Infernalia: Ep. 6 - Unhinged

Promotion: Championship Wrestling Federation
Date: May 1, 2026
Location: The Collosium

Results

A Strange Saviour

Segment

Two guards stand ready outside a door painted blood red. This particular job has been rather thankless and complicated due to the nature of the prisoner on the other side. At first they had beaten her, but that didn't seem to gain the results the Amoralists had expected. The room became uncomfortable, not just because of her weirdness, but also because she started telling the secrets of those around her to each other. Secrets she shouldn't know.

It quickly became evident that it wasn't wise to be in the same room as her. In the end, these two were left on their own to stand outside a door and prevent her escape. An order that has provided them little comfort after seeing how easily she pried into the minds of her captors.

On the other side of the door, Lilliana hums an unrecognizable song to herself as she looks around the room as if there are things communicating with her. One wouldn't know she was a prisoner if she wasn't tied to a chair. Her face is bruised and has dried blood streaked down from her nose and mouth. Despite this, she seems unnervingly content as she giggles at whatever she's interacting with.

A sly, mischievous smile breaks across her face.

In the distance the growing sound of…well music is probably the closest definition, though it's used very loosely, can be heard, carried by the chill early morning winds blowing across the stark and desolate plains.

"WALTING MATILDA, WALTZING MATILDA. WHO'LL COME A-WALTZING MATILDA WITH ME!"

It gets louder and louder, drawing closer, a discordant, drastically off-key battle chant, belted out with such gusto, the source giving it a fair shake of the sauce bottle and not caring how rough it sounds to the rest of the world.

Guns up. The two sentries stand at attention.

Somehow in this isolated pocket of the wasteland, they are not alone.

Two figures appeared through the foggy dawn haze.

Rough and rugged, they are every bit the cliched image of a pair of wasteland wanderers, those who chose to live the hardships of a life in the outside world.

Sampson: “AND HE SANG-“

The ‘singer’, Sampson, stopped at the sight of the armed guards. A wicked grin spreading quickly across his face.

Sampson: “-Fair Dinkum Deke. These cobbers ain’t here to fuck spiders.”

Deacon, or ‘Deke’ for short, just shook his head.

Deke: “I must apologise for my mate here. He never could get the handle of basic decorum.”

Amoralist Guard: “You gents lost?”

One of the guards, the big one, barked. Sampson and Deacon turned to each other and shared a chuckle.

“Yea nah. Not this time.”

It was possible the pair had by some crazy, random happenstance, just stumbled upon their tucked away little spot. But the guards weren’t trained to take such chances.

Click!

Fingers rested tensely on the trigger, as another guard holds a futuristic weapon up in the air.

Guard 2: “You best move along.”

Sampson’s expression darkened.

Sampson: “Sorry cobber., but we’ve got to come a gutser. We’re exactly where we’re meant to be.”

A flurry of movement. Though the guards were armed, they were confused, unsteady. The wanderers took advantage of the hesitation and were on them in the blink of an eye.

Deacon struck with precision, dispatching his foe quickly and efficiently.

Sampson on the other hand, wanted to enjoy himself. He was more primal. Once more breaking into his ‘song’.

Either way it was effective.

Unknown Figure: “Never a dull moment with you two.”

Said a third voice, the owner also coming through the haze. They were shrouded by more than the fog, hiding their features beneath the veil of a hood and mouth covering.

Sampson looked to their third with a grin.

Sampson: “Never say no to a good ole blue.”

Unknown Figure: “And we’re sure this is the place?”

The hooded figure motioned to the run-down building in front of them with a slight tilt of his head. It was little more than a shed, showing definitive signs of age and neglect.

But it served its purpose.

Deke: “We’ve been called many things. But ill-planned and unprepared is never one of them.”

Not many people would be interested in such a building, standing alone in the middle of near nowhere.

Unless of course they were there by design.

To stage a rescue perhaps.

The door creaked open. They approached cautiously.

Liliana Primrose didn't even bother to look up. Her voice, breathy and distant as she spoke.

Lilliana Primrose: "Safe space, Mystery Man. The wind says you aren't to be bitten."

The hooded figure reeled.

From her tone and emphasis of 'Mystery', he got the distinct feeling Primrose somehow knew exactly who he was.

Unknown Figure: "How do you-"

He turned to his two companions. They shrugged.

Sampson: "Told you this sheila ain't got all her Roos in the top paddock."

The hooded figure furrowed their brow.

Unknown Figure: "What the hell is a Roo?"

Sampson: "Fucked if I know."

Unknown Figure: "Wait. Do you even know what it is your saying?"

Liliana chuckled.

Lilliana Primrose: "No answers here. Just more disappointments."

She looked up.

The hooded figure fought back against a shiver creeping down their spine.

Her gaze seemed to go beyond, as if looking off to the side and over his shoulder.

Lilliana Primrose: "Glad you stopped by."

Liliana mused.

Lilliana Primrose: “It was getting stuffy. Thank my Jaiden.”

Deacon produced a small hand held digital pad and used it to scan the face of the captive Primrose. He motioned for the others to release her from her restraints while he made a call to their contact. They would have to move, and quickly.

Lilliana Primrose: “Answers found with sides chosen. Friends await.”

Unknown Figure: “I don’t know who or what you are talking about. So don’t get the wrong idea. I was merely passing through, and it seemed like the right thing.”

Lilliana Primrose: “History often burned those doing right thing.”

Silence mercifully fell over the group.

They were out quickly, a vehicle left idling nearby.

Yet as they drove off, leaving the once more solitary building to disappear into the horizon, the hooded figure couldn’t help but take furtive glances towards Primrose. The inferences of predetermination unnerved him. So, to her seeming prescience.

But less so then the idea that the answers he’d been seeking were right there in front of him, yet still out of reach. That yet again strangers seemed to know him better than he did.

The undeniable truth was he would have to make a choice.

Because whether he liked it or not, or even if he knew why or not, he felt himself pulled towards the one place he had deigned to avoid.

The CWF. Infernalia.

With one another smirk, Liliana Primrose left the hooded figure with one final thought.

One that resonated deep within the recesses of memory.

Lilliana Primrose: “It’s Morphin’ Time…”

Blood Is Thicker Than Water

Segment

Tyler Anderson can be seen coming through the curtain after a hard fought loss, not upset or disappointed in the defeat against the newcomer Bia but angry with his older brother Billy.

Once again his crazed brother interfered in Tyler’s affairs, and it was really starting to piss off the Mysterious One. Storming past the staging area with the Amoralists hard at work at their digital screens and droids flying all around, Tyler pays none of it any attention waltzing right past a couple of Watchers with nothing but fury in his eye.

Down the far hall, he can see his older brother Billy Anderson with his head down punching some keys into a large pad in his hands. It is on sight for Tyler as he punches one of the Watchers in the face and Georgia Bombs another right onto a massive digital setup, causing sparks to fly up everywhere.

Tyler storms off down the hall at a full sprint, immediately catching the eye of Billy who looks up from his pad in absolute dismay. Before the younger Anderson can make it all the way to his shocked brother who tosses the pad in the air ready to run, a female comes up from behind him with her hands in the air.

Jamie Bright Anderson: “Tyler, stop!”

And suddenly another comes out from further down the hall, another recognizable female face.

Stormee Bright Anderson: “Yeah, you guys need to stop all this nonsense! Whatever rift has caused you two to divide, whatever it is that’s gotten in your head Billy and I really don’t know even though I live with you…I’m really beginning to wonder about you! But regardless…Billy, Tyler, you need to put your differences aside. You’re family.”

Jamie smiles, agreeing with her sister-in-law as she puts a gentle hand up and touches her husband Tyler’s chin.

Jamie Bright Anderson: “And blood is thicker than water.”

Tyler looks at his wife, the blood boiling over beginning to slowly simmer back down. He slowly looks over at his brother who can’t even look him in the eye, finally approaching Billy. Taking a deep breath as he thinks about it, Tyler offers his older brother and life long hero his hand.

