Infernalia: Infernalia — Ep. 14 - Unfinished Business

Promotion: Championship Wrestling Federation
Date: October 30, 2026
Location: Bill Graham Civic Auditorium — San Francisco, California

Results

Unfinished Business

Segment

There are certain nights in the history of a wrestling company that are remembered for the championships won, the rivalries settled, and the moments that become part of its mythology. Then there are nights that are remembered for something far more difficult to put into words: the moment everyone in the room realizes that the end is no longer a distant possibility, no longer a threat whispered in the corridors, and no longer something that can be dismissed as the emotional declaration of a man or woman who has spent too long carrying the weight of the world on his or her shoulders.

The end is a date on the calendar.

December 11, 2026.

Forty-two days from tonight, the Championship Wrestling Federation will walk into the T-Mobile Arena in Las Vegas, Nevada, for Last Call. One final pay-per-view. One final night beneath the lights. One final opportunity for the people who have spent twenty-six years building their lives around this place to determine what they want their names to mean when the doors close for the last time.

And for the first time in twenty-six years, the man who built the foundation of this company will not be there to guide it through the storm.

Not because he has been defeated in a wrestling ring. Not because the company has finally found someone capable of taking it away from him. But because, after spending years presumed dead, after a return that turned the entire wrestling world upside down, J. Rish has once again found himself at the center of a tragedy that has forced him to step away from the very empire he created.

And his son has inherited the ultimate responsibility of seeing it through to the end.

The camera opens on a wide, uninterrupted shot of the Bill Graham Civic Auditorium in San Francisco. The building is still filling, thousands of fans streaming through the entrances, security checking tickets, vendors moving through the concourses, and the familiar hum of a CWF crowd beginning to build into something louder. Above the arena floor, the lighting rigs hang motionless, waiting for the signal. The ring sits in the center of the building, immaculate and empty, its canvas bright beneath the overhead lights.

There are no pyrotechnics, no elaborate video package playing across the screens. No attempt to dress the occasion up as something it isn't.

Instead, the camera slowly travels along the barricade, passing fans holding signs for their favorite wrestlers, signs bearing the names of champions, and a few that simply read LAST CALL. One young fan clutches a replica championship belt against his chest while his father points toward the ring. A woman in the front row holds up a sign with the names of the original CWF roster members, the ink faded around the edges as if it has been carried to more shows than either of them can remember.

For twenty-six years, people have walked into buildings like this one believing that the next show would always come. There would always be another Infernalia. Another championship match. Another opportunity to settle an argument that had been burning for months, sometimes years. Another chance to make things right.

Tonight, that certainty is gone.

The camera cuts to a close-up of the Last Call logo on the arena's main screen. The date beneath it is unmistakable. December 11, 2026.

Then the screen changes.

October 16, 2026. Crossing Lines. London, England.

The roar of the crowd inside the O2 Arena returns in fragments, each one bleeding into the next as the images begin to play. A collection of moments, not a highlight reel designed to celebrate the winners, but a reminder of the damage that has been done.

The first image is of The Ripper Danny B arriving late to the arena, his expensive European car pulling into the backstage area while the CWF World Heavyweight Championship rests over his shoulder. The champion has spent months insisting that the world refuses to give him the respect he deserves, that his Golden Intentions victories and accomplishments have been overlooked, and that everyone from Gordy King to Caledonia has somehow been given more credit than he has. By the time he finally arrived at Crossing Lines, the people backstage were already laughing at him.

And then came the match.

An I Quit match against Caledonia, a woman who had already beaten him and who had no intention of allowing him to rewrite their history. The footage doesn't linger on every blow, every struggle, or every moment when one competitor seemed close to breaking the other. It settles instead on the final stretch, the exhaustion, the desperation, and the question that had hung over the contest from the moment the bell rang: which one of them would finally surrender?

The footage cuts away before it can become a complete answer, moving instead to another confrontation that had been brewing for weeks.

The Peacock King Jared Holmes, draped in his extravagant finery and hiding behind the jeweled mask that has become as much a part of his identity as the CWF Paramount Championship itself, stands over the remnants of his own elaborate mythology. MJ Flair, a former two-time CWF World Champion, has spent a career proving that the greatest moments in this business are earned rather than inherited. But the Paramount Championship has become Jared's kingdom, and the Peacock King has never been interested in allowing another person's legacy to stand taller than his own.

Crossing Lines brought those worlds together. And now, with the Paramount Championship changing hands, MJ Flair has found herself in possession of a title that represents more than a championship belt. It is a chance to prove that Jared Holmes was never the final word on what greatness looks like.

The screen moves again.

The London crowd. The ring. The ropes trembling beneath the weight of bodies colliding. Rivalries that have been carried across continents, grudges that have outlived the people who first created them, and competitors who know that the final months of CWF are no longer a distant concern.

Some came to Crossing Lines looking for closure. Others came looking for revenge. And there were those who entered that building believing they could still change the course of their careers before the final bell of the final pay-per-view.

Not everyone got what they wanted.

Not everyone got to finish what they started.

The Last Call logo returns to the screen, and for a moment the footage goes quiet. The words beneath the date appear one by one.

ONE FINAL NIGHT.

Then the picture cuts to black.

The next image is not from London.

It is from Texas.

October 24, 2026. HVW's Outlaw's Reckoning.

The footage is grainier, pulled from the aftermath of a night that was supposed to be about settling scores inside the ring. Instead, it shows the kind of chaos that no match result can contain. Officials and security personnel rush through the backstage area. People shout over one another. The name Lorenzo DeLuca is repeated in the confusion, and the reality of the shooting begins to settle over the building like a weight no one knows how to lift.

The camera catches fragments of the aftermath: worried faces, hurried conversations, and the expression of a man who has spent a lifetime believing that he can take responsibility for everything that happens under his watch.

J. Rish.

The man once thought to have died following the events in Portland, Maine. The founder of both the Championship Wrestling Federation and Heroes & Villains Wrestling. The man whose return as the Sheriff had stunned HVW just a month earlier, revealing that the past had not stayed buried and that the man responsible for building two wrestling companies was still alive.

His return had been a revelation. His resignation would become a consequence.

Following the shooting of Lorenzo DeLuca at Outlaw's Reckoning, J. Rish stepped down as HVW CEO. The decision came at a moment when both companies were already confronting questions about their futures, and the circumstances surrounding the shooting made it impossible to pretend that the usual routines of running a wrestling promotion could simply continue uninterrupted.

The footage does not offer easy answers. It does not pretend that a resignation can undo what happened, nor does it suggest that one man's departure makes the questions disappear.

It simply shows the Sheriff leaving the position he had reclaimed, stepping away from the company he had helped establish, with the fallout of Outlaw's Reckoning still unfolding around him.

And then the camera finds his son.

Jaiden Rishel.

No longer merely the man responsible for guiding CWF through its final run. No longer simply the executive who announced that Last Call would bring the curtain down on twenty-six years of history. With his father's resignation, Jaiden has temporarily taken the mantle of leadership over both CWF and HVW, carrying two companies through a period in which neither can afford to ignore the weight of what has happened.

One company is preparing to say goodbye. The other is trying to move forward after a night that changed everything.

And the man standing between them has inherited a responsibility that no championship can prepare anyone to carry.

The images fade, leaving only the CWF logo on the screen.

The familiar opening music of Infernalia finally strikes.

The Bill Graham Civic Auditorium erupts.

Pyrotechnics explode above the entranceway, sending bursts of light across the stage as the camera sweeps over the crowd. Thousands of voices rise together, some cheering with the familiar excitement of a Friday night wrestling show, others waving signs and championship replicas, all of them aware that this is not simply another stop on the CWF calendar. This is the first Infernalia since Crossing Lines. The first of three biweekly episodes standing between the company and its final pay-per-view.

The camera finds the commentary desk, where Jim Gunt sits forward with his hands clasped together, taking in the atmosphere before turning toward his broadcast partner. Mike Rolash, usually the first to find a joke in even the most serious situation, watches the crowd for a moment longer than usual before adjusting his headset.

Jim Gunt: "San Francisco, California! Welcome to the Bill Graham Civic Auditorium, and welcome to Infernalia! I'm Jim Gunt, alongside Mike Rolash, and tonight we begin the final three-episode stretch of Infernalia before Last Call on December 11th in Las Vegas. Forty-two days remain in the life of the Championship Wrestling Federation as we know it, Mike. Forty-two days for careers to be changed, championships to be defended, and unfinished business to be settled."

Mike Rolash: "You know, Jim, I've spent twenty-six years sitting at this desk, and I've heard a lot of people talk about the end of the world. Wrestlers threaten to destroy one another. Champions swear they'll never lose. Executives promise things are going to change. Usually, you get through the next commercial break and everybody's back to arguing about who gets the main event. But December 11th? That's not a threat. That's not a negotiating tactic. That's the date on the poster. That's the date on the contract. That's the date this whole thing stops."

Jim Gunt: "And before we talk about what happens in this ring tonight, we have to acknowledge what happened at Crossing Lines. The rivalries didn't end as neatly as some people expected. The championship landscape changed, personal grudges became even more bitter, and the road to Last Call got a whole lot more complicated. We saw people take steps toward securing their legacies, and we saw others walk away with more questions than answers."

Mike Rolash: "And some of those questions are going to be expensive. You can bet on that. You've got champions who know their time is running out, challengers who are running out of opportunities, and people who have spent years waiting for their moment now realizing that the clock doesn't care how long you've waited."

Jim Gunt: "That's exactly right. And while CWF has been dealing with the aftermath of Crossing Lines, our sister promotion, Heroes & Villains Wrestling, has been dealing with a tragedy of its own. The shooting of Lorenzo DeLuca at Outlaw's Reckoning has had consequences far beyond the event itself. J. Rish, the founder of both CWF and HVW, stepped down as HVW CEO in the aftermath. Jaiden Rishel has temporarily taken over leadership of both companies, and he now finds himself responsible for navigating two very different futures at a very difficult time."

Mike Rolash: "Imagine being that man. One company is counting down to its final show, and the other is trying to figure out how to move forward after a night like Outlaw's Reckoning. His father comes back from the dead—well, from being presumed dead, anyway—and then steps away again. And now Jaiden has to carry both companies on his shoulders while everybody else is looking for answers."

Jim Gunt: "It is an enormous responsibility, Mike, and it is one that we should not take lightly. But there is still a show to put on tonight, and there are still people who have their own unfinished business to attend to. The matches announced for this evening aren't just contests on a card. Several of them could have major implications for Last Call, and the people stepping into this ring know that opportunities are becoming increasingly scarce."

Mike Rolash: "Which brings us to a very simple question, Jim. If you're a wrestler in CWF right now, what are you waiting for? December 11th is coming whether you're ready or not. If there's a championship you want, a score you need to settle, or somebody you need to get your hands on, you had better stop making plans and start making things

happen."

Jim Gunt: "And we're going to start with a team that has never been known for waiting patiently for anything. Fire & Ice—Dean, Seth, and Roman Moxley—have issued an open challenge for tonight. They haven't named their opponents, they haven't given us any indication of who will answer, and they seem perfectly content to let the mystery hang over this building until the moment their opponents walk through that curtain."

Mike Rolash: "An open challenge from the Moxleys. What could possibly go wrong? Maybe it's a team looking to make a name for themselves. Maybe it's somebody with a score to settle. Maybe it's three guys who have absolutely no sense of self-preservation. Either way, Dean, Seth, and Roman have invited trouble into their own house, and I can't imagine they'll be disappointed."

Jim Gunt: "Next, Paul Freedom will be in action against Jace Parker Davidson. Freedom is coming off a major victory over Christian Patrick last week, defeating the former Chaos Champion to claim the championship for himself. But tonight, the title will not be on the line, and that could make this contest even more dangerous. Jace Parker Davidson has an opportunity to defeat the new champion and put himself firmly into the conversation as the road to Last Call continues."

Mike Rolash: "Paul's got the gold, Jace has the chance to prove he deserves a shot at it, and Christian Patrick has to watch the whole thing unfold knowing that he was the man holding that championship before last week. Non-title matches are funny things, Jim. Sometimes the champion gets a little too comfortable. Sometimes the challenger gets a little too ambitious. And sometimes the guy who isn't even in the match ends up being the one who ruins everybody's night."

Jim Gunt: "And then we have a match that brings a piece of HVW into the CWF ring. Bad Juju, the formidable duo of Madame Colette Lavieille and Madame Cosette Lajeune, will take on The Unstoppable Force, Billy and Tyler Anderson. Two very different teams, two very different approaches, and an opportunity for Bad Juju to show what they can do against one of CWF's most established tag teams."

Mike Rolash: "The Anderson brothers have made a career out of imposing their will on people. They don't ask for room; they take it. But Bad Juju aren't exactly the kind of ladies who are going to curtsy, thank them for the invitation, and step aside. I wouldn't be surprised if Billy and Tyler discover that the trouble with trying to stop something called Bad Juju is that you might not know what hit you until it's already too late."

Jim Gunt: "The CWF Paramount Championship is also on the line tonight, as MJ Flair defends against Dangerous Dan. MJ has the opportunity to establish herself as the champion in a division where the stakes have never been higher, and Dangerous Dan has a chance to make his own mark on the final stretch toward Last Call. With the championship picture shifting after Crossing Lines, this is the kind of match where one result can change the entire direction of the next six weeks."

Mike Rolash: "Dangerous Dan is dangerous for a reason, Jim. He doesn't need the crowd to like him, and he doesn't need anybody to hand him an opportunity. But MJ Flair has been around long enough to know that championships don't come with a grace period. She can't afford to spend the night admiring the belt. She's got to make sure Dan doesn't leave with it."

Jim Gunt: "And that brings us to our main event. The CWF World Heavyweight Championship will be defended tonight as Caledonia puts her title on the line against Mia Rayne and the Menagerie. The champion has reached the top of the mountain, but the road ahead is filled with people who believe they deserve to stand where she stands. Mia Rayne and the Menagerie have the opportunity to change the entire complexion of the World Championship picture, and with Last Call looming, the consequences of tonight's main event could be felt all the way to Las Vegas."

Mike Rolash: "Caledonia has the championship, but she doesn't have the luxury of pretending that makes her

untouchable. Mia Rayne and the Menagerie have come here with an opportunity, and opportunities like this don't grow on trees. You get one, you take it. You don't worry about what happens to the champion's feelings, and you certainly don't worry about whether the timing is convenient."

Jim Gunt: "Tonight is called Unfinished Business for a reason. The past two weeks have given us more than enough to think about, and the next six weeks will determine how this company is remembered when the final bell rings. We have championships on the line, challenges that have yet to be answered, and a World Championship main event that could set the tone for everything that follows."

Mike Rolash: "Twenty-six years, Jim. That's a lot of blood, sweat, broken promises, and broken bones. A lot of people have come through these doors believing that their story was the most important one in the building. Well, the stories are all colliding now, and there aren't enough pages left for everybody to get the ending they want."

Jim Gunt: "But there is still time to write the next chapter. There is still time to make history. And there is still time for the people who have unfinished business to do something about it."

The camera pulls back from the commentary desk and sweeps across the roaring San Francisco crowd, settling on the ring as the opening graphics for Infernalia — Episode 14 fill the screen.

UNFINISHED BUSINESS.

Three episodes remain before the final pay-per-view in CWF history.

Forty-two days until Last Call.

And tonight, the clock keeps moving.

Kyle Confronts His Brother-In-Law's

Segment

The scene comes on backstage where Billy and Tyler are still arguing about what happened in the tag team title match.

"Mysterious One" Tyler Anderson: "You are the reason we lost in that match, and you just can't let me help."

"Unbreakable One" Billy Anderson: "No, it was your fault we lost, and you just don't know how to change, you got to be the same the whole entire time. It is getting old."

Kyle walks over to his Brother-In-Law's, and crosses his arms making both brothers stop in their tracks. He shakes his head, and gets talking.

"Nashville Prince" Kyle Bright: "You two are the reason you lost in that tag team title match, cause of your arguing, cause you just can't get along long enough to focus on the task at hand. I know Stormee and Jamie already told you to get along and it only worked for awhille, now you're back at it. Either you two find some common ground or I am going to have to take matters into my own hands."

Billy and Tyler didn't say anything, and Kyle was watching them as it seemed he was watching two little kids fighting over stuff.

Fire & Ice (Dean, Seth & Roman Moxley) vs. ???

Match

The camera returns from a brief commercial break to find Ian Ambrose standing inside the ring, microphone in hand. Behind him, the three members of Fire & Ice are already gathered, with Dean Moxley pacing near the ropes, Seth Moxley leaning casually against the turnbuckle, and Roman Moxley standing a few feet behind them, arms folded across his chest. The three men are dressed for competition, but there's an unmistakable confidence about them. They haven't come out here looking for a fight they can't handle. They've come out here looking for somebody willing to try.

Ian Ambrose: "Ladies and gentlemen, welcome back to Infernalia! My guests at this time are Dean, Seth, and Roman Moxley, collectively known as Fire & Ice. Gentlemen, you issued an open challenge for tonight's show, and you've made it clear that you're willing to face any team from CWF's past or present, or even competitors from outside this company. So, the obvious question is... who's going to answer?"

Dean takes the microphone from Ian before he can even finish the question, earning a smirk from Seth.

Dean Moxley: "Ian, that's the wrong question. The question isn't who's going to answer. The question is who's got the guts to answer. Because we've been hearing a whole lot of talking lately. Everybody's got something to say about the future of CWF. Everybody's got their eyes on December 11th. Everybody wants to make sure their name is remembered when this place closes its doors for the last time. Well, let me tell you something. You don't get remembered by standing around talking about what you're going to do. You get remembered by stepping into this ring and proving it."

The crowd responds with a mixture of cheers and applause. Dean looks toward the entrance ramp, then back toward the camera.

Dean Moxley: "So, we're making it simple. You can be from the old days, you can be from right now, you can be somebody who's never wrestled a match in CWF before. Hell, you can come from the other side of the world if you want to. Bring your partners. Bring your best. Bring whatever reputation you think is going to save you. Because when that bell rings, it doesn't matter what your name is. It doesn't matter what you've done. You're standing across from Fire & Ice, and we're going to make damn sure you remember it."

Seth steps forward, taking the microphone from his brother. He gives the audience a confident grin, clearly enjoying the opportunity to address the crowd.

Seth Moxley: "And don't mistake this for us being desperate for competition. We're not out here begging somebody to give us a match. We're offering somebody an opportunity. There's a difference. We know what we're capable of, and we know what we're working toward. There's a lot of unfinished business in this company, and we're not interested in watching everybody else settle theirs while we sit in the back waiting for permission."

He glances toward Roman, who gives a subtle nod.

Seth Moxley: "And if you think the three of us are just here to make up the numbers, then you've already made your first mistake. We're brothers. We fight together. We stand together. And when somebody decides to test us, they get all three of us. So, whoever you are, whatever team you think you have... come on out. Let's see if you're as good as you think you are."

