but Donovan won’t let him rest, picking him up and crushing him with a Double Underhook Neckbreaker! Donovan rolls Elijah to his back and goes for the cover, head referee Trent Robbins immediately yelling at him from inside the ring that he won’t make the cover outside.

Jim Gunt: "Get him back in the ring, you idiot!"

Mike Rolash: "Hey!"

Donovan shakes his head in anger, swearing under his breath as he pulls Elijah by his hair, smacking him across the face as he goes to throw him back in the ring. This angers Elijah, who immediately fights back throwing a heavy right hand with the Fist of God! Shane Donovan shoots backward like a bullet, hitting the barricade and allowing a few fans to quickly get a few shots in before the Watchers pull them away.

Elijah does his best to wipe away the crimson mask continuing to come down his face, going back towards Shane and rolling him back into the ring. He makes his way up the top rope as quickly as he can, the pain delaying him even as he turns it into overdrive. Elijah leaps off the top rope.

Jim Gunt: “Shooting Star Press - NO! Donovan gets his knees up and absolutely destroys Elijah’s jaw on the way down!”

Mike Rolash: “Nighty night, Prince!”

Donovan turns over Elijah immediately, not wasting a second to go for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Mike Rolash: “Elijah won’t give up yet!”

Jim Gunt: “And why would he!? Both Donovan and Elijah are sitting at two wins and zero losses coming into this match, one more win basically guarantees them a spot in the B Block Final. We don't truly know the ulterior motives of Elijah, but I can bet you top dollar he’s going to pull out all the stops to come out on top of this one!”

Donovan yanks up his opponent from behind, denying the attempts of Elijah as he swings wild back elbows at him. Pulling him in tight, the Man Made Monster hits a picture perfect German Suplex, almost to pay homage to his Pact brethren. Putting any doubt to bed, Donovan pulls the bleeding Elijah up over his head, looking up towards the skies just for a moment as the snow stings his eyes, before bringing his opponent down with the Debt Press!

The Standing Body Press leaves Elijah rocked, and Donovan once again goes for the cover, an angered look all over his face as he hooks both legs.

ONE!

TWO!

NO! ELIJAH KICKS OUT!

Jim Gunt: “Holy shit, what is Elijah made out of!?”

Mike Rolash: “Well…human flesh, blood, bones, maybe a little bit of thc and magic mushroo…”

Jim Gunt: “Mike. Stop.”

Slapping the canvas three times, Donovan looks up yelling “one, two, three” at Trent Robbins. The head CWF official huffs, shaking his head and waving two fingers back at the Man Made Monster. Donovan grabs a hand full of snow, balling it up and throwing it right at Robbins. Robbins takes it on the chin, brushes it off and yells at Donovan that it once again was only two.

This actually brings a snicker to Shane, who pulls Elijah back up to his feet nearly slipping on the piling white. Elijah fights back with a shoulder block as Donovan tries to hook him, but a kick to the midsection is enough to leave the Prince in a bad position. THE MILLENNIAL DESCENT! The Double Underhook Implant DDT leaves quite the impact, literally, as powdery white dust shoots high in the sky.

Donovan doesn’t bother going for the cover this time, instead choosing to mount Elijah and reign down several right hands reopening the gash on his forehead. The blood staining the hands of the Man Made Monster doesn’t stop the onslaught, the blood lust truly running through him with every strike. Donovan finally relents as spurts of blood lie in every direction of Elijah’s skull, his opponent nearly unconscious as he pulls him up and places his underarm tightly around his neck.

Jim Gunt: “Is he going to get the body scissors in? Yes! The Clincher! Donovan has Elijah trapped in the Clincher, Mike!”

Mike Rolash: “And he taps! Elijah has been through a war, and he’s put up a hell of a fight. But Donovan is taking this whole thing, mark my word!”

The pain and pressure of The Clincher is more than enough for the absolutely destroyed Elijah to have enough, he taps within seconds of the maneuver. Trent Robbins calls for the bell, but Donovan doesn’t relent, continuing to pull

back the head and neck of Elijah.

Joey Garcia: “And the winner of this B Block Match by submission….SHANE DONOVAN!!”