Billy looks at it, contemplating his next move.

And walks away.

Just as the Unstoppable One is about to leave the scene, however, he turns back around and looks right at Tyler.

Billy Anderson: “I’ll give you one last chance, little brother, but if you fuck it up again it’ll be the last mistake you ever make.”

Miataxia Vs. Andy Murray

Match

The Coleseum’s crowd of bloodthirsty miscreants all continue to roar, but a wave of confusion washes over all when Andy Murray makes his way out to the ring with no sign of Mitaxia. As he gets into the ring, a cloaked figure walks up to Andy, a burlap sack in their hand. The figure reaches into the sack and as Mitaxia’s opponent turns around, he is faced with a simple alarm clock, happily ticking away.

With one hand he rips the clock from the hands of the robed figure, and the other moves to clock the figure in the side of the head! As his fist makes contact with the robe, a hideous giggle is heard, infecting all in attendance and of course, those watching from home. The cloak collapses into a pile of fabric, leaving Andy to look confused and bewildered.

The scenery of the Colosseum dissipates, almost as if someone was dripping paint as black as the blackest hole that time and space can provide upon the area around Andy Murray. All noise is silenced and everything is black around Murray. Thunder cracks in the distance and suddenly, the area around him flashes into existence with the help of some lightning. There he stands at a desolate and long neglected boardwalk, leading right up to a house of mirrors.

Everything around him is dark and boarded up, homeless people hide from the sudden showing of Andy Murray whose eyes are trained on the house of mirrors, which in stark contrast to everything around it, was lit up like a Christmas tree. Eerie, discordant songs emanate from the open door leading inside as Andy makes it to the steps.

One step after the other, he makes it to the entrance platform. Barricades bar him from just entering and he looks to his left, a long maze of barricades leading to the door in front of him awaiting him. So instead he shrugs his shoulders and hops the hurdles ahead, entering in through the door and immediately almost runs into a false passage.

That’s right. This house of mirrors uses plexiglass as well!

Mitaxia’s giggle overtakes Andy’s senses as he sidesteps the false wall and starts taking cautious steps forward, arms outstretched to make sure he didn’t run into anything.

Mitaxia: “I can’t believe you actually showed up! You fell for everything and now you stand alone, nothing more than a plaything that entered into my very elaborate trap. Do you like it?”

Mitaxia materializes in front of Andy, grabbing his arms and pulling him toward her, dropping down and flinging him upward and through a glass mirror with a monkey flip! Andy springs to his feet, not ready to let parlor tricks slow him down, but as he turns, Mitaxia is gone.

Mitaxia: “You could have been so much more Andy! You could have had it all, the proverbial “dream” that people pack up their lives and move to a different country to achieve, just for you to sell your soul to the likes of Anhellica. Was it worth it Andy?”

Murray growls and continues to inch his way along a narrow passage, his reflection staring back at him from all sides. Mitaxia’s giggles ring out and she appears again slamming Andy’s head, hard enough to leave a small crater, into the nearest mirror! Andy growls and wraps his arms around his captor, driving her back and into a mirror! He laughs, standing up and brushing himself off, looking down to see his handiwork, only for the body of Mitaxia to be MIA!

Mitaxia: “Valid efforts, but all in vain. Is that a pattern in your life Andy? Always the bridesmaid, and never the bride? Sooooo close, and yet, always even further away than when you started? Have you gone down the rabbit hole that keeps you up at night yet Andy? Have you started to track where all of these patterns started overtaking your life? Selling your soul, making all of these attempts at being… RELEVANT again, but at every turn, thwarted by the reality that you didn’t need anything more than what you gave it all up for.”

Murray roars and charges, blowing through several different mirrors and panels of plexiglass, and finally through a fake wall, into a room the likes he has never seen before in his entire career. The floor, if you could call it that, was littered with everything from tacks, legos, shards of glass, rusty nails, and broken glass bottles.

Steel, folding chairs are strewn about, tables are set up, some already on fire, and in the center of the room, a ladder set up. Andy’s eyes follow the ladder up to a straightjacket, hanging from a chainlink ceiling by a rope. His eyes grow wider as he takes in everything from crowbars to cast iron skillets hanging from the ceiling throughout the room.

Mitaxia: “Beautiful, isn’t it?”

Andy whirls, swinging his fist, only to miss Mitaxia by millimeters. She giggles and uses Andy’s momentum against him, pushing him hard, to continue his swing, forcing him to lose his balance and plunge onto the “floor!” He writhes in pain as Mitaxia leaps onto him with a double stomp and squats down on top of him, centering her weight on his solar plexus and driving the wind from his lungs.

Mitaxia: “Listen closely Andy, because if you play ball here, I get to send a very… Potent message to your boss bitch,

and MAYBE I'll let you hit a reset button your life so desperately needs."

Andy struggles, causing Mitaxia to lose her balance and stagger off of Andy's body. He gasps for air and sits up, but doesn't have long before Mitaxia smashes a champagne bottle over his head!

Mitaxia: "Mozel tov bitch!"

Shards of the bottle go everywhere as Andy slouches to his side. He pushes himself up though, ready to get back into the fight, only for him to realize he is alone in the room. Once again though, Mitaxia's voice rings out.

Mitaxia: "You're a warrior, I suppose I understand why they decided to bring you along into their "armageddon hellscape." I wish you just listened to what you wanted, what your heart desired, instead of questing after a power that doesn't belong to you first of all, and to be honest? Was probably never going to be given to you in the first place."

Andy stumbles over to the ladder and eyes the straight jacket hanging above him. He roars in pain though as Mitaxia whips a barbed wire wrapped chair into his back! She pulls it back, her laugh louder than his roar of pain, dropping it again, as hard as she possibly can, across his back! She wiggles it, grates it against his back, then lets it go, letting it sit there as he freezes and looks up.

Mitaxia stands atop the ladder, grabbing the straight jacket and almost looking down at Andy in pity.

Mitaxia: "I bet you're wondering why you weren't able to hurt me. Why for some reason, you couldn't hurt me and the more you tried? The harder I hit. This… This is MY realm. THIS is where I do my finest work and you sir, are my next masterpiece!"

Without hesitation, Mitaxia jumps off the ladder, landing squarely on the barbed wire chair, still on Andy's back, with a double stomp! Mitaxia leaps off lightly and laughs as Andy falls to his knees.

Mitaxia: "See, this is where I could end it all, right here, right now. But Andy! How exactly would you learn your lesson?"

She snaps her fingers and suddenly, Andy Murray finds himself in the straight jacket.

Mitaxia: "I think you're finally getting it, but I also think it's time that we really make sure that it all… SINKS in… That you… Get the POINT."

Mitaxia raises her arms and everything that has a sharp point in the room rises up around her, every one of them pointing at Andy Murray.

Mitaxia: “Consider this your wake up call Andy. Die the harmless peon you’ve made yourself out to be, or hit the reset button and go back to a wife. Have a kid. Work a job, enjoy your fucking family. You’re better than all of…”

Mitaxia gestures around her.

Mitaxia: “This.”

She points at Andy and everything around her flies forward, imbedding itself into any place on Andy’s body it could imbed itself into. His scream joins the echoes of the house of mirrors, but soon fade to whimpers, as Mitaxia waves her hands again and the room dissipates, a now fallen Andy Murray in front of an open grave.

Andy whimpers, almost as if begging for mercy, but Mitaxia only shrugs her shoulders and kicks Andy into the inky black abyss! A dull thud can be heard and with a snap of Mitaxia’s fingers, the hole is filled with dirt. She bows her head in silence and a massive red button appears in front of her.

Mitaxia: “You deserved better than what Anhellica provided. Consider yourself free to make your next choice on your own.”

Mitaxia slams her fist on the button and…

Nothing happens.

But she nods as the button disappears, the grave beside her fading into darkness, leaving Mitaxia to stand on her own.

Mitaxia: “Rolash? Gunt? Back to you. And guys? Be better, mmkay? Just because Anhellica thinks she’s in charge, doesn’t mean that I can’t make anyone who buys into her shit a living hell as well. I trust you’ll call things as you see them from here on out, right?”