Roman finally steps forward. He doesn't take the microphone. Instead, he looks directly into the camera, then slowly turns his attention toward the entrance.

For several seconds, nothing happens.

Mike Rolash: "Well, Jim, they've certainly made their intentions clear. Three Moxleys, one open challenge, and apparently anybody with a pulse is welcome to come down here and get themselves into trouble."

Jim Gunt: "It's a bold challenge, Mike. Especially this close to Last Call. There are teams who have history with CWF, teams who have been waiting for another opportunity, and teams who might see tonight as their chance to make an

impression."

Mike Rolash: "Or there are teams who are smart enough to stay home. That's always an option."

Suddenly, the arena lighting changes.

The bright white and red illumination that has filled the auditorium gives way to a deep, almost unnatural purple. The crowd reacts with a mixture of surprise and anticipation as the entrance screen begins to flicker. A low electronic bass pulses through the speakers, followed by the familiar visual of neon soundwaves rippling across the stage.

The reaction grows as two figures emerge.

Blind Ambition walks onto the stage, oversized audio gear resting over their ears and a black reflective visor concealing their eyes. Glowing frequency lines pulse across the screen behind them, while Magik The Gatherer follows closely, an illuminated deck of cards chained around her waist. Holographic images of fantastical creatures flicker around the pair as they make their way toward the ring.

Blind Magik.

The returning duo receives a solid response from the San Francisco crowd. Blind Ambition taps the side of their headphones, tilting their head as if listening to something the audience cannot hear. Magik raises one hand, a knowing smile crossing her face as she looks toward the three men waiting inside the ring.

Jim Gunt: "Well, there is an answer to the open challenge! Blind Ambition and Magik The Gatherer are back in CWF!"

Mike Rolash: "Blind Magik! Now there's a team I haven't seen in a while. And look at them! They're ready to go. Magik's got her cards, Blind's got the headphones, and Fire & Ice have got themselves a fight!"

Jim Gunt: "Hold on a second, Mike. There's a problem here. Fire & Ice issued a challenge for a six-person tag team match. Dean, Seth, and Roman are standing in that ring, but Blind Magik only have two members!"

Mike Rolash: "That's a rather significant detail, Jim. Unless Magik has learned to duplicate herself, they're one person short."

Inside the ring, Dean and Seth exchange amused looks. Roman remains expressionless, though he takes a step toward the ropes, seemingly interested in seeing who else might be coming.

Magik stops at the foot of the ramp. She looks up toward the ring, then turns her head toward Blind Ambition. A mischievous smile slowly spreads across her face.

Blind Ambition tilts their head, tapping their headphones once more.

Magik turns back toward the entranceway.

And then the sound changes.

A distorted emergency siren tears through the auditorium.

The purple lighting is suddenly interrupted by flashes of white and red. The entrance screen flickers through images of prison corridors, security footage, and the familiar warning that once accompanied one of CWF's most unsettling arrivals.

ESCAPED INMATE #1.

The crowd's reaction shifts immediately.

From behind the curtain, a massive figure steps into view.

Ezekiel Graves.

But this is not quite the same man who last appeared at the Golden Intentions Rumble. The bloody scars that once marked his face are gone. The torn inmate clothing and broken restraint straps have disappeared. Instead, Graves wears a far sleeker, darker outfit, his appearance cleaner and more deliberate. His hair is groomed, his presentation more composed, and yet somehow the changes only make him look more dangerous.

At six-foot-seven and well over three hundred pounds, he looms over Magik and Blind Ambition as he approaches. He doesn't acknowledge the crowd. He doesn't look toward the ring. He simply hovers between his two partners, staring ahead with a cold, vacant expression.

Then he roars.

The sound reverberates through the auditorium, drawing another enormous reaction from the crowd.

Mike Rolash: "OH, COME ON! THAT'S THE THIRD ONE!"

Jim Gunt: "EZEKIEL GRAVES! The man last seen at the Golden Intentions Rumble has returned to CWF, and apparently he's answering the open challenge alongside Blind Magik!"

Mike Rolash: "I don't know what happened to the prison jumpsuit, Jim, but I think the guy might be even scarier without it! Look at him!"

Jim Gunt: "Graves has never been someone who needs a championship or an opportunity to justify his presence. He's a violent, unpredictable individual, and now he's standing alongside two returning competitors who have their own history here. Fire & Ice wanted three opponents. They've got them."

Dean's smirk fades as he watches Graves approach. Seth takes a step away from the turnbuckle, while Roman rolls his shoulders and stares directly at the enormous newcomer.

Magik leads the way up the steel steps, with Blind Ambition following and Graves climbing onto the apron behind them. The three enter the ring, and for a moment the two teams stand across from one another. Magik looks between the Moxleys with an amused expression. Blind Ambition remains close beside her, tapping their headphones as the purple lights continue to pulse.

Graves steps forward, towering behind them. Joey Garcia moves to the center of the ring, microphone in hand.

Joey Garcia: "Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is a six-person tag team match! Introducing first, the team of Dean, Seth, and Roman Moxley... FIRE AND ICE!"

The Moxleys raise their arms, drawing a strong reaction from the audience.

Joey Garcia: "And their opponents... the team of Blind Ambition, Magik The Gatherer, and... EZEKIEL GRAVES!"

The crowd responds as Graves steps forward and lets out another deep roar. Joey quickly makes his way out of the ring, and the referee calls for the bell.

DING! DING! DING!

The match begins with Dean Moxley stepping forward for Fire & Ice, while Blind Ambition volunteers to start for the opposing team. The two circle each other, Blind's head tilting subtly as they listen to the rhythm playing through their headphones. Dean attempts to close the distance, but Blind slips away with an Echo Step, narrowly avoiding a clothesline before answering with a sharp spinning strike to the jaw.

Jim Gunt: "Excellent reaction from Blind Ambition! Dean thought he had the opening, but Blind was already moving!"

Mike Rolash: "You can't hit somebody who's already somewhere else, Jim. I'm not sure where that somewhere else is, but Dean's having trouble finding it!"

Blind follows with a sliding forearm smash, then catches Dean with a snap German suplex that sends him rolling

toward the corner. Blind quickly taps their headphones before charging in with a running shotgun dropkick, driving Dean back against the turnbuckles. The crowd rises as Blind attempts to keep the momentum, but Dean catches them coming in with a sudden knee to the midsection.

Dean grabs Blind by the wrist, pulls them away from the corner, and plants them with a Downward Spiral. He immediately reaches out and tags Seth.

The Vegas Prince enters with a confident grin, grabbing Blind by the head and hauling them upright before sending them across the ring with an Irish whip. Blind rebounds, but Seth catches them with a pop-up powerbomb that shakes the canvas. Seth covers.

One!

Two!

Blind kicks out.

Mike Rolash: "Seth Moxley nearly put the first returning act back on the road before the opening commercial break!"

Jim Gunt: "Blind Ambition is still in this, and Seth needs to be careful. This is a team with a very unusual rhythm, and Blind has already shown that they can turn a small opening into a dangerous counter."

Seth pulls Blind up and attempts a second power move, but Blind slips behind him, striking with a pair of precision elbows before delivering a low spinning kick to the leg. Seth stumbles, and Blind takes advantage with a springboard cutter!

Blind rolls toward their corner and reaches for Magik.

Tag!

Magik enters the match with a burst of energy, immediately catching Seth with a spinning heel kick. She follows with rapid palm strikes, forcing him backward before unleashing a Card Slice, sending shimmering holographic cards flashing across his face. Seth covers up instinctively, giving Magik the opening to rebound off the ropes and connect with a running meteora.

Jim Gunt: "Magik The Gatherer is bringing plenty of energy into this match! She and Blind Ambition have found their rhythm, and Fire & Ice are being forced to adjust!"

Mike Rolash: "Well, I hope Seth brought his glasses. He looks like he just got attacked by a deck of angry playing cards!"

Magik pulls Seth toward the center of the ring and theatrically draws a glowing card from her deck. Seth shakes his head, refusing to be distracted, and steps forward just as Magik delivers the sudden roundhouse kick of her Draw Phase. Seth staggers, but he manages to catch her with a sudden forearm and drives her backward into the ropes.

Magik rebounds, but Seth catches her with a Beautiful Disaster, sending her crashing to the canvas.

He crawls toward his corner.

Tag!

Roman Moxley enters the ring, and the atmosphere changes immediately. The Vegas King is considerably larger than Seth and wastes no time taking control. He catches Magik attempting to rise and drives her down with a heavy slam before turning his attention toward Blind Ambition, who reaches through the ropes in an attempt to intervene.

Roman swings a forearm toward Blind, but they duck away, tapping their headphones as they retreat to the apron. Roman turns back toward Magik, only to find her scrambling toward her corner.

Tag!

Ezekiel Graves enters. The reaction is immediate. Roman stands his ground, but the difference in size and power is impossible to ignore as Graves steps between him and Magik. Roman throws the first punch. Graves barely moves. Another forearm. Graves slowly turns his head, then he answers with a hammering forearm of his own, sending Roman staggering backward. A corner body avalanche follows, crushing Roman against the turnbuckles before Graves grabs him by the throat and throws him across the ring with a choke toss.

Mike Rolash: "OH, MY! That's a very large problem for Roman Moxley!"

Jim Gunt: "Ezekiel Graves is a terrifying physical presence! Roman has found himself in a fight with a man who doesn't seem to feel pain, and Graves is looking to make an example out of him!"

Graves pulls Roman up and sends him into the corner with a release German suplex. Roman crashes against the canvas, and Graves stomps toward him, grabbing him by the head and dragging him back toward the turnbuckles. He begins hammering Roman's face against the padding with repeated Lockdown strikes.

The referee steps in, warning Graves to break. Graves turns his attention toward the official, his expression darkening, and takes one intimidating step in his direction.

That brief distraction gives Roman enough time to drive a knee into Graves' midsection. Roman follows with a series of forearms, then ducks beneath a wild swing and catches Graves with a big boot that finally knocks the giant off balance. Roman reaches out and tags Dean.

The Lunatic Prince charges into the ring, immediately attacking Graves with a barrage of forearms and a running clothesline. Graves staggers but remains standing. Dean rebounds and hits a second clothesline, then a third, finally dropping the big man to one knee. The crowd responds as Dean runs toward the ropes and returns with a massive spear!

Jim Gunt: "Dean Moxley just took the giant off his feet! What a display of determination!"

Mike Rolash: "That is one way to introduce yourself to a man who looks like he eats security guards for breakfast!"

Dean pulls Graves up and attempts to position him for the Dirty Deeds, but Graves powers out, shoving Dean away. Dean rebounds from the ropes and tries another attack, only to be caught with a brutal Cell Block Sweep! The big boot connects flush, and Dean collapses to the mat.

Graves looks down at him, then reaches for his throat.

Before he can do anything else, Seth rushes into the ring and catches Graves with a Claymore! Roman follows with a heavy forearm, and the three Moxleys briefly overwhelm the giant with a coordinated flurry of strikes. Seth and Roman drive Graves toward the ropes, then send him tumbling through the middle rope and onto the floor.

The referee immediately turns his attention toward Seth and Roman, ordering them back to their corner.

Outside, Graves slowly rises, looking more irritated than hurt. Magik approaches him, placing a hand against his chest as Blind Ambition steps onto the apron. The three exchange a quick glance before Graves turns his attention back toward the ring.

Inside, Dean has recovered enough to crawl toward his corner. Seth reaches out.

Tag!

Seth enters as Blind Ambition is tagged back into the match. The two meet in the center of the ring, and Blind immediately unleashes Static Overflow, a rapid combination of strikes that catches Seth off guard. A spinning elbow sends him stumbling, and Blind follows with a springboard cutter!

Blind taps their headphones and begins turning the volume dial, setting up for Maxed Out.

Jim Gunt: "Blind Ambition may have Seth right where they want him! Maxed Out could set up the Sound Barrier, and that could be enough to put this one away!"

Blind charges forward with the knee strike, but Seth manages to move at the last second. Blind hits the ropes, and Seth catches them with a sudden South of Heaven sit-out chokeslam!

The impact leaves Blind sprawled across the canvas. Seth doesn't waste a second. He drags Blind toward the center of the ring, hooks the arms, and looks toward the crowd.

Mike Rolash: "SOUTH OF HEAVEN! Seth has them!"

Blind struggles, but Seth powers them upward and plants them with the Cross Rhodes!

He rolls Blind over and hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING! DING! DING!

Joey Garcia: "Here are your winners... FIRE AND ICE!"

The crowd erupts as Dean and Roman slide back into the ring to celebrate with Seth. The three Moxleys raise their arms together, with Seth standing over Blind Ambition as the referee checks on the fallen competitor. Magik kneels beside Blind, looking frustrated but offering a hand to help them sit up.

Jim Gunt: "A tremendous victory for Fire & Ice! Blind Magik and Ezekiel Graves made an impressive return to CWF, but tonight it was the Moxley brothers who answered the challenge and walked away with the win!"

Mike Rolash: "And they didn't just win, Jim. They took on three very different opponents, including a walking prison riot, and they got the job done. That's the sort of statement you want to make this close to Last Call!"

Graves has climbed back onto the apron. He stares into the ring, his expression unreadable, while Magik helps Blind Ambition to their feet. Dean steps forward and points toward the entranceway, gesturing for Graves to stay where he is. The giant takes one step through the ropes, but Magik places a hand against his chest again. Graves stops, glaring at Dean before slowly stepping back.

The Moxleys turn toward the camera, with Dean taking the lead.

Dean Moxley: "That's what happens when you answer Fire & Ice. You can bring whoever you want. You can bring a giant. You can bring magic tricks. You can bring whatever you think is going to give you an advantage. But when that bell rings, you're dealing with us."

Seth raises his arms beside him, while Roman stands silently behind them.

Mike Rolash: "Well, that's one team that got their answer tonight. But I think there's another team watching this very closely."

Jim Gunt: "You're talking about Billy and Tyler Anderson?"

Mike Rolash: "Who else? The Unstoppable Force. The Anderson brothers have a match against Bad Juju tonight, but don't forget what happened the last time Fire & Ice and Billy Anderson found themselves on opposite sides of an argument. There's been tension there for a while, Jim. And now you've got three Moxleys making a statement, with the Anderson brothers standing in the wings."

Jim Gunt: "It's certainly something to keep an eye on. Fire & Ice have made it clear they intend to be part of the tag team championship picture as we approach Last Call. And with a Tables, Ladders and Chairs match for the CWF Tag Team Championships being planned for that final event, there is no shortage of teams who will want to make sure their names are included."

The camera catches one final shot of Fire & Ice celebrating in the ring, while Graves stands on the outside with Magik and Blind Ambition. The returning trio may have come up short tonight, but the message has been delivered: the final stretch of CWF's history is bringing familiar faces back into the building, and the tag team division is about to become a very crowded place.

Jim Gunt: "Fire & Ice have their victory. But if the Anderson brothers have anything to say about it, this business between these two teams is far from finished."

Mike Rolash: "Unfinished business, Jim. Seems like the perfect name for tonight."

The camera fades away from the ring as Fire & Ice continue their celebration.

Jamie Goes Into Labor

Segment

Tyler and Jamie were at home, and they was watching a movie all of a sudden Jamie's water broke. Tyler got up, and grabbed the over night bag they packed just in case. He helped her to the car, and drove to the hospital. He ran inside, and told them that Jamie went into labor. They came out with him, and got her in a wheel chair. They rolled in her as Tyler carried the bag, and went inside the delivery room. They got her on the bed, and Tyler took her hand in his. The doctor came in, and gave her something for pain while he delivered the twins. She pushed and breathed until both twins were born, and she was exhausted by the time they came into the world.

Doctor: "Congratulations, you two! The first one was a boy and the second was a girl, and I would like to know what you would like to name your son and daughter."

"Mysterious One" Tyler Anderson: "For the boy we would like to name him Max Carlos Anderson, and for the girl we would like to name her Mal Nicole Anderson."

The doctor writes the names down, and the babies carried. A nurse came to take the babies to get cleaned up, and Tyler sits down in the chair by Jamie's bed.

"Mysterious One" Tyler Anderson: "When do you want to tell the others?"

Jamie Bright Anderson: "Wait until to tomrrrow, I am too tired right now."

The nurse brought Max and Mal in the room as they were wrapped in a blue blanket and a pink blanket. She hands them to Jamie, and left the room so mom and the twins can rest. Tyler stayed by his wife and twins side, and he watched as the three of them dozed off to sleep.

Paul Freedom (c) vs. Jace Parker Davidson

Match

The camera returns to the ring as the energetic opening chords of Less Than Jake's "Help Save the Youth of America From Exploding" hit the speakers. The house lights go dark, and the video screen begins playing a collection of Paul Freedom!'s career highlights. The early footage shows the young wrestler smiling, shaking hands, and sporting his unmistakable cheetah-print hairstyle, before the package gradually shifts toward the more violent chapters of his career.

The audience begins cheering as Paul bursts through the curtain, only to stop awkwardly at the top of the entrance ramp. He looks toward the screen, takes a moment to collect himself, and then gives his head a quick shake before sprinting down the ramp. The Chaos Championship is secured around his waist, and he slides beneath the bottom rope before immediately climbing onto the turnbuckle to acknowledge the crowd.

Jim Gunt: "Here comes the new CWF Chaos Champion! Paul Freedom! captured that championship at Crossing Lines, defeating Christian Patrick in a Complete Darkness match, and tonight he's looking to build on that victory against a very accomplished opponent."

Mike Rolash: "The Asterisk has finally got himself some gold, Jim! Although I still don't know if that means he's escaped the Little Nero's endorsement deal. I suspect Cousin Jommy is probably somewhere collecting a percentage of that championship's value."

Paul removes the championship and hands it to the referee before turning toward the entranceway. He looks eager, almost bouncing on the balls of his feet, and offers a handshake to the official before settling into his corner.

The arena lights dim once again, and smoke begins rolling across the entrance stage. A spotlight cuts through the darkness as the opening words of "VILLAIN" by Ekoh & Vin Jay fill the auditorium. The crowd responds with a loud chorus of boos as Jace Parker Davidson emerges alongside Lexus.

The Villain stands at the top of the ramp, his right eye concealed beneath his familiar eyepatch. He looks considerably worse for wear than the man who would normally make an entrance like this. There is visible tape around his ribs, his movements are just a little more deliberate, and his face carries the unmistakable signs of someone who has spent the better part of a week fighting through a physically demanding schedule.

But the grin remains.

Jace raises his arms as the pyro erupts on either side of the stage. Lexus stays close beside him, and the two make their way toward the ring. Davidson climbs onto the apron, holds the ropes open for her, and follows her inside before dropping to one knee and striking his familiar pose.

Jim Gunt: "And here comes Jace Parker Davidson. A former No Limits Champion in Heroes & Villains Wrestling, a two-time Hall of Famer, and a man with more than fifteen years of experience in this business. He is coming off an enormous victory at Nightmare Protocol, where he defeated former two-time HVW World Champion Dan Highlander in the main event."

