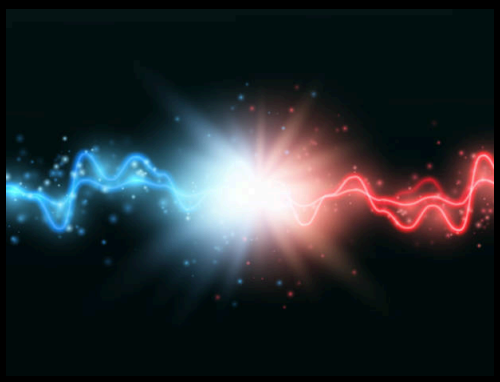



It hadn't been the WrestleStock Larry had been envisioning. In fact, things couldn't have blown up much more spectacularly than they had. Surprisingly, though, it had little to do with the first and only match Larry had in the ring at WrestleStock itself.

He paces around within the sanitized and cavernous room that's unnecessarily illuminated by overhead lighting, given the silent but stark fizzling of the lightning like light projecting from the translucent Waypoint to the Infinity that is set before him. Larry has been torn about what he wants to share with his family about his and Cindy's latest trip into the Other Worlds– where they reconnected with an old friend, Larry Sacrifice, who emanates from one of the many realities within those realms. He certainly wasn't about to share sensitive information with his father, Antonio, despite the elder statesman of the Tact family seeming to soften a bit before they ventured beyond the threshold to search for Morgan Tact. Larry couldn't bring himself to believe, just yet, that the patriarch has decided to buy-in and believe in Larry's ability to return his daughter to their world. He also cannot be certain Antonio wouldn't share the information Sacrifice divulged within the Infinity Bar– information like how they were trapped by Larry's brother, Lazarus, in the Infinity, and unable to reenter their world. That would mean Lazarus delayed Sacrifice

from providing updates from the worlds they've been searching to see if they can narrow down where Morgan may have been taken.

The mere thought of that being reality so boils Larry's blood that he hasn't been able to confront his brother about it. The truth could shatter his trust in his brother, and destroy the bond they've been attempting to build back since Lazarus reappeared. That would crush Larry in an entirely different way.

As he pinches the bridge of his nose at following the line of logic, he feels a hand gently squeeze his arm and looks up. It's his wife, Cindy, donning like him the black nanogear bodysuit that they've adopted as uniform for this rescue quest. She gives a look to Larry that reassures him, even as discord ripples through his mind, looking to derail his focus on the task they must accomplish. There is finding Morgan, or failure.

She reminds him of an important point, however.

"Don't go putting a ton of pressure on finding Morgan all in one shot, hon. Believe me, I want to get her back as badly as you. It just isn't going to happen all at once, immediately, when we don't have a solid lead or an artifact, like Sacrifice mentioned, in hand… not yet, anyway."

Larry feels a pang of disappointment strike his heart as he looks back at her.

"I had a chance of doing it, gaining that type of artifact, at WrestleStock… and I failed miserably, as we all saw."

She shakes her head, almost as if she expected this reply.

"Like I said, it would be an awesome thing to be able to find her and bring her back all in one trip. But there's a reason you *didn't* win at WrestleStock and secure a Key to the Kingdom. We have to consider what it means that you didn't win… there's obviously more we need to do before we reach that point. It may be a marathon, not a sprint."

The idea appalls Larry, especially after all these months having lost Morgan to the two nefarious beings who took her. His face screws up in frustration as he turns partially away.

"After we waited to make sure you regained your full health, I thought that would be all the time we needed to unlock what we needed. We've already been through some shit to get to the point of being able to launch this search together. I know there are people out there– not just Lucy Wylde – who look at us with disdain and cast silent admonishment on how we've gone about handling this crisis. I know we can handle that heat or we wouldn't have settled on taking this path in the first place. But to hear what Sacrifice had to say… it makes me question if everyone on our team is actually playing for our team to succeed…"

She turns him back to face him, her hands gripping his as she speaks in a hushed tone.

"How do we trust Sacrifice? How do we know they aren't compromised, either? We need to take information we receive in the Infinity with a grain of salt."

Larry grunts.

"Princess Dragon. I believe Sacrifice when they say she would've given them a psychic shock to break their connection, had they been dishonest."

