

Devlin was looking for where Murdercorpse might have been, knowing he could help him deal with the scary monsters that had invaded his life. He found his way back to Brenda's abandoned house, where the Russians had attacked him. He wandered into the building, looking to the basement she had kept Murdercorpse in. He wandered to the door and pushed it open, the door letting out a sickening creak as he walked down the old steps. The wood popping and cracking beneath his feet as he descended downward. Eventually, he made it to the bottom of the stairs and immediately saw the chains on the wall had been somehow broken.

BRENNAN DEVLIN:

"Brenda, fuck didn't you check on anything?"

Brennan sighed as he walked back up the stairs. He began back out of the house, glancing around at his surroundings. It was too quiet, as if he were being observed by Russians at the very moment. He could feel their cold, dead Russian eyes upon him.

BRENNAN DEVLIN:

"I'm onto you, you Russian fucks! You hear me? I know you're watching."

He yelled out as he ran off down the street, meanwhile a rather large Russian gentleman stared at him leaving from behind a fence.

Eventually, Brennan made it home when he realized he was late. The Game of Thrones watching party he had set-up! Shit, he had been late to his own party. He walked through the door to see Freight Train, Skinny Pete, Brad Medicine, Brenda Devlin, Gary, and a few people there.

BRENDA DEVLIN:

"You know in my dimension Tolkien never died, and he killed George R. R. Martin for daring do fantasy."

Brennan wandered in, glancing to them as he plopped down near Brenda on the couch, glancing at the television.

BRENNAN DEVLIN:

"No he didn't. Now what did I miss?"

BRAD MEDICINE:

"Tormund and Beric are going into a place right now, but you missed uh..."

Brad began to consider it, thinking it over.

GARY:

"Lots of stuff."

FREIGHT TRAIN:

"I will never get used to a talking dog."

GARY:

"I'll never get used to convening with you miserable humans."

The dog growled at Freight Train as he began to back up. Brenda looked at them with a confused gaze.

BRENDA DEVLIN:

"Can't we remember the reason for the season? You know, bathing in the blood of our enemies, that sort of thing?"

BRENNAN DEVLIN:

"It's not a holiday or anything right now Brenda and.."

He turned to the TV to see a boy pinned to a wall on Game of Thrones, then a spiral lighting up in flames. He glared at it, then back at them, then back to the TV.

BRENNAN DEVLIN:

"... Spiral is here."

Brennan jumped to his feet and began towards the door nearby, making sure to lock it, then he glanced around as the lights began to flicker. Then they went out.

BRENDA DEVLIN:

"Every Devlin for themselves!"

She shoved Brennan on his rear end then went running off into the dark as Brennan laid on the ground. He gave an annoyed gaze.

BRENNAN DEVLIN:

"Brenda what the fuck?!"

Brennan slowly pulled up from the floor, glancing around as he looked for whatever had invaded the sanctity of his Game of Thrones watch party.

FREIGHT TRAIN:

"Guys its okay, the whole block is without power..."

BRENNAN DEVLIN:

"Close the curtain, fool, that's how the snipers get you."

He closed it quickly, looking at Freight Train who seemed confused by every bit of this. Who knew where Brenda was? Likely finding something to sharpen into a shiv, knowing her.

FREIGHT TRAIN:

“There are no snipers and you are...”

A crash was heard from the upstairs as Brennan looked to Freight Train.

BRENNAN DEVLIN:

“No snipers, huh? Brenda was just shot and killed.”

VONTAVIO:

“You don’t even know...”

BRENNAN DEVLIN:

“We Devlins have a fifth sense about these things.”

GARY:

“There’s five senses already.”

BRENNAN DEVLIN:

“We have a sixth sense about these things. Pretty soon Putin will show up on my front lawn with her severed head after revealing he’s in league with the monster wrestlers, becoming the greatest enemy of all. A monster Russian heel wrestler.”

VONTAVIO:

“That makes no sense, Spiral isn’t a Russian, he doesn’t fit into..”

BRENNAN DEVLIN:

“Spiral’s a fuckin’ merc, highest bidder shit. You think he isn’t gonna be in their pocket? Please.”

Brennan’s paranoia shining through as he saw something in the street, someone stepped out of a vehicle. Brennan peeked through the curtain, the rest of the people in the room trying to glance at what was out there as he quickly pulled the curtain shut.

BRENNAN DEVLIN:

“He’s here...”

VONTAVIO:

“Brennan, everything is not spirals, that’s just some guy, probably came to see if we were alright..”

Vontavio pushed open the door and began to walk outside, the figure of the man in the dark approaching him.

BRENNAN DEVLIN:

"You fool, it's one of Spirals minions, run! Run now!"

He yelled out as Vontavio shook his head, the man standing in front of him only for Brenda to come leaping off the roof and land on top of the guy who had approached Vontavio.

BRENDA DEVLIN:

"GOT YOU YOU NINJA FUCK! Off with the head!"

BRENNAN DEVLIN:

"Brenda, no, we need to see who it is."

BRENDA DEVLIN:

"Honestly, I'm already committed to this, I found this sword on your wall and well... AHHHH"

BRENNAN DEVLIN:

"No, no ahhh! If Spiral sent him we need to ask him stuff!"

