

Infernal: Ep. 7 - Hellbound

Promotion: Championship Wrestling Federation
Date: May 15, 2026
Location: The Collosium

Results

Soft Open

Match

A deafening siren blares across the skyline of Anthropolis as massive holographic sigils ignite the night sky. Drones of all shapes and sizes circle the Colosseum projecting the symbol of Amoralty across the smoke-filled heavens. Inside the Colosseum, thousands of voices roar as one. Hundreds of armored Watchers stand in attention all throughout the Colosseum, despite this two fans deep in the bowels of the crowd are already going at it, wild fists flying through the air before they're separated from one another, the rabid crowd booing the Watchers as they pull them apart.

Columns of fire erupt from the stage, as a screen above the stage flickers to life. Images from the past few weeks of action replay as the Infernal theme, "The Number of the Beast" by Iron Maiden shakes the entire structure. The battlefield beneath the lights resembles an altar more than a wrestling ring, thick black cables for ropes encompassing a twenty foot by twenty foot ring, Amoralty sigils etched into the canvas, dried blood stains still visible from previous week's battles.

The dozens of droid cameras pan over the crowd. A wide array of hopeless fans are shown; some wear masks to hide their identity from the Watchers and cameras, clearly keeping an eye on every square inch of the Colosseum. Some proudly wave their signs in the air, hoping somehow that someone back home in 2026 is watching on SSRI TV and saves them from this desolate hell of a future.

"ANTHROPOLIS RUNS ON VIOLENCE!"

"BILLY ANDERSON IS THE WORST BROTHER SINCE CAIN"

"DANGEROUS DAN FEARS NO ONE!"

"MIKE ROLASH IS A CLOWN"

"ANHELLICA STOLE MY WIFI"

"IF I DIE TONIGHT TELL MY WIFE THE TAG MATCH WAS WORTH IT"

"I BROUGHT A CHAIR FOR SHANE DONOVAN"

"I SURVIVED THE APOCALYPSE AND ALL I GOT WAS THIS SIGN"

"THE WATCHERS CAN'T READ THIS"

"I'D RATHER FIGHT A PHOENIX THAN MITAXIA"

A booming voice echoes through the Colosseum as the camera zooms in on one man standing in the center of the

ring, the voice of CWF himself Joey Garcia.

Joey Garcia "Welcome fans from all over Anthropolis to... INFERNALIAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!"

A beautiful display of red, purple and white pyrotechnics detonate in synchronized waves around the Colosseum as the crowd erupts in anticipation. At ringside, Jim Gunt and Mike Rolash sit behind an illuminated commentary desk with floating holographic monitors mere feet ahead of them. Jim straightens his headset, trying his best to maintain professionalism amidst the absolute chaos that takes place on a bi weekly basis within the Colosseum's walls.

Jim Gunt: "Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to Infernal 7! We are coming to you live from the Colosseum, and somehow after everything we've witnessed these past weeks post Frozen Over, this place just continues getting more dangerous."

Mike Rolash: "Dangerous? Jim, I watched a man get psychologically AND physically disassembled inside a haunted house of mirrors last show and buried alive afterward. Dangerous is an understatement!"

The screen flashes footage from Infernal 6. Mitaxia dragging the bloodied body of wrestling legend Andy Murray through the twisted House of Mirrors during the horrific Hope on a Rope Match. Andy screaming as glass shatters his reality. The final image of dirt pouring down onto Murray as Mitaxia stared emotionlessly into the camera.

Jim Gunt: "We still have no update on Andy Murray's condition after what Mitaxia did to him at Infernal 6. One of the greatest legends in CWF history may never compete again."

Mike Rolash: "Mitaxia didn't just beat him, Jim. She erased him. And tonight she steps into a No Disqualification main event against the Archon of Amoralty herself: Anhellica. With their End Games war only two weeks away, will these two even survive to make Ascension?"

The screen changes to show footage of Gordy King and Harlan Moretti battling the Demons of Death, Ripper and Arik nearly pulling off what some would call an upset against the World Champion and number one contender, before chaos exploded with Shane Donovan storming the ring wielding a steel chair.

Jim Gunt: "The Pact thought they had finally rid themselves of The Ripper and his new Anubis last week, but Shane Donovan made sure that wasn't happening. Gordy King and Harlan Moretti lost by disqualification after Donovan laid both Demons of Death out with a steel chair."

Mike laughs loudly as Gunt gives him a warranted side eye.

Mike Rolash: "And honestly? Well worth it, Jimbo! It's been a minute since we've seen the MANMADEMONSTER in

action, he must've gotten bored sitting on the sidelines."

The screen flashes to show what should be a truly historic tag team bout later on, with Gordy King and Harlan Moretti once again teaming up against the reuniting Andersons.

Mike Rolash: "But now the World Champion Gordy King and his psycho stable mate Harlan Moretti have another problem tonight, Billy and Tyler Anderson."

The crowd shows a reserved and somewhat emotional response as footage plays of Billy Anderson tormenting his brother Tyler over recent months. All of the verbal abuse, heated arguments and interferences. Finally an image from Infernal 6 flashes, both brothers standing together with their wives in an emotional confrontation.

Jim Gunt: "For weeks Billy Anderson has blamed Tyler for every setback they've suffered. But after a heartfelt family meeting last week, these two brothers have agreed to one final attempt at reconciliation."

Mike Rolash: "One last attempt before Billy kills him, maybe."

Jim Gunt: "Nevertheless, The Unstoppable Force reunites tonight against one of the most successful teams in all of CWF, mere weeks before the two men will take each other on with the World Championship on the line at Ascension!"

The arena lights dim further as new footage flashes across the screen. Freddie Styles and "The Peacock King" Jared Holmes stand triumphantly with the Tag Team Championships after Mark Carlton disappears from ringside, leaving Dan Highlander alone to fight the title match.

Jim Gunt: "At Infernal 6, the Amoralists captured the Tag Team Championships thanks in part to the betrayal of Mark Carlton, who once again showed his true colors after costing Caledonia the World Championship weeks ago to abandon his cousin-in-law Dan Highlander in the middle of their match!"

Mike Rolash: "You heard Carlton, Jimbo. He may have been hypnotized at our last event...not his fault!"

The massive Infernal screen shifts to show another big upcoming match, bringing another cheer from the Anthropolis fans.

"TAG TEAM TITLE MATCH

THE AMORALISTS (FREDDIE STYLES & "THE PEACOCK KING" JARED HOLMES") ©

VS.

CALEDONIA & DAN HIGHLANDER"

Jim Gunt: "And tonight Dan Highlander teams with the first World Heavyweight Champion of the new era and someone he knows all too well, his own spouse Caledonia, to try and take those championships back from Freddie Styles and Jared Holmes."

Mike Rolash: "Back? The Tag Titles are the only ones that have eluded "The Hammer" his entire career, Jimbo!"

The lights flicker again as footage rolls through the build to the brutal upcoming End Games match between the Major Arcana and the Amoralists. Jaiden Rishel being ambushed in darkness after his secret meeting with an unknown "Aristocrat" by Cain, Valentine and a cyborg version of Franklin Fredrickson before "The Ripper" Danny B shockingly came to his aid. Lilliana Primrose held captive by those same Amoralists, and once again a possible second mystery savior stopping the proceedings. The crowd buzzes loudly as Jim leans forward, clearly a bit uncomfortable.

Jim Gunt: "We still do not know who prevented the kidnapping of Lilliana Primrose or who intervened during the attack on Jaiden Rishel last week."

Mike Rolash: "But somebody out there is making moves against the Amoralists. That's a risky game in Anthropolis, especially with End Games right around the corner!"

Jim Gunt: "We kick things off tonight with what promises to be an incredible opening contest as Bia takes on Yuri!"

Mike Rolash: "We don't know much about either one of these two yet, but I do know one thing, Jim. Yuri's looking for a breakout moment after coming up just short in a hell of a back and forth match with Paramount Champion Dangerous Dan last week. Unfortunately for them, Bia might punch that dream straight out of their skull."

"PARAMOUNT TITLE OPEN CHALLENGE
DANGEROUS DAN ©
VS.
MYSTERY OPPONENT"

The crowd erupts loudly as this image slides onto the big screen.

Jim Gunt: "And still to come tonight, Dangerous Dan once again puts the Paramount Championship on the line in an open challenge."

Mike Rolash: "You know what I love about Dangerous Dan? The man genuinely doesn't care if he lives or dies. That's the kind of energy this company was built on."

Jim Gunt: "Oh come on Mike, admit it. You just wanna see somebody die tonight!"

Mike shrugs his shoulders as the lights inside the Colosseum cut out completely. Only the glowing red eyes of the Watchers and a few lights illuminating from hidden digital pads in the crowd remain visible in the darkness. A low mechanical hum begins shaking the arena floor, then one by one: massive pillars of flame ignite around the stage. The big screen displays a single symbol.

"INFERNALIA VII"

Jim Gunt: "Anthropolis is alive tonight with warriors all throughout the Colosseum jockeying for position just weeks from the massive Ascension pay per view..."

Mike grins as chaos erupts in the stands just mere feet from behind them.

Mike Rolash: "And somebody's definitely leaving this place in a body bag."

Drawing A Penalty

Match

We cut backstage to Gordy King, finishing up a hearty serving of poutine at the catering station. He sighs with immense satisfaction, collects his World Championship Stanley Cup, turns to rise and...

CRASH!

We see that, in turning too fast with Cup in hand, he has inadvertently hit referee Abigail Starr, who was passing, right in the noggin; the Cup rebounds off her and dings him in the head as well. Both of them fall down like a pair of Boston Bruins milking an injury to try and draw a penalty.

Abigail Starr: "You hit me! You hit me, you a-hole!"

Gordy's eyes are more glazed than a Tim Horton's donut as she storms off.

Gordy King: "I'm tired, I'm wasted..."

Bia vs. Yuri

Match

The camera drones sweep across the Colosseum, thousands of spectators standing up off their chairs to scream out in

enthusiasm beneath the glowing red and black banners of the Amoralist regime. Sparks fall from the upper levels as the Watchers at ringside stand rigid, their eyes scanning the crowd for any problems that may erupt in a moment's notice. Joey Garcia steps forward towards the center of the ring, mic in hand.

Joey Garcia: "Ladies and gentlemen...the following contest is scheduled for ONE FALL!"

The opening chords of Built to Last cuts through the darkness. Smoke floods the entryway as Bia emerges, clad in black leather and chains, Viking braids and war paint completing the image of pure menace. She pauses atop the ramp, scanning the crowd before marching to the ring with measured, purposeful steps.

Joey Garcia: "From Fremantle, Western Australia... weighing 165 pounds... she is the West Australian War Goddess... BIA!!"

Jim Gunt: "Well, Mike, it looks like our World Champion may be a little worse for wear tonight, I hope he'll be okay for his tag match later on! Let's talk about what should be a hell of an opener, though, as Bia decimated Tyler Anderson two weeks ago at Infernal 6. I can't wait to see what she has in store tonight!"

Mike Rolash: "If you think Tyler got a beating, wait until you see what she does to Yuri here tonight. After last week's impressive showing against Dangerous Dan that left Yuri broken in defeat by the end, tonight's match is going to be brutal!"

A soft, ethereal melody begins to ripple through the Colosseum as Yuri appears at the top of the ramp. Calm, focused, moving with precision and purpose, they ignore the crowd, their eyes locked on Bia in the ring.

Joey Garcia: "And her opponent, standing 5'5" and weighing 132 pounds, the Final Light....YUR!!!"

Yuri slides into the ring, taking a moment to center himself. Both competitors lock eyes as Gavel 7-X calls for the bell. The match begins with a cautious circle, Bia testing her opponent with heavy, chopping forearms. Yuri ducks and fires off a rapid series of forearm strikes, forcing the War Goddess back. Bia answers with a stiff chop across Yuri's chest, sending them staggering into the ropes. The packed Colosseum crowd gives both competitors a polite applause, showing their appreciation while excited to see the brutality both could bring.

Jim Gunt: "Bia's starting strong! Look at that power already!"

Mike Rolash: "But don't underestimate Yuri! They were one misstep away from taking the Paramount Championship from that dope Dangerous Dan last week, a victory here tonight could be all they need to get back into the Amoralist spotlight!"

Yuri rebounds off the ropes, hitting a Corner Hook Hurracanrana that spins Bia around. Bia staggers but immediately recovers, hoisting Yuri into a Military Press Slam! The crowd gasps as Yuri crashes to the mat.