Mitaxia lifts her mask, her lips curling into a smile and a sing-songey voice says the words that everyone has expected to hear since the “match” began.

Mitaxia: “Semi colon, right parenthesis. Oh, and by the way?”

She raises a finger and a ring bell can be heard, to signal the end of the match. Mitaxia disappears from view and once

again, the ring inside the Colosseum is visible, the absence of Andy Murray obnoxiously evident. The crowd erupts, but no one is sure exactly what just happened. Did they witness it all or was it all just some kind of dream? A nightmare?

Mitaxia's giggle filters out on the winds, infecting all who hear it, making them shiver, and look around cautiously, hoping against hope, they weren't next on Mitaxia's list.

Pieces Coming Together

Segment

The scene opens up to a large open piece of land in an unknown area of Anthropolis, Jaiden Rishel standing at the entrance of the constable-esque hall with the same torn black tank top that we've been accustomed to seeing him wearing as of late.

Jaiden eyes up his surroundings in bewonderment, the sharp Elizabethan lines have been softened by sleek extensions of matte-black alloy and smoked glass that grow seamlessly from the original stonework. He notices the structure; preserved almost obsessively, its pale stone cleaned and reinforced, though faint seams reveal where modern materials have fused with centuries-old masonry.

There's a stillness to the grounds that feels curated rather than abandoned. The old gardens have been reimagined into minimalist stretches of pale gravel, geometric hedges, and low, bioluminescent flora that emit a soft blue glow as dusk settles in. Thin pathways of polished stone lead from the entrance, each step echoing as Jaiden makes his way through the quiet, empty hall.

The entrance itself is understated but imposing: tall double doors of dark, brushed metal set into the original archway. They slide open soundlessly as Jaiden approaches, not as a welcome, but as an acknowledgement.

Inside, the hall is spacious, controlled, and unnervingly calm.

The grand hall has been preserved in scale but refined in purpose. The ceilings remain high, though now accented with recessed lighting that casts a cool, even glow across the room. The old woodwork and stone pillars are intact, but is bathed in complete darkness, with the little that illuminates the room exclusively seeping in from the glowing flora in the gardens, filtered and faded through the windows.

At the center of the space, obscured by shadow and glass, a man waits. Not hidden, but not yet revealed; his demeanor and posture as composed as the house, akin to it being an extension of them.

There's no chaos within this realm. Just the unmistakable sense that Jaiden has stepped into someone else's domain, and that every inch of it has already anticipated his arrival.

Out of the Shadows, the man makes his presence known, though what he looks like is difficult to ascertain. Jaiden can only make out the general outline of the imposing figure; sharply dressed perhaps? It looks like the resident of the manor is wearing the darkness that envelops the room, and that same darkness approaches the Prince of CWF. Jaiden narrows his eyes to try and get a better look, but to no avail, although he can confidently presume that they haven't been around Anhellica and her "minions". Still, the looming presence makes him feel unnerved, but Jaiden knows exactly *why* he came here in the first place: information.

The figure drenched in shadow speaks.

The Figure: "So rare to see a visitor these days."

Jaiden nods his head, not looking at the eyes of the figure as they speak, but instead scoping out his surroundings. The Heir knows that he hasn't exactly been the greatest of friends to most of the CWF roster in the past; there is every reason that the master of the manor could have set a trap. He only has a slim idea of who they are, but it's not enough for a gambit.

Jaiden Rishel: "It took me a long time to find this place. You keep yourself pretty hidden these days."

The Figure: "Little reason to engage with the pests out there. No doubt you've borne witness to my handiwork outside. Isn't it beautiful?"

With quickness and under the obscure darkness, a small pointed object springs up and hits the chin of Jaiden, though not hard enough to tilt his head, much less hurt him. Despite the figure clearly looking at the Prince, the shadows still don't elucidate whom he is talking to. Slowly, the figure starts to walk around Jaiden, cane still on his neck, but not showing any intention of attacking. The footsteps of the manor's master echo throughout the hall, just as they begin to speak.

The Figure: "A man out of time, yet still nonetheless trapped in his own creation, forced to take desperate measures. You try to outmanoeuvre the sharks that circle you, and yet you are as transparent as the water you swim in. After all, I greeted you. You want something from here, and you otherwise wouldn't have trekked all the way to my abode if you weren't confident that you'd find it. I may have it, I may not, but this isn't a charitable world Mr Rishel, and you had the intention of trespassing on my property if I say no."'

The master's head tilts up, but all that could pierce the shadows is a seeping red aura, clearly coming from his left eye. It only lights up a fraction of the skin around the eye, but it's clear that the skin isn't consistent in complexion…or color.

The voice deepens.

The Figure: "Why should I help you?"

Their voice reverberates throughout the hall, rattling the windows as if they too spoke. Jaiden keeps calm, even though it feels like something is hovering over him, if not the soul of the manor, then something.

Jaiden Rishel: “Enough of the games; I get enough of those on a weekly basis with our “Lord” Anhellica and her Amoralist pukes. I didn’t trek halfway across a desolate world to find the ghost of a man we all thought was long gone just for information.”

The figure’s head tilts up slightly. Their facial expression is difficult to read, but Jaiden can make an educated guess of what is going through the master’s head. Intrigue.

The Figure: “So I was correct then.”

A deep chuckle escapes their chest, although the sinister tone almost rattles the bones within Jaiden, as if they are commanding that their pilot turn and leave immediately. But Jaiden holds firm. After all, he hasn’t been assaulted by the figure yet.

The Figure: “I’m guessing that information can be found within my vast library of which you intend to access.”

Their cane is forced away from Jaiden’s chin and it’s point hits the floor, with the marble surface giving off a faint but commanding tap.

The Figure: “But I am a calculating man, Mr Rishel, and if I was to ensure your guaranteed co-operation with me, I would have prepared for the tomes to be ready to be received…”

Beat.

The Figure: “...Or hidden.”

The Figure leans forward towards his visitor.

The Figure: “You’re looking for the Book of Beginnings and Endings, correct?”

Again, the chuckle seeps out of the master’s voice box.

The Figure: “So, again. Why should I help you?”

Jaiden smiles; surely it’s the man he suspects it is, but *who* is he talking to?

Jaiden Rishel: “I know how the last era of Championship Wrestling Federation ended. I may not unfortunately have been physically around to see it happen, but I know damn well that that final loss haunts you to this very day. It doesn’t matter if it’s six years later or three hundred and six years later, you were the World Heavyweight Champion and you lost it on what would end up being the final pay per view of the company. Even if all that time has passed, deep down, somewhere within your soul, it still eats you.”

Beat.

Jaiden Rishel: “So here’s the deal. You bring me the Book, I’ll get you your opportunity to avenge your greatest defeat. Ascension…you stand on my side. End Games.”

The Figure takes a brief moment of silence, presumably digesting the information Jaiden has brought to the negotiating table. Maybe they aren’t getting it?

Jaiden Rishel: “Let me explain it to you in layman's terms. Anhellica is a bloodthirsty vampire bitch that is running the Amoralist army an..”

The Figure: “Oh I’m very aware, and I do have experience in dealing with horrors beyond your comprehension, lest we forget. If I can make an observation, it seems their swarm has gone beyond your control, and it’s eating your enterprise from the core.”

Jaiden Rishel: “Well then if you know all that then you know that at Ascension; myself, Miataxia, and Lilliana Primrose are going against an entire fucking battalion. Anhellica has built an infantry of brainless soldiers unlike anything we’ve ever seen before…and guess who one of her top dogs are?”

Beat.

Jaiden Rishel: “One Mr. Ballgame himself, Freddie Styles.”

The silence between Jaiden and the figure is palpable.

The Figure: “I’ll give it some thought.”

Jaiden and the figure stare quietly at each other for a moment before the master of the manor puts his hand up, offering a handshake that the Prince hesitates and eventually takes. The feeling, it’s familiar. It’s him!