Mike Rolash: "That's a pretty impressive résumé, Jim. But here's the interesting part. Jace has been tearing things up over in HVW, and he's still looking for his first CWF victory. He's zero-and-one here after losing to Dangerous Dan at Crossing Lines. Meanwhile, Dangerous Dan has promised that his next loss will be his last, and he's putting his entire CWF career on the line against MJ Flair later tonight!"

Jim Gunt: "That's right. Jace has a chance to put another impressive victory on his record, but he also has to be aware that Dangerous Dan is still very much a part of his story. And with Dan expected to be here tonight, there may be more than just a non-title victory on Davidson's mind."

Joey Garcia steps into the center of the ring as the two competitors take their positions.

Joey Garcia: "The following contest is scheduled for one fall and is a non-title match! Introducing first, from Boston, Massachusetts, weighing in at 195 pounds, he is the reigning CWF Chaos Champion... PAUL FREEDOM!"

Paul raises both arms, smiling broadly.

Joey Garcia: "And his opponent, accompanied to the ring by Lexus, from Denver, Colorado, weighing in at 254 pounds... THE VILLAIN, JACE PARKER DAVIDSON!"

Jace raises his arms once more, drawing another wave of boos. The referee checks both competitors, then calls for the bell.

DING! DING! DING!

Paul approaches the center of the ring and immediately extends his hand. Jace looks down at it, then back at Paul, before reluctantly accepting the handshake. Paul smiles and gives him a friendly nod. Jace responds by suddenly pulling him forward and driving a hard knee into his stomach.

Mike Rolash: "Well, that handshake went about as well as a Little Nero's pizza delivery!"

Jim Gunt: "And Davidson immediately taking advantage of Paul's sportsmanship! The champion needs to be careful tonight. Jace Parker Davidson is a very calculating competitor."

Jace backs Paul into the corner with a series of heavy forearms before grabbing him by the wrist and whipping him across the ring. Paul hits the opposite turnbuckles, and Davidson charges in with a running clothesline. He follows with a spinebuster in the center of the ring, then drops into a cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Paul kicks out. Davidson doesn't look particularly surprised. He simply grabs Paul's head and pulls him upright, delivering a sharp knee before attempting a snap suplex. Paul manages to shift his weight in midair, landing behind Jace and immediately hitting a double mule kick. He somersaults out of harm's way, turns around, and gives the crowd a quick double peace sign before charging forward with a bulldog.

Jim Gunt: "Paul Freedom! finding an opening! That's the sort of unpredictable offense that can make him difficult to prepare for!"

Mike Rolash: "Unpredictable is one word for it. I've seen pinballs with more direction than this young man, but somehow he keeps landing on his feet!"

Paul follows with a snap suplex, then scrambles to the ropes and launches himself into a moonsault. Jace rolls away, forcing Paul to land hard on the canvas. Davidson immediately capitalizes, catching Paul with a vicious V-Trigger knee strike as he tries to stand.

Jace hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

Paul gets his shoulder up. Davidson sits up, briefly glancing toward Lexus before pulling Paul into a seated position. He delivers a series of hard elbows to the back of the head, then grabs him around the waist and launches him with a release German suplex. Paul crashes onto his shoulders and rolls toward the ropes, clearly struggling to catch his breath.

Jim Gunt: "Davidson is beginning to take control, and you can see the physical toll that last Tuesday's match against Dan Highlander has taken on Jace. He's carrying some wear and tear himself, but he's still delivering those shots with tremendous force."

Mike Rolash: "That's the thing about Jace Parker Davidson. He could be held together with duct tape and Little Nero's pizza boxes, and he'd still find a way to make somebody regret getting in the ring with him."

Paul pulls himself up using the ropes. Jace advances, but Paul suddenly catches him with a sharp headbutt, staggering Davidson backward. Paul follows with a drop toe hold, sending Jace face-first toward the canvas, and quickly

scrambles onto his back for a schoolboy clutch.

ONE!

TWO!

Jace kicks out and immediately swings a forearm toward Paul's head. Paul ducks, rebounds off the ropes, and connects with a running kick to the chest. Davidson staggers into the corner, where Paul charges in and begins hammering him with mounted punches.

The crowd counts along.

ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR! FIVE!

Paul hops down, takes a few steps backward, and suddenly sprints forward, running up Davidson's torso before flipping backward off his chest with the Paul Flip! Jace stumbles out of the corner, and Paul catches him with a spinning neckbreaker.

Jim Gunt: "The Paul Flip! That maneuver is always a risk, but Paul got every bit of it, and Davidson is in trouble!"

Paul looks toward the crowd, taps his temple with his index finger, and climbs to the top turnbuckle. He flashes his customary double peace signs before launching himself into the air with an impressive moonsault, crashing down across Davidson's chest.

He hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

Jace kicks out.

Mike Rolash: "Oh, that was close! The Chaos Champion nearly caught The Villain with that one!"

Paul gets to his feet and quickly pulls Jace toward the center of the ring. He looks toward the turnbuckle again, seemingly preparing for another high-risk maneuver, but Davidson catches him with a sudden forearm to the ribs. Paul doubles over, and Jace immediately grabs him around the waist, delivering a powerful spinebuster.

Davidson doesn't go for the cover. Instead, he drags Paul toward the ropes, positioning himself a few feet away. Lexus shouts encouragement from the floor as Jace lowers his stance and begins measuring his opponent.

Jim Gunt: "Davidson could be looking for The Beheading! If he connects with that Hidden Blade, Paul may not have enough left to recover!"

Jace charges forward, but Paul drops at the last possible moment. Davidson's elbow sails over his head, and Paul quickly turns, catching Jace with a mule kick to the midsection. He follows with a sharp headbutt, then staggers toward the ropes. Davidson turns around and charges after him.

Paul suddenly launches himself over the top rope with the Svoboda Special, executing a cartwheel into a roundoff moonsault suicida! Both men crash onto the floor, sending the crowd into a frenzy.

Mike Rolash: "PAUL FREEDOM JUST FLEW OVER THE TOP ROPE! WHAT WAS THAT?!"

Jim Gunt: "The Svoboda Special! And Paul may have just turned the entire match around!"

The referee begins counting as Paul slowly crawls toward the apron. Jace is down beside the barricade, clutching his ribs, while Lexus immediately moves to check on him. Paul pulls himself onto the apron and rolls back into the ring at the count of six.

Davidson manages to climb onto the apron at eight, but Paul catches him with a forearm and pulls him through the

ropes. Jace swings wildly, only for Paul to duck beneath the strike and connect with a quick snap suplex.

Paul makes one final attempt to turn the match around, springing toward Jace with a desperate combination of strikes before rebounding off the ropes. Jace sees it coming, steps into his path and catches him with a brutal knee to the midsection. Paul doubles over, and Davidson immediately hooks him, lifting him into position before planting him with a devastating spinebuster.

Jim Gunt: "Jace Parker Davidson might have just found the opening he's been waiting for!"

Mike Rolash: "And Paul Freedom has been fighting uphill for the last several minutes! The champion is running out of answers!"

Davidson doesn't rush the cover. Instead, he slowly gets back to his feet, looking down at Paul before glancing toward Lexus at ringside. She gives him a knowing nod. Jace reaches down, drags Paul upward and sends him stumbling toward the ropes. Paul rebounds, attempting one last desperate strike, but Davidson ducks beneath it.

Jace turns, his one eye measuring up Paul Freedom as he moves.

THE BEHEADING!

The running elbow connects flush against the back of Paul's neck, sending the Chaos Champion crashing face-first into the canvas. Davidson immediately rolls him over, hooks the leg and presses his weight across Paul's shoulders.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING!

Joey Garcia: "Here is your winner....JACE PARKER DAVIDSON!!"

Jace rolls away from Paul and slowly pushes himself upright. The referee approaches, takes his wrist and raises his arm. Davidson doesn't celebrate. He doesn't acknowledge the crowd, and he doesn't even look toward the Chaos Championship still resting at ringside.

Instead, his attention has shifted toward the entranceway, because standing near the top of the ramp, watching everything unfold, is Dan Highlander.

The two men lock eyes, and Dan doesn't look particularly impressed. He simply folds his arms, staring down at the man who defeated him Tuesday night. Jace, meanwhile, remains in the ring with his right eye concealed beneath the eyepatch, his expression completely unreadable.

Jim Gunt: "Jace Parker Davidson has his first victory here in CWF! And what a victory it is! The former HVW No Limits Champion has just defeated the NEW CWF Chaos Champion!"

Mike Rolash: "And look who's watching, Jimbo. Dan Highlander hasn't forgotten what happened at Nightmare Protocol, and judging by that look on Jace's face, neither has The Villain."

Jace slowly lowers his raised arm, never breaking eye contact with Highlander. Dan finally gives a slight shake of his head before turning away and disappearing behind the curtain.

Davidson remains in the ring, allowing the referee to release his wrist. Lexus climbs onto the apron and joins him, while Paul Freedom slowly rolls toward the ropes, trying to recover from the beating.

Jim Gunt "One victory in CWF. One very important victory. And I have a feeling this is far from the last time we'll see these two men standing across from one another."

Mike Rolash: "Especially with Dan Highlander lurking around. Something tells me The Villain has a few more chapters to write."

Jace finally turns away from the entrance, raises one finger toward the camera and mouths two words.

Not finished.

The camera fades.

Final Girl

Segment

We shoot backstage to HVW reporter and CWF alum Tara Robinson, standing in front of a large “CWF LAST CALL” banner, next to the CWF Paramount Champion, MJ Flair. The title belt is over her shoulder and she’s bouncing from one foot to the other with nervous energy.

Tara Robinson: "We’re here with Mariella Jade Flair, new CWF Paramount Champion, just a short time before her first title defense with this belt - and honestly, first title defense of any kind in five years! MJ, you’re facing off with former Paramount Champion Dangerous Dan at your own request; do you have any final thoughts?"

MJ stops bouncing, looks at the camera, looks at Tara, looks back at the camera.

MJF: "Oh, you bet your bottom dollar I’ve got thoughts, hun. We did not need to be here right now; this is all thanks to Dangerous Dan."

She pauses.

MJF: "What this was supposed to be was righting a wrong. Giving Dan a shot at a title that he never had, that he absolutely earned… and to make sure, if the enduh-duh surely was near, that he had the opportunity to leave it all on the field."

MJ side-eyes the camera.

MJF: "What we got instead was a self-congratulatory pity party that mainly played out like a man having a mid-life crisis that, of course, has to be a woman’s problem. The budget needed to rent some of horror’s biggest icons, and the gall of an ego to put himself on their same level should be studied before it goes extinct."

She smiles. Like the most dangerous predator in the room.

MJF: "You compared yourself to the legends of horror, Dan, not me. That they were still coming after forty years. That they could not be put down for good at any time because there’s always a sequel, and you’re the monster that survives to the next movie. Except, the monsters lose, Dan. Every movie, no matter what sort of sequel hook gets tacked onto the final frame… the monsters lose."

MJ runs her hand through her hair and lets it fall.

MJF: "Until… due to audience apathy, a dearth of original ideas, and the law of diminishing returns, the monster gets put out of its misery for good."

Laugh.

MJF: "Nice role models, Dan."

She pauses, for just a second.

MJF: "But the ego, Dan… you’re the bastard who survived the wars. The lunatic with nothing left to lose and the will to

fight until your very last breath. You talk yourself up as someone who wrestles with no limits and refuses to stop when the world tells you you should… and you have the moxie to ask me if I'm willing to do the same?"

She licks her lips and enunciates.

MJF: "Have. You. Fucking. Met. Me?"

Holds up a hand, and one finger.

MJF: "Sixty minutes with Silas Artoria, with a concussion."

A second finger.

MJF: "Two hundred stitches and a blood transfusion against Loki Synn."

A third finger.

MJF: "Match of the year against Caledonia just three months ago."

Fourth.

MJF: "I walked into this company, spit in the Institute's eye, and they never once got one over on me."

Five fingers, one hand.

MJF: "I won the World Title from Jacehole, and when I lost it, I didn't complain about how someone else was carrying 'my' Championship, Dan. I worked for the opportunity to win it back and I succeeded."

She drops all but one finger.

MJF: "I didn't have to find solace in surviving those matches, Dan… because my hand was raised after the bell."

Drop the hand, laugh again.

MJF: "I didn't want to be the one to retire you, Dan… all I wanted was for you to have what you deserved - a shot at the Championship you used to hold. You put it on yourself to retire with your next loss. But maybe that's for the best. The sequels are played out. The scripts are getting progressively worse. It's time to perform a mercy killing before we end up with Dangerous Dan: Back 2 Tha' Hoodd."

She steps back and looks at Tara.

MJF: "Dan says I'm the Final Girl going up against his unstoppable monster? No, babygirl."

Eyes lock on the camera again.

MJF: "I'm the fuckin' Slayer."

She holds the title belt into view.

MJF: "And my championship title isn't going anywhere."

Tara steps back as MJ walks out of frame.

Tara Robinson: "What else is there to say? Back to you at ringside!"

Bad Juju ('Madame' Colette Lavieille & 'Madame" Cosette Lajeune) vs. The Unstoppable Force (Billy & Tyler Anderson)

Match

The camera returns to the ring following the confrontation between Jace Parker Davidson and Dangerous Dan. The audience is still buzzing from Paul Freedom!'s victory, but the atmosphere shifts as the familiar opening notes of "I

Could Kick Your Ass” by Justin Moore hit the speakers. The crowd responds with a mixture of cheers and recognition as Billy and Tyler Anderson step through the curtain together.

Jim Gunt: "Well, folks, we've got ourselves an interesting tag team contest coming up next. The Unstoppable Force, Billy and Tyler Anderson, are back in action here in CWF, and tonight they're facing a team making their very first appearance in this company."

Mike Rolash: "And they're not just making an appearance, Jim. They're bringing championship gold with them! The ladies of Bad Juju are the brand-new HVW Alliance Champions. That's right, they've already got more gold than most people in this building, and now they're looking to add a CWF victory to their résumé."

Jim Gunt: "They won those championships this past Tuesday at Nightmare Protocol, in a Halloween Hell match against three other teams. The Playboys, Fire & Ice, and Planet Roxie. That's a pretty impressive way to become champions."

Mike Rolash: "Four teams, one Halloween Hell match, and two very dangerous women walking out with the gold. I don't know what they put in the water down in Louisiana, but I think we should probably stop drinking it."

Billy and Tyler make their way down the entrance ramp, slapping hands with a few fans along the way. Billy walks with a noticeably different attitude than the man many CWF fans remember. His expression is harder, his confidence bordering on arrogance, and he carries himself as though he has little interest in earning anyone's approval. Tyler, meanwhile, looks focused and ready for competition, occasionally acknowledging the crowd as the brothers approach the ring.

Jim Gunt: "These two have quite a history here in CWF. Billy Anderson is a former CWF Tag Team Champion, and both brothers have been part of this company's history for a long time. They're not just another team passing through."

Mike Rolash: "Billy's certainly not the same guy he used to be. That much is obvious. He's got a little more edge these days, a little more attitude. Tyler, on the other hand, still seems to be trying to keep his brother pointed in the right direction. Good luck with that, Ty."

Billy climbs onto the apron and steps through the ropes, while Tyler enters from the opposite side. The two exchange a brief look before Billy takes his corner, rolling his shoulders and staring toward the entrance. Tyler remains a little more animated, pacing along the ropes as the music fades.

Joey Garcia steps into the center of the ring with a microphone.

Joey Garcia: "The following contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first, at a combined weight of four hundred and forty-five pounds, from Rincon, Georgia, they are the team of Tyler and Billy Anderson... THE UNSTOPPABLE FORCE!"

The crowd applauds as Billy raises one arm, while Tyler gives a nod toward the audience. The two brothers settle into their corner as the lights begin to shift.

The opening notes of Bad Juju's entrance music bring a different kind of energy to the arena. Colette LaVieille and Cosette LaJeune emerge together, their matching smiles and playful expressions immediately setting them apart from the teams who have competed tonight. The two women pause at the top of the ramp, exchanging a quiet word before Colette gestures toward the ring. Cosette giggles, then blows a kiss toward the audience.

Jim Gunt: "And here they are. Bad Juju, making their CWF debut tonight. Two women who have made quite an impression in Heroes & Villains Wrestling, and they arrive here as the brand-new HVW Alliance Champions."

Mike Rolash: "I have to admit, Jim, I like them already. They're charming, they're mysterious, they've got championship gold, and apparently they know a thing or two about curses. That's a lot more than I can say for most of the people I've met."

Jim Gunt: "Their opponents shouldn't be taking any of that lightly. Colette and Cosette have a very effective combination of power and speed, and they've shown they can work together exceptionally well."

The two Madames make their way down the ramp, occasionally turning toward one another to exchange smiles and playful gestures. Colette is more reserved, allowing Cosette to take the lead in greeting the crowd, though every so often the quieter Madame offers a knowing smile of her own. They reach the ring, where Cosette climbs onto the apron and slips between the ropes, while Colette follows with a more deliberate entrance.

Joey Garcia raises the microphone once more.

Joey Garcia: "And their opponents! Hailing from Natchitoches, Louisiana, with a combined weight of two hundred and seventy-five pounds, they are the brand-new HVW Alliance Champions... 'Madame' Colette LaVieille and 'Madame' Cosette LaJeune... BAD JUJU!"

The two women raise their arms, proudly displaying their championship belts before handing them to the ringside attendant. Cosette turns toward Colette and gives her a little curtsy. Colette responds with a playful roll of her eyes, then offers her partner a quick kiss on the cheek. The two share a giggle before turning their attention to the Anderson brothers.

Mike Rolash: "I don't know what that was, but I think I'm in love."

Jim Gunt: "Mike, you're married."

Mike Rolash: "And yet somehow, I'm still allowed to appreciate talent."

The referee checks both teams and signals for the bell. Tyler Anderson starts for The Unstoppable Force, while Cosette steps forward for Bad Juju. The two circle briefly before Cosette offers a playful little wave, her fingers moving in a subtle pattern as though she is tracing something invisible in the air. Tyler watches her hand for a moment, then shakes his head and motions for her to come on.

Jim Gunt: "And we're underway! Tyler Anderson starting things off against Cosette LaJeune."

Cosette darts forward with a quick kick to Tyler's thigh, then follows with a sharp forearm across his chest. Tyler absorbs the shots and reaches for her, but Cosette slips around behind him, delivering a quick kick to the back of his leg before tagging Colette. The two Madames immediately go to work, Cosette catching Tyler with another kick before Colette steps in and uses his forward momentum to send him over with a quick throw. Tyler hits the canvas, and Cosette follows with a running kick to his chest as he attempts to sit up.

Mike Rolash: "That's what I'm talking about! Quick, coordinated, and just a little bit wicked. Tyler hasn't even had time to figure out what happened."

Jim Gunt: "They're working beautifully together. That's the advantage of a team that knows one another so well. And these two have clearly developed quite a chemistry."