Jim Gunt: "Incredible power! Bia is tossing Yuri like they weigh half her size!"

Yuri rolls to their feet, hitting a Spinning Wheel Kick that catches Bia on the jaw. Bia stumbles, then fires back with a Fall Away Slam that rattles the ring, bringing massive cheers from the crowd!

Mike Rolash: "These two are putting everything on the line! Look at Yuri's speed, they're trying to wear Bia down before the War Goddess can really get rolling."

Bia stalks Yuri, rearing back before landing a brutal body splash in the corner. She lifts Yuri for a Sitout Powerbomb, but Yuri wriggles free, landing a rolling neck snap that rocks Bia back! The two struggle to their feet, exchanging strikes. Yuri with fast, snapping kicks, Bia with bone-crushing chops and forearms, neither one able to take the other down despite the veracity of their attacks.

Jim Gunt: "It's like watching a thunderstorm clash with a tornado, Mike! Power meets technique head-on!"

Yuri climbs the top rope for a Sunset Flip Bomb, but Bia rolls through, shaking off the impact. Suddenly her eyes flash, and she slams her gauntlets together as sparks fly from metal hitting metal.

Mike Rolash: "Wait... what the hell is going on here, Jimbo!?"

Jim Gunt: "She's doing it! The Bracers of Styx are activating!"

Mike Rolash: "...What?"

A blinding red light engulfs Bia as she begins to transform before the audience. Muscles swell instantly where they weren't before, her height increases nearly two-fold, and her presence becomes godlike in both appearance and glory. The Valkyrie has awakened.

Jim Gunt: "By the Gods... Bia has transformed! She's enormous! Look at her!"

Yuri attempts a Spinning Wheel Kick, but Bia catches them mid-rotation, slamming them into the mat.

THE WARHAMMER!

Bia lifts Yuri onto her shoulders, signaling for The Maelstrom, then spins and vaults into the center of the ring, slamming Yuri down with an earth-shattering F-5!

Mike Rolash: "This has to be it! That was absolutely devastating!"

Jim Gunt: "The Maelstrom from Bia! What a move from the Western Australian War Goddess!"

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Joey Garcia: "And the winner of this match by pinfall....BIA!!"

The jam packed fans within the Colosseum erupt as pyro rains from the ringposts. Bia stands in her fully changed form, a war cry echoing through the arena as she stands over an exhausted by defiant Yuri who looks up warily as they acknowledge the raw, unstoppable power they just faced.

Jim Gunt: "An unbelievable display of strength and transformation! Bia is a force unlike anything we've ever seen in CWF!"

Mike Rolash: "And Yuri...even I have to admit, another impressive showing from the Final Light! I'd love to see these two take each other on in a rematch down the road, Jim!"

Zoned Out

Match

We cut backstage, where World Champion Gordy King appears to be wandering in a daze, for some reason with a football in hand. He mutters to himself, and his words (and a strange accent change) become clearer as he draws near.

Gordy King: "I did not hit her, it's not true, it's bullshit, I did not hit her, I did NAHT... oh hai Mark!"

King spikes the football as the camera swings around to show Mark Carlton, making himself a cup of tea. He looks nonplussed.

Mark Carlton: "Gordy."

Gordy King: "Hahaha, what a story, Mark."

Mark Carlton: "... are you okay?"

Gordy King: "I cannot tell you that, it's confidential. Anyway, how's your sex life?"

Carlton is thoroughly confused at this point.

Gordy King: "Alright. I'm going to take a nap."

King seems to completely zone out, frozen in place for a moment. Carlton looks at him, completely bewildered, and waves a hand in front of the CWF Champion's face. With that, Gordy seems to come back to himself, and smiles widely.

Gordy King: "Oh, hey – Vampire guy! How's it going, eh?"

Mark Carlton: "...are you alright?"

Gordy King: "Does the Pope shit in the woods?"

Mark Carlton: "Pardon?"

Gordy King: "No worries, bud. Listen, I gotta get movin' – I think ole Ian wants a word before my match but listen – you keep your stick on the ice, alright? Keep it real, Atlantic Gent."

Gordy claps Carlton on the back and wanders off, leaving the latter fully perplexed.

One Last Time

Match

The camera cuts to the backstage area to a dimly lit staging hallway, lined with moving drones and technician bots pushing all kinds of equipment to and from ringside. Zooming to the back of the hallway, we see the Andersons in the middle of it all.

Jamie Bright Anderson and Stormee Bright Anderson are both present, the two of them no less emotional than two weeks ago but still there. Jamie's expression is soft but firm, while Stormee carries the kind of frustration only family can truly understand. They've clearly been here before, too many times. And between them, Billy Anderson, the older brother of the Unstoppable Force.

Billy paces back and forth, not controlled, but the kind of restless, agitated movement of a man trying not to explode. His jaw is clenched tight enough that it looks painful. His knuckles flex and unflex repeatedly at his sides, as if he's still thinking about swinging at something, anything at any moment. Billy takes a deep breath in and out before talking to his wife and sister in law.

Billy Anderson: "I told you both, this isn't about brotherly love anymore. This isn't about 'family values' or whatever feel-good nonsense you two keep trying to sell me on."

He stops suddenly and turns toward Jamie and Stormee, eyes sharp.

Billy Anderson: "This is survival. And I'm tired of Tyler holding me back."

Stormee exhales sharply, trying to find the right response as she folds her arms.

Stormee Bright Anderson: "It's always survival with you lately, Billy. That's all you say anymore. Survival. Control. Blame."

Stormee's last word cuts like a knife through butter. Billy's expression tightens into a scowl.

Billy Anderson: "Somebody has to be in control. Because every time we step into that ring, ever since we came back to CWF, something goes wrong and I end up paying for it."

He pauses, then gestures sharply down the corridor as if Tyler is standing there.

Billy Anderson: "And it always comes back to him."

Jamie steps forward slightly, trying to soften the moment.

Jamie Bright Anderson: "Billy...come on. Tyler's your baby brother, not your enemy."

Billy lets out a short, humorless laugh.

Billy Anderson: "He's been my downfall more times than I can count."

An awkward moment of silence settles between them. In the distance, footsteps grow louder. Tyler Anderson storms into frame like a man already halfway through a war, still carrying the frustration of his match with Bia at Infernalía six fresh on his shoulders. He doesn't even look at the Watchers he brushes past, shoving through them with his eyes locked immediately onto Billy.

Tyler Anderson: "You cost me...again."

Billy doesn't even blink.

Billy Anderson: "No. I exposed you for a fraud...again."

Tyler laughs, but there's not a stitch of humor in it.

Tyler Anderson: "You keep saying that like I don't remember what we were. We were the Tag Team Champions together, Billy."

The word "champions" lingers in the air. Once upon a time, they were truly the Unstoppable Force. Brothers who moved together and whether they won or lost, stayed together through the good times and bad. Now, they barely even can stand on the same side of a hallway without it turning into a battlefield. Billy finally turns fully toward Tyler. The anger in him softens for half a second, not into kindness, but into something far more complicated. A sad mixture of resentment mixed with history.

Billy Anderson: "That was before you started hesitating."

Tyler Anderson: "I don't hesitate. I think."

Billy snaps back immediately.

Billy Anderson: "Thinking gets people killed in this place."

Jamie raises her voice slightly, stepping between them just enough to force both men to acknowledge her presence.

Jamie Bright Anderson: "Enough!"

Both brothers pause. Stormee moves beside her, voicing her own opinion now, quieter than her sister-in-law but somehow firmer.

Stormee Bright Anderson: "This isn't who either of you are supposed to be."

She looks directly at Billy first.

Stormee Bright Anderson: "You used to talk about trust like it was the only thing that mattered in that ring."

Then to Tyler, softly.

Stormee Bright Anderson: "And you used to follow Billy into anything because you believed in him more than anyone else."

Jamie Bright Anderson: "Blood is thicker than water. That doesn't stop being true just because things get hard."

Tyler's expression shifts slightly at that. He looks at Billy again, deeply searching for something behind the anger. Some version of his brother he still recognizes.

Tyler Anderson: "I don't even understand what changed. One day we're fine... next day I'm the reason everything falls apart in your head."

Billy's jaw tightens again. He looks away for a moment then back at Tyler.

Billy Anderson: "You didn't change. That's the problem."

Tyler goes still. Billy steps closer to him, his voice lowering as he looks on at his baby brother in disgust.

Billy Anderson: "You're still the same kid who believes effort fixes everything. That heart is enough. That trying harder makes you unstoppable."

He shakes his head slightly.

Billy Anderson: "But that's not how this world works anymore."

Tyler Anderson: "And what? You think turning on me fixed it? You think blaming me fixed you?"

That lands hard and Billy doesn't know how to answer immediately. Behind them, drones hover quietly, recording everything, ready to turn any personal conflict into data for an upcoming war. Finally, Billy speaks again.

Billy Anderson: "I didn't come here to argue with you."

He steps even closer now, until there's barely any space between them.

Billy Anderson: "I came here to give you something you don't even deserve anymore."

Tyler's expression tightens as he looks eye to eye with his brother.

Tyler Anderson: "Here we go..."

Billy holds his gaze firm.

Billy Anderson: "One last chance."

Jamie and Stormee exchange a glance, both understanding what's coming.

Billy Anderson: "We step into the ring together tonight against Gordy and Harlan. But listen to me carefully, little brother, because I mean every word of this..."

His voice drops even lower.

Billy Anderson: "If you blow it again...there will be hell to pay."

Tyler stares at him for a long moment. All the frustration, confusion, the years of being told he wasn't enough. All of it comes boiling to the surface. But instead of exploding, Tyler exhales, slowly.

Tyler Anderson: "You really think I'm the one who needs to prove something here?"

Billy doesn't respond. Tyler steps back slightly, shaking his head.

Tyler Anderson: "Fine. One last time."

He looks at Jamie and Stormee for a brief moment, then back at Billy.

Tyler Anderson: "But after tonight... whatever happens in that ring with the Pact... you don't get to blame me again."

Billy holds his stare. For the first time in a long time, there's no interruption. No argument. Just the weight of what they used to be. Billy finally turns away first. As he walks off, his voice cuts back one last time.

Billy Anderson: "Don't make me regret it."

May The Best Man Win

Match

We're taken backstage, where Ian Ambrose is standing by between CWF Champion Gordy King and Harlan "The House" Moretti – the Pact. Gordy wears a toothy grin, holding his CWF Championship – in the guise of the Stanley Cup – under one arm as Moretti for his part glowers.

Ian Ambrose: "Tonight, The Pact is in tag team action again, as Gordy King and Harlan Moretti team up to face the feuding family -"

Gordy King: "Love that show. Steve Harvey cracks me the hell up, bud."

Ian Ambrose: "-Tyler and Billy Anderson, the Unstoppable Force...but the unavoidable fact is that in just two weeks, you two are set for a huge main event match for the CWF Title. Your thoughts, gentlemen?"

Gordy makes to start speaking into the microphone, but Moretti cuts him off, grabbing Ambrose's arm.

Harlan "The House" Moretti: "The Pact was formed because we are the most dominant forces in the CWF, the most violent and the most undeniable. The fact of the matter is that what happens at Ascension is moot, because the outcome of that match will be as inevitable as the outcome tonight."

Gordy smirks as Moretti drops Ambrose's arm. The beleaguered interviewer brings the microphone to Ambrose's lips, but the CWF Champion takes the microphone and hands him the trophy, which dwarfs the diminutive announcer.

Gordy King: "Here, Ian – mind holding this a sec?"

Ambrose nearly topples over from the weight of the trophy but manages to gain his footing.

Gordy King: “Y’know what Harlan, you’re absolutely right, eh? I mean, shit – tonight we’ve got Tweedle and Twangle, the mighty Anderson boys who ran out of wrestlers to lose to, so opted to start fighting each other, and then come Ascension, we’ve got the culmination of what we’ve worked on since things kicked off around here. King vs. Moretti – Pact vs. Pact – and it should be a hell of a main event! May the best man win, eh?”

King sticks a hand out for a shake, to which Moretti chuckles, leaving The Most Canadian Man Alive hanging.

Harlan “The House” Moretti: “Don’t worry, Champ. He will.”

Moretti takes off out of frame, leaving Gordy and Ian Ambrose, still behind the CWF Title, behind. The CWF champion takes his trophy off of the hands of a gratefully unburdened Ian Ambrose, and smiles widely.