Jim Gunt: "What a win for Sha..."

Gathering of the Ravens Part II

Segment

The feed cuts away from Jim Gunt quickly and completely, stopping any chance for the voice of CWF to finish speaking.

“It’s time.”

The booming voice of a man he used to call family wakes Jaiden Rishel up from his stupor, the dust on the bunker beneath him scooting through the air as Jaiden rolls to a seated position to face Dez. Wearing a full on black suit and tie, absolutely no color to the outfit whatsoever, Dez stares back at him from the opening through the basement room.

Jaiden has thought about this moment for days, weeks now. What the cryptic words really held. What the Gathering of the Ravens really meant. But for now, all he can do is look up at the man his father used to call his best friend, and nod. Jaiden pulls himself to his feet off the bunk, his body cracking into place after being set on the bed thinking for so many hours, immediately bringing his mind and body to a place of focus as he looks on at Dez motioning towards the doorway.

Dez: “Jaiden, I know you believe that I’ve betrayed you; betrayed not only you but you and your dearest, and my dearest as well, your father Justin Rishel. He was and is my best of friends, Jaiden, and sometimes perception isn’t quite reality.”

Dez says quietly, as much of a whisper as he possibly can put out to Jaiden while walking through the hallway of the Colosseum. Jaiden walks behind him, the cameras rolling and the Amoralists watching every single moment in time. After what seems like forever walking through an endless hallway full of gear, propaganda and technological advances, the two of them of them come across an unmarked door, painted top to bottom in blood red.

The Amoralists.

A knock at the door from the knuckles of Dez, and the door opens.

Samyaza is smiling back at him with a wicked smile as the door swings ajar, a decked out suit on himself, as well as an eerie mask propped over his evil face. Above his head is fur, a beak, the most sinister of smiles coming from it’s bird mouth.

Samyaza invites Dez and Jaiden in, placing his Raven mask downward onto his face.

Jaiden looks on at what's before him in befuddlement, amazed at the sight before him to the point where he can’t even believe that it’s real. Dozens of unnamed Amoralists all within a grandiose ballroom, decked out with a bright red, yellow and white carpet leading all the way across the room to the center which holds several members in Raven masks, all dancing to an eerie tune playing throughout the room, almost in slow motion as they twist and turn in front of Jaiden’s eyes.

The Prince of CWF looks up, seeing the most grand of glass chandeliers above the ballroom, candles and lights and fans and is that blood running down from the candles? Finally, beyond the dancing, Samyaza leads them in even further. Dez winks back at Jaiden as he looks at him more confused than he’s been his entire life. Jaiden thinks back on his conversation with Lilliana earlier, the plans that they had made and everything that they had talked about over the last few days, trying to bring himself back to focus even as the amazement in front of him tempts to take it all away.

The male, females, people of all kinds, races, and sexes dancing in unison all wearing the same suits and the same

masks, all moving in perfection as Jaiden waltzes through the madness.

Through it all, past it all, remains the truth.

Jaiden walks past the dancing Ravens as if they were invisible, realizing that past them stands a stage, and on that stage stands an unknown figure covered in a black robe with red lining over the tip of the hood. The same black robes that every Raven in the room had been wearing, but yet this one…was different.

She stood in front of the audience as everything went quiet. The Ravens watched on. Dez watched. Samyaza watched.

Jaiden watched.

The hood came down, and all was finally revealed.

The evil alter ego of Angelica, staring back at him in all her pale flesh.

Anhellica: “Ravens. I called you all to this Gathering for a most important reason. The fight for Infernalia has faced many set backs as you know; several of the competitors have risen against us and have started a bit of a rebellious group…”

Jaiden looks on, astonished as he sees the beauty that once was the most loved female competitor in CWF history, now turned into the most vile being on earth. He masks his vomit, watching as she spews hers.

Anhellica: “The Pact. The Forsaken. Several groups being founded and reborn in hopes that the men and women within them can find their meaning, find themselves, and find each other before it is all too late.”

The Ravens look on at their leader, cackling in the deepest most destructive of laughter. One by one they look up at her, taking their masks off and revealing themselves to their lord.