"The ones we know we can trust are each other. That's who I'm putting my faith in to bring back Morgan. Lazarus has been aiding us. Why would he try to sabotage our efforts, only to allow us into the Infinity? What we know for sure is, Morgan is out there and we *are* going in to see what we can find out. Don't lose sight of that."

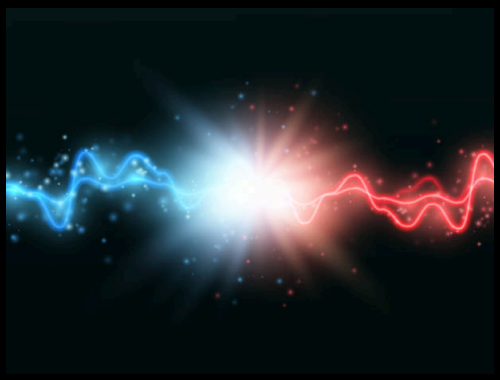
She nods again, and Larry returns the nod. As usual, his better half has a firm grip on the stakes, and could steer him back to what really needs to be their singular goal. All the rest? They would sort out when the time came to do so.

With that, they look above and see the perhaps dubious form of Lazarus at the control deck above the Waypoint, flashing them a signal that all is good to go.

Hands clasping one another, they again step through the Waypoint into the Infinity.

Even as the roiling conflicts of their minds, spoken or not, refuse to remain silent.





Have you ever felt a terribly steep roller coaster drop from its apex? The pull of gravity almost reverses, as if you'll be pulled from your seat if not for the tethering of a harness. The contents of your stomach threaten to rise back up through your esophagus and out your throat. You feel as if you can hold on for so long before it all empties out, like the biggest protein spill ever?

That's pretty much what travelling through a Waypoint to the Infinity Realm feels like... except forget the harness. One simply finds their mind spiralling around while the body suffers that building feeling, even if you fast beforehand. Any moment, Larry feels he's about to watch the bile from his stomach expel itself...

Then he hears a familiar voice from nowhere and everywhere at once... it's that of Dave Rydell, commenting about WrestleStock, his reappearance, and talking about Ezra Wolf and Lorenzo Ortiz. He's going to be at Synergy Four Sixty Four and competing for the Conquest Championship versus Ortiz, Larry knows this much. But these comments are ones he hasn't heard until now. Are they from today? The future? Larry cannot be entirely certain... but it adds another layer of nausea to his already turbulent ride through the Waypoint. He's been so consumed with the search for Morgan and his uninspiring performance at WrestleStock that he's hardly had

mental bandwidth to really wrap his head around what Dave did on Night Two of the festival– after Zane Scott ended his friend Ezra's bid to repeat as WrestleStock winner, en route to achieving victory for himself.

And then, just as soon as Rydell finishes something between a monologue and a promo, his voice is swallowed up by the void and… Larry finds himself stumbling onto stone flooring beside Cindy. Unlike the last time they went in, Cindy manages to maintain the contents of her insides while Larry falls to his knees and heaves mightily. Nothing comes out, leaving him somehow dissatisfied and still remarkably unsettled.

Between dry heaves, he chokes out to her.

"Really need something we can take before–"

HEAVE *HEAVE*

"… All of that."

Cindy helps him up and they take notice of the line of quiet, robe-clad monks making their way along the stone walkway. Larry does his best to regain a semblance of composure and watches them. Cindy points to a door where they're entering at the end of this chamber, whispering in Larry's ear.

"Let's make like the locals and have a look."

With a nod, the two of them fall in line and find they aren't being noticed by any of the monks. Fountains line the walkways, spraying water amidst

lush gardens of plants and flowers. They marvel at the pristine appearance of the chamber they enter into, even with its simplistic decor of hand carved stone statues and ancient looking novelty items.

Then they notice their bodysuits have been replaced– transformed? – into similar robes as the monks. Larry's threads are a golden color while Cindy's are a deep red. They inexplicably look down and around, and can't help be curious about what the meaning of all of it is.

Larry nudges Cindy to get her attention, and speaks in as soft a tone as his bullish self can manage.

"Why did the Infinity take us here?"

"I think we're coming to the reason in here."