BRENDA DEVLIN:

"Yes ahh, give me the blood, ahahahah!"

Soon she severed the man's head on the street and stood up, the lights on the block coming back on as she stood over a pizza boy.

FREIGHT TRAIN:

"You killed the pizza guy!"

BRENDA DEVLIN:

"... No, Brennan killed the pizza guy, we're the same person. Here, take this."

She threw a head at Vontavio who immediately began screaming and ran away. Freight Train walked over and picked up the pizza box.

BRENNAN DEVLIN:

"Fuck what do we do, what do we do."

BRENDA DEVLIN:

"Kill the witnesses."

BRENNAN DEVLIN:

“Not that.”

FREIGHT TRAIN:

“Guys?”

BRENDA DEVLIN:

“We have to kill them, they’ve seen.”

FREIGHT TRAIN:

“Guys, look at this?!”

They walked over and looked at the pizza to see it was shaped in a spiral. Brennan was immediately taken aback.

BRENNAN DEVLIN:

“It was him, he sent him, good job Brenda!”

They turned to look for the body and it was gone, all that was left was a blood stain shaped like a spiral.

BRAD MEDICINE:

“What is this?”

BRENNAN DEVLIN:

“It’s a message... a message I need to answer.”

The camera panned up into the air to show a larger shot of a massive stain of what looked to be blood shaped in a spiral, with Brennan standing at the center.

Night shifted to day, day to night, it seemed like days passed at an accelerated rate while Brennan stood in place. His attire had changed so he now wore all black, except for a bright orange shirt beneath his jacket. He glared into the camera with a smirk on his face, the symbol beneath him was the same, but his surroundings were different. A white room surrounded him as he sauntered across the red spiral decorating the ground.

BRENNAN DEVLIN:

“I’m waiting, Spiral.”

He checked his watch.

BRENNAN DEVLIN:

“We keep playing these cute games but I’m waiting. Your messages on Twitter, making my pizza into a spiral, that ice cream cone of Freight Trains. I’ve been waiting for you to reveal yourself and come at me like you claim you can, I’ve been waiting for you to show me why you are the threat you proclaim yourself to be but thus far you’ve left me underwhelmed in every instance whether it’s in ring, or when speaking back and forth on Twitter. For all the talk, for all the pomp and circumstance you try to surround yourself with. The aura of you being a dangerous competitor, literally all I’ve seen is you putting on airs and pretending you’re more than you are.

But as I said already, the mystique is gone.

You are so out of sorts from one loss it took you forever to make a peep. The entire persona you’ve built around yourself has started to fall apart and you only have yourself to blame. But that’s okay, that’s perfectly fine. It was bound to be, you were bound to be exposed, everyone in this business is in some way, eventually. There’s a way about the field we’ve all chosen to pursue where we’re pushed in certain ways, forced to look at ourselves in ways we may not normally think of ourselves.

We’re forced to see perspectives we normally may not be open to.

You? You’ve been forced to see yourself as what you are. You’re not a monster, you’re not dangerous, you’re just another name to fill out the cards. You’re just another person on the roster that’s going to contribute to my continued ascension.”

A few people surrounded him, people in black robes reminiscent of those utilized in F2W by a fellow known as ‘Faceless’ Devlin. They wiped away the bloody spiral around him, the spiral slowly vanishing as Brennan stood in the center.

BRENNAN DEVLIN:

“In the end, I wasn’t trapped in a spiral with you, you were trapped in a spiral with me.

You were trapped in a fucking tornado from the winds of change coming from me when I helicopter this big fucking cock between my legs around. You didn’t know what you were biting off but it turned out to be more than you can chew, but you kept trying, you kept chomping away at it but there was too much. The next thing you know my dick is down your throat and you’re choking, there’s nothing you can do about it, but I haven’t came. No, I keep lasting, you start getting more and more blue in the face... and then you die.

You die like Cosmo Cooper's grandmother.

Spiral, you wanted this to be easy, you wanted to create a niche for yourself here, I understand. But I may not be champion right now like I’d hoped, but this company is and always will be about me. I’m the one people talk about when they think Valor, I’m the one who’s next move is on everyone else’s mind while half this roster either doesn’t care enough to put in work or

spends all their time popping up for every company that hires them instead of making power moves.

I am bigger than Valor Pro Wrestling.

We were in Japan at Allegiance and I made like a kaiju and became the biggest, most talked about thing on the show. You can't keep up, you came back to this business hoping you'd still fit but you're archaic. Time passed and washed you away. You're a big ass brick of a cell phone and I'm the newest, sleekist model and contrary to what many people might suggest, old never becomes new again. The archaic, the ancient tend to remain exactly that...

And the future?

My future, not Cosmo's, not anyone else's... Mine is the kind in which there is no escape. You looked up at the sky and you tried to soar to new heights.. But to your surprise, the sky's gonna open up and swallow you whole..."

The camera had been aimed up at him for effect, before centering upon him once more.

BRENNAN DEVLIN:

"All that's left in that ring at the end of our match will be me, and the husk of your withered 'career' in this business. You're lucky I'll leave you even that."

All that was left in the room was him, no spiral, no nothing. Because in the end, the one thing that could overcome a spiral was the man at the very center of it. The feed cut as Brennan smiled with the usual confident grin.