The Figure: “Also, if you want to come across as co-operative, it’s best not to use crass language in *my* house, Mr Rishel.”

Jaiden turns and slowly walks away from the scene.

Jaiden Rishel: “I’ll keep that in mind…Aristocrat.”

The figure fades into the shadows as Jaiden steps out of the hall and back onto the sleek stone path that would carry him away from the elaborate building he had just exited. He stops for a moment, his eyes glazing over a little as he replays the conversation in his head.

SMACK!

Jaiden crashes into the stone as a familiar figure stands over him, sneering down.

Alex Cain: “Did you really think this was the answer?”

Jaiden tries to scramble to his feet but is clobbered from behind, sending him falling forward. Jace Valentine steps out of the shadows to stand next to Cain, the two CWF originals looking down upon their fallen foe.

Alex Cain: “That our Lord would ever let you get your hands on that Book before her?”

Jaiden again shows resolve by clambering to his feet and launching at Cain and Valentine, taking them by surprise. He manages to momentarily get the upper hand on the two of them before a chrome-enhanced arm grabs him by the arm and flings him with ease, sending Jaiden smashing into the stone wall of the building. The Prince crumbles in a heap on the floor as the trio approaches, led by the cyborg version of Franklin Fredrickson assumedly brought back to “life” by the Amoralists.

Jaiden gets unsteadily to his feet, his left arm visibly hanging limp to his side.

Jaiden Rishel: “Fuck…”

Jaiden barely sees the wooden crate fly through the air, crashing into the skull of the Cyborg, who doesn’t register the assault and keeps moving forward. Cain and Valentine turn towards the direction that the crate came in from, missing the stone statue that comes flying in from behind them, cracking Jace in the skull. Valentine falls forward in an unconscious heap. Cain’s eyes dart from Jace, to the Franklinborg, to Jaiden, and finally turns and runs towards the direction of the assault.

Franklin secures Jaiden by the throat, lifting him with ease and slamming him against the stonework. Jaiden spits blood at his assailant, barely seeing him through stunned eyes. Franklin slams again, Jaiden going limp in his grasp.

The Cyborg lifts him again, but this time drops the weakened air as another figure cuts through the air and spears Franklin into the ground!

The would-be saviour rains down strikes in the face of Franklin, and as Jaiden's vision begins to return, he sees that the hands dealing the blows are loaded with a dagger each. Blood splashes with every strike, covering the attacker and even splashing onto Jaiden. The attacker finally stops, stands and turns towards Jaiden, even though the fuzzy vision and with his features obscured by blood, Jaiden thinks he recognises the man standing before him.

Jaiden Rishel: "...Ripper?"

The Ripper smiles, taking in the form of Rishel.

Danny B: "The one and only."

Danny turns from Jaiden as the hulking form of Arik Azrael steps into view, the slumped form of Alex Cain draped over his shoulder. Azrael drops Cain directly on top of Jace.

Danny B: "Took you long enough. I could have gotten hurt, you know."

Azrael turns his silver eyes towards the bloodied form of Fredrickson on the floor beneath Ripper.

Azrael: "Yes. It does seem like you were at serious risk."

Jaiden, using his good arm, tries to pull himself up. Danny steps over, offering his hand. Jaiden, not for the first time this day, considers the offer before finally taking it. Danny helps pull Jaiden up, making sure that he's steady before letting go.

Jaiden Rishel: "Thanks… I guess. Also, what the hell dude?"

The Ripper smirks again, blood dripping from his lips.

Danny B: "Don't get it wrong, kid. I still don't like you. The main character thing makes me want to put this blade in your

eyes daily, but we've got something in common here. AnHellica's heart is due for relocation, and I'm not waiting around for idiots like you to get your hands off your dicks long enough to deal with it. You had your fun; it's time for my End Games."

Danny throws one of the bloodied blades at Jaiden's feet as he and Azrael walk off down the path together without another word.

M.C Hammer (Mark Carlton & Dan Highlander) Vs. The Amoralists (Freddie Styles & The Peacock King)

Match

Joey Garcia: "The following bout is a tag team match scheduled for one fall where the winners will become the brand new CWF Tag Team Champions!"

"Let the Hammer Fall" by Hammer Fall plays over the speaker system in the Colosseum, Dan "The Hammer" Highlander making his way from out behind the curtain and raising his arms in the air to a huge cheer from the crowd. Highlander doesn't even wait for his cousin-in-law to make his entrance, quickly heading down the ramp just as Mark Carlton sticks his head out from behind the entrance curtain. The turncoat vampire looks around, immediately hearing boos coming from the angered fans, but he simply shrugs his shoulders and makes his way down slowly behind Dan.

Joey Garcia: "Introducing first, they are the team of Mark Carlton and Dan Highlander….MC HAMMER!!"

We swing back out towards the entrance area where the lights go down, and all you see is a silhouette of a man, twin pistols in front of his face as the opening riff hits.

"Give it up, should've known much better

Words spoken, no, they can't come home

You'd think that people keep your lies a secret

But their tongues go wagging, spill everything they know

Should've been a man, but you don't know how

Play your hand you lost, but it's too late now

Have to pay the price for things you've said, yeah!"

Joey Garcia: "Introducing their opponents, first…representing the Amoralists, he is Mr. Ballgame….FREDDIE STYLES!!"

As the lights come up, flashing with the beat, Freddie steps out from behind the curtain, arms extended to each side, hands formed like pistols. He turns to the side as the camera focuses on him, points his arm toward the camera and

pulls the trigger, screaming BALLGAME!

Freddie slowly walks down the aisle, up the steps, and through the ropes. He brushes right by Jaiden and Lilliana then stands on the middle rope, holding one arm above him, before stepping down and leaning over in a corner to await his partner.

“Obedear” by Purity Ring sounds over the speaker system throughout the Colosseum; the theme bringing boos from the CWF fans watching on this week. Suddenly a lengthy man of full mystique comes sauntering out, a completely jeweled mask covering his face, a hooded Versace bathrobe flicked up over his lengthy hair. He has matching swim trunks and sandals, and his clothing is entirely colored in yellow with blue accents. He wears a lot of jewelry on his neck including gold chains, amulets on leather straps, and other accessories.

His fingers are covered in jeweled rings, and the back of his hand bears a tattoo of the Eye of Providence that he holds up to his forehead to give a “third eye” appearance. Across his chest are a smattering of tattoos: occult and esoteric runes, Egyptian hieroglyphics, weird and seemingly alien pictographs.

The man waves his hands in the air as he walks down the aisle, taking in the atmosphere as he makes his grand debut. He removes all his unnecessary accessories- robe, mask, rings, necklaces, etc as he enters the ring and prepares to fight barefoot.

Joey Garcia: “And his partner, he is the Peacock King….JARED HOLMES!!”

A clearly still agitated Dan Highlander shouts at his cousin-in-law, not even letting Carlton try to reason with him as he points out to the apron and tells him to stay out there. This leaves him prone to an attack from behind from Freddie Styles, who runs in and clubs him in the back of the head with a double axe handle. Highlander crashes forward with his head spiking the top turnbuckle hard, Carlton backing up immediately with his hands in the air and a wry smirk on his face, showing ref Abigail Starr that he’s willing to do things as clean as possible.

Unfortunately for the resident former fighter turned referee, the Amoralists are not playing so nicely, as Styles drags Highlander to the middle of the ring just as the Peacock King springs against the ropes and comes in fast.

PUNT KICK!

Jared Holmes catches a handful of the top rope on his way through the punt, the newest member of the Amoralists looking on at the sold out house packed inside the Colosseum with an arrogant smirk before dusting off his hands, turning back around just as Freddie picks a staggering Highlander back to a standing position. Mr. Ballgame calls out to his new partner to head into the ropes one more time, hoisting the Hammer up into a Spinebuster position as he comes back around.

Jim Gunt: “Hart Attack! What a brutal double team maneuver from the Amoralists, but for God’s sakes Abigail…how about taking control of this match!?”