They see the monks sitting in concentric circles around a single individual. It appears to be a man who looks much the same as the monks surrounding him: Not a single hair to be found on his head or face. A golden robe much like Larry's and the other monks, exposing only a shoulder, his ankles and feet. He wears no jewelry or accessories. In fact, if he wasn't sitting in the center of varying radii of circles, Larry wouldn't be able to tell him apart from any of this gathered group. He clearly has a leading role, however, in the cohort, as they await his word or action.

He sits cross-legged, hands palm facing up and eyes shut. Larry and Cindy exchange a glance and shrug, sitting in two spaces that are conspicuously empty in the smallest of the circles, closest to the prominent monk.

As soon as they do… the monk's eyes open, and he smiles. He looks at them.

Larry's head swivels in either direction, and he realizes the monk sees him while nobody else reacts, so he does what comes naturally… he lifts his hand and waves.

The monk nods deliberately, slowly. Larry keeps from laughing, thinking this a bit absurd, and realizes the queasy, awful feeling he felt ever since stepping through the Waypoint has vanished. He puts a hand to his stomach and presses, feeling nothing out of the ordinary, then looks back up at the monk.

"Did you… heal me?"

The monk keeps smiling.

"I did nothing. I am only here to deliver my dharma to those willing to listen."

At hearing him, Larry feels a sense of calm overcoming him. The anxieties about his family melt away. He feels as if clarity washes over him, even though he has no answers whatsoever for the troubles plaguing him. The overriding feeling he has is… gladness… to be in this monk's presence.

He looks at Cindy and somehow senses she is not part of this conversation. Neither are the other monks all around them. It's as if this one and Larry are directly linked, and no one else could ever breakthrough the dialogue they are having. Larry senses a supreme thankfulness he is sharing this moment with the monk.

"What… what is this?"

"I cannot say, friend. What do you feel?"

"It's… I can't describe it. I don't know… I feel pretty weightless. Is this an out of body experience?"

"Is that what you seek?"

Larry considers, then shakes his head.

"No… I've just never felt like this before."

The monk nods slowly and with ease.

"Your worries weigh on you heavily. You have much holding back your mind from the answers you seek."

Larry can remember these concerns. He's in the Infinity, and knows what he's doing there with Cindy. It isn't lost on him what lies outside of these Other Worlds. He has his pro wrestling career to consider, and a business he's more or less overseeing from arm's length, with his again friend Cesar Salvador Ramon at the helm. Cesar, who recently had a stint in prison to see if he could compete in the ring, himself. It was an endeavor Larry had not wanted to stand in the way of, given how his resistance to CSR's ambitions had contributed to their falling out a couple of years ago. Besides, Larry's continuing his own wrestling career and denying CSR's

would have been hypocritical. He let go and allowed Cesar to pursue his goals.

Goals. To find Morgan and rescue her. To never allow CindyT her compatriot, Fanatic, to commit such an offense again.

Is his goal to bond with his brother, or dig deeply into the cause for his being in their world? Does he want to reconnect with his father, or abandon hope that he and Antonio could ever have a relationship?

Can he trust Dave Rydell??

"Aha."

The monk holds a hand up, palm facing Larry, with a nod that conveys to Larry he must pause this cycling wheel of concerns set into motion.

"Let us realize that you have experienced suffering. What is the cause of your suffering?"

Larry tries to wrack his brain for an answer, but after moments pass he looks at the monk, who returns to having palms facing upward and a small smile.

"You don't want me to give an answer."

"What is the answer to suffering? There are so many reasons. All of them may hold validity. We must not look for one to focus on. This is human nature. There is not always a singular reason, nor a singular solution."

This monk takes a breath and exhales. Larry doesn't feel judged or like he's failing in his efforts here. He just feels like being here is quite enough. If he were anywhere else, in this moment, it would be unnecessary. The reason feels less important than simply being here.

"I want to trust Dave Rydell. He helped me when nobody else seemed willing to, but then… he's also got this vicious, dangerous side to him. He attacks people like Ezra Wolf, who at his core isn't a bad kid. Dave calls him nephew and doesn't see Ezra's trying to find his own way in the wrestling industry. But Dave went absolutely nuts on him, and he did it after Ezra wrestled an intense match with Zane Scott. Is it my poor judgment for siding with Dave, or is Dave also just finding his own way through an industry that's caused him a lot of suffering in his own right?"