Gordy King: “Man, Ian – I’ve got a heck of a partner, eh?”

Ian Ambrose: “...sure...”

Gordy King: “Hey bud, I gotta get going, but listen – if you wanna come by after our match and grab a pic with the Cup – c’mon by and we’ll have a lil celebratory dart, sound good?”

Ian Ambrose: “Dart?”

Gordy King: “Sounds good bud – keep yer stick on the ice.”

The Pact (Gordy King © & Harlan Moretti) Vs. The Unstoppable Force (Billy & Tyler Anderson)

Match

The droid cameras sweep over the thousands of screaming fans, packed shoulder to shoulder like sardines inside the Colosseum. Blue strobe lights flash through clouds of steam, massive CWF banners hanging from the rafters through the fog. Inside the ring, Joey Garcia straightens the cuffs of his suit.

Joey Garcia: “The following contest is a tag team match scheduled for ONE FALL! Introducing first...”

“I Could Kick Your Ass” by Justin Moore blasts over the Colosseum speakers. The Anderson brothers emerge together through the curtain. Billy makes his way out first with Tyler following half a step behind. Not one smile between the two of them, just pure tension.

Billy paces the stage with wild eyes, jaw twitching, soaking in the noise while Tyler scans the crowd with focused determination. The brothers briefly look toward one another, a tense look shared between them before beginning the walk down the aisle side by side.

Jim Gunt: "Once upon a time these two men were inseparable."

Mike Rolash: "Yeah, and now Billy finally realizes the truth. Tyler's dead weight!"

Jim Gunt: "That is not true and you know it, Mike."

Joey Garcia: "At a combined weight of 445 pounds...they are Billy and Tyler Anderson...THE UNSTOPPABLE FORCE!!"

Tyler slaps hands with fans along the barricade. Billy doesn't acknowledge anyone, simply stepping onto the apron and entering the ring, eyes already fixed on the entranceway.

The arena lights dim. No pyro. No spectacle. "House of the Rising Sun" by Five Finger Death Punch begins to echo throughout the Colosseum. Harlan Moretti walks through the curtain alone. Heavy gold chain around his neck. Expression unreadable. He pauses at the top of the ramp while the crowd rains boos down upon him.

Then, "Heave Away" by The Fables erupts over the system. The mood shifts somewhat as Gordy King storms through the smoke carrying his engraved Stanley Cup World Championship over one shoulder with Shane Donovan looming behind him like an executioner escorting condemned prisoners.

Joey Garcia: "And their opponents...accompanied by Shane Donovan...first, from Las Vegas, Nevada...standing 6'8 and weighing 335 pounds...THE HOUSE...HARLAN MORETTI!"

Boos from the jam packed Anthropolis crowd, which The House pays no mind to as always.

Joey Garcia: "And his partner...from Halifax, Nova Scotia...standing 6'1 and weighing 250 pounds...he is the reigning CWF WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION...GORDY KIIIIIIING!"

Gordy grins ear to ear as the crowd gives him a mixed response. Head CWF official Trent Robbins calls for the bell, and his expression changes instantly. The World Champion's smile disappears without a trace. His eyes darken, an unknown but dark presence haunting over the squared circle now.

Billy Anderson, showing absolutely no fear at all, rearing and ready to go as he starts for his team while Gordy steps

forward for the Pact. The two lock up violently in the center of the ring, Billy immediately driving a knee into Gordy's ribs before hammering clubbing forearms across the back of the World Champion's neck. Gordy absorbs them without flinching, suddenly exploding upward with a brutal European Uppercut that snaps Billy's head backward!

Jim Gunt: "Good LORD!"

Mike Rolash: "You're right, Jimbo. Anhellica is pretty great, isn't she?"

Jim rolls his eyes, realizing that his idiotic broadcast partner will never take Mia, Ripper, or any other sensible person's advice and forever be the same Mike Rolash we all either love or hate with a passion. Billy stumbles into the ropes as Gordy charges.

Jim Gunt: "CLOTHESLINE FROM HELL!"

Mike Rolash: "Billy nearly turned Gordy inside out with that! Maybe big brother can show Tyler a thing or two tonight after all..."

The crowd roars their approval, but surprisingly Billy doesn't cover. Instead he screams down at the Most Canadian Man Alive, telling the World Champion to get up.

Mike Rolash: "That's the Billy Anderson I like!"

Gordy slowly rises. Billy rushes again, right into a short-arm clothesline! The World Champion folds Billy in half. He confidently walks over to his corner now, tagging in Moretti. The House enters without hurry. Nearly jumping out of his skin out of excitement, Tyler immediately calls for the tag from his corner and Billy reluctantly gives it. The younger Anderson steps in carefully, the crowd rallying behind him. Tyler circles Moretti, trying to use speed to his advantage before darting in with sharp strikes to his ribs. Moretti shows barely any reaction at all, leaving a disgruntled Tyler hitting the ropes.

Jim Gunt: "GEORGIA LIGHTS!"

Lou Thesz Press! Tyler rains punches down onto the massive challenger, but Harlan simply shoves him clean off with raw strength. Tyler rebounds quickly.

GEORGIA FLAME!

The stun gun snaps Harlan Moretti throat-first across the top rope! The House staggers backward in a daze.

CHECKMATE FROM BILLY!

Billy Anderson blind tags himself in and spins Moretti down with the bulldog. Tyler looks irritated immediately, the younger Anderson grabbing onto the ropes to steady himself and take a breather.

Jim Gunt: "You can already see the issues between the Unstoppable Force bubbling up again."

Mike Rolash: "Billy's trying to win the damn match."

Billy pulls Tyler back by his shoulder and starts barking instructions at him. The Mysterious One jerks his arm away. That hesitation costs them as Moretti rises behind them like a skyscraper.

Jim Gunt: "DOUBLE CLOTHESLINE!"

Mike Rolash: "Moretti once again proving why his nickname The House is so fitting. That was diabolical!"

Both Anderson brothers flatten to the canvas. The crowd boos as Moretti calmly drags Billy up by the wrist. Loaded Dice! The open palm chops echo through the entire Colosseum. Billy crumbles into the corner clutching his chest.

Margin Call!

The Number One Contender drives repeated forearms into Billy while pinning him upright against the turnbuckles. He tags out to his Pact stablemate and Ascension opponent, the World Champion storming in furiously.

European Uppercut. Another. Another! Billy falls down to a knee. Gordy drags him right back up, not even giving the Anderson brother a second to recover.

Jim Gunt: "PENDULUM BACKBREAKER!"

The crowd gasps as Gordy grips Billy by the jaw, looking almost possessed before bouncing off the ropes.

Jim Gunt: "RUNNING POWERSLAM! I thought an earthquake took hold over Anthropolis for a second there! And Gordy with the cover!"

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Tyler dives in to break it up. The crowd cheers the breakup as Shane Donovan continues to mouth words of encouragement to his team.

Jim Gunt: "The Unstoppable Force is surviving here through pure instinct!"

Mike Rolash: "Not for long, Jimbo."

Tyler helps his brother back toward their corner, but Billy shoves him away in a huff.

Billy Anderson: "I HAD HIM!"

Tyler Anderson: "Then pin him!"

An infuriated Billy slaps Tyler across the face. A loud gasp comes from a clearly shocked Anthropolis crowd. Gordy pauses for a moment watching the dysfunction unfold, and then snaps out of it, tagging back in Moretti. The House enters and immediately steamrolls Billy with a High Roller Slam!

Tyler rushes in again. Debt Press wipes him out too! Moretti stands over both brothers breathing steadily while the crowd rains hatred down upon him. Finally, Billy crawls desperately toward Tyler.

Tag!

Tyler explodes into the match like a house on fire.

Piledriver to Gordy!

Rope Hung DDT to Moretti!

Georgia Kick to the World Heavyweight Champion!

The crowd once comes alive behind the younger Anderson as he fights with desperation and heart, unloading everything he has against the Pact. Tyler ducks a lariat from Gordy.

Jim Gunt: "GEORGIA ROUNDUP!"

Mike Rolash: "What has gotten into Tyler? That was amazing!"

Jim Gunt: "Seems he's taken this "one last chance" to heart, Mike. And the Georgia Roundup RKO may be enough to make what most would call a hell of an upset over the World Champion and number one contender, because Tyler's going for the cover now!"

ONE!

TWO!

NO! MORETTI BREAKS IT UP!

Jim Gunt: "This match has spilled into chaos! Head official Trent Robbins is going to have a hell of a time cleaning this one up..."

Mike Rolash: "Yeah...I sure as shit wouldn't want that responsibility!"

Jim Gunt: "Is there ever a responsibility that you DO want in life, Mike?"

Billy blind tags himself back in. Robbins notices, but Tyler doesn't. The Unbreakable One immediately throws Tyler aside and charges Gordy...SPEAR! Billy turns King over and goes right for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Jim Gunt: "Gordy kicks out! The Pact proving yet again that they're incredibly difficult to put down!"

Billy slams the mat in frustration as Tyler looks furious back at him. Billy points at his little brother screaming.

Billy Anderson: "STAY OUT OF MY WAY!"

An emotional Tyler fires back.

Tyler Anderson: "THIS IS WHY WE KEEP LOSING!"

Meanwhile Shane Donovan slowly begins pacing ringside, watching, waiting. The tension inside the Pact starts surfacing too as Gordy tags Moretti hard across the chest without warning. The House stares at his partner. A long, cold stare coming from his Ascension opponent before Gordy aggressively motions him in to finish the match.

Jim Gunt: "There is something very wrong with the chemistry of BOTH these teams tonight, Mike!"

Taking a deep breath to recede any anger building up, Moretti enters the ring. Billy swings wildly as he approaches. HOUSE SHOT! Billy nearly gets decapitated! Moretti turns toward Tyler standing on the apron, the emotionally charged younger brother charging right in.

Jim Gunt: "Break Even! The prolonged backbreaker bends Tyler nearly in half."

Moretti rises calmly with Tyler still draped across his shoulders. The House Edge! Thunderous impact, the entire ring shaking in reverberation before Moretti finally hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

Jim Gunt: "NO! BILLY SAVES IT!"

Mike Rolash: "Maybe the Anderson brothers have a future after all!"

Billy drags Moretti off his brother and starts hammering punches into the side of his skull. Gordy storms in, The Most Canadian Man Alive pulling Billy away as the two begin trading bombs in the center of the ring. Tyler slowly pulls himself upward in the corner. The always aware Moretti charges in.

Jim Gunt: "GEORGIA ROUNDUP AGAIN! Tyler counters out of nowhere!"

Mike Rolash: "Now finish the job!"

The crowd rallies on Tyler as he crawls desperately toward Billy. He reaches out momentarily, and then drops off the apron. Tyler stares back at his brother in utter disbelief. Billy simply folds his arms at ringside.

Mike Rolash: "Billy just left him hanging!"

Jim Gunt: "You've got to be kidding me!"

Tyler slowly turns around.

HOUSE SHOT!

The short-arm lariat flips Tyler inside out. The House calmly lifts him again.

Jim Gunt: "THE COLLECTION! My God, there's a reason they call Harlan the House!"

Mike Rolash: "And it's not because he majored in architecture, either!"

Tyler crumples motionless to the mat. Moretti slowly begins to drop down for the cover, but Gordy tags himself in. The crowd reacts in an array of cheers and laughter, but Moretti isn't in on the joke. He looks on trying to hold back the anger beginning to boil up within him, as Gordy immediately storms into the ring and hooks Tyler's leg himself.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Joey Garcia: "And your winners by pinfall, Gordy King and Harlan Moretti...THE PACT!!!"

The crowd showers the Colosseum in boos. Gordy rises up with both arms raised, breathing heavily while Moretti remains kneeling beside Tyler Anderson completely still.

Jim Gunt: "Oh no..."

Mike Rolash: "HAHAHAHA! Gordy just stole the spotlight from his own number one contender!"

The tension becomes suffocating as Gordy turns toward Moretti smiling wildly, saying something inaudible while pointing at the CWF World Championship Stanley Cup propped up in the corner. Moretti slowly rises, The House staring directly into Gordy's eyes. No emotion in the eyes of the number one contender, just silence.

Shane Donovan immediately slides into the ring and steps between them.

The MANMADEMONSTER places one hand on Gordy's chest and another against Moretti's shoulder, keeping distance between them. The crowd buzzes intensely. Gordy waves his hands wildly, trying to talk his way out of the situation. Laughing awkwardly as he tries to explain himself. Moretti looks on, saying nothing in response.