Mike Rolash: “You think you could do a better job, Jimbo? Put on a zebra shirt and take a shot!”

Jim Gunt: “...Erm, I’ll pass. Thank you.”

As if Starr heard the commentators talking at ringside, she finally makes a move on trying to separate the Amoralists and get one of them out of the ring, but when Styles covers Highlander it immediately distracts her and leaves her dropping down to make the count.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: “You’re not gonna put away the Hammer that easily! This man is a former CWF World Heavyweight Champion. Someone who took Anhellica to the depths of hell at Frozen Over and somehow lived to tell the tale. The be..”

Mike Rolash: “Jim, quit kissing Highlander’s ass and just admit it - he’s finally dug himself a hole that he can’t dig himself out of. Not even an entire counsel of Highlanders is going to be enough to take on the Amoralist army; especially when his “partner” turned his back on him last week in costing Caledonia the World Championship!”

Carlton himself seems to be more than content to stand on the apron watching Highlander suffer inside the ring, the vampiric cousin of Caledonia Highlander simply watching on with his propped fist on his chin, elbow on the top turnbuckle pad as he watches “intently” on. The Peacock King finally exits the ring, only for Styles to tag him right back in, the fans inside the Colosseum booing as they once again take control of the match together.

Styles whips a rising Highlander into the ropes after hitting him with a shoulder block to stun him, both Amoralists waiting on and springing just in time to deliver a stiff Double Clothesline! Styles laughs as Abigail tries to admonish him, finally backing up with a smirk on his face as the Peacock King uses the distraction to choke Highlander with the bottom rope. Starr turns around just in time to see Holmes backing up with his hands in the air yet again, Highlander choking on his own flem and spurts of blood.

Jim Gunt: “This is getting out of control! Maybe we need to send Abigail back to 2026, she referees about as good as she used to wrestle!”

Mike Rolash: “She’s doing her best, Jimbo. Give the girl a break!”

Jared Holmes pushes himself away from the referee to measure up his opponent yet again, bringing down a targeted basement dropkick that accidentally delivers so much damage that it sends the Hammer rolling out of the ring and hitting hard flat-chested on the outside. Holmes and Carlton make eye contact for a moment, the Peacock King’s eyes lighting up strangely before Carlton blinks deep, nodding back at him and dropping down to lift his “partner” back up to his feet and instead of bringing him back into the ring runs him right into the steel ring steps!

A reverberating noise goes through the Colosseum as bone hits steel, Highlander leaning back against the steps after the hard impact, but Carlton doesn’t wait to lift him right back up and toss him into the ring this time. A cunning Peacock King is ready to use the moment to his advantage, nearly salivating as he stands over Highlander before leaping up for a Curb Stomp!

NO! HIGHLANDER BARREL ROLLS OUT OF THE WAY JUST IN TIME!

A shocked Peacock King staggers a little after landing awkwardly on his knee on the way down, turning just to get a stiff boot to the gut.

Jim Gunt: “FALLING HAMMER! This has to be the comeback of the century, the Highlanders are fucking amazing!”

With the Colosseum’s fans entirely on their feet, a barely conscious Dan Highlander uses all the strength left in him to turn over Holmes and make the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THR-NO!

Mike Rolash: “I think you may have forgotten that this is a tag match, Jimbo…”

A big leg drop to the back of Hammer’s neck stops him in his tracks! Styles rolls away after interfering with the cover, all the way to the outside and back to his feet where he looks on at Abigail and smiles, shrugging his shoulders. Carlton has somehow disappeared entirely from ringside, leaving only Dan Highlander and Jared Holmes in the ring with both competitors worse for wear as they lay flat backed in the center of the ring.

It is the much healthier Holmes to moves first, turning over and lifting Highlander slowly up to his feet with him. The

Hammer is not going to go down without a fight though, hitting a hard right hand to the larger Peacock King! And another! A third absolutely rocks Holmes leaving him staggering backward into his corner…where Styles makes the tag!

Hopping up on the top rope and into the ring, Styles cracks his neck back and forth as Highlander just shakes his head back and forth, taking in a large breath before telling Mr. Ballgame to bring it. He looks to do just that but a kick from Highlander stops him - no Styles catches it.

SUCH IS LIFE!

Mike Rolash: “It never ceases to amaze me how many people fall for that kick…”

Jim Gunt: “Highlander really has a chance here, Mike! He has Freddie up for the Southern Cross, if he can hit this then he could make a clear statement that the Amoralists truly are NO match for the Highlanders!”

STINGER SPLASH!

An incoming Jared Holmes uses all of his body weight to take out both his partner and Dan Highlander as Styles falls somehow to his hands and knees off the shoulders of Dan and the Hammers falls back into the corner, prone to another attack from the Peacock King.

BUTTERFLY SUPLEX!

BALLLLGAME!

The massive combination from both Holmes and Styles leaves Highlander incapacitated and prone to an easy pin attempt from Freddie as Carlton is still nowhere to be found at ringside.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Joey Garcia: “And the winners of this match by pinfall and the NEEEWWW WORLD TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS, Jared Holmes and Freddie Styles….THE AMORALISTS!!”

A Championship Statement

Segment

With the belts in their hands, the Amoralists take a moment to bask in their victory with closed eyes and arms raised: to savor the approving roar of their sycophants and the wails of rage and anguish from their critics. A smile resembling a feral shark comes over the mouth of Jared Holmes — his eyes open as his head turns to the broken figure of Dan Highlander splayed out on the mat. And like a shark circling the smell of blood, he strolls over with slow, deliberate malice.

Holmes slings the belt over his shoulder before stepping onto Highlander's chest. He sits down crosslegged upon his fallen foe, reaching down to pinch his cheeks with one hand and give his head a little shake.

Jared Holmes: "This was cute — real fuckin' cute. You must've seen this coming a mile away, and yet you still came out here to give it the ol' college try. Don't worry, Danny Boy, I'm sure there's someone who thinks you won the moral victory… even if the pipes are callin'."

Freddie Styles: "Hey, special thanks to Mark Carlton for this one!"

Jared Holmes: "Truly the "My work here is done/But you didn't do anything" gag at it's most apropos."

Freddie Styles: "It's the right choice, Mark. It's the winning horse. You saw what we did last Infernalia — and you've seen what you knew we would do and were always going to do this Infernalia. Some of you out there may have thought Frozen Over 9 was the beginning of the end — that we'd suffered a black eye or been put on the backfoot then and ever since. But if it's not clear by now, you were seriously fuckin' mistaken. Which brings us to the elephant in the room: End Games."

Styles pauses, a small confident smirk forming on his lips.

Freddie Styles: "Jaiden. Mitaxia. Bring your best. Turn over rock every you can find, scrape the bottom of every barrel you need. Your force that you can't handle: The Archon of Ammorality, Anhellica. Montreal's Pride, Jace Valentine, and brand new your CWF Tag Team Champions…"

A pause as Styles smiles, patting the newly won championship belt over his shoulder.

Freddie Styles: "Mark Carlton, perhaps?"

He smiles like he already knows the answer.

Jared Holmes: “Scrape Caledonia off the injury reserve list. Getcha widdle boo-thang Lilly Primz, go hire some bums out front a burger joint. Who gives a shit…”

He tilts his head down, giving that hungry Kubrick stare.

Jared Holmes: “I’ll make you your father’s son, Jaiden.”

Dangerous Dan © Vs. Yuri

Match

The arena lights suddenly drop to black.

A low hum ripples through the Colosseum before red and blue strobes slash through the darkness.

"I wake up to the sounds of the silence that allows—"

The opening lines of “Enemy” hit, and the crowd explodes.

Dangerous Dan steps out onto the stage, the Paramount Championship slung over his shoulder, its metallic sheen catching the chaotic lights. Chris trails just behind him, ever the silent second. Dan pauses at the top of the ramp, scanning the crowd—not arrogantly, but knowingly. He’s been here before. He thrives here.