Jace Valentine.

Alex Cain.

Lionheart.

Andy Murray.

Freddie Styles.

The five men of CWF’s past one by one take off the masks that bind them, revealing their true selves for the first time in what seems like their entire lives. The minions of Anhellica, not a single one of them taking their eyes off their master as she looks back at them from the stage in an emotionless state.

Anhellica: “And you…”

The five men and the rest of the unknown Ravens in the room all turn to Jaiden Rishel in unison. Dez grabs him by the right arm, nudging him forward towards the attention of Anhellica. She stands with a smile, looking at the Prince of CWF and scoping him out with every step he makes.

Anhellica: “The son of the great Rish, huh? Your father was a pussy. A pathetic loser who couldn’t get the job done, when things got rough all he could do was find the nearest back door. And you, his pretty little boy? Chip off the old block, they say? Hahaha!”

Anhellica booms a deep, unnatural laughter.

Anhellica: “You want to know the truth? Fine, and you don’t even have to stab me with Truth Serum to get it. Jaiden, if you really want the truth…I will give it to you. But you’re not going to like it.”

Jaiden doesn’t hesitate, or even think out his response. Lilliana watches on in secret from a crack in the door, her eyes wide as she looks on, doing her best to mask a gasp as she quickly covers her mouth.

Jaiden Rishel: “Of course I want the truth. I’ve come here all this way to get it. What the fuck is going on here!?”

A wicked smile, nearly from her chin all the way up to her nose forms over the face of Anhellica. She whirls her right hand forward, and the concrete behind her moves instantaneously. Another room beyond the beautiful sparkling lights, the Amoralist propaganda planted all over the walls; a room not meant for eyes to see.

The concrete moves just a crack, but it is enough for Anhellica to push it forward and led both Jaiden and Dez through the wall revealing an even more amazing sight than even the ballroom could have been. In the center of what is otherwise a completely lifeless concrete room is a massive pool of red liquid, it’s frame encased by black marble bricks. The pool is only several feet deep but yet in the center of it held into place by nothing but gravity itself is a massive aqua translucent orb sparkling with life. The orb shoots out energy as if every picture is a source, every breath is a code to be written down and taken in.

Anhellica: “This, Jaiden, is the truth. The Orb of Life. A long time ago this particular artifact was founded in London, England. A time before you and I were even known to be. But Jaiden, this particular orb had so much meaning that it has led to us today, to this time, and when I found out the true meaning behind it I had to take it for myself…”

Anhellica walks Dez and Jaiden towards the orb, the feeling in the room changing as she stares at the massive object. She takes in the moment, the blood running down the fountain and all across the orb, a chalice forming in her hands as she bends down and takes a full cup of the blood.

Anhellica looks on at the Prince of CWF, smiling.

Anhellica: “The Lifeblood of CWF, given from me unto you. For all that sacrifice themselves and give their blood to the greater good; shall the Amoralists prosper and remain strong.”

Anhellica sips, deeply. Blood staining her chin and lips as she inhales the blood of the Last Warriors like it’s life itself, Anhellica finally relents, offering the cup to Jaiden.

He refuses, instinctively, raising a hand in the air.

Anhellica looks back at him in anger, and eventually forces a smile.

Anhellica: “Well, more for me then! You see Jaiden, you may think that you’re the key to stopping this all, but you’re but a child running a fool’s errand. Next week, you will bear witness to the beginning of the end. For we shall have a…bloodbath.”

Anhellica licks the blood from her lips, eyes squinted as she looks down at Jaiden.

Anhellica: “Next week we will be bringing back an icon of the past, an antique for the so called “warriors” to fight over. The Paramount Championship. Failed fighters from the Infernalia Tournament. New challengers from all across Anthropolis. All pit against one another, pinfalls and submissions null and void. The only way to win this Bloodbath? Be the final Warrior left unscarred. Now Ravens, get him back to his quarters!”

Another deep, sinister laughter comes from the heart of Anhellica as she sips away at the blood of the fallen CWF competitors. Dez and Freddie Styles grab ahold of Jaiden on either side, pulling him back towards the exit as Primrose quickly scurries off.

Fade.

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