Finally the House turns and exits the ring alone while Donovan follows beside him, trying to put back together the pieces of the Pact. Gordy lingers a moment longer, still talking toward Moretti's back as his two partners disappear up the aisle together.

Inside the ring, Billy Anderson slowly steps through the ropes. Tyler is barely moving as Billy stands over his younger brother breathing heavily. The crowd grows quieter. Billy kneels beside Tyler and for one brief second it looks like he's actually concerned. Then Billy grabs Tyler by the hair and drives his skull into the canvas repeatedly!

Jim Gunt: "COME ON!"

Billy mounts Tyler and unloads furious punches directly into his face before dragging him upward.

Mike Rolash: "CHECKMATE! Time for Tyler to pay!"

Tyler spikes hard into the mat, but Billy isn't finished. He drags Tyler up again.

Jim Gunt: "GEORGIA BLAST!"

The ring shakes from impact. Tyler lays motionless as Billy paces around him like a rabid animal.

Mike Rolash: "This is what Tyler deserves for failing over and over again!"

Billy pulls Tyler up one final time by the throat.

Jim Gunt: "Georgia Fast Pace! Somebody get this maniac out of here before Tyler has to be stretchered out!"

The Drive-By nearly caves Tyler's skull in against the turnbuckles. An incensed Billy once again screams, this time yelling at a Watcher who nervously hands him over a microphone. The crowd show their disapproval of the elder Anderson brother's actions, raining hatred upon him. Billy wipes sweat and blood from his mouth before kneeling beside his fallen brother.

Billy Anderson: "I gave you one last chance."

He shakes his head slowly.

Billy Anderson: "And you failed me again."

The crowd boos loudly. Billy rises back to his feet.

Billy Anderson: "So at ASCENSION..."

Massive reaction now as the fans wait in anticipation of what comes next.

Billy Anderson: "You and me..."

He points down at Tyler.

Billy Anderson: "One last time. SCAFFOLD MATCH!"

The crowd roars.

Billy Anderson: "And when I end you...everybody'll finally know which Anderson carried the Unstoppable Force all these years."

Billy throws the microphone down directly onto Tyler's chest. "Don't You Wish You Were Me?" hits the speakers, the older Anderson leaving alone while medics and Watchers rush the ring around Tyler Anderson. Tyler barely stirs as the cameras slowly zoom in onto his battered face.

Jim Gunt: "Families are falling apart...The Pact is beginning to crack from within...and Ascension may change CWF forever."

The final shot lingers on Tyler Anderson staring blankly upward beneath the cold blue lights of the Colosseum.

The Second Moon Is My Guide

Match

Cutting to an area backstage that none was ever meant to see, far beneath the roaring crowds, the drones and Amoralist propaganda, an untouched room in the bowels of the Colosseum sits like another world entirely.

Despite its literal appearance, Lilliana Primrose's abode feels less like a room and more like something grown naturally from the forgotten bones of the structure above. The ceilings are low and uneven, blankets and quilts stolen from a dozen different eras are draped over hanging wires like ceremonial banners. Candles burn beside fractured holographic lanterns.

Simple but intricate charms made of bone, wilted flowers, gears, and broken watch parts hang from strings overhead, clinking softly whenever the underground air shifts. An ancient record player spins soundlessly in the corner despite not being plugged into anything. The scent in the air is strange but somehow inviting. A combination of lavender, dust, machine oil, and rainwater recede through the air.

Jaiden Rishel, or what's left of him, comes into frame. Head slumped against the side of an old mattress dragged onto the stone floor, head tilted downward, blood dried across his temple and jawline. Bruising has begun to darken around his throat from Franklin's grip. One of his eyes is swollen nearly shut.

Every couple seconds his vision visibly swims, the Prince wincing as he looks across from him, seated cross-legged atop a pile of cushions, Lilliana Primrose quietly threads dead flowers together into a crown.

The silence between them is not uncomfortable, as they are used to sitting in silence simply enjoying each other's presence. It just couldn't feel any heavier at the present moment. Jaiden slowly looks over at Lilliana, humming away as always, and exhales through clenched teeth.

Jaiden Rishel: "I look a lot worse than I feel."

Her eyes don't look up but he knows she's paying attention.

Lilliana Primrose: "You feel squishy. There's heat in your wounds my Jaiden."

She pauses a moment and tilts her head to look up at the ceiling.

Lilliana Primrose: "Ease your mind. The wind whispers of triumph.

Jaiden chuckles weakly before instantly regretting it, the pain running through his skull like flames on an open fire.

Jaiden Rishel: "Okay, maybe just a little worse."

Jaiden reaches up gingerly to touch the massive bruises on his head where Alex Cain and the newly returned "cyborg" version of Franklin Fredrickson repeatedly smashed him against the stone wall.

Jaiden Rishel: "Lily...I think we need to talk."

She giggles oddly.

Lilliana Primrose: "Words already leave mouths."

Jaiden can't help but smile at the playfulness of his companion despite the gravity of the present moment. He looks on at Lilliana with a combination of pain, anger, love, and is that regret? Deep within the pupils of the Prince. Lilliana senses Jaiden's apprehension immediately, taking a small cotton padding in her hand and soaking it in God knows what ointment before gently dabbing it across the forehead of her Jaiden.

He winces immediately, but quickly realizes the pain recedes within seconds.

Jaiden Rishel: "Well thank you for that. But we need to talk about End Games. My entire life's mission since I was practically safety deposited here in 2326 was to rid this world of the Amoralist scum and cure the cancer from within before Anhellica can get her hands on the Book of Beginnings and Endings and literally cause the end of all days. But I'm damaged goods..."

A sad, little smile forms on her features as her eyes seem to follow something moving around him. Her words come out slow and breathy as she traces something into the air with her finger.

Lilliana Primrose: "Your hands have done enough. They may break."

She shakes her head as if responding to something before taking the dead flower crown she was working on and placing it on his head.

Lilliana Primrose: "Meant for something else."

Jaiden smiles, feeling the warmth coming through the crown, the intention never lost on him as he looks back at his lifelong friend.

Jaiden Rishel: "Lily, listen, I'm probably not going to be able to make it to End Games. Hell, I wouldn't be able to physically survive the cell even if I tried. But that doesn't mean you walk away..."

She kisses his forehead before standing and looking at the ceiling again. Something appears to keep randomly pulling her attention to above.

Lilliana Primrose: "No cells for you."

Her body begins to slowly sway for a long moment before she abruptly freezes in place with an expression of distaste.

Lilliana Primrose: "Major Arcana...can't say their sooths. Suspicious fortune cookies."

Jaiden nods slowly, contemplating his next words.

Jaiden Rishel: "I know you don't trust them. I wouldn't trust a dessert made out of cardboard either..."

Lilliana giggles.

Jaiden Rishel: "But this is our only chance at redemption, Lily. We have Anhellica and her pukes exactly where we want them. Not only is the supposedly "archon" of Amorality going to finally give all of herself in the ring, but she's bringing four of the worst human beings left on earth with her. Listen...if I can't fight at Ascension, someone needs to be there to stop the world from tearing itself apart."

She appears to quietly take in his words before tilting her head before her attention is drawn to the corner of the ceiling.

Lilliana Primrose: "Keeper moves like turning of pages."

Her voice becomes dull and distant.

Lilliana Primrose: "Beacon of light. Rocks with foam."

Quickly, she jumps up and begins digging through a pile of items and pulls out a pencil and a worn tablet with faded yellowish paper and begins scraping side to side erratically. Her intense focus is punctuated by stabbing the pencil into the table until it snaps in half. Then she drops the tablet in front of him.

Jaiden stares at the drawing for a moment, a drawing clearly hastily done in charcoal pencil but the image couldn't be more clear. A lighthouse towering over the outer edges of Anthropolis, holding the seas back from the city while watching over all the proceedings like a trained hawk. The cartoonish image is more than enough to haunt the very being of the Prince, a chill running through his spine before he tenses away all feeling, looking back at his Voice of Reason and smiling affectionately.

Jaiden Rishel: "You know where this is?"

She steps over onto the pillows below the vent they use to get in and out of her hidden lair. A strange smile spreads across her face.

Lilliana Primrose: "The Second Moon is my guide."

Dangerous Dan © Vs. Mystery Opponent

Match

The Colosseum glows beneath crimson lights and massive digital screens overhead. Flickering images on the CWF screen switch between the snarling faceplate logo of the Paramount Championship and looping footage of Dangerous Dan's previous successful title defenses. Steam pours from vents beneath the elevated walkways while Watchers march in synchronized formation around ringside, showing no emotion as they prepare for yet another war.

"DAN! DAN! DAN! DAN!"

Joey Garcia stands in the center of the ring, the lovable troll and referee Neezletoe beside him with the Paramount Championship resting heavily over their shoulder.

Joey Garcia: "The following contest is scheduled for ONE FALL...and it is for the CWF PARAMOUNT CHAMPIONSHIP!"

"Enemy" by Imagine Dragons hits the speakers, the lights cutting out as red and blue strobes flash violently around the Colosseum. Dangerous Dan slowly emerges onto the stage with the Paramount Championship hanging proudly over his shoulder while Crazy Chris trails behind him. Dan looks energized. Confident. Focused.

Jim Gunt: "Three successful title defenses already and Dangerous Dan continues proving why he may be one of the greatest veterans to ever step foot inside the Colosseum."

Mike Rolash: "Yeah, yeah, the old man's having a nice little comeback tour."

Dan slaps hands with fans along the barricade, smiling as he climbs onto the apron and steps through the ropes. He raises the Paramount Championship high into the air to a thunderous ovation before taking his corner.

Joey Garcia: "And his opponent..."

The arena goes dark. No music, no tron or pyro. Just pure silence for a moment before the crowd begins to buzz in confusion. A single white spotlight appears at the top of the stage. A figure stands motionless inside the center of it. He stands tall and lean, wearing a dark hooded jacket with a black face covering pulled high over the nose, his eyes the only thing visible to the bewildered fans inside the Colosseum.

Jim Gunt: "What the hell..."

Mike Rolash: "Now THIS I like."

The figure begins walking slowly toward the ring through the thick smoke rolling across the stage floor. He shows no acknowledgement of the fans or theatrics as he makes his way to the ring. Joey Garcia looks visibly confused while glancing toward the Watchers at ringside.

Joey Garcia: "...and the challenger..."

He hesitates.

Joey Garcia: "...from parts unknown..."

The crowd murmurs loudly. Dangerous Dan narrows his eyes immediately from inside the ring, clearly getting emotional in a hurry.

Mike Rolash: "Not even giving us a name? This is stupid!"

Jim Gunt: "Something about this feels very deliberate, Mike."

The hooded competitor slides into the ring fluidly before immediately retreating into the corner furthest from Dan, head lowered beneath the hood. Dangerous Dan steps forward angrily.

Dangerous Dan: "Who the hell are you?"

The figure simply stares back silently. Trent Robbins cautiously raises the Paramount Championship overhead before calling for the bell. Dan immediately rushes forward aggressively, clearly irritated. The mystery competitor ducks beneath a clothesline attempt effortlessly. Cartwheel escape. Dropkick to the knee! Dan stumbles backward, walking funny on his leg after taking the hard shot to the knee. Leaping Snap Hurricanrana from the champion sends the approaching challenger flying across the ring, but the hooded figure lands perfectly on both feet. The crowd pops loudly!

Jim Gunt: "Whoa!"

Mike Rolash: "Now that was slick! Something about the way the challenger tonight moves tells me this isn't his debut into professional wrestling, Jimbo. He's a natural!"

Dan's expression shifts from anger to confusion. The masked challenger points at him silently, then motions him forward. Dangerous Dan snarls his lip and charges again. Tilt-a-whirl headscissors takedown! Dan crashes hard into the ropes before stumbling backward directly into a jumping neckbreaker. Dangerous Dan quickly rolls outside the ring, furious as he paces around ringside. Chris approaches him, the more sensible brother of the Danger Boiz trying to calm him down.

Crazy Chris: "Focus, brother!"

Dan shouts back toward the ring.

Dangerous Dan: "TAKE THE DAMN MASK OFF!"

Inside the ring, the hooded competitor simply leans casually against the ropes waiting.

Mike Rolash: "This mystery freak is getting inside the champion's head."

Jim Gunt: "Dan looks completely thrown off here."