"Oh, the misery—everybody wants to be my enemy—"

Dan begins his walk down the ramp, measured and confident. Fans reach out, and he slaps hands, offering quick nods and flashes of that signature calm smile. He isn’t rattled. He isn’t rushed.

He’s ready.

Sliding into the ring, Dan ascends the turnbuckle and throws his arms out wide, soaking in the moment. The title glints as he raises it high. A champion who knows he belongs.

Joey Garcia: "Introducing first, standing at 5'11 and weighing 225 pounds, he is the reigning and defending Paramount Champion....DANGEROUS DAN!!"

He drops down, kneels in the center of the ring as the spotlight hits, and exhales deeply. Focus locked.

Then the lights cut again.

A different energy fills the air as a haunting, gothic melody begins to echo throughout the Colosseum as “The Anthem” by Kamijo plays. Pale white light spills onto the stage, and from it emerges Yuri.

“The Final Light.”

They stand still at first—head slightly lowered, eyes sharp, posture composed. Where Dan radiates charisma, Yuri exudes something quieter… more precise. Calculated.

And then they move. A sudden burst forward, sprinting down the ramp with purpose. Yuri pays no attention to the crowd around them, their attention fully on the Paramount Champion as they approach ringside.

Joey Garcia: "And his opponent, standing at 5'5 and weighing 132 pounds, they are the challenger, the Final Light....YURI!!"

Yuri slides into the ring and rises immediately, locking eyes with Dan. The crowd buzzes with intensity—the memory of the concession stand ambush still fresh on both the challenger and champion’s mind.

Jim Gunt: "This isn’t just an open challenge, Mike, this is unfinished business."

Mike Rolash: "Dangerous Dan has a bone to pick with our newest warrior Yuri, and if they aren't careful he may leave their bones broken and laying all over the canvas by the end of the match."

The referee Gavel 7-X calls for the bell. They circle each other immediately, neither competitor quick to make the first move. Dan keeps it light on his feet, bouncing slightly, testing distance. Yuri remains grounded, hands up, posture tight—reading him.

They finally lock-up. Dan immediately shifts into a wristlock, trying to dictate pace early—but Yuri rolls through, counters into a hammerlock, then transitions seamlessly into a snapmare takedown. Dan pops back up quickly, smirking.

Dangerous Dan: “Alright, let’s go.”

They reset. This time Dan goes aerial, springboarding off the ropes…

But Yuri sidesteps!

Dan lands on his feet, spins.

Jumping Neckbreaker by Yuri! Cover!

ONE!

Kickout!

JIm Gunt: "No! Impressive jumping neckbreaker from the newcomer, but it was only enough to get a one count on the champion!"

Yuri doesn't hesitate. They pull Dan up and fire off a sharp forearm strike, then another. Dan fires back with one of his own, then another, and suddenly it's a strike exchange in the center of the ring. The crowd are on their feet as Dan ducks one, spins…

Twist of Fate!

No, Yuri shoves him off! Dan rebounds...right into a Running Knee Lift by Yuri! A staggering Dan stumbles into the ropes, Corner Hook Hurricanrana! Dan crashes hard across the mat and Yuri doesn't waste a single second in going for yet another cover on the champion.

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout again!

Yuri exhales slowly, staying surprisingly composed. They drag Dan up. German Suplex with a Bridge!

ONE!

TWO!

Dan powers out!

The noise in the Colosseum begins to pick up, the fans within it realizing the pace shifting. Dan rolls to the apron, shaking off the cobwebs. Yuri charges. Dan leaps to the top rope.

Springboard Diving DDT!

Jim Gunt: “An ENDDING to Remember!”

The crowd explodes as Dan spikes Yuri into the canvas! Both competitors are down now. Dan slowly crawls over to the challenger to make a cover.

ONE!

TWO!

TH-NO!

Yuri kicks out!

Dan nods, impressed. He pulls Yuri up, hooks them tight.

Danger Zone!

No!

Yuri slips behind. Reverse Flatliner! Dan’s face hits the mat hard! Yuri transitions instantly and locks in a Dragon Sleeper!

The crowd roars as Dan struggles, reaching for the ropes. Yuri grapevines the body, tightening the hold, wrenching back. Dan’s hand hovers…then he rolls backward into a pin Yuri down in a pin attempt reversal!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE-

Yuri releases just in time! Both scramble up to their feet. Spinning Wheel Kick from Yuri! Dan drops! Yuri heads to the top rope. Missile Dropkick connects! Dan is rocked! Yuri senses the moment. They pull Dan up, the Anthropolis crowd cheering on what could be a championship shift right in front of their eyes.

Arrow's Path!

No, Dan blocks! He shoves Yuri off. Superkick!

Jim Gunt: "THE ENDD IS NEAR!"

Yuri staggers around the ring, clearly seeing tweety birds from the massive Superkick. Dan leaps to the top rope, moving his feet to maintain his balance on the top rope as he measures up his opponent.

Nightmare on ENDD Street!

NO!

Yuri counters mid-air!

Draping Cross Bomb!

Both crash down in a devastating impact! The crowd is on its feet now, a title change seemingly like a sure thing at this point. Yuri crawls to the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NOOO! DAN KICKS OUT RIGHT BEFORE THREE!

Yuri's composure finally cracks, eyes widening. They thought that was it, as did the rocking fans within the Colosseum cheering them on. They grab Dan again, frustration creeping in. A quick series of shin kicks into a Yakuza combo, then a Leg Hook Spinning DDT!

Dan is barely moving now. Yuri climbs to the top rope. They steady themselves before taking a big leap.

Steady Spiral!

BUT DAN ROLLS AWAY!

Yuri lands but stumbles, Dan springs up…

Reverse Last Shot!

Jim Gunt: "ENDD OF TIME CONNECTS!"

The impact echoes through the arena! Dan doesn't waste a second. He climbs, slowly. Methodically. The crowd builds with every step. Yuri is still down as Dan reaches the top rope, looks out over the dystopian sea of faces, then leaps.

Jim Gunt: "THE ENDD! SWANTON BOMB!"

Mike Rolash: "Direct hit! Yuri has put up a hell of a fight in her debut fight, but this has GOT to be it at this point!"

Dan hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Joey Garica: "The Winner and STILL Paramount Champion….DANGEROUS DAN!!"

The crowd erupts in a thunderous ovation as Dan rolls off, clutching his ribs but grinning through the pain. Chris slides into the ring, helping him up as the referee hands over the title. Yuri lies on the mat, staring up at the cold lights above, breathing heavily, but conscious. They push themselves up slowly, pride intact despite the loss.

Dan notices. He steps forward.

For a moment, there's tension. Then, the champion extends a hand. The crowd murmurs. Yuri looks at it.

A beat.

Then they accept. They bring their hand forward for a firm shake between the two competitors, the fans in the Colosseum popping loud at the clear showing of earned respect.

In a world ruled by monsters, under the watchful eye of the corrupt Amoralist regime, two warriors just reminded everyone what this was supposed to be about. Competition. Honor. And survival. Dan raises the Paramount Championship high as the crowd roars, while Yuri stands beside him, not defeated…but validated. The Final Light didn't win tonight, but they proved they belong in the Colosseum.

The Major Arcana

Segment

The air over the Colosseum grows frigid and heavy, suffocating those with the weakest of wills and for those still able to stand and bear witness? They did so because a mysterious force holds them in place, eyes darting back and forth, beginning to fill with fright and anguish as they realized they couldn't move and others around them were just dropping to the ground, unable to handle her.

Mitaxia.

Standing center of the ring, her fists clenched at her sides and eyes glued on the entrance way. She snarls.

Mitaxia: "I'm not going to ask for you to show your face, because I know you won't answer to me. Instead, I'm going to demand it, and make it happen myself."

She raises a hand and snaps her fingers and right in the spot where her gaze bore a hole through, Anhellica shows up.

Mitaxia: "I'm going to make this short and sweet bitch. I'm done with the games. I'm done with the numbers and the empty threats, because let's be honest toots! You haven't DARED to say anything to me, because you know damn well

I'll take your words and make you choke on them! So let's do this, Infernalia 7, you and me, one on one. We both get to get our hands on each other and maybe, just fucking maybe, you'll get lucky and die before I make you suffer even more at End Games."