Colette pulls Tyler back to his feet and delivers a snap suplex, holding him in place just long enough for Cosette to spring onto the second rope. As Tyler rises, Cosette launches herself forward with a springboard attack, catching him with a cutter as Colette guides him into position. Tyler is driven face-first into the mat, and the crowd reacts to the crisp combination.

Mike Rolash: "Now that's teamwork! I don't know if it's magic, practice, or some combination of both, but I wouldn't want to be on the receiving end of that twice."

Colette drops beside Tyler for a cover.

ONE!

TWO—

Tyler kicks out.

Jim Gunt: "Tyler Anderson gets the shoulder up, but Bad Juju have been in control of the opening moments."

Colette sits up and gives Cosette a small nod. Cosette responds with a wink, then turns toward Tyler and makes another series of delicate gestures with her fingers. She leans down, blows a kiss toward him, and smiles as though she's waiting for something to happen. Tyler shakes his head and pushes himself up, only for Colette to catch him with a kick to the midsection. She sends him toward the ropes, where Cosette catches him with a quick knee to the stomach. Colette follows with a spinning throw, sending Tyler crashing back down.

Mike Rolash: "I think they just put a spell on him, Jim."

Jim Gunt: "Or perhaps they're simply taking advantage of a distracted opponent."

Mike Rolash: "You always have to ruin the magic."

Bad Juju exchange another quick look, clearly enjoying themselves, before Colette turns toward the ropes and motions for Billy to come into the ring. Billy steps onto the apron, but before either Madame can make another move, a familiar figure begins making his way down the entrance ramp.

The camera cuts toward the aisle as Seth Moxley emerges from the backstage area. He isn't in a hurry, and he doesn't appear to be particularly interested in the match itself. He walks toward the ring with a determined expression, keeping his eyes fixed on Billy Anderson.

Jim Gunt: "Hold on a moment. That's Seth Moxley."

Mike Rolash: "Oh, wonderful. We were having such a pleasant evening."

Bad Juju both turn toward the entrance. Cosette's expression brightens immediately, and Colette follows her gaze. The two women exchange a look, then turn their attention back toward Seth. Cosette gives him an enthusiastic little wave, while Colette offers a softer smile. Their interest is unmistakable, though Seth doesn't even seem to notice.

He reaches ringside and walks directly toward Billy's corner. Billy leans over the ropes, immediately becoming irritated by the interruption.

Seth Moxley: "You got something you want to say to me?"

Billy Anderson: "You really can't leave me alone, can you?"

Tyler, still inside the ring, looks over his shoulder and sees his brother becoming distracted. He throws his arms out in disbelief.

Tyler Anderson: "Oh come on, not again."

Jim Gunt: "Billy Anderson is being drawn into an argument with Seth Moxley, and Tyler is left to deal with Bad Juju by himself!"

Mike Rolash: "Well, Tyler's a grown man. I'm sure he can handle two women."

Billy steps down from the apron and moves toward Seth, continuing to argue with him as the referee turns toward the commotion. Seth doesn't back away, and Billy looks increasingly ready to take the conversation somewhere physical. Inside the ring, Cosette spots the opening first. She looks at Colette, who immediately understands. A quick exchange of smiles, and Bad Juju turn back toward Tyler.

Cosette catches Tyler with a sharp kick to the abdomen, then spins behind him as Colette steps forward. Together, they send him toward the center of the ring, where Colette catches him with a throw. Cosette follows with a running

strike, and Tyler stumbles backward into Colette's grasp. The two Madames begin setting up their finishing combination, Colette positioning Tyler for the backbreaker as Cosette climbs toward the corner.

Jim Gunt: "Bad Juju are taking advantage! Tyler's in trouble here!"

Mike Rolash: "Something Wicked! They're setting it up, and if they hit this, the Alliance Champions might be about to make one impressive CWF debut!"

Colette catches Tyler across her knee with the backbreaker, and Cosette prepares to launch herself from the corner. But as she comes down, Tyler manages to twist his body at the last possible second. Cosette's landing is thrown off, and Tyler catches her momentum, sending her tumbling over the top rope and down to the floor! The crowd erupts as Colette turns in surprise.

Jim Gunt: "Cosette has been sent over the top! Tyler Anderson just found himself an opening!"

Colette immediately reaches for Tyler, attempting to pull him back into position, but Tyler ducks underneath her arm. He catches her from behind, rolls her shoulders down to the mat, and hooks both legs in a sudden schoolboy cover. Colette's eyes widen as the referee drops to count.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING!

Joey Garcia: "And your winners...Billy and Tyler Anderson....THE UNSTOPPABLE FORCE!!"

Jim Gunt: "He got her! Tyler Anderson has stolen it! The Unstoppable Force have defeated the brand-new HVW Alliance Champions!"

Mike Rolash: "WHAT?! No! No, no, no! They had them! Bad Juju had that match won, and Tyler just snatched the whole thing away!"

Tyler rolls away from Colette as the referee signals for the bell and raises his arm. Colette sits up in disbelief, looking toward the official as though she cannot quite process what just happened. Cosette pulls herself up at ringside and looks into the ring, equally stunned. The two Madames exchange a glance, their usual playful expressions replaced by genuine frustration.

Jim Gunt: "That's the danger of taking your eyes off the competition for even a second. Bad Juju were moments away from putting this match away, but Tyler Anderson found a way to turn the tables."

Mike Rolash: "And Billy wasn't even in the ring! He was too busy having a conversation with Seth Moxley! I hope that was a very important conversation, because it just cost those ladies a victory."

Billy finally turns away from Seth and looks toward the ring. He sees Tyler standing in the center with his arm raised, and his expression shifts into a satisfied grin. Seth remains at ringside, watching Billy with a stern expression, but Billy doesn't appear particularly interested in continuing the argument now that the match is over. He climbs back onto the apron and steps into the ring, joining his brother.

Tyler gives Billy a look that says more than words could. Billy simply shrugs, seemingly unconcerned by the fact that his distraction nearly cost them the match. Tyler shakes his head before turning toward the crowd, accepting the cheers as the referee raises his arm once more.

Jim Gunt: "The Unstoppable Force have been around this company for a long time. Former CWF Tag Team Champions, part of this promotion's history, and tonight they've reminded everybody that they still know how to win."

Mike Rolash: "I'll give them that. It wasn't pretty, it wasn't exactly planned, and it certainly wasn't Billy's finest contribution to the evening. But a win is a win, and those two Alliance Championships aren't going home with Bad Juju tonight."

Jim Gunt: "And let's not take anything away from Colette and Cosette. Their first CWF match was a tremendous showing. They had the legendary Anderson brothers on the ropes, and they very nearly walked out of here with another victory. They'll have plenty to say about this one."

Bad Juju regroup at ringside. Cosette climbs onto the apron and looks toward Seth once more, offering him another small wave and a playful smile. Seth doesn't return the gesture. His attention remains on Billy, who is now standing beside Tyler in the ring. Colette takes Cosette by the hand and gently pulls her away from the apron, giving the two brothers one last look before the Madames collect their championship belts.

Inside the ring, Billy raises both arms while Tyler stands beside him, the two brothers soaking in the reaction. The Unstoppable Force have defeated the reigning HVW Alliance Champions in their first CWF appearance, and the result sends a clear message about the depth of the competition in this promotion.

Jim Gunt: "The Alliance Champions came into CWF carrying the gold and the momentum of a major victory at Nightmare Protocol. But tonight, the Unstoppable Force reminded them what it means to step into this ring against a team with a legacy like theirs."

Mike Rolash: "And apparently, all it takes is one schoolboy roll-up to send five hundred years of voodoo magic packing."

Jim Gunt: "That's not how I'd describe it, Mike. Bad Juju are a very talented team, and I expect we'll see them back here again. But on this night, the Anderson brothers got the job done."

The camera closes on Billy and Tyler standing together in the center of the ring, victorious once again in the place where they built their legacy. Bad Juju's CWF debut may have ended in disappointment, but the Unstoppable Force have made certain that, at least for this evening, CWF's history and its established legends remain firmly on top.

A Message From Beyond! (The CWF Walls)

Segment

Every good auditorium is known for its ancient looking halls, coated in dust and waiting for the next sucker with a camera thinking they’re going to find ghosts. However… Every building has plumbing, which means there is usually a creepy boiler room that has their own legends written about them. Pipes steaming, dripping with condensation, a place that once entered, one has to wonder if Freddie Kruger was the interior designer.

A scraping sound is heard and strangely, the viewers in the Bill Graham Auditorium are drawn to the screen, hanging onto the edge of their seats as the camera follows the noise. It stops and so does the picture, before a shadow figure makes itself known, sitting on a throne of black fog. The feminine figure crosses her legs and a mouth appears, filled with jagged teeth, licking its lips before squealing.

The Menagerie: “Happy Halloween!”

Three sets of eyes appear haphazardly on the shadow figure's face as the mouth only grins wider. Slowly though, understanding starts to fill the arena. The Menagerie are making their presence known. On cue, Amelia appears on one side of the shadow figure, and on the other, Loki Synn takes the figure’s hand and gives its hand a kiss, in the most freakish and grotesque way possible. The shadow figure moves to stand as well, but Amelia and Loki push it roughly back down.

Amelia: “Enough with the theatrics, I’m busier than I’d prefer to be…”

She snaps her fingers and the lights return to normal, the tension that was mounting is released as if someone pulled a pressure valve. Amelia scowls as Loki gets back up to her feet, gesturing to her sister to move about her evening. She calmly sits where the shadow figure was as she throws an arm out, as if tossing something onto the ground. The letters “UCI” appear on the ground and a voice cuts through the silence. Loki scoffs as she leans back with her arms behind her head, taking it all in.

???: “Haha”

His words didn't catch the crisp, cold air of actuality as well as they should have.

???: “ Bloody m….”

The letters on the ground glow and a man appears in front of Loki. There was perhaps a smile beneath the aesthetic of wrought iron and emptiness, but it was not visible. That much was certain. Yet, he spoke in an almost jovial tone. Happy as a pig in shit.

???: “Oh I'm sorry, was this supposed to be another work for goth kids in their 30s who strategically redefine the term ‘kids’ based on the economy and how much a Joy Division LP costs on SheBay? I was under the assumption that this shipwreck was held together by paste and pasta shells. Or was that just your interpretation of it, you spooky ass, slut in a low-cut?”

Loki’s head jolts forward at the sound of the acid laced insults being lobed in her direction. The mirror is shattered, But the iron mask reflected tells no lies in its absence. There stood the Mayor, a NightMayor, in all of his inglorious indignity. Chicago crest on his breast, donned in purple and gold.

The Mayor: “I happen to like dead things. Death breeds vulnerability. From the vulnerable, opportunity sprouts. But why now? I hear some ask…. Why when death’s cold fingers have already sealed the fate of the once booming business, would one decide to rear a head, dip a toe, dirty an already brown water supply? It’s semantics really. Stupid questions asked by stupid people. I’m going to be clear as I am blunt here, so as to avoid the questionnaire– I am here for what glitters, and that isn’t your brass-painted-gold. I don't care much for the theatrical, so this mirror and your little slogan can suck the business end of South American sausage, sweetheart.”

He pauses, as if savoring the moment while Loki leans forward, all pretense of nonchalance leaving her body.

The Mayor: “You….”

Loki points to her chest, as if she thought the vision before her was talking to her.

The Mayor: “Yes you, you bug-eyed pet salamander six step-kids simultaneously forgot to feed. I require you to inhabit a vessel of some kind. Preferably one more suiting than that walking urinal you usually take residence inside and YOU can say my fucking short and witty shit in a mirror. What the fuck do you think this is, rent-a-rape? You pay full price or you get half measures, 2 fingers, one tip.

I’m not a big fan of new scenery but the impending sense of doom here has me roped, choked and chained at the same time. So bloody Mary, bitch. Bloody Mary. Six more times and you owe me three quarters of 100k. Does this seem like a good use of that money? To have a mercenary come in and make you irrelevant? To take that which is yours and make it mine without so much as breaking a fucking sweat? Tax dollars are hard at work here eh? Who the fuck let this Nightmare Before Christmas shit play on a loop this long anyway? Bloody fucking Mary.

At least Mary had a fucking baby. Not that I’m a religious guy, but for shits and giggles let's assume she wasn't just gangbanged in a stable by loads of dudes and a donkey. What the fuck have you circus freaks created? Jesus was a simple carpenter, his mom was a whore with a hole in her door. Joseph was a simpleton, or a cuckold if you prefer your

coffee weak. Myths are what got this shitfire up to furnace level 59, so myths will be its fitting end."

The image flickers before the room around Loki goes dark. A few moments of silence fills the air around the jester before she takes a deep breath in, and lets it all out with the harshest laughter she could muster, and that's saying something. She doubles over and holds up a finger, asking the space around her for a few extra moments. Meanwhile, the crowd in the auditorium still aren't entirely sure what they're watching. After a few more moments, Loki is able to straighten up and with a few deep breaths speaks.

Loki Synn: "CWF is closing in December and if anyone expects us to just… Disappear into the ether, have another thing coming. With that said, I sent a warning out to an affiliate of CWF's, where Peacock's reign and well… We all just witnessed what their 'Mayor' thought of our promotional, 'Hey, we're coming, so get ready' video. Dude… Kids watch this thing man, and we all thought I was the problem? Your potty mouth is the problem sir! Somewhere in there though, it sounded like you wanted to challenge us… To have us prove ourself on some kind of big stage against a worthy champion, which we are to assume is you?"

Loki scoffs. Once, twice, and a third time. It was almost as if she was holding back her laughter.

Loki Synn: "Very well garbage mouth man! On behalf of the Menagerie, I, Loki Synn, accept your challenge! I'll do you one better! You get to select whether you encounter myself, or my sister, Amelia! Pick the time and place bubba and consider your RSVP accepted!"

Loki blows a kiss toward the camera and a pair of green lips appear in the air, dripping with an ooze that sizzles as soon as it makes contact with anything. On the wings of a butterfly, the pair of lips float over to the camera, the sound of sizzling plastic, and the smell of melting ozone wafts through the air as Loki takes a deep breath. She winks before the scene of course fades to black.

MJ Flair (c) vs. Dangerous Dan

Match

Jim Gunt: "We've got an unusual match here tonight, Mike… a title match where the Champion made the challenge. "

Mike Rolash: "I never accused Flair of being smart. But, then again… she challenged Dangerous Dan. How smart could she be?"

Jim Gunt: "We both know that challenge was made due to the circumstances surrounding Jared Holmes, Mike - and I think any reasonable observer could say that Dangerous Dan deserves at least his return match."

Mike Rolash: "I never claimed to be reasonable."

Jim Gunt: "Truer words, never spoken."

The lights go out as a strobe of red and blue begin flashing across the arena.

"I wake up to the sounds of the silence that allows
For my mind to run around with my ear up to the ground
I'm searching to behold the stories that are told
When my back is to the world that was smiling when I turned
Tell you you're the greatest
But once you turn, they hate us"

Dan, accompanied by Chris, slowly walks onto the stage. He glances over the crowd both to his left and right.

"Oh, the misery
Everybody wants to be my enemy

Spare the sympathy"

Dan slowly begins making his way down towards the ring with Chris following behind.

"Everybody wants to be my enemy

(Look out for yourself)

My enemy (look, look, look, look)

(Look out for yourself)

But I'm ready"

Dan acknowledges several fans at ringside, smiling and embracing the crowd, though ensuring that his emotions are in check as well.

"Your words up on the wall as you're praying for my fall
And the laughter in the halls and the names that I've been called
I stack it in my mind and I'm waiting for the time
When I show you what it's like to be words spit in a mic
Tell you you're the greatest
But once you turn, they hate us (huh)"

Dan now climbs the steps and heads up to the turnbuckle. He raises his arms in a victory pose, predicting his reclamation of the CWF Paramount Championship.

"Oh, the misery
Everybody wants to be my enemy
Spare the sympathy
Everybody wants to be
My enemy (look, look, look, look)
(Look out for yourself)

Dan turns towards the entrance from whence he just emerged, looking down from the top turnbuckle. He smiles a sadistic smile and mouths the final words.

"My enemy, look, look, look, look… enemy…"

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

The spotlight fades out as the chorus of "Enemy" repeats. Dan rises to his feet and clasps his hands, rolling his wrists, waiting for his opponent.

“I was sixteen when they told me: ‘Girl,
know your place, this ain’t your world.
If you dress like that, then you’re asking for,
and you’ll go nowhere with a voice like yours.
Fuck it.”

The San Francisco crowd erupts in a cheer for the current reigning CWF Paramount Champion’s imminent arrival. She may hail from upstate New York but her family has deep roots on both coasts, with Los Angeles being just six hours south.

“They said, ‘hush, little girl, don’t make a scene

Just cross those legs, forget that dream.’
But that ain’t something I’ll ever do
Who said you can’t be a witch in your cowgirl boots?’

It seems like the entire arena is singing along with the interludes.

“Throw down
Tall poppy when I’m scorching the ground…”

Finally, the Champion emerges from behind the curtain. MJ Flair, playing to the San Francisco crowd with a T-shirt advertising “THE DOORS: Live at the Fillmore East, March 23, 1968” with the bottom of the band photo obscured by the top of the CWF Paramount Championship title belt.

"The crowd threw me out for the kill
Told me how to dress and how to feel
They held me down but I learned how to heal
Look at me now, what I built."

Hands are slapped and greetings are given as the new Champion makes her way to the ring. She stops and poses for photos with a few younger fans with their phones or cameras out, but other than that, her eyes remain locked on Dangerous Dan in the ring.

"No freedom without the will
Won't die for much but I'll die on this hill
Some choose the cage ‘cause they love the gild
My wings grew back, and theirs never will"

Jim Gunt: "We had some strong words from Flair earlier tonight, is she going to out-danger the Danger Boiz?"

Mike Rolash: "I don’t much like her, Jim… but she has proven in the past, how far she’s willing to go. But Dangerous Dan is the challenger with his career on the line; he literally has nothing to lose. "

“Mary Magdaline had some fun
Some called her a whore, some called her a nun
Was she the baddest bitch in Bethlehem?
We’ll never know, ‘cause her story’s written by men.”

Dan keeps his eyes on MJ while she does her rounds outside the ring, with Crazy Chris patting his shoulders in support and encouragement. MJ also keeps her focus on her opponent, until the moment that she climbs the corner from the floor, unhooking the belt from around her waist as she plants her foot, and holds the title above her head to a nearly complete standing ovation.

Saw a ballerina on a farm, it made me sad
Why you locking up a girl who can dance like that?
You craved the shine that she once had
So you caged the bird 'cause it won't fly back

MJ hops down to the ring, and drapes the title over her shoulder. She greets referee Patrick Young and stands opposite her opponent as the music fades.

Joey Garcia: "This next contest is scheduled for one fall with a sixty minute time limit, and it is for THE CWF… PARAMOUNT… CHAMPIONSHIP!"