Dangerous Dan storms back into the ring. The challenger explodes forward instantly with rapid forearm strikes. Blitz Rush. Left low kick. Right low kick. Spinning back sole kick catches Dan flush across the jaw! The Paramount

Champion stumbles backward into the corner in a complete daze. The masked challenger sprints in like a freight train.

Running delayed dropkick in the corner!

Jim Gunt: "This mystery competitor is absolutely taking Dangerous Dan apart right now!"

Mike Rolash: "You notice the movement though, Jimbo? A little familiar, one would say."

Jim Gunt: "I was just thinking the same thing..."

The hooded challenger suddenly looks toward the crowd, briefly spreading both arms outward. Dan slowly rises in the corner. The challenger charges again.

"PAUSE!"

Dan freezes for half a second in confusion.

Jim Gunt: "Superkick...NO! Dan ducks it and counters with a Blue Thunder Bomb!"

The ring shakes on impact as the Paramount Champion holds on for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout!

Dangerous Dan finally feeling a sense of momentum now, the champion feeds off the crowd reaction as he drags the challenger upward. Twist of Fate! Dan immediately springs toward the ropes.

Jim Gunt: "ENDDING TO REMEMBER! The Springboard Diving DDT connects flush!"

Mike Rolash: "Let's see if it was flush enough to hold onto his title!"

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

The hooded challenger barely escapes, the figure clearly trying to catch a deep breath even underneath the mask.. Dangerous Dan slams the mat in frustration.

Jim Gunt: "Dan almost retained there! So close!"

Mike Rolash: "Close doesn't count, Jim. Something something about horseshoes and hand grenades."

Dan pulls the masked opponent up by the hood aggressively.

Dangerous Dan: "WHO ARE YOU!?"

And just like that...Matrix evasion! The challenger bends impossibly backward underneath a strike before flipping into a handstand and flying forward with a headscissor takedown that sends Dan tumbling outside the ring. The crowd explodes again as the hooded figure hits the ropes.

TOPE CON GIRO!

Both men crash violently against the outside floor.

"HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!"

Jim Gunt: "This place is coming unglued!"

Mike Rolash: "Whoever this masked dude is, they came to make a statement."

The challenger rises first. Dan follows slowly. The hooded figure suddenly rushes forward.

Ehrgeiz!

Double palm thrust straight into Dan's chest sends him backward into the barricade. Something about the motion catches Chris' attention at ringside. Back inside the ring, the challenger climbs to the top rope. The crowd rises anticipating something huge as the hooded figure steadies himself and launches into the air.

Jim Gunt: "MOONSAULT...NO! DAN GETS HIS KNEES UP!"

The challenger writhes in pain clutching his ribs. Dangerous Dan sees this as an opening, moving in towards his opponent.

ENDD OF AN ERA!

The massive double stomp drives directly into the chest of his unknown challenger. Dan immediately scrambles toward the corner.

Jim Gunt: "Dangerous Dan is looking to finish this!"

Mike Rolash: "And put an ENDD to yet another open challenge!"

Dan climbs to the top rope. The crowd rises. THE ENDD!

NO!

The challenger rolls away at the last possible second leaving Dan crashing hard against the canvas. Both men slowly rise. Forearm from Dan. Forearm from the masked challenger.

Another from Dan!

Another from the challenger!

The pace quickens rapidly, the crowd roaring with each strike. Dan swings wildly...cartwheel escape again. The challenger rebounds off the ropes.

CRITICAL HIT!

Front Flip DDT spikes Dangerous Dan directly into the mat!

Jim Gunt: "What a move!"

Mike Rolash: "That almost looked..."

Jim Gunt: "Don't say it."

The hooded figure slowly stalks Dan now, the momentum beginning to shift as the crowd rises, sensing this. The challenger points directly at the grounded champion, then shouts:

Masked Challenger: "GET OVER HERE!"

Dan slowly rises, suddenly the arena lights turn blood red. The crowd erupts into furious boos, knowing they're about to come into the presence of their "Lord".

Mike Rolash: "Oh come on..."

Jim Gunt: "Not now!"

Anhellica appears atop the stage. The Archon of Amoralty herself stands flanked by armored Watchers in a flowing black coat, pale skin glowing beneath crimson lighting as she applauds mockingly toward the ring. Both competitors stop, neither one of them all too happy to see Anhellica as she simply smirks back. The crowd rains hatred down upon her. Dangerous Dan points furiously toward the stage.

Dangerous Dan: "STAY OUT OF THIS!"

The masked challenger turns toward Anhellica as well. For the first time all match, the hooded figure visibly reacts emotionally. Anhellica tilts her head curiously, almost as if she recognizes something.

Jim Gunt: "Wait a second..."

Mike Rolash: "Why is she staring at him like that?"

Anhellica slowly steps onto the apron. The challenger watches on, frozen in place, but Dan quickly makes his move.

Springboard dropkick!

Anhellica flies clean off the apron to the outside floor! The crowd ERUPTS!

“HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!”

Dangerous Dan lands crouched in the ring staring directly down at the fallen Archon with a snarl. And for just a moment, the challenger can be seen behind him making a strange hand gesture toward Anhellica. A familiar one if only to the Hall of Famer herself.

Jim Gunt: “Did you catch that?”

Mike Rolash: “Catch what?”

Dangerous Dan spins the distracted challenger around instantly.

THE ENDD IS NEAR!

Jim Gunt: “Superkick connects flush! The ENDD may indeed be near!”

Dan hooks both legs of his challenger desperately.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Joey Garcia: “Here is your winner...and STILL CWF PARAMOUNT CHAMPION...DANGEROUS DAAAAAN!!!”

Dan collapses backward, exhausted, as he clutches the championship handed over to him tightly against his chest. The masked challenger sits upright slowly after the loss. Despite a hard fought loss, he shows little to no emotion, simply staring toward Anhellica outside the ring. The Archon glares back coldly from the floor while Watchers surround her protectively.

Then, the challenger walks up the ramp and leaves. No reveal, no explanation as he simply pushes past the Watchers like they were nothing and disappears back into the smoke at the top of the ramp. Meanwhile Dangerous Dan watches from inside the ring, still breathing heavily after yet another victorious open challenge.

Jim Gunt: "Whoever that was...they pushed Dangerous Dan to his absolute limit tonight!"

Mike Rolash: "And I got a feeling this mystery surrounding them is far from over."

Isn't It Ironic?

Match

Backstage, we're brought to the dressing room of The Pact, where cases of brown beer bottles rest inside of the CWF Championship Stanley Cup, on ice. A shower is clearly running just out of frame, and the sounds of the CWF Champion showering reverberate and echo through into the room.

Gordy King: "IT'S LIKE RAAAAAAAAAIN, ON YOUR WEDDING DAY!"

The door to the locker room flies open as Harlan Moretti, a towel draped around his shoulders, eases his massive frame inside. He looks at the trophy, and his look of confused bewilderment shifts to disgust as his Pact-mate and Elevation opponent continues singing.

Gordy King: "IT'S A FREE RIIIIIDE, WHEN YOU'VE ALREADY PAID!"

Harlan "The House" Moretti: "You've got to be kidding me."

Moretti marches over to the trophy and dumps the beer and ice onto the floor, miraculously not breaking any of the glass bottles as he does so.

Gordy King: "IT'S THE GOOD ADVICE, THAT YOU JUST DIDN'T TAKE!"

Harlan "The House" Moretti: "Indeed, Gordy. Indeed."

Harlan leaves, the CWF title under his arm, as the shower turns off.

Gordy King: "Harlan! Is that you, bud?"

The CWF Champion exits the shower area, boxer briefs on, and stops short as he sees the state of not just his celebratory beer, but also the absence of his beloved CWF crown. King's happy-go-lucky expression shifts, much as it does in the confines of in-ring competition, just as Ian Ambrose enters the Pact's locker room.

Ian Ambrose: “Hey champ, was hoping to get that picture we talked about—”

Ambrose stops short as King grabs him by the throat, throttling him and tossing him to the ground as we quickly cut back to ringside.

Ashes of the Abode

Match

The scene fades into somewhere deep beneath the Colosseum. Far below the lights, noise, and the manufactured grandeur of CWF's upper levels. Through a tangled maze of forgotten maintenance corridors that most of Anthropolis probably don't realize still exists. The deeper the droid camera illuminating the scene travels into the underbelly, the stranger the architecture becomes. Old-world masonry clashes against futuristic conduits glowing with dim blue current, creating an atmosphere that feels less constructed and more diseased.

Echoing through those tunnels comes the sound of laughter. Crude, disgusting, deep laughter. This echoing sound is followed immediately by the deafening sound of metal smashing against concrete.

“CLANG!”

A rusted old Independent sign from a time long ago goes flying as a gang of raiders marches through the corridor like a pack of drunken hyenas. The gnarly crew wear black leather jackets, scarred and rugged faces as each of them hold an assortment of weaponry that would make even those stuck in the medieval times cringe. The unmistakable red insignia of the Vanquishers of Valentine is stretched proudly across each of their backs.

Leading them through the dark like he owns every inch of the Colosseum, because he does you fucking plebes, is Jace Valentine.

His leather jacket is immaculate despite the filth surrounding him. His blond hair remains perfectly styled, his sunglasses somehow untouched by the grime of the wasteland around him. He carries a steel baseball bat wrapped in barbed wire over his shoulder casually, like a businessman carrying an umbrella. Jace takes one long sniff of the air and immediately recoils in disgust.

Jace Valentine: “Jesus Christ. This broad actually lives down here? I've smelled fresher air inside a crematorium.”

One of the Vanquishers nearby nods enthusiastically.

Vanquisher: “Might still be worth it though, boss.”

Jace points at him approvingly without even slowing his pace.

Jace Valentine: "That right there is why you're management material, Terry."

The raiders laugh amongst themselves as they continue descending further into the underground maze. But the deeper they go, the more the atmosphere begins changing around them. The tunnels become narrower, stranger.

Handmade charms crafted from bones, flowers, wires, and broken clock parts dangle from the ceiling overhead, clinking softly whenever the stale underground air shifts. Candles burn in strange corners despite there being no obvious signs anyone has been present recently.

Then comes the humming. Soft at first, almost like a whisper calling out to the Host with the Most. A distant tune drifting through the tunnels from somewhere ahead. Jace hesitates, slowing down enough that it draws the attention of his Vanquishers.

Jace Valentine: "Alright, not gonna lie, this place officially has serial killer energy."

One of the raiders nervously chuckles while another tears one of the hanging charms off the wall.

Vanquisher: "You think this stuff's cursed?"

Jace snatches the charm from his hand, examining the crude little creation with visible disgust before tossing it carelessly over his shoulder.

Jace Valentine: "Buddy, if this chick could actually curse people, I probably wouldn't still be hearing about that Frozen Over match every damn week."

Irritation creeps over the face of Valentine as he remembers their match at Frozen Over 9. The loss that he could never get back.

Lilliana Primrose making him tap out clean in the center of the ring with the "Who Are You?" submission when he was trying to make his grand comeback. The nerve of this bitch. The whispers afterward had eaten at him worse than the actual defeat itself. The side eyes from his Lord, Anhellica, almost too much to take.

Jace Valentine, the self-proclaimed Face that Runs the Place, getting embarrassed by "the weird girl." Every joke. Every snide comment. Every sideways glance backstage.

It had festered in him ever since.

Another heavy steel door gets kicked open by one of the Vanquishers and suddenly they find themselves standing at the entrance to Lilliana Primrose's hidden abode.

The room is empty, but it doesn't feel abandoned. Blankets and quilts hang from exposed piping overhead. Ancient lanterns sit beside futuristic tech modules patched together from scavenged components. Books and papers cover nearly every available surface. The entire room feels deeply personal, like stepping into somebody else's mind.

And Valentine wouldn't have it any other way. He slowly steps inside, lowering the bat from his shoulder as a grin begins spreading across his face.

Jace Valentine: "Well now... looks like Miss Moonbeam skipped town."

The Vanquishers immediately begin rummaging through the room like vultures descending onto a corpse. Drawers are yanked open. Books thrown aside. Cushions gutted. One of them tears a hanging quilt directly off the wall. A nervous-looking raider glances around.

Vanquisher: "You sure she ain't hiding in here somewhere, boss?"

Jace turns toward him with complete confidence.

Jace Valentine: "Trust me, if Primrose was actually here, one of you idiots would already be bleeding internally while she sang nursery rhymes over your corpse."

That earns a few uneasy laughs, but even Jace himself keeps glancing subtly toward the darker corners of the room. There's something deeply unsettling about the place when it's empty, like the walls themselves are watching.