Anhellica smiles, a twisted expression that doesn't spread warmth and glee, but instead shows the twisted hatred Anhellica possessed. She gestures and a cloaked figure appears at her side, a familiar burlap mask clenched in his hand. Mitaxia sneers and the sky above turns pitch black, if it was possible, the air grows even heavier as darkness descends upon all at the Colosseum. Mitaxia is left in the ring, Anhellica and her cloaked companion at her side at the other end of Mitaxia's intense stare. Nothing else exists in this moment as the two sides face off.

Mitaxia: "Typical of your sort. Don't want to accept my challenge, so you try to distract me instead, well… I suppose now is a good time to say that… I DON'T PLAY BY YOUR FUCKING RULES!"

Mitaxia disappears and reappears beside Anhellica, catching the evil ruler of the Amoles by her surprise. With no hesitation, she grabs them both by the throat and lifts them into the air. She tightens her grip on both of them, but addresses Anhellica first.

Mitaxia: "I'll see you next Infernalia, since you don't feel accepting a challenge laid before you like a reasonable being, I'm going to be in the ring, and you're going to meet me there, ready to fight. Then at Ascension? They aren't "The Resistance," some generic moniker you feel that you can give to the people who stand against you. No, they get to fucking name themselves, and because I'm here, I'll do it for them. Amoles? I hope you're ready for The Major Arcana to reign judgement upon you all. Now… I'm done with you…"

With that she tosses Anhellica into the darkness. No sounds can be heard, and the only two beings left visible are Mitaxia and the cloaked figure, still holding the burlap mask, Mitaxia's hand trembling as she tightens her grip even more on his throat. Her voice grows bitter cold, nothing more than a whisper on the wind that cuts through anything in its path, yet everyone can still hear it without issue.

Mitaxia's gaze narrows at her prey and she cocks her head to the side as she considers him. His head is bowed, so his face can't be seen, but Mitaxia's voice breaks slightly with her next words.

Mitaxia: "Why? Why did you steal her happiness? Her chance at her fairy tale ending? Why did you bring me here?"

She stops and her grip falters slightly, allowing the cloaked figure to wiggle free. He stays still for a moment as Mitaxia's eyes follow him.

Mitaxia: "You seem oh so familiar. More to her than to me, but familiar none the less. I'll be taking back what was never rightfully your's to take in the first place now…"

She goes to grab the mask from the mysterious cloaked stranger, but is thwarted as he evades her and reaches into his cloak, pulling out a grappling hook gun and firing it above him. Before Mitaxia can move, he is lifted off into the darkness, leaving Mitaxia alone.

Mitaxia: “Leave it to the fucking, mysterious, cloaked figure to have a Batman-like exit ready to go…”

Mitaxia roars and the blackness around her shatters into shards of obsidian, raining down around her. As they make contact with her body, she welcomes them into herself, as if they were a part of her to begin with, returning the Colosseum to its previous condition, minus the peons that collapsed when she first came out, those bitches still weren’t moving. She snaps her fingers and disappears leaving everyone to wonder exactly what it was they just saw.

The Pact (Gordy King © & Harlan Moretti) Vs. The Demons of Death (Arik & “The Ripper” Danny B)

Match

With head referee Trent Robbins standing in the corner and Joey Garcia fixing his tie in the center of the ring, the voice of CWF looks up towards the droid flying through the air just feet above him shining down a microscopic camera down towards him.

Joey Garcia: “The following match is our MAAAIN EVENT for Infernalia six and is a tag team match scheduled for one fall!”

“For I Am Death” by Pretty Reckless booms over the Colosseum, the lights dimming down as The Ripper saunters his way out from behind the curtain, the massive Arik hovering over him from just a few feet behind. The atmosphere is electric as the new Demons of Death look out at the crowd before them, soaking in everything before making their way towards the ring, Ripper tossing his overcoat at two Watchers blocking his entrance.

Ripper shoves past them, making way for his new Anubis to roll in the ring and heading up the corner to look out at the crowd, raising both of his massive arms to get a massive response as Ripper stands on the middle and bottom ropes and does the same to an even larger cheer from the Colosseum fans.

Joey Garcia: “Introducing first, they are “The Ripper” Danny B and Ariyahu “Arik” Azarel….THE DEMONS OF DEATH!!”

The arena lights dim as "House of the Rising Sun" by Five Finger Death Punch begins over the Colosseum's system.

No pyro.

No spectacle.

Harlan Moretti walks out alone, gold chain resting heavy on his chest. He does not rush. He does not acknowledge the

wild Anthropolis crowd. He steps onto the apron with deliberate care, wipes his boots, and pauses before entering. Once inside the ring, he removes the chain and hands it off wordlessly. He stands in the center of the ring, arms at his sides, staring forward.

He does not warm up.

He waits for the arrival of his partner.

Joey Garcia: “And their opponents, introducing first, standing at 6’8 and weighing 335 pounds, he is The House….HARLAN MORETTI!!”

The pounding bass drum beat of "Heave Away" by The Fables reverberates throughout the arena as spotlights pan all over the darkened crowd. As the music builds, the spotlights all go out for a moment, before flashing to the entrance of the stage, where Gordy King stands, hockey stick aloft in the air in one hand with his “championship” Stanley Cup high in the other.

Joey Garcia: "And his partner, weighing 250lbs and standing 6'1", he is The Most Canadian Man Alive….GORDY KING!!"

King smiles wide, putting down his cup to mime a slapshot with an invisible puck before picking his Stanley Cup back up and makes his way down the aisle at a brisk pace with fellow Pact stablemate “MANMADEMONSTER” Shane Donovan making his way behind him at a much slower pace. The Most Canadian Man slides into the ring and ambles up the turnbuckles of his corner, championship Cup waving in the air as he looks out into the crowd before jumping down, testing the ropes, and preparing himself for battle.

Mike Rolash: “I can’t believe Anhellica lets this idiot use a Stanley Cup as his freaking World Title belt…”

Jim Gunt: “What’s wrong with it, Mike? It’s made of gold, and I think Gordy even had his name engraved on it! I personally think it’s kinda cool!”

Mike Rolash: “Yeah, you would.”

The Ripper and Gordy King starting off the match for their respective teams as the bout begins. The brand new World Champion looks mystified at his surroundings momentarily, Ripper cocking an eyebrow as he watches his opponent completely switch at the sound of the bell sounding over the Colosseum- his eyes growing five shades colder somehow and a violent snarl coming across his face.

Danny B shows absolutely no fear whatsoever, though, the Ripper seeing competitors of all shapes and sizes

throughout his lengthy career and having been in the ring with all kinds of Kings in the past. Gordy is not the same beast Ripper is accustomed to, however, which he soon finds out as he goes for a test of strength just to have Gordy grab ahold of him and Bael Throws him half way across the ring!

The confident World Champion waltzes over to his opponent and lifts him into pumphandle position.

FIVE FOR FIGHTING!

But Ripper somehow lands perfectly on his hands and knees, showing perfect balance as he smiles back at the Most Canadian Man alive, waving his finger at him. Gordy huffs, moving forward quickly but Ripper drops low, a sliding basement dropkick taking King out at the knee!

Jim Gunt: “Our new World Champion Gordy King may become a whole new beast when that bell rings, but Ripper is a true veteran that knows just how to take the Canadian slapstick down.”

Mike Rolash: “Tag! Danny tags in Arik, so we’ll have to see how his new Anubis fares with King now.”

The monstrosity that is Ariyahu “Arik” Azarel beats his chest as he gets into the ring, psyching both himself and the fans in the Colosseum up as Gordy simply pulls himself back to his feet, telling the big man to bring on the fight. He easily sidesteps an incoming lariat attempt from the bigger competitor, taking him from behind and pushing him chest first into the ropes for extra momentum before catching him and swinging him around with a nasty Gutwrench Powerbomb!