Larry knows he's openly speaking about the wrestling industry to a monk, and yet, it doesn't feel uncomfortable. He doesn't question whether this guy knows about UGWC or wrestling at all.

Somehow he senses there's an understanding and the monk merely continues their conversation.

"There is a lot of conflict. There is much suffering within Dave and Ezra. Do you understand the suffering Dave and Ezra hold within them?"

Larry doesn't respond and the monk proceeds without issue.

"You are uncertain if you truly know about who Dave Rydell and Ezra Wolf are. Larry Tact and Dave Rydell will never be Dave and Chuck Rydell. Do they need to be?"

"Larry Tact and Dave Rydell will never share the same connection as Ezra Wolf and Ezekiel Pax. Larry Tact has never brought suffering that Ezekiel Pax has brought upon Ezra Wolf. Should he?"

"Isn't Ezekiel Pax in jail? Why would I ever want to be like him?"

"It is all relative, and irrelevant. To understand your enemy's suffering, one must let go of the idea that connection is defined by suffering. Suffering may give way to understanding in humans. Or, letting go of one's suffering may give way to an even deeper understanding."

Larry would typically furrow his brows or screw his face up in agitation. Instead, he merely watches this monk.

"I don't really know which one I should choose."

"Perhaps the choice is not yours to make. You have suffering of your own. Do you feel you belong in the conflict between Dave Rydell and Ezra Wolf? Why does their suffering need to be your own?"

"Dave is my Cooperative partner. I don't want to abandon him."

The monk tilts his head.

“Are you abandoning him? Do you think you abandoned him in Battleground?”

Larry shakes his head.

“What is the difference between the conflict at Battleground, versus the conflict with Ezra?”

“Battleground was about the World Heavyweight Championship. With Ezra it feels more… personal.”

“Then do you belong more in this conflict?”

Larry is stunned into silence. The monk proceeds without a care for a specific response.

“Sometimes, suffering is caused by overcomplicating life. Your alliance with Dave is one you may want. That does not mean you must carry his baggage on your back. Does he carry your baggage of finding Morgan on his?”

Larry looks at Cindy, who is unmoving along with the other monks. He turns his head back to the monk.

“I think only one person carries that weight with me.”

“What is it that having an ally means to you, then? If those you seek alliances with need not fight all of your battles… must you inherit theirs?

Are you not finding ways of adding suffering to your own self, rather than trying to shed it in search of nirvana?"

"Dude, I don't know what I even signed up for here. These are pretty deep questions."

The monk breaks out into laughter, and Larry isn't sure how to react, so he just sits and waits until the monk waves a hand in a circular motion.

"You truly are drawn to it. You feel you need it to thrive, but do not know how to balance it. Mister Larry, if you wish to find Morgan… you must understand what you feed yourself, and how you can more fully nourish."

"Wait, thrive on what? Balance what?"

"Chaos, Mister Larry. You welcome it into your self, and yet, find only it in those you want to battle and, perhaps, even align with. You think the world is consumed with chaos and chaos alone, and so you must find it in others to nourish yourself. But there is more to life than chaos. For with it there must be a balance. Chaos does not exist in a vacuum."

"What can I do to balance, then?"

The monk nods.

"With Chaos there must be order, Mister Larry. You can harness chaos with order. If you find a balance, then you may be surprised at the allies you find among you. Not everyone will welcome this, for it can make you even more potent and effective. But there are those who do not seek chaos in this

world, or even the world of wrestling. Perhaps, it may even lead you down a path to Morgan in the Infinity."

Larry tries to digest all of this as he listens to the monk.

"I am teaching the ways of suffering. We must all accept varying levels of suffering in self. We cannot escape it. Once you can accept the existence of suffering, you may be able to identify the Crave… the pieces that we attach self to, and can lead to our suffering. When we know how the Crave draws us, we can search for ways to eliminate those perceived needs. We do not need to suffer, although it exists in this world. If you can eliminate your suffering, then perhaps you will find a level of understanding that can make you truly whole."