Jim Gunt: “Two people with a legitimate claim to the title, MJ Flair of course defeated Jared Holmes at Crossed Lines

to win the belt, but Dan beat Holmes two weeks prior in a non-title match that many people, Flair included, thought should have been for the title. “

Joey Garcia: “Introducing first… is the challenger! Accompanied to the ring by his brother, Crazy Chris, and one half of the Danger Boiz! From Smithville, Tennessee, and weighing in at two hundred twenty five pounds… THREE TIME… FORMER CWF Tag Team Champion… former CWF Impact Champion… former CWF Paramount Champion… DANGEROUS… DAAAAAAAAANNNN!!!!!!”

Dan raises his hands in victory to a nice ovation from the crowd.

Joey Garcia: “AND HIS OPPONENT…”

Mike Rolash: “He hasn’t said it yet, can we please cancel the “Emm Jay Eff” chant already?”

Joey Garcia: “From Warwick, New York… weighing in at one hundred and forty pounds… TWO TIME… FORMER… CWF WORLD CHAMPION… and the current, defending PARAMOUNT CHAMPION… “

“EMM… JAY… FLAIR!!”

The Champion holds her belt high above her head, stepped up on the bottom rope to soak in the cheers. She steps back down, folds the title neatly, and hands it to the referee as the bell sounds.

Jim Gunt: “Crazy Chris slides out of the ring, and we’re underway! Flair and Dan circle - MJ WITH A RIGHT HAND! ANOTHER! She has her challenger rocked from the start!”

Mike Rolash: “Always resorting to violence. But in this case, Dangerous Dan loves it!”

Jim Gunt: “Dan fires back! Another! MJ ducks out of the way of a third strike, and she comes up with a european uppercut from the floor, and a modified snapmare takeover! She has Dan in a reverse chinlock, with a clear advantage from the start!”

While referee Patrick Young is on the spot to ask Dan if he wants to give up, not a soul in the arena believes this match would have ended so quickly. He tests MJ’s grip under his chin, feeling her knee between his shoulder blades, and he manages to shimmy an arm around her leg, taking her down by disrupting her center of gravity. Dan rolls through to his knees, picking MJ’s foot in the air and slamming her knee down to the mat!

Jim Gunt: “Let’s take a look at the tale of the tape, Dangerous Dan has fifteen years experience as a professional wrestler, far more than Flair despite the early age at which she started. But at five foot seven and one hundred forty pounds, the Champion is giving up four inches and eighty five pounds to her challenger. That might make a difference.”

Mike Rolash: “You tease me with that every time, and she always finds a way. For once, can you tell me that some opponent has a foot and a hundred and fifty pounds on her, and he’s going to win by falling on her?”

MJ holds her knee in pain as Dan backs up and rebounds off the ropes, dropping a leg across her shoulder blades. He makes a quick cover, ONE… TWO… Kickout!

Dan scoops her up and backs her into the ropes, and he jumps with a picture perfect dropkick - MJ holds onto the ropes and he crashes to the mat! Now it’s the Champion who drops a running leg! She doesn’t attempt a pin, instead she kicks him square in the face and walks away, apparently walking off whatever damage was done to her knee.

Jim Gunt: “Dan rolling to the ropes to get his bearings; that’s the experience talking. Get to the ropes where the referee will keep your opponent back.”

The referee checks on both combatants, and directs them both to engage once again. MJ and Dan circle each other, and they finally lock up! Dan backs MJ into the corner, and he fires an elbow into her stomach, just as she puts a foot

on the bottom turnbuckle to brace herself. Dan with a scoop slam, and a quick hop to the middle rope and a moonsault! Flair raises her knees, and Dan crashes his ribs! She rolls him up! ONE… TWO… Kickout!

Jim Gunt: “These two have both earned a reputation for hard hitting offense, so I can see the strategy being one of ‘let’s end it as quickly as possible.’”

Mike Rolash: “Finally, we agree on something.”

MJ grabs Dan by the hair and pulls him back to his feet. She sends him into the ropes with an irish whip, he ducks under her clothesline attempt! Shoulderblock on the rebound and MJ staggers into the ropes! Dan with a Dangerous Clothesline, and they both tumble over the top rope!

Dan recovers first, having had his fall cushioned by MJ. He gets to his knees and kicks her in the stomach before rising to his feet and taking a few steps to clear his head. The referee counts ONE.

Jim Gunt: “The Champion laid out right here in front of us, and I think Dangerous Dan has fully taken control of this match. He’s turned the corner in the ringside area and set up a chair… Running start, springboard from the chair to the ring steps, and a body splash sandwiches MJ between her challenger and the cold, hard floor!”

TWO…

The fans are on their feet cheering for the almost-hometown-hero, “LET’S GO EMM JAY!” as Dangerous Dan looks around and shakes his head.

THREE…

Jim Gunt: “Dangerous Dan seems frustrated with the way the fans are chanting for his opponent.”

Mike Rolash: “Bunch of bandwagoners. He doesn’t need them.”

FOUR…

As he clearly can’t win the title on the floor, Dangerous Dan wisely sends MJ back into the ring, breaking the count and hopping up onto the apron on the outside. He waits for her to get to one knee before pulling back, and he slingshots to the top rope and pushes off with his feet, driving MJ’s face to the canvas with a bulldog! Another cover, ONE… TWO… Kickout!

Dan pounds a fist into the canvas in frustration, but he doesn’t waste time arguing with the referee over an obvious kickout. He gets back to his feet and paces for a moment before grabbing a handful of MJ’s hair and pulling her back up once again. Cross corner whip - MJ holds on and attempts to reverse - Dan re-reverses and sends her–INTO THE CORNER INTO THE REFEREE! Patrick Young is sandwiched between the Champion and the corner, and he collapses to the mat!

Jim Gunt: “Dangerous Dan with a bridging dragon suplex, but I don’t think he saw the referee take the hit, there’s nobody to count! MJ struggles out of it, and they’re both on one knee, looking at each other!”

Mike Rolash: “Now’s the time. Pull the hair, tweak the eyes, hook the tights.”

MJ’s eyes drift to the right to see the referee down, but moving.

Crazy Chris: “DO IT, DAN! GET IT!”

Jim Gunt: Flair distracted by Chris’ shouts, and that’s all it takes for Dangerous Dan to lunge forward with a closed fist to the face! The Champion is prone, and Dan with two handfuls of hair, bounces her head off the mat!

Mike Rolash: “That’s what I’m talking about!”

Dan gets up and paces, seeing the referee up on his knees, recovering quickly but not there yet, and gives a quick

check of his status. Across the ring, MJ pulls herself to her feet on the ropes and yells something at Chris - possibly a warning to stay out of the match. But his distraction causes her to miss Dan coming up from behind, and hitting another hard clothesline, sending her tumbling to the floor and into the barricade.

Dangerous Dan: “I told you, Flair… nothing I won’t do to take back my title.”

Jim Gunt: “Here we go, Dangerous Dan climbing to the top, and like we said, Mike - these two both enjoy the high risk, high impact attacks, and this is the time to do it. “

Crazy Chris wisely standing back, with MJ getting first one boot, and then the other, under her, and she pushes herself up.

DANGEROUS DAN LAUNCHES FROM THE TOP TURNBUCKLE! MJ STAGGERS TO THE SIDE! DAN LANDS FACE AND CHEST FIRST ON THE BARRICADE! SUPERKICK BY FLAIR! Both athletes drop to the floor, Dan on his face and chest, MJ on her knees!

“HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!”

The fans are on their feet, trying to get a glimpse of the two athletes who just collided in the most violent way. Dan is starting to stir while MJ gets to her feet and shakes her head, roughly, to clear the cobwebs. She starts up the ring steps just as Dangerous Dan begins to pull himself up to his feet, so she alters course.

Jim Gunt: “QUEEN’S GAMBIT TO DANGEROUS DAN! MJ Flair paying tribute to the CWF World Champion, and–DAN STAGGERS BACK AND HITS HIS HEAD ON THE RINGPOST! “

Mike Rolash: “And of course he’s busted open. It was just a matter of time for one or both of them.”

MJ doesn’t land perfectly - likely a result of her own bell being rung a few times, but Dangerous Dan is crawling towards his brother’s encouraging voice all at the same time, Chris assuming it would be easier for Dan to get back to his feet with the ring steps.

Crazy Chris: “Behind you!”

Dan reacts as instinctively as Chris’ warning - MJ was only momentarily stopped by her landing and she was back to her feet quickly. He rolls forward and hooks her with a drop toe hold, bouncing her own head and shoulder off the ring steps!

ONE…

In all the commotion, nobody noticed the referee had pulled himself back to his feet.

TWO…

Jim Gunt: “The challenger bleeding from the temple! The champion with a gash on her forehead! This looks more like a scene from a Chaos Championship fight, Mike!”

Mike Rolash: “It can take more than ten seconds to get your vision right after your bell gets rung like that. If Crazy Chris really wants to help his brother win the Paramount Title he should head in there and take the referee out again.”

THREE…

Either Chris doesn’t hear him, or he pretends so - but he pounds his fist on the ring steps to encourage his brother’s recovery. The fans, invested in the fight, have begun to cheer for both wrestlers.

“LET’S GO EMM JAY!”

“LET’S GO DAN!”

FOUR…

Dangerous Dan pulls himself up and under the bottom rope! The referee stops the count to check on him, and they have an animated conversation over the fact that no, the match is definitely not stopping.

Jim Gunt: “Dan is back to his feet, MJ is on her knees, but Dangerous Dan can’t win the title like this, he’s got to bring his opponent into the ring!”

Mike Rolash: “He’s got ten more seconds, go out, do some damage, and send her in.”

Dan does in fact follow this advice, which he likely didn’t hear. He slides out the side of the ring after Patrick Young cautions him to wait while he counts for the Champion - but he is absolutely not going to let his title opportunity slip away via countout. Dan approaches MJ, who has begun to rise once more, and clips her knee from behind! The referee’s count is at two, but he immediately scoops her and sends her back into the ring!

Mike Rolash: “Sound strategy still - cut down that knee and she can’t properly balance for the Morning Star.”

Jim Gunt: “I don’t think the Morning Star is on MJ’s mind right now; just survival!”

Rolled back into the ring, Dan hooks the leg! ONE… TWO… THRKICKOUT! He shakes his head in frustration, but stays on her, pulling her to her feet and lifting her for a suplex… no, he walks her to the corner and drops her down onto the top turnbuckle!

Jim Gunt: “We’ve seen this before, after the shots Dangerous Dan took to the head he might not trust his balance for THE ENDD IS NEAR, so he’s going for the Nightmare on ENDD Street to give himself a little more support.”

Mike Rolash: “It’s so weird how I can actually hear the double D’s.”

Jim Gunt: “What?”

Mike Rolash: “I would prefer them to be in my face, but…”

Jim Gunt: “I don’t get it.”

Mike Rolash: “I don’t doubt it.”

MJ’s head is hooked while Dan climbs the corner, and he’s prepared for that twist of fate Nightmare on ENDD Street - MJ HOOKS HER FEET AROUND THE TOP TURNBUCKLE AND HOLDS ON! Dan can’t keep her locked, and she shoves him to the mat! He lands hard as she sinks to a seated position, and flips her hair back with a quick twitch of her head, sending a bit of blood flying into the crowd!

Jim Gunt: “Miscalculation on Dangerous Dan’s part, he was on the middle turnbuckle but due to the height difference, he didn’t realize so was MJ! She was able to hold on just enough to send him crashing to the mat alone!”

MJ waits for him to start climbing to his feet, and she leaps off with a missile dropkick that sends him face first into the mat, and she takes the landing on her shoulders, immediately kipping up, and staggering backwards into the ropes! She stalks Dan from behind, and to the sound of a standing ovation, hooks his head!

Jim Gunt: “MORNING STAR! NO!”

Just as Mike Rolash predicted, as MJ brought Dan’s back down on her knee, the knee crumbled under the impact and they both fall to the mat.

Mike Rolash: “It’s anyone’s to lose here. Flair can barely stand, Dan can barely walk.”

Both athletes, equally damaged in different ways, climb to their feet at approximately the same pace. Their continued movement keeps the referee from counting, but he’s watching both intently. He asks MJ if she wants to give it up, but that question is a complete non-starter.

DANGEROUS DAN WITH THE ENDD IS NEAR!

With a sickening thud, MJ lands, back and head first on the mat, as Dan staggers to the corner. He steps through the ropes and climbs to the outside, and then to the top!

Jim Gunt: “No more games, no more distractions, Dangerous Dan looking to finally put this one in the win column. THE ENDD!”

MJ FLAIR ROLLS TOWARDS THE CORNER! DAN HITS THE CANVAS HARD!

ONE…

TWO…

THREE…

Both wrestlers slowly start to stir. Dan holding his shoulder and the back of his head in pain on the missed impact, MJ clearly favoring her knee.

FOUR…

Jim Gunt: “This one isn’t going to end on a countout, someone has something left in the tank.”

Mike Rolash: “Yeah. The referee.”

FIVE…

MJ FLAIR HOOKS DANGEROUS DAN FROM BEHIND–BED OF ROSES!

Jim Gunt: “Another tribute to the CWF World Champion as MJ Flair locks in Caledonia’s classic submission finisher, the Bed of Roses! She leaps up and hooks her ankles around Dan’s waist, forcing him to carry all of her weight along with the pressure on the neck and arm!”

Dan reaches for the ropes, but Flair leans back and pulls him away. She appears to be shifting her body weight just enough to direct where he can travel. DAN DROPS BACKWARDS! HE SANDWICHES MJ BETWEEN HIMSELF AND THE MAT!!! MJ HOLDS ON!!!! ONE… TWO… SHE ROLLS HER SHOULDER UP! They’re entangled on the mat on their sides, and Dan has nowhere to go!

Jim Gunt: “We saw this at CWF Paradise when MJ Flair spent several minutes locked in this hold, trying to find a way out, before Caledonia won her very first World Championship, and now the positions are reversed, will Flair be able to retain her Paramount Title?”

Mike Rolash: “If Dan taps, his career is over. She’s going to have to kill him.”

Indeed, Dangerous Dan appears to be refusing to submit. Pain is etched on his face, and he no longer appears to be actively responsive to the referee. THe fans are on their feet, calling for the match to end and also for Dan to find a way out - something that has virtually never happened.

Two minutes in. Crazy Chris pounds the mat, trying to rally support for his brother. Patrick Young checks Dan.

Checks MJ.

Checks Dan.

He holds up Dan’s arm, and it drops. ONE.

Jim Gunt: “Is the Dangerous One unconscious?”

The referee holds up Dan’s arm again, and it drops. TWO.

Mike Rolash: “He’s put everything into this fight.”

Dan’s arm is raised. The referee holds it for a long moment.

It drops.

THREE.

The bell rings. The fans let out a collective exhale.

Joey Garcia: “Ladies and gentlemen, here is your winner… AND STILL… CWF Paramount Champion… EMM JAY FLAIR!”

Jim Gunt: “We did not get a submission from Dangerous Dan, but he still found himself counted out! The Dangerous One may have finally come up against an opponent his determination couldn’t overcome: Time.”

Mike Rolash: “Don’t get poetic on me, these two beat the hell out of each other. In my opinion, they’re both equally losers.”

MJ leaves the ring quickly, limping to the back with the title belt over her shoulder. Crazy Chris has joined Dangerous Dan in the ring as the fallen Challenger has his hands over his eyes, and the fans applaud his efforts, his contributions, and his career.

Just before retreating behind the curtain, MJ turns back to the ring. THe camera shows the Danger Boiz on the video wall above and behind her, with the two looking in her direction. She nods her head in appreciation towards them, but then pats the Paramount Title belt over her shoulder and retreats to the back.

Jim Gunt: “Lots of emotion in the ring tonight, and we’ve still got a World Title match to go! We’ll be back in a minute.”

Lines Crossed

Segment

We open to a view outside of the arena. Tree branches line the velvet horizon. The vibrant lights of a familiar cityscape twinkle far in the background. This area, though, is lit only by three things. The moon, the stars, and the lantern sat atop a perch next to the Ripper, illuminating his scarred face and a fading line of reds and purples across his throat, the memory of Caledonia etched into his skin. A lifeless smirk is etched onto his face, as usual, enjoying his own theatrics.

Danny: “So, here we are. The final run. One more for the road before CWF closes its doors for the final time again. Until the next time, of course. With that, I find myself in a position I wasn’t prepared for. In my mind, history was to repeat itself and I was to ride off into the sunset as your deserving and honoured world champion.”

He raised his right hand, taped up, to his throat, rubbing across the bruising.

Danny: “That, however, won’t be happening. I’d have some time to think, time to reflect on what happened at Crossing Lines. Obviously, things didn’t go my way. I could rant and rave, but there isn’t any point. Caledonia did what needed to be done. She proved to me and to the world that she had it in her to go beyond her limits. When all is said and done, when this run is over, the run that’s likely to be my last, the only blemishes on my record will read ‘Highlander’ in one way or another. That’s something they can be proud of. Cali, if you’re not too distracted with having management's noses up your ass, I want to say congratulations. Take my title and make it worth it. You’re the only person who deserves to share that legacy with me. Good luck.”

Danny rests his hand on the lantern, looking down at the soft yellow glow emitted by it. He falls quiet for a moment, a contemplative look on his face making him look almost human.

Danny: “So, the question I guess for me then is what’s next? That’s what we’re all thinking, right? But no, I fear that I cannot look forward when mists of the past still wrap around me, suffocating me. This is why I am here tonight, why I have chosen this place.”

Danny snatches the lantern from its perch, swinging it around, illuminating the stonework that peppers the floor. Crosses, angels and tombstones briefly pass into view before he rests the lantern once again on the stonework beside him.

Danny: “It's cliché, I know, but death has surrounded me my whole career. Some of you will remember, all the way back when. The kid I was, the company I kept. I thought it meant I had a darkness in me, but I realise now it was a hole. A missing piece of me. I have always been fascinated by the macabre and the morbid, defined by the shadow of night. That imagery, that framework. That has defined Danny B since the very beginning. What better place for me to come and think than where I cannot be interrupted by the arrogant, self-serving thoughts of those still with enough life in them to serve only themselves? The dead have no regrets, but I do.”

His face twitches, the cool demeanour slipping for just a moment.

Danny: “See, once upon a time. There was a man who took me in, allowed me to become the best version of myself. He showed me that I wasn’t wrong, I wasn’t broken; I just needed the right outlet. He helped me hone myself in and out of the ring. His helping hand and his guidance led me to become a multi-time world champion, a Hall of Famer, a living legend. Beyond that, what he gave me in his life allowed me to rise from a motel-dwelling scrappy kid to the world-ender that I am today. The money, the homes, the jets- everything! I owe everything to his guiding hand. Do you want to know the name of that person?”

He fully turns to the camera now, the veneer of calm now fully absent.

Danny: “His name was J.Rish.”