He notices a bloodstained cloth sitting near the mattress and picks it up carefully between two fingers. Jaiden's blood. This brings an immediate smirk to Jace's face.

Jace Valentine: "Poor Justin Junior really got his brains scrambled last week, huh?"

He tosses the cloth aside carelessly and begins moving deeper into the room.

Jace Valentine: "Guy spends months running around acting like the chosen one just to end up getting his skull bounced

off that brick wall like a basketball.”

One of the raiders starts sorting through scattered papers.

Vanquisher: “What exactly are we supposed to be finding here, boss?”

The tone in Jace’s voice shifts instantly. The smug humor gives way to something colder.

Jace Valentine: “Anything connected to the Book.”

The room quiets slightly. Even the raiders understand the weight behind those words.

The Book of Beginnings and Endings wasn’t just another artifact anymore. It had become the obsession consuming both sides of the war. Whatever power existed within those pages, AnHellica wanted it badly enough to mobilize nearly the entire Amoralist machine toward finding it before Ascension. And Jace Valentine intended to be the one who delivered results. Jace violently swings the bat into a nearby table, shattering it apart.

Jace Valentine: “A map, a location, a clue, I don’t care. Find something useful or I swear to God I’m feeding one of you to the Peacock King! And you better NOT say his name.”

The Vanquishers scramble faster now, overturning furniture and ripping apart the sanctuary with increasing aggression. Candles crash onto the floor, the flickering lights luckily going immediately out on impact. Glass shatters as books spill everywhere. The carefully maintained peace of the room gets ripped apart piece by piece beneath the chaos.

Jace himself starts tearing through shelves now, rage visibly bleeding through every movement. The upcoming End Games match had become bigger than just another war between factions. AnHellica had stacked her side with killers, meanwhile the Major Arcana still had unanswered questions looming over them. Jaiden was injured. Their final two teammates remained unknown. And that uncertainty irritated Jace more than he cared admitting. He drives the barbed wire bat through an old mirror hanging on the wall, spiderweb cracks exploding outward.

Jace Valentine: “Nobody embarrasses Jace Valentine and walks away feeling good about it!”

Another swing demolishes a shelf of books.

Jace Valentine: “Not Jaiden Rishel. Not Lilliana Primrose. Not anybody.”

Then...

Vanquisher: "Boss!"

Jace promptly turns to his prized underling. The raider kneels near the mattress holding a torn scrap of parchment that he discovered hidden beneath it. The drawing looks like it was made by a five year old but Valentine is no idiot, he knows exactly what the artist was trying to portray.

A lighthouse.

Suddenly, the lights in the room begin to flicker violently. The humming grows louder. Not from the tunnels anymore, but from inside the room itself.

Several of the raiders freeze.

The old record player in the corner suddenly crackles to life on its own, distorted music spilling out slowly through static. One of the Vanquishers nearly jumps out of his skin.

Vanquisher: "What the fuck was that?!"

Jace looks toward the spinning record player, visibly unsettled despite trying to hide it.

Jace Valentine: "Relax, Scooby-Doo. It's probably just haunted by schizophrenia."

But even he doesn't fully believe the joke. Because for the briefest second, standing in the far corner of the room illuminated by flickering light...

He sees her. Lilliana Primrose. Head tilted slightly, smiling as she stares back at him completely motionless.

Jace stiffens immediately. Then the lights stabilize, and the illusion breaks, any sense of Lilliana gone with the wind. Silence fills the room. Even the Vanquishers stop moving, just staring at their boss for a word on what to do next. Jace clears his throat awkwardly before shoving the parchment into his jacket pocket.

Jace Valentine: "...Yeah, alright. I officially hate this place."

A few nervous laughs break the tension, but the atmosphere has completely shifted now. The room no longer feels abandoned. Despite being completely empty before their arrival, it somehow feels fully aware of their presence. Jace forces a grin back onto his face, because fear and Jace Valentine don't coexist publicly. He turns toward the ruined remains of the sanctuary and spreads his arms dramatically.

Jace Valentine: "You hear that, Primrose? THIS is your future at Ascension!"

His voice echoes through the underground tunnels.

Jace Valentine: "Two rings. One giant fucking cage. End Games. Me, Freddie Styles, Jare...the Peacock King, Mark Carlton, and the beautiful Archon herself against your little collection of circus freaks."

He gestures toward the wreckage surrounding him.

Jace Valentine: "And if this is what we do to your home, imagine what happens when that cage door locks behind you."

He begins backing toward the exit with the Vanquishers following close behind.

Jace Valentine: "Tell Jaiden to enjoy sitting on the sidelines while he still can. Because when Ascension comes around, the Major Arcana dies right in front of him."

Before leaving completely, Jace takes one final swing of the bat. The record player explodes into pieces. Then the Vanquishers disappear back into the darkness of the tunnels, their laughter slowly fading into the distance. The camera lingers behind on the ruined abode.

The Amoralists (c) (Freddie Styles & "The Peacock King" Jared Holmes) vs. The Highlanders (Caledonia & Dan Highlander)

Match

Joey Garcia: "The following contest is scheduled for one fall and is for the CWF TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS!"

"Let the Hammer Fall" by Hammerfall erupts across the Colosseum speakers, the crowd immediately rising to their feet as blue and silver lights pulse throughout the Colosseum. Dan Highlander steps out first, jaw clenched tight and eyes burning with purpose. A second later Caledonia emerges beside him to an even louder ovation, battle-worn but regal as ever.

Jim Gunt: "Listen to this place! The Highlanders have become symbols of resistance in Anthropolis, Mike. These people NEED this victory tonight."

Mike Rolash: "Yeah, yeah, love, honor, justice, all that Hallmark card crap. Me personally? I just wanna see somebody get kicked directly into the year 2327."

Caledonia places a hand on Dan's shoulder before the two begin marching down the ramp together, laser focused on the ring ahead.

Joey Garcia: "Introducing first, the challengers... the team of CALEDONIA and DAN HIGHLANDER... THE HIGHLANDERS!!"

Dan slaps the apron hard before climbing up onto it while Caledonia circles around the outside, taking a moment to look out into the sea of fans screaming "HIGHLANDER!" aloud. The two step into the ring together, Dan throwing his fist high into the air while Caledonia raises both arms beside him.

The lights dim as "You Know My Name" by Chris Cornell begins thundering through the Colosseum. A silhouette appears at the top of the ramp.

Joey Garcia: "And their opponents... introducing first..."

Freddie Styles slowly steps forward from the darkness, hood over his head, bouncing lightly from side to side as the blue lighting flashes across his face.

"BALLGAME!"

He fires the finger guns toward the camera before stalking toward the ring with all the arrogance in the world.

Mike Rolash: "There he is, Jimbo. The human embodiment of talking trash online after winning one match in Call of Duty."

Jim Gunt: "You say that like you weren't doing that every single night before we got stuck here in Anthropolis."

Mike Rolash: "Yeah. The difference is I lose every match first. And you should see the game designs that Neezletoe and Abigail Starr have been coming up with...incredibly creative stuff!"

Jim Gunt: "I'll take your word on that one, Mike."

Freddie enters the ring and immediately stretches across the ropes smugly, staring directly at Highlander. Then “Obedear” by Purity Ring echoes softly throughout the arena. Boos rain down as The Peacock King emerges through glowing gold and emerald lights, draped in his lavish Versace robe, jeweled mask gleaming beneath the dystopian haze. His fingers glimmer with rings as he slowly raises the Eye of Providence tattoo over his forehead, basking in the hatred pouring from the crowd.

Jim Gunt: “There is something deeply unsettling about Jare-.”

Mike Rolash: “The Peacock King, Jim! And you mean besides him looking like a cult leader that sells cryptocurrency and steals girlfriends?”

Jim Gunt: “...Yes. That and just his entire aura feels off to me.”

Jared Holmes saunters down the aisle like the entire world already belongs to him. He climbs the steps slowly, removing his jewelry piece by piece before stepping into the ring barefoot. Finally, he removes the jeweled mask. Those eerie blue eyes lock directly onto Dan Highlander. And Highlander doesn’t blink.

Joey Garcia: “And introducing the reigning and defending CWF TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS... FREDDIE STYLES AND THE PEACOCK KING JARED HOLMES... THE AMORALISTS!!”

Abigail Starr calls for the bell, and Dan Highlander immediately explodes forward and blasts Jared Holmes with a forearm smash that nearly spins him inside out!

Jim Gunt: “Highlander wasting absolutely no time!”

Dan unloads with brutal strikes in the corner, lefts and rights raining down onto Holmes before whipping him hard across the ring.

STINGER SPLASH!

NO!

Holmes slips out at the last second and Dan crashes chest-first into the buckle. Jared instantly punishes him with a jumping dropkick to the spine before tagging Freddie Styles.

Jim Gunt: “The champions are beginning to cut the ring in half methodically now, Mike, both Freddie and the King have surprisingly gotten accustomed to each other very quickly.”

Mike Rolash: "Well you have the final World Heavyweight Champion on one side and the Peacock King, an entrancing, methodical force on the other. It's a natural fit!"

Freddie lights Dan up with knife-edge chops before snapping him over with a brutal Half Nelson Suplex. Highlander staggers upward only to eat a PELE kick directly to the jaw! Mr. Ballgame moves right in, not wasting any time in going for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Mike Rolash: "You know what Freddie Styles wrestles like? A guy who drinks pre-workout powder straight from the tub."

Jim Gunt: "How would you even know that?"

Mike Rolash: "Because I did it once and saw God for fifteen minutes."

Freddie grins cockily before dragging Dan toward the corner and tagging Holmes back in. The Peacock King enters slowly and deliberately, eying up his opponent before he even makes a move. Finally, he places a barefoot boot against Highlander's throat while staring directly out into the crowd with a smug expression. Ref Starr begins counting but Holmes only smirks wider before finally backing off at four.

Jim Gunt: "Jar...The Peacock King is certainly not interested in following the rules tonight."

Mike Rolash: "And why should he, Jimmy? The King found himself in a spot that the rest of Anthropolis could only dream of- he entered into the Amoralists when they were down in numbers and within moments showed them, us and the entire world that despite him being a bit of a strange cat...he was for fucking sure the right man for the job."

Jim Gunt: "Ass kisser. The words of Mitaxia will never teach you a thing, will they?.."

Dan tries fighting back with body shots but Holmes cuts him off immediately with a Butterfly Suplex that folds the Hammer in half. Another cover from the Amoralists as they attempt to maintain their advantage.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Caledonia pounds the turnbuckle, rallying the crowd behind her husband.

“HIGHLANDER! HIGHLANDER! HIGHLANDER!”

Dan finally breaks free after countering a Falcon Arrow attempt into a desperation back body drop. Both men collapse to the canvas.

Jim Gunt: “This is their chance! Dan NEEDS to make the tag!”

Highlander crawls. But Holmes crawls just a beat faster.

Mike Rolash: “TAG TO FREDDIE!”

Jim Gunt: “TAG TO CALEDONIA!”

The Colosseum explodes as Caledonia vaults into the ring with a flying forearm to Freddie Styles! Another forearm to Holmes! Freddie grunts, clearing the cobwebs before charging in.

BELLY TO BACK SUPLEX!

Holmes rushes her.

SUCH IS LIFE ENZUIGIRI!

The Peacock King tumbles through the ropes to the outside!

Mike Rolash: “OH GOD, SHE KILLED THE PEACOCK KING!”

Jim Gunt: "Would you stop!?"

Freddie swings wildly but Caledonia ducks underneath and springboards off the ropes.

QUEEN'S GAMBIT!

The springboard roundhouse catches Freddie flush across the temple! Right for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

HOLMES BREAKS IT UP!

The match descends into chaos as Dan Highlander storms back into the ring and begins brawling with Jared Holmes. Caledonia trades heavy strikes with Freddie Styles, neither former World Champion able to get the instant advantage over the other. The crowd is thunderous as all four competitors unload on one another! Dan catches Holmes with a boot to the gut.

SOUTHERN CROSS!

No! Freddie chop blocks Dan from behind before the move can connect. Caledonia immediately tackles Freddie hard to the mat from the side. Jared Holmes rises back up slowly in the corner, a demented smirk plastered over his face.

Suddenly, Mark Carlton appears at the top of the ramp.

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

The entire Colosseum comes unglued as the turncoat cousin of Caledonia Highlander stands still taking all the hate in with more than a bit of shock on his disgruntled face.