"That's a lot to consider, and I don't know if I can make it to that point. But as much suffering as I may have caused someone like Ezra, for example, I'm pretty sure someone like… Travis Pierce has caused him even more. But I still caused Ezra suffering by taking the Chaos Championship from him, and even just by standing beside Dave while he goes after him. I let him put a chair into Ezra's back and said Dave was justified in doing so. Does that make me as bad as Pierce?"

The monk chuckles, and while Larry doesn't receive it as offensive, he isn't sure what to take from it. So he simply listens.

"Suffering is not a competition. Whether it is inflicted or received, suffering exists. Travis Pierce has built a media network off of taking advantage of others, extracting what he wants from those he interacts

with, and make the most of it for himself. He does not seek to shed suffering. Do you seek to shed suffering?"

"I mean, yeah, I'm pretty sure. I want to find Morgan so my family won't continue to suffer. I think want to find peace with them. I don't want Dave to feel like winning the Cooperative Championships was only a means to more suffering because we lost it in our first defense to the Meerkat Collective. Society. Whatever."

"And yet, the Real Piercing Vanity took those titles from Triple R and Tommasso, yes?"

Larry responds without even considering how this monk knows so damn much about UGWC! He just knows this guy should know, for reasons he cannot explain.

"Right… but then, Pierce has been rewarded for causing all kinds of suffering? Attacking Wallace? Causing Ezra and Zane pain and suffering as a result? He's a Grand Slam Champion in the Coalition… how does that even make sense when he's done nothing good in it? He's about the most universally reviled person in UGWC, except maybe for Donovan Hastings… and they teamed together to succeed, too. How does any of that promote letting go of suffering?"

"Everyone has their own path to lead. Do you believe the Chaos Championship should belong to Travis Pierce? Do you think that his way is the better way forward than yours? Is he more effective than Mister Larry because he has won more titles in the Coalition?"

Larry shakes his head in the negative once more. The monk raises a hand again.

“Stay for my first sermon. Listen and feel what it is you seek in yourself.”

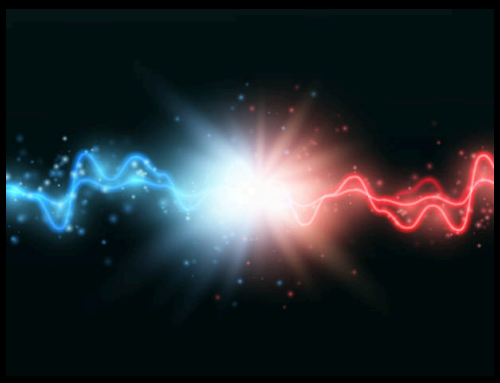
Larry nods and, seamlessly, the monk begins speaking to the gathered circles of brethren in the chamber. Larry looks at Cindy, not quite knowing what to say. She whispers to him.

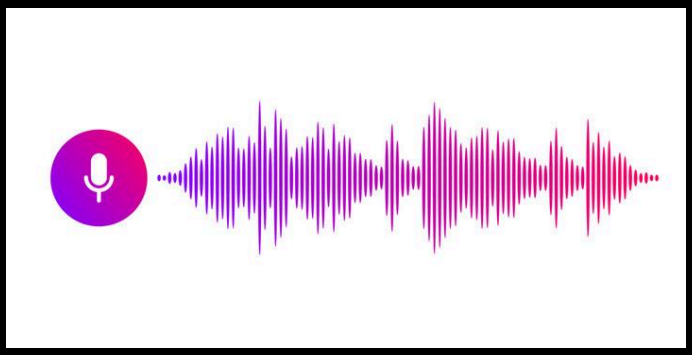
“Are you sure we should be here? This could just be another dead end.”

All he feels like doing is taking her hand in his.

“No… I think there’s something here for us to acknowledge before we move on.”







Travis Pierce, maybe it's coincidental or maybe it's irony that we cross paths again at Synergy Four Sizty Four. Honestly, I could praise you for your achievements of late, having won the Cooperative Championship with Kurt Brady over the Meerkat Collective, after me and Dave lost them to that very team. I don't think of it as a shame for a pretty obvious reason, that a lot of people want to ignore.