The wind picked up behind Danny as he spoke the name, blowing a few of The Ripper’s golden hairs out of place.

Danny: “Rish gave me a chance when no one else would. He recruited me, he sat with me, he allowed me to live out my wildest ideas. He greenlit my wild match ideas; he gave me opportunities to prove myself; hell, he gave me the reins to this damn company. He was, in every way, a great man. I never really mourned his passing as the months passed, because we were all stuck in the hell that was 2326. Now I've heard the rumblings that the man has made a return under the guise of "The Sheriff" over in HVW. So now I mourn not because he’s gone, not because of who he was and now may become yet again, but because of what he left behind. But that’s not entirely his fault, is it?”

He looks down, something akin to guilt crossing his features.

Danny: “History lesson for those who need it. Back in 2011, Rish closed CWF. He did that a lot. The company got bought out by a man known as Steven Gamble. Gamble tried and failed to run the business, and when he folded too, someone stepped in to buy the shares of the company at quite a loss. That man was me. For many years, I essentially owned CWF as majority shareholder. My life went on. Years later, I was approached by a representative of a potential buyer. At the time, I had stepped away from Wrestling. I had become a legend in the ring and had mixed success as a promoter myself. That life was behind me, so selling the shares for far more than they were worth was sensible, right? That is my regret. My great regret in this business. I sold my shares to Jaiden fucking Rishel.”

He sighs, a flash of red crossing his eye.

Danny: “I didn’t care then. After all, I had become a star in my own right. I wasn’t tied to CWF; I didn’t need it. It wasn’t my company; I wasn’t interested in running it any longer, so who cared? That was my past. I didn’t realise just how much that past would haunt me. When I came back this time, it was a favour to an old, dearly departed friend. One last run in his memory. Someone wasn’t happy with that, though, right, Jaiden? I didn’t do it for you, so you made it a personal mission to piss me off? Every time I achieved something, your snivelling little ass was there, making sure it didn’t stick. I didn’t notice at first. I was a little focused on constantly having to deal with a Caledonia-shaped problem. A roadblock that kept getting put in my way. Took me a while to realise that Carlton isn’t the only one looking for a taste of the Queen’s Gambit. I thought for ages that it was my unplanned success, me fucking up the stories you had

meticulously crafted. That carefully curated image of what you wanted being distorted by me just being me. After all, you needed to be as good as your old man, right? To leave the same legacy he did? It was only when I was sitting in my own home in Brighton after crossing lines that it all clicked. You don't hate Danny B. You don't hate The Ripper. You hate me. You hate me because your Dad saw the world in me, and in you, he saw nothing. Well, from my home to yours."

Danny slowly lowers the lantern over the stone it was sitting on, revealing the tombstone beneath, hovering the light over one world. 'RISHEL.'

Danny: "Jaiden. I understand everything now. I realise how personal this is for you, how personal it has always been. I am sorry I was so fixated on me that I didn't see you for what you really were. I thought you were just a pissed-off nepo-kid, but it's so much deeper than that, and I see that now. Jaiden Rishel. You wanted attention; you wanted to be the centre of his world. Your father spent months under a disguise trying to stay dead, Jaiden, and soon, his creation will be gone too. I promise you, for your Dad's sake as well as my own, before that eulogy is finished, you'll be the Rishel we are mourning. Be seeing you."

Danny drops the lantern; it smashes before the stone, and the ground erupts in flame, fully illuminating the man standing over it. The Ripper turns and walks away, Anubis' cloak swaying behind him like mist in a breeze as the flames crack the headstone.

Caledonia (c) vs. Mia Rayne and the Menagerie

Match

The final moments of the evening's video package fade away, leaving the camera fixes on Joey Garcia. The overhead lights seem to somewhat shine a shade brighter tonight as the camera slowly pans across the packed auditorium. There is a different kind of anticipation in the building now. The crowd has spent the evening watching old rivalries resurface, new ones take shape, and champions fight to hold onto what they have earned. But this is the main event. This is the first defense of a championship that Caledonia fought through hell to reclaim.

And, for Caledonia, this is a defense against a woman she has never managed to defeat.

Jim Gunt: "Ladies and gentlemen, we have reached the main event of Infernalia, and what a main event it is. The CWF World Heavyweight Championship is on the line. Caledonia, three-time World Champion, makes her first defense since defeating The Ripper Danny B in that I Quit match at Crossing Lines."

Mike Rolash: "First defense. Two weeks. That's all she's had to enjoy being champion before somebody decided to throw her into the deep end. And not just anybody, Jim. She's got Loki Synn standing across from her. The same Loki Synn who dismantled Mark Carlton at Crossing Lines. The same Loki Synn who has spent the last couple of weeks promising to do something considerably worse to Caledonia."

Jim Gunt: "And Caledonia knows exactly what she's walking into. She has been warned. Her cousin Mark Carlton went through the experience himself, and if there was one thing he made clear, it was that fighting the Menagerie is unlike fighting anyone else. There isn't necessarily one opponent to wear down. There are personalities waiting behind the one you're fighting, each with their own approach, each with their own intentions."

Mike Rolash: "Well, tonight she's been promised just one. Loki Synn. No Amelia, no Cheshire. Just the demonic jester, and I don't know about you, Jim, but I don't find that particularly comforting."

Jim Gunt: "Neither do I."

The lights fall, and the crowd rises in anticipation. A few seconds pass in complete darkness before the opening of

"Day and Night" by Billie Piper rings through the auditorium. The reaction is immediate. A wave of cheers rolls from one end of the building to the other, and the camera finds Caledonia standing at the top of the entrance ramp.

The World Heavyweight Championship is fastened around her waist. She stands with her shoulders squared, taking in the audience, her expression serious but unmistakably grateful. There is no extravagant celebration, no prolonged posing. She knows what the occasion is, and she knows what the stakes are. Two weeks ago, she forced the most sadistic man in CWF to say the words that ended his championship reign. She reclaimed the title for the third time in her career, and now she has to prove that the victory was not simply a moment of triumph.

She raises both hands, and the crowd answers with another tremendous roar. Caledonia takes a breath, then starts down the ramp, slapping the outstretched hands of fans along the barricades. Her eyes remain fixed on the ring.

Jim Gunt: "There is something to be said about the journey this woman has taken. She came into this company in 2009. She has been a champion, a tag team champion, a competitor who has left this business behind to fight battles that had nothing to do with professional wrestling, and she's come back time and time again. And now, at this stage of her career, she has once again reached the summit."

Mike Rolash: "And she's got a very familiar view from up there. The only problem is, somebody's already climbing the mountain after her."

Caledonia steps through the ropes and walks to the center of the ring. She unfastens the championship from her waist, raises it overhead, and turns slowly, allowing every section of the audience to see the gold. The cheers continue as she lowers it and hands it to the referee, who checks the belt before holding it aloft for the crowd.

Caledonia retreats to her corner, rolling her shoulders and shaking out her arms. She is not bouncing with nervous energy. She is focused, her gaze occasionally moving toward the entranceway. The referee speaks to her briefly, and she nods. The champion is ready.

Then the lights begin to strobe.

The auditorium is swallowed by violent flashes of white and black, each burst illuminating a different fragment of the entranceway. The audience's reaction changes almost immediately. There are no cheers of welcome, only a mixture of boos, uneasy laughter, and the unmistakable sound of people who know something unpleasant is coming.

The opening of "Apex Predator" by Otep cuts through the speakers, and for several seconds, nobody appears. The strobes continue, quick and disorienting, making the entranceway seem to flicker between empty and occupied. Then, in one flash, Mia Rayne is standing at the top of the ramp.

She is not the confident, crowd-playing Mia who has entered CWF rings in the past. Her head hangs forward, her shoulders are slumped, and her long hair falls around her face. Her body appears exhausted, almost as if she has already been through a match before the bell has even rung. She stands motionless as the lights continue to flash around her.

Another flash and she's gone. The lights cut out completely. The crowd waits in a hush, the darkness seeming to stretch on for an uncomfortable length of time. Then a high-pitched laugh erupts through the auditorium.

The strobes return.

And Mia is no longer standing alone. Loki Synn has taken her place.

The jester's mask is a grotesque, decaying thing, its uneven features twisted into a permanent expression of delight. The material looks old enough to have been buried, dug up, and left to rot again. The outfit matches it: dark, weathered, and ragged, with the appearance of something that should never have been brought into the light. Small bells attached to the pointed extensions of her headpiece jingle as she jerks her head from side to side.

She throws her arms outward and cackles. Then she takes off down the ramp.

Loki doesn't play to the audience. She doesn't slap hands or acknowledge the fans calling her name. Instead, she darts toward the barricade, lunging suddenly at a young fan who recoils in fright. Loki throws her head back and laughs, then turns away just as someone tries to capture a photograph. She stops long enough to stare directly into the camera, tilts her head, and steps out of frame.

She reaches the ring and slides beneath the bottom rope, immediately springing to her feet. Her movements are sharp and unpredictable. She paces across the ring, tugging at the ropes, then turns toward Caledonia and throws her arms wide.

The bells jingle, and Loki laughs again.

Mike Rolash: "There she is. The one-woman party favor. The woman who makes a haunted house look like a day at Disneyland."

Jim Gunt: "You can see the difference already. This isn't Mia Rayne coming out here to compete. This is Loki Synn, and she has made no secret of what she intends to do to the champion."

Mike Rolash: "She intends to hurt her, Jim. Not beat her. Not outwrestle her. Hurt her. And if Caledonia has been paying attention to anything that's happened over the last couple of weeks, she knows exactly how far Loki is willing to go."

Loki backs into her corner, crouching slightly as she stares across the ring. Caledonia remains composed, though her eyes never leave the challenger. The referee calls both women forward, checks their equipment, and gives them the final instructions. Loki practically vibrates with impatience, leaning over the ropes as if she might launch herself across the ring before the bell.

Caledonia stands upright, the championship no longer around her waist, and looks directly into the mask.

DING! DING! DING!

Loki doesn't hesitate a second, immediately charging towards the champion. There is no feeling-out process, no circling, no attempt to establish a technical advantage. Loki crosses the ring and swings a wild right hand at Caledonia's head. The champion ducks beneath it and attempts to catch the challenger with a quick kick to the midsection, but Loki twists away, grabs a handful of Caledonia's hair, and drives a knee into her stomach. She follows with another, then a third, before hauling the champion upright and smashing her with a short-arm clothesline.

Caledonia hits the canvas hard. Loki drops beside her and immediately begins throwing heavy punches into her head and shoulders. The referee warns her to open the fists, and Loki responds by turning her head toward him and laughing. She rises, grabs Caledonia by the wrist, and drags her toward the corner.

Jim Gunt: "Loki Synn wasting absolutely no time. Caledonia hasn't had an opportunity to establish anything, and already she's taking punishment."

Mike Rolash: "That's the thing about Loki. She doesn't wait for an opportunity. She creates one. Usually by hitting you in the face."

Loki whips Caledonia into the turnbuckles. The champion collides back-first with the pads, and Loki follows with a running shoulder thrust into her midsection. She pulls away, allows Caledonia to stagger forward, and catches her with a swinging DDT that drives the champion's head into the mat.

Loki rolls over and rises to one knee, looking down at her opponent. She spreads her fingers, wiggles them as if admiring the work she has done, and then slowly turns toward the hard camera. She points down at Caledonia, then drags a finger across the front of her own throat.

Mike Rolash: "I think she's enjoying herself."

Jim Gunt: "That would be an understatement."

Loki pulls Caledonia up by the hair and hooks her for a suplex. She lifts the champion, holds her vertically for a moment, then drops her hard across the canvas. Rather than cover, Loki rolls away and sits cross-legged beside her, tapping the side of her mask as if considering what to do next.

Caledonia tries to push herself up. Loki suddenly springs forward and drives a boot into her ribs. She follows with another, then grabs the champion's arm and twists it behind her back. A sharp kick to the shoulder sends Caledonia sprawling again. The champion rolls toward the ropes, attempting to create some space. Loki stalks after her, reaches down, and grabs her by the ankle. Caledonia kicks free with her other leg, catching Loki in the chest. For the first time, the challenger is forced to take a step backward.

Caledonia gets to one knee and then to her feet. She catches Loki with a forearm, another, and a third. The challenger staggers toward the center of the ring. Caledonia steps in with a sharp enzuigiri.

SUCH IS LIFE!

The kick connects flush against the side of Loki's head, dropping the most sadistic of all Mia's personalities to a knee, her head immediately coming up to feel the parts of her mask that came apart from the nasty Enzuigiri. Caledonia sees the opening and moves in, grabbing Loki around the waist. She attempts to lift her for a suplex, but Loki drives an elbow into her side, then another. Caledonia loses her grip, and Loki lands behind her. A quick shove sends the champion stumbling toward the ropes. Loki rushes forward and drives a forearm into her upper back, sending her tumbling through the middle rope and onto the apron.

Jim Gunt: "Caledonia finding a little offense, but Loki is right back on her. The champion cannot afford to give her any openings."

Caledonia grips the top rope and begins to pull herself upright. Loki steps between the ropes, grabs her by the head, and attempts to drag her back into the ring. Caledonia fights, driving an elbow into Loki's ribs. She follows with a kick to the chest, then hooks the challenger through the ropes and snaps her forward with a neckbreaker that sends both women tumbling into the ring.

Caledonia lands on her side, clutching her own ribs. Loki rolls onto her back, but the champion is quicker to recover. She crawls over and hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

Loki doesn't just kick out, she hurls Caledonia halfway across the ring. The three time CWF World Champion sits up, her back seemingly to snap back into place as she takes a breath, and immediately moves back towards Loki to pull her towards her. Loki fights back with a forearm. Caledonia with one of her own. She hooks an arm and attempts to lift her for another suplex. Loki slips out behind her, grabs Caledonia around the waist, and launches her backward with a German suplex. The champion lands high on her shoulders and rolls through, clutching the back of her neck.

Loki rises, shaking her hands as if warming them up. She looks down at Caledonia, then slowly crouches beside her. The challenger reaches forward and takes a handful of the champion's hair. She pulls Caledonia's head up and begins laughing directly into her face.

Loki Synn: "Come on, High Priestess. Where's all that fight?"

She drives Caledonia's head back into the mat.

Mike Rolash: "Oh, she's getting comfortable now."

Jim Gunt: "And that's dangerous. We saw what happened to Mark Carlton. Loki Synn has a way of taking an opponent's fight and turning it into something she can use against them."

Loki stands and pulls Caledonia upright. She drives a knee into the champion's stomach, then hooks both arms and lifts her for a powerbomb. Caledonia struggles, kicking her legs and trying to shift her weight, but Loki drives her down with a brutal sit-out powerbomb. The impact shakes the ring.

Loki doesn't immediately cover. She remains seated, her arms extended, and looks around at the crowd with a wide, delighted grin. Then she turns back toward Caledonia and drops across her chest.

ONE!

TWO!

Caledonia gets a shoulder up. Loki's head snaps toward the referee. She rises slowly, her hands moving to the sides of her mask. For a moment, she appears almost offended. Then the laughter begins again.

She grabs Caledonia by the throat and pulls her into a seated position. The champion's eyes are unfocused, her breathing labored. Loki leans in, speaking directly into her ear before hauling her upright and whipping her into the corner. Caledonia hits the turnbuckles. Loki charges and connects with a running clothesline. She grabs the champion, spins her out of the corner, and drives her down with a snap DDT. The challenger rolls over, hooks both legs, and presses her weight across Caledonia's shoulders.

ONE!

TWO!

Caledonia kicks out again.

Jim Gunt: "Another near fall! Caledonia is taking a tremendous amount of punishment here, and Loki Synn is showing no signs of slowing down."

Mike Rolash: "The champion has to find something. Anything. Because right now she's being taken apart piece by piece."

Loki gets to her feet and begins pacing around the ring. Her head jerks from side to side, the bells on her mask jingling with every movement. She stops beside Caledonia and stomps down on her shoulder. Then she grabs the champion's arm and twists it sharply, pulling her into a seated position before driving a knee into the side of her head.

Caledonia falls back. Loki drops beside her and begins wrenching the arm, pulling it across her own knee. The referee checks on the champion, asking if she wants to submit. Caledonia shakes her head and tries to reach toward the ropes.

Loki releases the arm, grabs the wrist, and drags her away from the ropes, then drops her weight across Caledonia's back and locks in a brutal seated hold, wrenching the arm and forcing the champion's shoulder into an unnatural angle. Caledonia grimaces, struggling to get her knees beneath her.

Jim Gunt: "Loki is starting to target that shoulder now. She's been throwing Caledonia around the ring, but this is the kind of damage that can take away the champion's ability to fight back."

Mike Rolash: "And Loki doesn't need a reason to keep hurting her. She just needs a body part that still works."

Caledonia tries to roll through, but Loki follows her movement and tightens the hold. The champion reaches out, fingertips brushing the bottom rope, but the challenger drags her back toward the center. Caledonia grits her teeth and pushes herself onto one knee. Loki drives her back down with a forearm across the upper back.

The referee checks again, but Caledonia refuses to quit. Loki looks up at the official, then down at the champion. She

releases the hold and rises, taking a step backward. Her arms spread wide.

Loki Synn: "No? No? That's what I like!"

She grabs Caledonia and pulls her up. A heavy knee to the midsection folds the champion in half. Loki hooks her for a high-angle DDT, but Caledonia manages to twist her body and shove the challenger away. Loki turns back toward her, only to be caught by a sudden kick to the stomach.

Caledonia reaches for her, attempting to follow with a second move, but Loki catches her around the waist and drives her backward into the turnbuckles. The champion's back slams against the pads. Loki steps away, then charges with a running strike that catches Caledonia flush across the chest.

Caledonia collapses into the corner in a heap. Loki steps back, allowing her to fall forward, then catches her with a brutal backbreaker across the knee. The champion arches in pain. Loki keeps her there for a moment, pressing down, before releasing her and allowing her to roll onto the canvas.

The challenger looks down at her, and then something changes. The manic laughter stops as Loki's shoulders settle. Her head lowers and her hands unclench, the darkness running through her seems to disipitate in an instant. The movement is so subtle that the crowd doesn't immediately understand what has happened. But when the challenger slowly lifts her head, the expression beneath the mask is gone. The body is still Mia Rayne's, but the violent energy that had been driving it has vanished.

The camera catches the change in her eyes.

Mia.

She looks down at Caledonia, breathing heavily. There is no triumph in her expression, no satisfaction. Only exhaustion. The referee steps closer, checking on her. Mia blinks, seemingly disoriented by the sudden return to herself. She tries to take a step backward, but Caledonia is already pushing herself up.

Jim Gunt: "Wait a minute. There's the change. Mia Rayne is back."

Mike Rolash: "And Caledonia just hit her with a backbreaker? No, wait. Mia was the one who took that. That's what we've been talking about, Jim. Every time Caledonia gets something significant, Mia is the one left to pay for it."