Jim Gunt: "What the hell is HE doing out here?!"

Mike Rolash: "Family counseling maybe? Little late for that, buddy!"

Dan Highlander freezes for half a second, staring toward the entranceway while Caledonia looks equally stunned. Then, Alex Cain and Cyborg Franklin Fredrickson charge down the ramp from behind Carlton! The crowd roars expecting an ambush, but Carlton spins around and absolutely **BLASTS** Fredrickson with a superkick!

Jim Gunt: "WHAT?!"

A furious Alex Cain turns towards Carlton and swings wildly.

SPINEBUSTER ON THE RAMP!

The living legend crashes hard onto the steel plating as the crowd erupts into shocked cheers.

Mike Rolash: "Okay I hate to admit it, Jimbo, but the Highlander's vampire cousin just folded two Cain & Frankie like discount lawn chairs!"

Carlton stands over both Amoralist underlings breathing heavily. He slowly looks back towards the ring as Dan Highlander stares back at him in complete confusion.

Jim Gunt: "Maybe... maybe Mark Carlton has finally come to his senses!"

Dan steps through the ropes onto the apron, eyes completely locked onto Carlton. And that's the mistake. Jared Holmes rises behind him, The Peacock King slowly turning Dan toward him. Their eyes meet. The King's haunting eyes shift, green...then blue. An unnatural flash of the eye, and Dan Highlander's expression changes instantly. He freezes completely on the apron, hands trembling against the ropes.

Mike Rolash: "Uh... Jim?"

Jim Gunt: "No... no no no..."

Inside the ring Caledonia is fighting alone now, desperately trying to fend off both champions. Freddie kicks her in the stomach. Jared Holmes hooks her arms.

Jim Gunt: "DAN, MOVE! GET IN THERE!"

But Highlander can't. He's petrified, frozen in place as he stares into those impossible blue eyes. Freddie launches Caledonia upward into the air.

SONG OF THE HYADES!

Jim Gunt: "Song of the Hyades canadian destroyer! RIGHT INTO THE ATL STOMP FROM FREDDIE STYLES!"

Mike Rolash: "YEEESS!"

The impact nearly turns Caledonia inside out. Holmes immediately hooks both her legs.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Joey Garcia: "The winners of this match by pinfall and STILL CWF TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS... THE AMORALISTS!!"

The bell rings to a deafening chorus of boos. Freddie Styles laughs breathlessly while Jared Holmes slowly rises beside him, expression unreadable. Outside the ring, Mark Carlton stands motionless halfway down the ramp. Inside the ring, Dan Highlander remains frozen on the apron beside the ropes, staring directly at the Peacock King in absolute horror. Holmes simply smiles. A calm, knowing, terrifying smile.

Mike Rolash: "Jim... I don't think that was hypnosis."

Jim Gunt: "Then what the hell was it?"

You Wanted A War...

Match

The bell continues to echo through the Colosseum as "Obedear" fades into a low, uneasy hum. Freddie Styles is still laughing in the ring, Jared Holmes standing beside him like a man admiring artwork only he can understand. At ringside, Dan Highlander slowly steps down from the apron. The Highlander doesn't move like a man who just lost a title match; he moves like someone who just realized the world tilted slightly off its axis and never corrected itself.

His eyes stay locked on the peculiar Jared Holmes. Even as referees and Watchers begin to check on Caledonia Highlander inside the ring, she shoves them away, rolling onto her knees, coughing, the High Priestess more furious than hurt. Dan finally reaches her side and helps her up. She steadies herself against the ropes, breathing hard, eyes burning with rage as she looks between the Amoralists on the ramp, Freddie and Holmes at ringside, and the silent,

watching “Watchers” stationed at the far edge of the Colosseum.

Caledonia: “Enough.”

The word cuts through the noise as Caledonia spits blood onto the canvas. She grabs a microphone from ringside and steps onto the apron beside Dan, not even bothering to wipe the blood from her lip.

Caledonia: “We’re done playing these games.”

The crowd starts to rise again, sensing the shift. Caledonia turns, pointing toward the shadowed figures along the upper balcony: the Watchers.

Caledonia: “You’ve watched long enough. You’ve let Anhellica’s puppets tear this place apart long enough.”

Dan’s jaw tightens beside her. He’s still staring at Holmes, but now there’s something else behind it, something deep within him sharpening like an iron.

Caledonia: “At Ascension... we stop asking permission.”

The Colosseum quiets as she steps forward.

Caledonia: “We challenge ANY two members Anhellica can scrape together. No selection games. No mind tricks. No hiding behind kings, peacocks, or dead legends brought back wrong.”

She looks down at the ring where Freddie Styles is now pacing like a satisfied predator.

Caledonia: “Falls Count Anywhere.”

A brief moment that feels like an eternity as the crowd holds onto Caledonia’s every word.

Caledonia: “Tornado tag.”

Another moment, longer this time.

Caledonia: “No rules...”

Dan finally raises the microphone, voice low, controlled, dangerous.

Dan Highlander: "Just blood."

The crowd detonates. "THIS IS AWESOME!" chants start spilling through the Colosseum as the camera cuts between the furious Highlanders and the smug, unbothered Amoralists. Freddie mouths something at Dan from inside the ring. Jared Holmes doesn't speak, he simply watches, eyes still carrying that unsettling calm.

Then...a slow clap echoes from the middle of the stage. The Living Legend Alex Cain steps forward. Wearing an arrogant grin like the world is something he's already beaten twice, the five time CWF World Champion strolls down the ramp with a microphone in hand. Behind him, Fredrickson stands eyes unfocused, face unreadable. Cain looks amused more than impressed.

Alex Cain: "Falls Count Anywhere... tornado tag..."

He shakes his head, smiling wider.

Alex Cain: "You Highlanders always did love drama. Always loved the big drawn out speeches. Always loved pretending you're the storm instead of just the losers standing in the rain that you are."

Dan steps forward a half step on the apron. Caledonia doesn't flinch. Cain walks closer down the ramp, eyes flicking toward the ring, then back to them.

Alex Cain: "You want Ascension? Fine."

He suddenly grabs Franklin Fredrickson by the chest plating and SLAPS it hard, a metallic THUNK echoing through the arena. Franklin winces but keeps his attention towards the Highlanders in the ring. Cain leans into the mic, voice dripping with sarcasm.

Alex Cain: "We'll see you at Ascension."

A pause before the big man grins.

Alex Cain: "And I promise you... we won't be hard to find."

He turns slightly, gesturing to Franklin like he's introducing a product rather than a monster.

Alex Cain: "Frankie and I will be right there waiting."

The crowd erupts into boos as Cain taps Franklin's chest again, laughing under his breath. Inside the ring, Jared Holmes finally tilts his head, like he's watching a decision being made somewhere far beyond the Colosseum. Freddie Styles climbs the turnbuckle and spreads his arms wide, shouting something inaudible into the chaos, but all eyes are on the ramp. Dan Highlander raises his mic one last time.

Dan Highlander: "Ascension... you wanted a war."

Caledonia steps beside him.

Caledonia: "You're going to get one."

Raising The Stakes

Match

The room is dimly lit backstage. A single light flickers overhead. A steel ladder stands leaning against the cracked concrete wall beside Dangerous Dan. Sweat drips from his face. There's dried blood smeared near his eye from the chaos moments earlier. The Paramount Championship rests over his shoulder while he slowly paces around the ladder, glaring directly into the camera.

Dangerous Dan: "Do you hear that?"

Dan tilts his head slightly, listening to the distant noise of the crowd echoing through the arena walls.

Dangerous Dan: "That's disappointment."

He smirks coldly.

Dangerous Dan: "A month ago... I opened the gates. I told this locker room to step up. I told every man, every woman, every coward hiding in the shadows that if they wanted a shot at the Paramount Championship... all they had to do was walk through the door."

Dan grabs the ladder beside him and rattles it violently.

Dangerous Dan: "And what have I gotten?"

He laughs under his breath.

Dangerous Dan: "Excuses. Weakness. Pretenders."

Dan stops pacing and stares into the camera with pure disgust.

Dangerous Dan: "Yuri... you fought harder than most. I'll give you that. You took punishment that would've folded lesser people in half. But impress me? No. You didn't impress me. You survived for a little while longer than the others. Congratulations."

He shrugs dismissively.

Dangerous Dan: "And tonight? Tonight, they sent a masked coward after me."

Dan leans closer toward the camera.

Dangerous Dan: "A man too afraid to even show his damn face."

He points toward the lens.

Dangerous Dan: "You walked into my ring hiding behind a mask because deep down you already knew what was going to happen. You knew Dangerous Dan was going to break you apart piece by piece until there was nothing left but another body at my feet."

Dan gently removes the Paramount Championship from his shoulder and lets it hang in his hand.

Dangerous Dan: "And then came Anhellica."

His expression darkens instantly.

Dangerous Dan: "A cheap shot from the shadows. An attack when my back was turned. That's the kind of courage people have around here now, huh? Sneak attacks. Masks. Ambushes."

Dan chuckles bitterly before slamming the championship against the ladder with a loud metallic CLANG!

Dangerous Dan: "But maybe this is my fault."

He steps beside the ladder again.

Dangerous Dan: "Maybe I made things too easy."

Dan runs his hand across the steel rung.

Dangerous Dan: "So let me fix that."

He looks dead into the camera.

Dangerous Dan: "At Ascension... I'm raising the stakes."

Dan lifts the ladder upright and stands beside it like an execution device.

Dangerous Dan: "No more standard matches. No more easy ways out. No more hiding."

His voice lowers into something colder.

Dangerous Dan: "At Ascension, the Paramount Championship hangs high above the ring... and I'm challenging ANYONE... EVERYONE... to climb this ladder and try to take it from me."

Dan smirks.

Dangerous Dan: "If you think you're tough enough... if you think you're willing to bleed enough... if you think you've got the guts to stand across from me in a ladder match..."

He points toward the camera again.

Dangerous Dan: "Then come prove it."

Dan suddenly shoves the ladder over. It crashes violently onto the concrete floor.

Dangerous Dan: "But understand this..."

He crouches near the fallen ladder, breathing heavily.

Dangerous Dan: "Ladder matches don't end with wrestling moves and handshakes."

Dan wipes blood from his mouth.

Dangerous Dan: "They end with careers shortened. Bones shattered. Bodies broken underneath steel."

He slowly stands back up.

Dangerous Dan: "And at Ascension...I'm going to make an example out of whoever's stupid enough to answer."

Dan lifts the title back onto his shoulder.

Dangerous Dan: "Because every challenger that walks through that curtain keeps learning the same lesson..."

He steps into the shadows as the camera slowly zooms in.

Dangerous Dan: "You are not climbing toward glory."

A sinister grin spreads across his face.

Dangerous Dan: "You're climbing toward The ENDD."

The screen nearly fades black before Dan's voice cuts through one last time.

Dangerous Dan: "The ENDD is near."

A pause. Quintessential in it's length and feeling.

Dangerous Dan: "Can you feel it?"

All In

Match

We cut back to the Pact's dressing room, where things have taken an unmistakable turn for the worse. Holes have been punched into drywall, clothing hooks have been ripped from the wall, and Ian Ambrose lies battered on the floor, blood seeping from his forehead, and struggling for breath as Gordy King leans on top of him with a chair pressed into his throat. The champion's eyes are manic, as he growls at the announcer beneath him.

Gordy King: "Now Ian, I maybe didn't make myself clear before now, so let me say – that's on me, bud. Lemme try again – now I know we've been pals since I came around, but I need you to understand that the nasty, awful things that King Jarvis did? They're in my bones. They are in me, flesh and blood, literally, so let me tell you that you're in for a world of hurt, bud, if you don't tell me where the fuck is my title?"

Ambrose manages only to squeak a bit in agony, which makes The Most Canadian Man Alive growl in anger again.

Gordy King: "Alright then, Ian, maybe we gotta get a bit nasty, eh?"

King reaches down and grabs a bottle, and with one fluid motion he smashes it against a bench, sending beer spraying all around, but leaving a sharp edge in his hand.

Gordy King: "Maybe you'll be able to speak more clearly if I cut on you a bit..."

Gordy brings the bottle down, slowly, towards Ian's eye as the door to the room opens and Harlan Moretti walks in, the CWF Championship trophy in hand.

Harlan "The House" Moretti: "That isn't necessary, Gordy."

Gordy's demeanor changes entirely. He comes back to himself and seems to completely forget about his torture victim, and spins around to smile and clap Moretti on the shoulder.