The sound of Arik’s back hitting flat against the mat reverberates through the Colosseum, bringing the fans right to their feet!

The champion is shaking at this point, the loudness of the Colosseum and the magnitude of the match-up bringing him right back up to his feet, arms outstretched and vibrating as he psyches himself up for another attack on the big man.

But Harlan Moretti slaps him across the back, tagging himself into the match!

Mike Rolash: “Oooh boy, here we go! Two of the largest fighters CWF has ever seen stepping into the ring together for the very first time!”

A calm and unflinching Moretti enters the ring ignoring the arguments of his partner, paying him no mind as he enters the ring and goes nose to nose with an arisen Arik. The energy is palpable inside the Colosseum as the two masses stand eye to eye, neither one looking to quite a quick move that the other could capitalize on. It’s finally the newcomer Arik who snaps a hand forward, grabbing Moretti right across the throat! But Harlan boots him right in the midsection,

doubling the new Anubis over.

Jim Gunt: “BREAK EVEN! The House pulled Arik right into that backbreaking maneuver! The advantage is surely on the Pact’s side now.”

Mike Rolash: “But he’s not going for the cover, Jimbo, looks like Moretti has other plans…”

The House lifts up the massive Anubis off the canvas with ease, holding him up against his chest and looking out at the booing fans with a cold stare in his eyes. He walks right to the middle of the ring with perfect posture before nailing Arik with a crushing falling powerslam, executed with deliberate pause and perfect balance, designed to knock the air and fight out of an opponent in one motion.

Jim Gunt: “The House Edge!”

Mike Rolash: “Cover!”

ONE!

TWO!

Jim Gunt: “No! Ripper with the save there as he stomps down hard across the back of Moretti’s neck, breaking up the cover!”

Mike Rolash: “Danny may have stopped the new Anubis from taking defeat in his debut, but all he really did was piss off the House!”

A few snap stomps to the upper back and neck area of Harlan Moretti causes the breakup of the pin attempt, and also for the big man to roll off his adversary and onto his knees, peering up at the Ripper with a sneer.

HOUSE SHOT!

The short-arm lariat leaves Ripper incapacitated, and a cold and calculating Moretti all alone with the biggest competitor he’s ever stepped in a fight with.

Luckily for Moretti, he doesn’t back down for any fight; no matter the size or shape of the opponent.

Moretti hoists Arik up onto his shoulders once again with ease, but this time an elbow to the bridge of the nose stops him in his tracks! A spurt of blood shoots out of the nostril of Moretti, the House woozy for a moment as Arik drops down from behind. Dropping reverse X-Factor! Moretti's head spikes off the mat!

With the fans inside the Colosseum stomping down on the concrete floor below them, willing the monster Arik on, a small smirk comes across his face as he uses the ropes to pull himself up. He sprints across the ring, up and over Moretti to go against the far ropes for extra momentum…just to have Gordy King clock him from behind with a massive elbow to the back of the head! Arik drops like a sack of potatoes leaving the World Champion on the apron, turning back around to the fans and raising his arms in the air as they boo back at him.

Jim Gunt: "Our new World champion may be celebrating things just a hair too early, Mike, look who's gotten back to his feet!"

Mike Rolash: "Incoming Ripper!"

Shane Donovan attempts to warn his Pact stablemate about his opponent coming across the ring like a freight train, but King pays him no mind, playing to the booing fans some more with his hands waving in the air. Just as he goes to turn around Ripper leaps through the air and over the top rope, using his legs as a pair of tweezers to catch onto the neck of King on the way down and spike him hard on the outside mats with a spinning headscissors takedown!

Jim Gunt: "What a move there by the great Danny B!"

Mike Rolash: "The Great Danny B, what is he a fucking magician now?"

Jim Gunt: "...and both Arik and Harlan have risen to their feet in the ring, it's a pier six brawl!"

Right hand by Harlan Moretti.

Forearm smash by Arik.

Massive right from Moretti.

Another forearm from Arik!

Neither competitor is backing down, and one shot after another brings each and every fan packed inside the Colosseum on their feet!

Headbutt by Arik! The House is reeling! The number one contender staggers left to right, barely able to maintain his posture but still somehow remaining on his feet. Another headbutt by Arik, but the House will just not fall! The Demon of Death is in utter dismay as he looks on at Moretti, finally choosing to back up into the ropes for extra oomph and come at him with all his might…

AND COMES RUNNING IN STEADFAST RIGHT INTO THE COLLECTION!

Jim Gunt: “That lariat just left Arik’s head flying through the third row!”

Mike Rolash: “What a souvenir for one lucky fan to bring back to their Amoralist townhouse!”

Jim Gunt: “Erm, it was a figure of speech, Mike. But nevertheless, Arik has to be down and out now and Harlan just rolled him to his back for the cover…so this could be it!”

ONE!

TWO!

TH-NO!

Jim Gunt: “Ripper with the save yet again! And perfect timing too, because I think this one was over!”

Mike Rolash: “Danny better hope he can bring a little more than a couple stomps to the back of Moretti’s neck this time, though, I think the House is done with the fun and games.”

Catching the leg of Ripper as he continues to try to stomp down on Moretti to make sure the pin attempt is fully broke up, somehow Moretti takes hold of his left leg and rises to his feet, a small but noticeable smirk coming across his face as he lifts the limb of Danny up, taking away any sense of balance the former World Champion could have. He somehow springs the other leg up, hitting a high dropkick that sends Moretti back into the corner! The Ripper backs up a few steps, getting full vision of the massive House ahead of him before taking a full sprint.

RIGHT INTO THE CROSSCHECK!

Jim Gunt: “Holy shit! Where did Gordy come from!”

Mike Rolash: “Well I would say his parents but I think a more realistic approach would be to say the body of one King Jarvi..”

Jim Gunt: “It wasn’t a literal question, you idiot!”

The explosion caused by Gordy King’s Crosscheck pounce leaves Ripper flying all the way across the ring in an absolute heap. The World Champion goes over to his check his Pact stablemate, helping talk Harlan back into the match as he shakes off some cobwebs. The much more calm and stoic member of the group simply nods at Gordy before his eyes go wide, attempting to point backward as Arik comes running in and annihilates them both with a huge Double Clothesline!

The Colosseum is rocking as the new Anubis stands over both Pact members, waving his arms in the air momentarily to go along with the resounding cheers.

CRACK!

Steel chair to the upper back leaves him dropping to the canvas like a fly!

Jim Gunt: “What the hell!?”

Mike Rolash: “Haha, I knew Donovan wasn’t go to sit back forever and let his brothers have all the fun!”

DING! DING! DING!

Another heavy smash of the chair across the skull brings any attempt of Arik rising back to his feet to a halt.

Joey Garcia: “The result of this match has been ruled a disqualification, therefore your winners are Arik and “The Ripper” Danny B….THE DEMONS OF DEATH!!”

“BOOO!”

Mike Rolash: “I don’t know why these morons are booing, their heroes won the match fair and square!”

Jim Gunt: “Oh come on, you know that’s not true! Yeah the Demons of Death come out of this match with the victory, but can the Pact and their members ever keep their hands off things and just have a clean match!?”

Mike Rolash: “As good old Harlan will tell you, Jimmy, they don’t have to!”

A brazen and confident Ripper enters the ring with a full set of steam, coming right at the weapon-clad Donovan with a wild right hand that he ducks under, bringing the steel chair up right across the skull of Danny and embedding it within his skull. Ripper first drops to his knees instantly, and then onto the canvas in an unconscious heap.

The MANMADEMONSTER stands over both Demons of Death with a now blood smeared steel chair in hand, finally taking the time to put a hand out to each fellow member of the Pact simultaneously to aid them to their feet. Harlan and Gordy look at each other, a sense of uncertainty between the World Champion and his Ascension challenger, but with Donovan standing in the middle of them they raise their hands to the air…taking in all the boos from the Colosseum as they hover over both Ripper and Arik with Infernalia six coming to a close with another showing of dominance from the Pact.

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