Caledonia reaches for Mia's arm and pulls her toward the center of the ring. She tries to capitalize, grabbing the waist and lifting her for a suplex. Mia barely has time to react before she is lifted and dropped hard across the canvas. Caledonia rolls through and attempts to maintain control, but Mia's body is already beginning to move differently. The exhaustion fades from her expression. Her shoulders tighten. Her fingers curl against the canvas.

The transformation is immediate, Loki is back. She rolls onto her side, looks up at Caledonia, and begins to laugh.

Mike Rolash: "Oh, you've got to be kidding me."

Jim Gunt: "Caledonia did exactly what she needed to do. She got an opening, she delivered a major offensive move, and now Loki Synn is back in control."

Mike Rolash: "Which means the only person who's really suffering for all of this is Mia."

Loki rises, and Caledonia swings a forearm toward her. The challenger ducks, catches the champion around the waist, and launches her into the corner with a German suplex. Caledonia crashes against the turnbuckles and falls forward, clutching her back. Loki is on her before she can move. She grabs the champion's head and drives her down with a brutal DDT. Then she rolls her over and begins hammering her with forearms, each one delivered with a little more force than the last.

The referee warns her again. Loki ignores him. She pulls Caledonia up and drives a knee into her ribs. Then another.

She grabs her by the wrist and whips her across the ring. Caledonia rebounds, and Loki catches her with a thunderous clothesline that turns the champion inside out.

Loki drops to her knees beside her, breathing heavily, and looks toward the hard camera.

Loki Synn: "That's it! That's all you've got!"

She throws her head back and laughs as Caledonia rolls toward the ropes. Loki follows, grabs her by the hair, and pulls her upright. She drives her forehead into the champion's face, then hooks her for another high-angle DDT. This time she drives Caledonia down with such force that the champion's legs kick upward on impact. Loki rolls her onto her back for the quick cover.

ONE!

TW-

Caledonia kicks out hard. Loki's hands spread against the mat. She stares down at the champion, then slowly turns toward the referee. Her head tilts, but she doesn't lose her composure. She doesn't panic. She simply gets up and begins looking for the next way to hurt her.

Jim Gunt: "Loki Synn is in complete control of this match. Caledonia has shown incredible resilience, but she is being forced to withstand one devastating attack after another."

Mike Rolash: "And the longer this goes, the more I wonder if the champion can actually get back up. She has taken a beating tonight that would put most people out for weeks."

Loki grabs Caledonia's left arm and pulls her into a standing position. She twists the wrist, then drives a forearm into the shoulder. The champion stumbles away, but Loki catches her and whips her into the ropes. Caledonia rebounds, and the challenger catches her with a leaping knee to the midsection.

Caledonia doubles over. Loki hooks her and lifts her into a powerbomb position. She holds her there for a moment, then drops her with a second powerbomb, this one driving the champion flat onto her back. Loki stays seated, looking down at her work. She then rolls over, drapes an arm across Caledonia's chest, and hooks the far leg.

ONE!

TWO!

Caledonia gets a shoulder up, sending the San Francisco fans into a frenzy. Loki sits upright and looks directly at the referee, then she begins her trademark deep, dark laughter from the bowels of hell. The challenger gets to her feet, grabs Caledonia by the hair, and drags her toward the corner. She sits the champion on the middle turnbuckle, then climbs onto the second rope in front of her. The referee moves in, warning Loki about the position.

Loki doesn't attempt a dangerous aerial maneuver. Instead, she grabs Caledonia around the head and drives a series of short, vicious punches into her face. She then steps down, pulls the champion off the turnbuckle, and catches her with a heavy strike that sends her crashing to the mat. The crowd boos loudly.

Mike Rolash: "This is getting ugly."

Jim Gunt: "It has been ugly from the beginning, Mike. But Caledonia is still fighting. She's still trying to find a way out of this."

Loki turns toward the hard camera and raises both arms. The bells on her mask jingle as she begins to bounce on the balls of her feet. She then turns back to Caledonia and reaches down, pulling the champion into position for another DDT. But Caledonia fights. She drives an elbow into Loki's ribs. Another. She pushes the challenger away and catches her with a sharp kick to the stomach. Loki staggers backward, and Caledonia follows with a second kick, then a

forearm to the jaw.

The champion is moving with desperation now, but there is purpose behind it. She catches Loki with another forearm, then a third, forcing the challenger toward the ropes. Caledonia takes a step back and charges, connecting with a running strike that sends Loki tumbling through the ropes and onto the apron.

Jim Gunt: "There's the opening! Caledonia has finally created some separation!"

Loki clutches the top rope, trying to pull herself upright. Caledonia steps through the ropes and grabs her by the head. She attempts to bring the challenger back inside, but Loki drives a knee into her stomach. Caledonia doubles over, and Loki hooks her around the neck, snapping her forward against the top rope. The champion falls backward into the ring. Loki steps through the ropes and follows. She grabs Caledonia by the ankle and drags her toward the center of the ring. The challenger drops onto her back, wraps both arms around the champion's waist, and squeezes with a crushing bear hug.

Caledonia's face contorts in pain. Loki pulls her upright, keeping the hold locked in, and begins driving her backward into the turnbuckles. The impact forces the champion's arms to loosen. Loki releases the hold, steps away, and drives a heavy shoulder into her stomach. Caledonia folds over the middle turnbuckle, and Loki backs up and charges again, driving another shoulder into the champion's midsection. She pulls away, grabs Caledonia by the hair, and drags her out of the corner. She grabs Caledonia by the waist, driving two brutal knees into her abdomen before hoisting her up into Powerbomb position.

Caledonia struggles, trying to shift her weight. Loki holds her in the air, laughing, and then drops her hard onto the canvas right on the back of her neck. An resounding "OOHHH" can be heard throughout the Bill Graham Civic Auditorium as Loki picks up the pieces of the potential soon to be former three time CWF World Champion and shoves her to her back, forearm across her neck, and makes the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THRE-

Caledonia once again somehow gets a shoulder up right before three, and the crowd erupts in a mixture of cheers and disbelief.

Jim Gunt: "How? How did Caledonia get that shoulder up?"

Mike Rolash: "I don't know! I don't know how much more of this she can take, but she keeps finding a way!"

Loki's head turns slowly toward the referee. She rises, then looks down at Caledonia. Her shoulders begin to shake with laughter. She reaches down and grabs the champion's head, pulling her up into a seated position. Loki steps behind her, wraps an arm around her throat, and pulls her backward into a sleeper hold. She drops to one knee, wrenching the hold tighter.

Caledonia's arms move instinctively, trying to find a way to break the grip. She reaches for Loki's wrist, then begins to push herself upright. The challenger shifts her weight and drags her back down. The referee drops beside them.

Jim Gunt: "Loki has that sleeper locked in! Caledonia is in trouble here!"

Mike Rolash: "She's been taking punishment for the better part of this match. How much oxygen does she have left?"

The referee lifts Caledonia's arm. It falls. He lifts it a second time, and it falls again. The crowd begins to rise, sensing the possibility that the champion may be slipping away. The referee raises her arm for the third time.

And this time, it doesn't fall.

Caledonia's hand remains suspended, and the crowd erupts. She begins to fight. Her fingers curl around Loki's wrist, and she drives her elbow backward into the challenger's ribs. Once. Twice. A third time. Loki's grip loosens, and Caledonia forces herself upright. She grabs Loki's arm and throws herself forward, breaking the hold. The champion stumbles toward the ropes, gasping for air. Loki rises behind her, the expression once again changing on her face.

Loki Synn: "THAT'S IT!"

She charges forward with arms flailing. Caledonia turns at the last possible moment and catches Loki with a sharp kick to the midsection. She follows with a forearm, then another, then a sudden spinning kick that catches the challenger across the jaw. Loki staggers, but doesn't fall.

Caledonia grabs her wrist and attempts to pull her into position for another move. Loki reverses the hold and drives a knee into the champion's stomach. She follows with a vicious short-arm clothesline, sending Caledonia crashing to the canvas. The challenger drops beside her and begins hammering away again, and the crowd's cheers immediately die with the chances of our CWF World Champion.

Jim Gunt: "Loki has regained control, and Caledonia's comeback has been shut down almost as quickly as it began."

Mike Rolash: "I think the champion is discovering that every time she gets a little momentum, Loki finds a way to make her pay for it."

Loki pulls Caledonia to her feet and drives her backward into the ropes. She whips the champion across the ring, then catches her on the rebound with a brutal spinebuster. The ring shakes beneath the impact. Loki rises and spreads her arms soaking in the boos from the San Francisco fans before dropping down for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THR-

No, once again Caledonia kicks out! Loki looks up at the lights. She slowly turns toward the referee and begins clapping, one slow clap at a time. Then she rises, grabs Caledonia by the hair, and pulls her toward the corner.

The champion's legs are struggling to support her. Loki drives a knee into her stomach, then hooks her for a high-angle DDT. Caledonia fights the hold, managing to push Loki away. The challenger stumbles backward, and the champion lunges forward with a sudden enzuigiri.

SUCH IS LIFE!

Loki drops to one knee. Caledonia catches her around the head and attempts to follow with a neckbreaker. Loki twists free, grabs the champion's wrist, and yanks her into a heavy forearm. The blow catches Caledonia across the jaw, sending her stumbling backward.

Loki charges again, but Caledonia sidesteps. The challenger hits the turnbuckles, and the champion grabs her around the waist, pulling her out of the corner with a sudden German suplex. Loki lands hard on her shoulders, and Caledonia rolls over and crawls toward her. She hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

Loki pushes out of the pin easily. The champion remains on her knees, breathing heavily. She looks toward the referee, then down at the challenger. There is frustration in her face, but also a growing determination.

Jim Gunt: "That was a tremendous counter by Caledonia. She is still finding ways to fight back, and if she can string a few of these together, she may have a chance."

Mike Rolash: "She needs more than a chance. She needs a miracle."

Caledonia gets to her feet and pulls Loki upright. She hooks her for a suplex, but the challenger drops her weight and drives a fist into the champion's stomach. Loki grabs Caledonia's head and snaps her down with another DDT. The champion is dropped right on the dome of her head, leaving her writhing in pain immediately on landing.

Loki rolls away and sits up, her head tilted toward the ceiling. The laughter begins again, quieter this time, almost a whisper. She rises and pulls Caledonia toward her. The champion tries to fight back with a forearm, but Loki catches the arm and drives a knee into the elbow. Caledonia cries out and drops to one knee. Loki takes a step backward, then charges forward with a running strike that catches the champion in the side of the head.

Loki drops beside her, turns her onto her back, and presses a forearm across her throat. The referee immediately moves in, warning the challenger to release the pressure. Loki holds for a moment longer, then lets go with a mocking little flourish. She rises and begins pacing again, before the camera cuts to the front row where Dan Highlander is standing, his eyes fixed on the ring. Beside him, Eris has risen from their seat, their hands clasped tightly together. Mark Carlton stands at the end of the row, his expression grim, still carrying the memory of what happened to him at Crossing Lines. All three are watching Caledonia, urging her to get back to her feet.

Then the camera finds MJ Flair. The Paramount Championship is still draped over her shoulder after her successful defense against Dangerous Dan earlier in the evening. She watches the ring with an expression of deep concern. After a moment, she looks toward the aisle, then makes her way down to ringside.

Mike Rolash: "Well, look who's joining the party. MJ Flair, the Paramount Champion, making her way down here."

Jim Gunt: "She's been through her own battle tonight, and she knows what it means to stand in that ring against Mia Rayne. She was on the receiving end of Loki's brutality herself, and I don't think she's going to let Caledonia face this alone."

MJ reaches ringside and takes a position near the corner. She doesn't attempt to interfere or shout at the referee, but she also doesn't take her eyes off the action. She stands there with the Paramount Championship over her shoulder, watching the woman who has become one of her closest friends. Inside the ring, Loki's attention has now fully gone to her former rival, as her head turns toward MJ. She takes a step toward the ropes, once again coming unhinged as she points at the Paramount Championship. Her eyes move frantically from MJ to Caledonia on the mat.

Loki Synn: "You again?"

She waves MJ away dismissively, then turns back toward the champion. Loki grabs Caledonia by the hair and pulls her to her feet. She drives a knee into her stomach, then hooks both arms and lifts her for a double-underhook suplex. Caledonia struggles, but Synn throws her backward, sending her crashing onto the canvas. She goes right back for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Yet again, Caledonia kicks out! Loki rolls off her and sits upright. She looks down at the champion, then toward the front row. Her eyes settle on Dan Highlander. She points at him then back to Caledonia, the sadistic smirk returning even through her torn up mask.

Mike Rolash: "She's not just trying to beat Caledonia anymore. She's making sure everybody in that family watches."

Jim Gunt: "That's been part of the cruelty of the Menagerie from the beginning. They don't simply want to win. They want the people around their opponent to see what happens when they get their hands on someone."

Loki pulls Caledonia up and drives her backward into the ropes. She whips the champion across the ring, catches her on the rebound, and lifts her into a brutal spinebuster. Caledonia crashes down, and Loki immediately rolls through into a cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Caledonia battles out yet again. The challenger looks toward the referee, her hands slowly rise to the sides of her mask. Then she begins laughing, louder and louder, until the sound echoes through the auditorium.

She stands and pulls Caledonia up once more, but the champion fights back. Caledonia drives a forearm into Loki's chest. Then another. She throws a third, but Loki catches her arm and yanks her forward. The challenger swings a heavy forearm toward her head, but Caledonia ducks and slips behind her.

She grabs Loki around the waist.

GERMAN SUPLEX!

Loki lands hard. Caledonia rolls through, pulls herself upright, and turns toward the challenger. Loki starts to rise, but Caledonia steps forward and catches her with a sudden scissors kick to the head.

FALLING HAMMER!

The move is unmistakable. The crowd erupts as Caledonia drops beside Loki and hooks both legs.

Jim Gunt: "FALLING HAMMER! CALEDONIA JUST HIT THE FALLING HAMMER! That's Dan Highlander's finishing move!"

Mike Rolash: "She got it! She got all of it! That could be the opening she needs!"

The referee drops to count.

ONE!

TWO!

Loki kicks out, and the crowd's roar turns into a collective gasp. Caledonia sits upright, staring at the referee in disbelief. She looks down at Loki, then toward Dan Highlander at ringside. Dan's expression is tense, but he gives her a nod. He knows exactly what she just did, and he knows exactly how much it cost her to get there.

Jim Gunt: "I cannot believe it! Caledonia hit the Falling Hammer, and Loki Synn still managed to kick out!"

Mike Rolash: "That's the move that has put people away for Dan Highlander! That's the move that has ended matches! What in the hell does Caledonia have to do?"

The champion pushes herself to her feet. She looks down at Loki, who is beginning to stir, and takes a deep breath. She reaches down, grabs the challenger by the wrist, and pulls her into position. Caledonia hooks Loki for the Bed of Roses. The crowd rises again as she locks the hold in and begins to lift the most sadistic of the Menagerie up in attempt to pull her towards the canvas to sinc it in. For a moment, it looks as though she has the challenger where she wants her. Loki struggles, kicking her legs and trying to find leverage, but Caledonia maintains the hold. She gets the challenger up, turns her, and drives her down with the Bed of Roses.

The impact shakes the ring.

Caledonia rolls through and begins to pull Loki back toward the center, trying to keep her from reaching the ropes, but Loki is already moving. The challenger pushes herself up, first to one knee, then to both feet. Caledonia tries to hold on, but Loki drives an elbow into her ribs. Then another. The champion's grip loosens, and Loki twists around, catching

her with a heavy forearm. Caledonia staggers, but does not fall. Loki grabs her by the head and throws her over the top rope.

The champion crashes onto the floor, landing hard at the feet of MJ Flair.

Jim Gunt: "OH MY GOD! Caledonia has been thrown right over the top rope!"

Mike Rolash: "Like a sack of bricks! Loki just tossed the World Champion out of the ring!"

The referee immediately begins his count. Loki remains inside the ring, looking down at the floor. She spreads her arms and begins laughing, her head tilted back as the bells on her mask jingle. Outside, Caledonia lies on her side, clutching her ribs. MJ kneels beside her, placing a hand against her shoulder. The Paramount Champion says something to her, but the cameras cannot pick up the words.

Caledonia looks up, the emotion clearly running through her, and MJ nods. She says something else, more firmly this time, and Caledonia slowly pushes herself onto one knee. Dan Highlander steps closer, his eyes fixed on his wife. Eris and Mark Carlton remain standing behind him, each of them urging Caledonia to keep going.

Inside the ring, Loki watches the entire scene. She leans against the ropes and begins clapping slowly, mocking the champion's efforts to get back inside.

Loki Synn: "Come on, Sleazy C! Get up!"

The referee reaches a count of five as Caledonia gets one hand on the apron.

Six.

She pulls herself up, gripping the edge of the ring.

Seven.

MJ steps away, giving the champion room.

Eight.

Caledonia rolls beneath the bottom rope and returns to the ring as the crowd erupts.

Jim Gunt: "She's back inside! Caledonia is back inside, and this audience is firmly behind their champion!"

Mike Rolash: "I don't know if that's courage or stubbornness, Jim. Maybe a little of both. But she has taken a beating that would have ended the night for almost anybody else."

Loki turns toward her, the laughter fading into a low, delighted chuckle. She steps forward and grabs Caledonia by the hair, dragging her toward the center of the ring. The champion can barely stand. Loki drives a knee into her stomach, then pulls her upright and delivers a heavy forearm across her jaw. Caledonia drops to one knee and Loki takes a step backward, waiting patiently as the champion struggles to her feet. Suddenly Loki charges in and catches her with a running clothesline!

Caledonia snaps back into the mat, but Loki pulls her right back up again. Another heavy forearm. Another. Caledonia falls forward, but Loki catches her around the waist and lifts her into a powerbomb position. She drives the champion down, then immediately rolls her over and covers.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO!

Caledonia kicks out at 2.99999! Loki rolls away and rises. Her movements are becoming increasingly frantic, but there is still a cruel method behind them. She isn't making wild, unnecessary mistakes. She is finding the openings and exploiting them, attacking Caledonia's back, her ribs, her shoulders, and now her head.

The challenger grabs Caledonia's wrist and pulls her toward the ropes. She whips her across the ring, then catches her with a brutal rebounding clothesline—the Punchline.

Caledonia crashes down in a near unconscious heap. Loki drops to one knee, laughing.

Mike Rolash: "This is becoming a massacre. The champion has no answer for Loki Synn."

Jim Gunt: "She has had answers. She has hit the Falling Hammer. She has hit the Bed of Roses. But Loki keeps finding a way to survive, and every time Caledonia makes progress, she pays for it."

Loki rises and pulls Caledonia upright. She drives a knee into her stomach, then hooks her for another high-angle DDT. The champion fights, pushing at Loki's shoulders, but the challenger drives her down hard. The referee checks on Caledonia.

She is somehow still moving.

Loki grabs her by the hair and pulls her up again. The challenger leans close, her mask almost touching the champion's face.