Gordy King: "Jeez, Harlan – thanks bud. Glad you found that for me."

The House chuckles.

Harlan "The House" Moretti: "Yes. I wouldn't want you to lose it too soon."

The scene fades.

Anhellica vs. Mitaxia

The camera cuts back to ringside as the lights inside the Colosseum have already been dimmed down, the focus on the CWF Tron where the following words come across it like a warning.

“MORALITY IS A DISEASE”

“THE ARCHON HAS ARRIVED”

Suddenly the entire Colosseum is flooded in a sterile white light so bright it nearly burns your eyes. Fog pours from the stage like smoke coming from a burning city. The entire ring is surrounded by hooded Watchers holding torches in the air. “Ich Will” hangs over the air like a haunting hymn, dozens of drones flying over the air capturing the entirety of the scene before zooming in on the Archon of Amorality herself, Anhellica, sitting on her trademark blood red satin throne in the center of the ring.

The Queen of Evil purrs with affection as all of Anthropolis show their sheer hatred for her. Her fingers curl across her lips, lengthy crimson fingernails gliding against her protruding teeth. The time for games may be soon over, but Anhellica is never one to not make an entrance.

???: “HA! “Not make an entrance?!” You?! Puh-Leaze...”

As soon as the last of Anhellica’s horde-like entourage makes it to the bottom of the ramp, Mitaxia skips out onto the stage. She does a little jig and laughs as Anhellica glowers at her. However, Anhellica quickly regains her composure and points a finger at Mitaxia.

The horde reverses flow and starts making its way back up to Mitaxia, who was too busy spinning around in a circle to really care. They surround her and start pointing all the sharp and pointy things at her, ready to pounce on Anhellica’s command.

She stands to get a better view of the mauling of her opponent for the evening, and instead of screams of terror, giggles of mirth and sounds of delight make their way down to Anhellica’s ears. She snarls and suddenly Mitaxia is standing straight upright and still, head cock, eyes locked on Anhellica. Her voice is shrill, a high enough pitch to make those closest to her back off.

Mitaxia: “What REALLY uh-MAZES me, is that you THINK I’d be the naive little heroine to launch herself into your trap, without setting one of her own. The fates have spoken Anhellica, and The Major Arcana have come to collect.”

In a flash, the horde around Mitaxia is thinned out, her gaze never leaving Anhellica as the rest of her End Games team

joins her; “The Ripper” Danny B, Liliana Primrose, and gingerly moving Jaiden Rishel stand side by side with Mitaxia. Together, they march down the ring before Mitaxia halts them before the ring, another horde of Watchers standing in their way.

Mitaxia: “This... Doesn’t work for me. Let’s change things up shall we?”

The average person blinks 15-20 times per minute, no matter how one feels about where they fall on the blinking spectrum, no sooner had anyone shut their eyes to blink, did Mitaxia and the rest of the Major Arcana appear in the ring, Anhellica and her forces now outside of the ring, looking in. Anhellica slowly moves in front of her minions, her crimson eyes narrowing as the Major Arcana stand united inside the squared circle. Mitaxia remains at the head of the group, hands clasped behind her back with an unsettling grin stretched across her face.

Mitaxia: “See? This is why sharing is caring. Now everyone gets to play.”

The Archon glares back at her arch rival.

Anhellica: “You really believe this changes the outcome?”

Mitaxia tilts her head to the side.

Mitaxia: “No, bitch. I know it does.”

The crowd erupts as the Major Arcana launch themselves forward. The ring explodes into violence as Danny B dives over the ropes like a rabid animal, crashing directly into Jace Valentine and hammering fists into his skull before they even hit the floor. Arik Azrael storms through two Watchers like they’re made of paper, one hand wrapped around a throat as he launches one of the Watchers clear into the barricade.

Jaiden Rishel immediately goes after Alex Cain despite visibly favoring his head and shoulder from the injuries suffered at Infernalix six. The Prince tackles Cain into the announce table as fists begin flying wildly between them. Liliana Primrose simply laughs, seemingly in her own little world as always.

One Watcher swings a baton toward her skull and she ducks underneath it while humming to herself, planting a sudden forearm into his throat. Another charges from behind.

CRACK!

Mitaxia appears seemingly from nowhere with a spinning backfist that folds the attacker in half.

Jim Gunt: "This has completely broken down, Mike! There's not going to be anything left of either of these two sides for End Games."

Mike Rolash: "This isn't a wrestling match anymore, this is a damn riot!"

Inside the ring, Anhellica and Mitaxia finally come face to face. The crowd roars in anticipation as Anhellica swings first, a brutal forearm shot that catches Mitaxia across the jaw. Mitaxia stumbles sideways, laughing, before springing back forward with a knife-edge chop that echoes through the Colosseum. Another. Another! Anhellica snarls and drives a knee directly into Mitaxia's ribs before throwing her violently into the corner.

The Archon charges as Mitaxia vaults upward. Boot to the face! Anhellica staggers backward, clearly dazed. Mitaxia cartwheels out of the corner before catching Anhellica with a tornado DDT that spikes the vampire leader into the canvas!

Jim Gunt: "The crowd here tonight are going bonkers! They are loving seeing Anhellica and the Amoralists finally get their due!"

Mike Rolash: "Don't speak so soon, Jim. The Amoralists are mounting a comeback outside!"

As things start to break down for their Lord in the ring, more Watchers flood down the entrance ramp. Freddie Styles emerges alongside Jared Holmes and the towering Franklinborg, the chrome-enhanced monster still stained with dried blood from his recent assaults. Alex Cain recovers enough to smash Jaiden face-first into the ring post while Jace Valentine and several Watchers overwhelm Danny B near the barricade.

Jim Gunt: "The Major Arcana are being swallowed alive here!"

Mike Rolash: "This is exactly what Anhellica wanted!"

Mitaxia sees it happening. For the first time all night, concern flashes across her face. Anhellica notices too, and smiles.

Anhellica: "Did you truly think you could stop the inevitable?"

The Archon grabs Mitaxia by the throat and launches her through the ropes to the outside floor. Mitaxia crashes hard near the barricade as Watchers instantly descend upon her like vultures. The crowd begins booing furiously as they watch on in horror as The Major Arcana begins to fall.

Danny B is dragged into the steel steps. Liliana gets restrained by two Watchers while Holmes drills her in the ribs repeatedly. Azrael is staggered by Franklinborg's chrome-enhanced forearm smash. Jaiden Rishel tries to fight toward Mitaxia, but Alex Cain cracks him in the back of the skull with a baton. Jaiden collapses to one knee immediately, the concussion symptoms coming back instantly. His vision blurs as blood trickles down the side of his face.

Anhellica slowly steps forward amongst the chaos, raising her arms as if conducting a symphony of suffering. Then...

The lights go out.

The Colosseum falls into complete darkness. A low murmur ripples through the crowd.

Mike Rolash: "...What now?"

One single white spotlight appears at the top of the stage. The masked competitor from earlier on stands there once again. Black hood. Face covered. Motionless.

Jim Gunt: "It's him!"

Anhellica slowly turns toward the stage. The hooded figure begins walking toward the ring through the smoke with deliberate purpose. Watchers part for him instinctively as if unsure whether they should stop him or welcome him. Even the Amoralists seem confused.

The figure reaches ringside. Franklinborg steps toward him cautiously. The masked man simply walks past him, then steps beside Anhellica. The crowd rains boos down, disappointed and furious as they see the Amoralists numbers get yet another name.

Jim Gunt: "Oh come on! I knew this creep was with them!"

Anhellica smiles knowingly toward the hooded figure.

Anhellica: "There you are."

The figure slowly turns toward her. A pause as he simply stares at the Archon of Amorality in silence. Mitaxia is furious as she rises to her feet, but as she makes eye contact with the mystery person she seems to recognize something in him immediately, waves of emotion running over her as she pulls herself completely to her feet and claws at her own

face in frustration.

Mitaxia paces slowly over to him, showing no fear whatsoever for the rest of the Amoralists standing around him, and looks the masked man dead in the eye.

Mitaxia: "I see so much more from you than whatever you think you have running through your head."

CRACK!

Suddenly, the masked man drills Anhellica directly across the jaw with a sudden discus forearm! The fans scream as Anhellica crashes to the mat in complete shock, chaos immediately erupting around ringside.

Mike Rolash: "WHAT?!"

Jim Gunt: "HE JUST TOOK ANHELLICA'S HEAD OFF!"

Freddie Styles rushes forward.

SUPERKICK!

Freddie stumbles backward into Mitaxia who immediately plants him with a violent headbutt. The hooded man reaches up slowly, and pulls the mask away. The crowd absolutely detonates.

Jim Gunt: "NO WAY..."

Mike Rolash: "THAT'S ZACH VAN OWEN!"

Jim Gunt: "No...he may look like Zach but whoever this is is much younger. Although I do have to admit bears a strong resemblance to the former Player One!"

The man stares coldly toward the Amoralists. The descendant of the legendary Van Owen family, Xander, stands defiantly revealed at last. The crowd chants loudly as Mitaxia helps to rile them up. Anhellica slowly pulls herself up in disbelief, clutching her jaw.

Anhellica: "You..."

Xander says nothing. He simply cracks his neck and launches himself into the fight. Rapid forearm strikes drop Jared Holmes. Cartwheel evade. Spinning heel kick to Jace Valentine. Ehrgeiz palm thrust sends a Watcher flying over the barricade! The momentum shifts instantly. Before the Major Arcana can fully capitalize...Franklinborg grabs Xander from behind. The cyborg hoists him high.

Suddenly...

"Requiem" thunders throughout the Colosseum. Gold light floods the arena. The crowd explodes into deafening cheers. A lone figure appears atop the stage dressed in an immaculate black and crimson longcoat, silver embroidery gleaming beneath the lights. One glowing red eye pierces supernaturally through the haze.

Silas Artoria!

Jim Gunt: "The Aristocrat has returned! HE'S HERE!"

Mike Rolash: "OH YOU HAVE GOT TO BE KIDDING ME!"

Silas surveys the battlefield calmly for a long moment, then runs right for the ring like a man possessed. The crowd rises as Artoria charges down the ramp with terrifying speed. Franklinborg turns.

BICYCLE KNEE STRIKE!

The impact snaps Franklinborg's head backward violently as the cyborg crashes through the timekeeper's table in an explosion of debris. The crowd is losing their minds as Silas removes his gloves slowly while standing beside Xander. Two ghosts from CWF's past, both making their returns for the good of mankind itself. Both men charge forward, absolute carnage ensuing.

Silas dismantles Watchers with brutal precision, knees and uppercuts dropping bodies one after another. Xander launches himself off the barricade with a moonsault onto Jared Holmes and Freddie Styles simultaneously. Mitaxia recovers, nearly taking the head off a Watcher with a massive headbutt. Danny B drives Jace Valentine face-first into the steel post. Liliana Primrose stands in the center of the chaos smiling serenely as if she already knew this would happen.

But then...

CRACK!

Alex Cain smashes a steel pipe directly into the back of Jaiden Rishel's skull. The sound is sickening. Jaiden immediately crumples motionless to the floor.

Jim Gunt: "OH MY GOD!"

Mike Rolash: "Not again..."

Blood begins pouring down the side of Jaiden's head almost instantly. The Prince barely twitches as Cain kneels over him, grabbing him by the hair.

Alex Cain: "You never learn, do you?!"

Cain drags Jaiden upward and violently slams his head repeatedly into the edge of the barricade. Once. Twice. Three times. Security and referees finally begin flooding ringside as Mitaxia notices and screams out a guttural yell from deep within her dark underbelly. A look of pure rage overtakes Mitaxia before she launches herself at Cain like a bullet, tackling him over the barricade as officials desperately try to restore order.

The Colosseum has become complete anarchy. Bodies everywhere. The Major Arcana standing tall amidst the wreckage. Anhellica slowly rises near the ramp, blood running from her mouth as she stares back towards the ring, to Mitaxia, Xander, Silas, and the rest of the group forming against her.

For the first time in a very long time, the Archon looks uncertain. Mitaxia stands atop the turnbuckle breathing heavily, eyes wild as medics rush to Jaiden's side below. Silas Artoria and Xander stand shoulder-to-shoulder at the base of the ramp. Danny B twirls one of his bloodied daggers beside them. Azrael remains unmoving like death incarnate. Liliana simply smiles.

The balance of power has shifted.

And Ascension suddenly became far more dangerous for the Amoralists.

Fade.

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