Loki Synn: "You're not special. You're just next."

She drives Caledonia down with another DDT. The crowd boos as the champion is completely laid out on the canvas. Loki rolls Caledonia onto her back and covers.

ONE!

Caledonia gets her shoulder up at one! Loki sits upright, her head turning toward the referee. She slowly rises, then begins laughing again. She reaches down and pulls Caledonia up by the hair. The champion's legs nearly give way, and Loki holds her upright only long enough to deliver another vicious forearm. Caledonia stumbles backward, but refuses to fall. Loki throws another, Caledonia absorbs it. Another. The champion sways, her arms hanging at her sides.

Loki takes a step back, then charges forward with a running strike. Caledonia catches her. Not cleanly. Not comfortably. But she catches her. The challenger is momentarily stopped, and Caledonia drives a knee into her midsection. She follows with a forearm, then another. Loki staggers toward the ropes, and Caledonia charges forward, connecting with a sudden clothesline that sends both women tumbling over the top rope and onto the floor.

Jim Gunt: "Both women are down on the outside!"

The referee begins his count. Caledonia rolls onto her back, gasping for air. Loki lies several feet away, her arms spread across the floor. The champion slowly pushes herself up, using the apron for support. MJ moves closer, shouting encouragement. Dan Highlander is beside her now, his hands gripping the barricade. Mark Carlton and Eris remain on their feet, watching every movement.

Caledonia gets one hand on the apron as Loki suddenly sits up. The challenger turns her head toward the champion and begins ripping apart pieces of her own mask. Caledonia looks back and now for a moment, neither woman moves. Suddenly, Loki lunges forward and grabs Caledonia by the ankle. The champion kicks free, catching Loki in the shoulder. She pulls herself onto the apron, then steps through the ropes and returns to the ring.

The referee reaches a count of seven.

Loki rolls beneath the bottom rope just before the count reaches eight, but Caledonia is waiting for her. The champion

grabs Loki by the head and pulls her upright. She drives a forearm into her jaw, then hooks her for a snap suplex. Loki lands hard, and Caledonia immediately rolls through, pulling her up again.

Another suplex. Caledonia crawls over and hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

Loki kicks out, but this time, the champion doesn't stop. She pulls Loki upright, grabs her wrist, and whips her into the corner. Caledonia charges forward and connects with a running forearm. She follows with a second, then grabs the challenger around the waist and drives her out of the corner with a German suplex. Loki lands on her shoulders and rolls through.

Caledonia gets to her feet, but Loki is already rising. The challenger charges, and Caledonia sidesteps and catches her with Such Is Life once again. Loki drops to one knee and Caledonia takes a step backward, measuring the distance. She charges forward and connects with a second Falling Hammer scissors kick!

Caledonia falls beside her, exhausted, and hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO! LOKI OUT NOW WITH THE NEAREST OF FALLS!

The champion sits upright, her hands resting on her knees. She looks toward the ceiling, trying to catch her breath. The crowd is on its feet, chanting her name.

Crowd: "CA-LE-DO-NI-A! CA-LE-DO-NI-A!"

Loki begins to move. The challenger rolls onto her side and pushes herself up. Caledonia turns toward her, and for a moment it seems as though she might finally have the opportunity to finish the match, but her body changes again. The movement is subtle at first. Loki's shoulders drop. Her hands fall to her sides. The head tilts forward, and the laughter disappears.

Mia Rayne is back. She stands unsteadily, breathing hard, and looks around the ring as if trying to understand where she is. Her eyes settle on Caledonia, and there is a flicker of recognition. She takes a small step backward and Caledonia sees it. She moves forward and grabs Mia by the wrist, attempting to pull her into position for another suplex. Mia stumbles, unable to properly brace herself. Caledonia lifts her and drops her hard across the canvas.

Mia lands on her back, her body absorbing the impact. The champion rolls away, trying to gather herself, seemingly in a daze for a few moments as she stares down at the canvas before the lights seem to briefly change in the arena. It begins with a faint glow from above the ring. Not the usual lighting used to illuminate the competitors, but something brighter, almost white, that cuts through the darkness surrounding the arena. The crowd begins to murmur.

Caledonia is on one knee, one hand pressed against her ribs. She looks up toward the lights, her expression changing. For a moment, she seems to be listening to something no one else can hear.

Jim Gunt: "What is happening here?"

Mike Rolash: "I don't know, Jim. I don't know."

The light grows brighter as Caledonia slowly rises. She looks down at Mia, who is still lying on the canvas. Then she looks toward the crowd. Her breathing is heavy, her body battered, but something about her posture has changed. She stands straighter now, and the pain that had been written across her face seems to have given way to something else.

The camera cuts to Dan Highlander. He has stopped shouting, his eyes fixed solely on his wife. Eris looks toward the ring, then toward Dan, their expression one of sudden realization. Mark Carlton takes a step closer to the barricade.

Jim Gunt: "We've seen Caledonia fight through impossible odds before. We've seen her stand against things that should have been beyond her. But this..."

The light continues to shine. For a fleeting moment, the camera captures an image in the reflection of the championship belt resting at ringside: Caledonia standing in the center of the ring, her silhouette surrounded by a brilliant white glow.

The High Priestess.

The name that had followed her through another time, another world, another life. The power that had once seemed to belong to a different version of herself. It should have been gone, maybe it was, or perhaps it had never truly left.

Caledonia looks down at Mia, and her body begins to change again. Loki Synn returns.

The challenger rises, and the moment she sees Caledonia standing before her, she charges forward with a heavy forearm. Caledonia takes it. The blow connects against her jaw, but the champion barely moves. Loki throws another, and Caledonia takes that one too. The challenger steps back, seemingly confused. She charges again, driving a knee into Caledonia's stomach, then follows with a running clothesline.

The champion absorbs the impact. She remains standing.

Loki's head tilts.

Then she throws herself forward with a series of heavy punches, one after another, each strike landing against Caledonia's head and upper body. The champion takes every one. She doesn't retreat. She doesn't fall.

Jim Gunt: "Look at her! Caledonia is taking everything Loki Synn can throw at her!"

Mike Rolash: "She's not even moving! What the hell is happening?"

Loki grabs Caledonia by the throat and attempts to drive her backward. The champion catches her wrist and pulls the challenger forward. Loki throws a knee, but Caledonia absorbs it. The challenger swings again, and Caledonia catches the arm. Loki tries to pull free, but she can't. Caledonia takes a step forward, and Loki is forced backward.

Another step.

The challenger tries to strike again, but the champion catches the blow and shoves her away. Loki stumbles across the ring. The crowd rises as Caledonia advances.

Loki charges once more, swinging wildly. Caledonia ducks beneath the strike, catches her around the waist, and launches her across the ring with a tremendous throw. Loki crashes against the canvas and rolls toward the ropes.

The champion stands in the center of the ring, breathing heavily.

The light remains.

Loki pushes herself up and charges in. Caledonia meets her. The champion catches her with a sudden kick to the stomach, then grabs her around the head and drives her down with a powerful DDT. Loki bounces off the canvas and rolls onto her back. Caledonia rises as the challenger begins to stir.

The champion steps forward and catches her with a forearm. Loki stumbles. Caledonia follows with another. Then another. The challenger tries to swing back, but the champion blocks the strike and drives a knee into her stomach.

Caledonia grabs her wrist and whips her across the ring. Loki rebounds. Caledonia catches her with a sudden spinebuster!

The ring shakes on the impact. The champion rolls away and pushes herself to her feet. Loki is down, and for the first time in the match, the challenger appears to have no immediate answer.

Jim Gunt: "Caledonia has found something! I don't know what it is, I don't know how to explain it, but she is fighting with a completely different kind of energy!"

Mike Rolash: "And Loki Synn is finally being forced to deal with somebody who isn't going to fall down!"

The champion looks toward the corner and she begins to climb. The crowd realizes what is happening and rises as one.

Caledonia reaches the top turnbuckle. She turns her back toward the ring, looking out over the crowd. Then she pivots, turning a full 180 degrees, and launches herself forward. Loki begins to rise, but it's too late, Caledonia is already in the air.

THE QUEEN'S GAMBIT!

The roundhouse kick connects flush against Loki Synn's head. The challenger collapses and the crowd erupt knowing the end of the match may be near. Caledonia lands on the canvas and rolls through, her momentum carrying her onto her knees. She turns toward Loki, then drops across her chest and hooks the leg as tightly as she can.

Jim Gunt: "QUEEN'S GAMBIT! QUEEN'S GAMBIT! CALEDONIA CONNECTED!"

Mike Rolash: "THAT'S IT! THAT HAS TO BE IT!"

The referee drops to the canvas.

ONE!

The crowd is screaming.

TWO!

The entire auditorium seems to hold its breath.

THR-

Loki kicks out at two yet again, and the crowd erupts in disbelief.

Caledonia remains draped across Loki for a moment, her own exhaustion making it difficult to comprehend that the challenger has survived yet another devastating move. She slowly pushes herself upright, looking toward the referee as if demanding an explanation. The official holds up two fingers, confirming that Loki's shoulder was up.

Jim Gunt: "SHE KICKED OUT! LOKI SYNN KICKED OUT OF THE QUEEN'S GAMBIT!"

Mike Rolash: "I DON'T BELIEVE IT! I DON'T BELIEVE WHAT WE JUST SAW! Caledonia threw absolutely everything she had into that kick, and Loki Synn is STILL in this match!"

The champion looks down at the challenger. Her breathing is ragged, her legs trembling beneath her. She reaches for Loki's wrist, trying to pull her up, but the challenger suddenly twists and shoves her away. Caledonia stumbles backward, barely managing to remain upright. Loki rolls onto her stomach. The referee moves toward the two women, trying to keep himself in position as Caledonia steps forward again. Loki suddenly lashes out with a desperate kick, catching the champion in the stomach. Caledonia doubles over, and Loki grabs her by the head, pulling her down toward the canvas.

Caledonia fights back, driving an elbow into Loki's ribs. The champion manages to push away, but Loki comes forward again, swinging wildly. Caledonia ducks, and the two collide with the referee in the middle of the ring. The official is knocked off his feet and he crashes to the canvas and rolls onto his side, clutching his head.

Jim Gunt: "OH! THE REFEREE HAS BEEN TAKEN OUT!"

Mike Rolash: "Well, that's just perfect! After everything these two have done to each other, now we've got nobody to count a fall!"

Caledonia turns toward the fallen official, instinctively reaching down to check on him. It is only a moment, but it is enough. Loki catches her from behind and drives a forearm into the back of her head. The champion drops to one knee, and Loki stands over her, laughing again.

The challenger takes a moment to look down at Caledonia. Then she crouches and grabs the champion by the hair, slowly dragging her upright.

Loki Synn: "No more miracles!"

Loki pulls Caledonia into position, preparing to finish her off while the referee remains down. The champion struggles, but her body has taken too much punishment. Her hands reach for Loki's arms, trying to pry herself free, but the challenger keeps her trapped.

And then something happens at ringside.

A man in a black tuxedo rises from his seat beside the commentary desk.

At first, the movement goes unnoticed. The crowd's attention is fixed on the ring, where Loki is preparing to deliver another devastating blow. But the man doesn't move toward the aisle. He steps directly toward the commentary position, his eyes fixed on the ring.

Jim Gunt: "Wait a minute. Who is that?"

Mike Rolash: "I don't know, but he's coming over here!"

The man reaches down beside the commentators and takes hold of a steel chair. He lifts it, gripping the frame tightly, and begins moving toward the ring. The crowd starts to recognize him. The reaction spreads through the auditorium, first as a murmur, then as a rising wave of disbelief.

Ataxia.

The former CWF World Heavyweight Champion.

The founder of The Forsaken.

The Messiah Pariah is back.

Jim Gunt: "ATAXIA?! THAT'S ATAXIA!"

Mike Rolash: "What the hell is he doing here?!"

Ataxia moves quickly now. He reaches the apron and slides beneath the bottom rope, the steel chair clattering against the canvas as he enters. Loki is still focused on Caledonia, still holding the champion in position, and she doesn't see him coming. Ataxia rises behind her and for a split second, he looks down at the woman beneath Loki's mask. His expression is not one of anger toward the woman he knows as Mia. It is something far more complicated: pain, determination, and the unmistakable resolve of a husband who has finally found the person he has been searching for.

Then he raises the chair.

The steel crashes against Loki.

The impact sends the challenger stumbling forward, releasing Caledonia. Ataxia steps in, catches the chair in both hands, and drives it down across his knees as he delivers The Reckoning, the steel slamming into Mia's body with the force of the impact. Loki collapses to the canvas and Ataxia immediately drops the chair and rolls out of the ring,

disappearing over the apron before the fallen referee can regain his bearings. Caledonia, barely able to stand, looks down at Loki and then toward the referee. She realizes what has happened, but there is no time to question it.

She drops across Loki's chest and hooks the leg.

The referee begins to stir.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING! DING! DING!

The auditorium explodes.

Jim Gunt: "SHE GOT HER! CALEDONIA HAS RETAINED THE WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP!"

Mike Rolash: "ATAXIA! ATAXIA JUST CAME OUT OF NOWHERE! HE HIT LOKI WITH THE RECKONING and Caledonia made the cover!"

Caledonia rolls off Loki, barely able to move. The referee crawls toward her and raises her arm, while the crowd roars in celebration. The champion has survived the Menagerie, but the circumstances of the finish have left the entire building trying to process what just happened.

Joey Garcia receives the championship from the timekeeper and steps into the ring. He stands beside the champion as the referee raises her arm once more.

Joey Garcia: "Ladies and gentlemen, the official time of the match is 24 minutes and 37 seconds. Your winner, and STILL CWF World Heavyweight Champion... CALEDONIA!"

The announcement sends another wave of cheers through the building. Caledonia reaches for the championship and pulls it into her arms. She holds it against her chest for a moment, her head bowed, before slowly lifting it overhead. The crowd responds with another tremendous roar.

Across the ring, Loki Synn remains down. The camera moves closer and the mask is tilted sideways, and the challenger lies against the bottom turnbuckle, one arm draped across her stomach. She slowly turns her head toward the center of the ring. The laughter is gone. There is no theatrical gesture, no attempt to rise and attack the champion, no immediate outburst.

The body beneath the mask begins to shift.

Mia Rayne is left in the corner.

She slowly pushes herself upright, one hand pressed against her ribs. Her eyes move across the ring, searching, until they settle on the man standing outside the ropes.

Ataxia.

Mia stares at him.

For a moment, the expression on her face is impossible to read. Then recognition seems to strike her, and she begins to rise. Her movements are unsteady, but her attention is entirely fixed on him. Ataxia remains outside the ring, watching her. Mia takes another step toward the ropes.

And then she screams.

It is a raw, furious sound that cuts through the celebration. The crowd's cheers become a mixture of confusion and excitement as Mia turns toward the man who has just interfered in the match.

Ataxia doesn't retreat. He reaches inside his tuxedo and pulls out a microphone.

Ataxia: " know you're not her...I know what you're planning...and I'm going to make you understand this very clearly. You tell your friends. You tell the other voices in your head. I'M GETTING MY WIFE BACK YOU SONS OF BITCHES...HELL'S COMING WITH ME AND SO ARE THESE GUYS!!!"

The audience erupts at the declaration.

Jim Gunt: "Ataxia has returned, and he has made his intentions absolutely clear! He believes Mia Rayne is still in there, and he is coming for whoever has taken control of her!"

Mike Rolash: "He didn't come here to help Caledonia, Jim! He came here for his wife! And if that chair shot is any indication, the Menagerie has just made a very dangerous enemy!"

Ataxia lowers the microphone as the lights inside the auditorium begin to flicker. The camera turns toward the massive tron above the entranceway, where the image of The Forsaken logo suddenly appears. The familiar symbol fills the screen, stark and unmistakable, as the lighting throughout the building begins to pulse.

Mia is still screaming as Ataxia stands motionless, staring toward the ring, then the lights go fully out. Complete darkness swallows the Bill Graham Civic Auditorium as the crowd erupts into a mixture of cheers, confusion, and stunned disbelief. The sound of laughter echoes through the building, growing louder for several seconds before slowly fading.

When the lights return, Ataxia is gone, only the fallen steel chair remains near the ropes.

The camera cuts back to Mia, who is still standing inside the ring, staring toward the space where her husband had been. Her hands are clenched, her breathing uneven, and her expression has changed from fury to something far more unsettling. Ataxia's voice echoes one final time through the auditorium.

Ataxia: "AHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAAHA....See you soon...Darling!"

The camera returns to Caledonia, who is seated in the center of the ring with the CWF World Heavyweight Championship resting across her lap. She looks toward Mia, then toward the entranceway, trying to understand the chaos that has unfolded around her victory.

Dan Highlander has climbed onto the apron, and the champion turns toward him. He reaches through the ropes, offering his hand. Caledonia takes it, and he helps her to her feet. The two share a brief embrace, Dan carefully keeping his arms around her as she winces from the punishment she has endured.

Eris and Mark Carlton are at ringside, applauding. Mark's expression has finally softened. He knows what it took to get through the Menagerie, and he knows just how close Caledonia came to suffering the same fate he did.

MJ Flair stands outside the ring, her Paramount Championship still over her shoulder. She looks up at Caledonia and smiles, offering a few words of congratulations. Caledonia turns toward her, raising the World Championship in acknowledgement.

The two champions share a moment across the ropes, the World Heavyweight Championship held high inside the ring and the Paramount Championship resting proudly over MJ's shoulder.

Jim Gunt: "What a night. What a main event. Caledonia came into this building as the new World Heavyweight Champion, knowing full well that she was facing one of the most dangerous opponents in this business. She was warned by her own cousin. She was battered, she was thrown around this ring, and she came within a fraction of losing that championship."

Mike Rolash: "And she still walked out with the gold. But I don't think we've seen the last of Loki Synn, and after what just happened, I don't think we've seen the last of Ataxia either."

Jim Gunt: "That's certainly true. Caledonia has survived her first defense, but tonight's events have opened a door to something much bigger. Ataxia has returned, and he's made it clear that he intends to get his wife back."

The camera finds Mia Rayne once more. She remains standing in the ring, staring toward the entranceway. Her expression is hollow, her body still recovering from the impact of the chair-assisted Reckoning. She looks at Caledonia, then at the championship, and slowly lowers her head. The champion turns toward the hard camera and raises the title overhead one last time.

The lights begin to return to normal.

The audience continues to cheer as Caledonia stands in the center of the ring, Dan Highlander at her side, MJ Flair smiling from ringside, and the World Heavyweight Championship held high above her head.

Two weeks ago, she forced The Ripper to quit. Tonight, she survived the Menagerie.

And as the camera pulls back to take in the packed Bill Graham Civic Auditorium, the final image of Infernalia is the three-time CWF World Heavyweight Champion standing tall, her championship gleaming beneath the lights, while the return of Ataxia leaves the future of Mia Rayne hanging in the balance.

The show fades to black.

END OF INFERNALIA.

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