Before the unmatched success of the Empire of Calamity in their reign, there had been plenty of teams that couldn't hold that Championship for a single defense. It feels like some members of the active Coalition want to hate on me and Dave because it's easy to overlook those other teams, after Sebastian and Lucy had such a long run with the titles. Me and Dave still did something that nobody else could do... ever... and that's take down the Empire of Calamity. I know we had designs to carry the Cooperative Championship longer than we did, but we still made history. If anything, Lucy and Sebastian were more hurt by our losing than we were. I guess other teams don't see it that way and it's their right to hate on us. Maybe someday, Carnage Meets Chaos will have another chance to do something special with those titles. But right now, I'm going to tell you that you and Kurt have had a

good start to your reign. I may not agree with yours and Kurt's methods, but I do have to acknowledge you're moving ahead as Champions until somebody stops you.

Methods are something you've been pretty consistent with in the Coalition, Travis. I shouldn't need to remind everyone about how stellar your UGWC achievements sheet is. Grand Slam Champion says it all. Like the Cooperative Championship, though, you've held the Chaos Championship multiple times over the course of your career, and that's also an impressive feat. You know what chaos feels like and means to you. It isn't lost on you that not **holding that particular championship has eaten away at you over the years, too. Because it seems to hold a special place in the souls of many Chaos Champions.**

All that's to say, I know that you'll be bringing it to regain what you lost long ago, in this title.

I'm glad for that because I think it's going to help me that much more, coming out of WrestleStock season.

I need to have a challenger like you, Travis. I want that challenge, and it isn't bullshit. I've always looked for challenges, and in yourself I see someone who I can truly find a foil in this division. Because Chaos means something very different to me, Pierce. For you, it seems to be a means to elevating your brand and leveraging your profile all the further from the prolific notoriety you've lifted it to during your time in the Coalition. For me, that isn't the case.

To date, you could say it's been more of an experience of awakening for me.

When I first beat Ezra Wolf earlier this year for the championship he held longer than anyone but Sebastian, it felt like I had awakened a part of me I had been denying for years. It was thrilling but also left me with some uncertainty. I've spoken to this before, it's tough to know how this championship can change someone while they reign over the division. The other championships in the Coalition don't really hold a candle to it when you speak about the title possessing the most transformative quality. It equips its holder by bringing out something... enlightening. However you want to label it, the Chaos Championship is unique.

UGWC has five Championships, and to echo champions of the past, the ones holding those titles represent the best of the Coalition. So when I took this one from Ezra it undoubtedly signaled a level up for me. But now I'm starting to wrap my head around what that means. It isn't the accolade so much as the effect. I'm sure that chaos doesn't mean to me what it does to you, Travis. It's not about glory, pomp, and circumstance for me. You still want to live off the same bullshit as five, ten, fifteen years ago. Your targets change but you haven't evolved. As the competition keeps getting better and better, you've largely seen diminishing returns.

I feel stronger when I look to harness that chaos to restore some order in my career, and my life.

I don't mean to run your legacy down, though. Your penchant for creating chaos is legendary whether you're at the top of this division or not. But becayse of the talent stacking up and ahead of you in recent years... it seems you felt the need to make a splash. It appears that led to your attacking one Alan Wallace, putting him on the shelf for months now. He hasn't even shown up on Synergy once since you nearly destroyed him. In turn, you sent Ezra on a quest for revenge, looking to hunt you down. That new burst of headline making chaos has somehow led to your claiming Cooperative gold with Kurt Brady. I didn't get how it made sense until I really sat with it, and went back to study up on you, Pierce. That's the environment you thrive in, so it makes sense existing in such a chaotic scene, with Ezra hot on your tail, would elevate you to becoming a champion for the first time since I set foot in the Coalition.

There has been a tumultuous upending of the ranks happening of late. With the Conquest Championship, in addition to me and Dave punching something like a hard reset of the Cooperative division? That inadvertently set the stage, and made things ripe for the picking for the rise of the Real Piercing Vanity to swoop on in. I don't say that with pride or disdain, Travis. It just is.

But your reaping chaos ends with that. I'm here to tell you that at Synergy on Monday, I won't allow you to extend your reach to the

Chaos division. It's undergoing a game changer revamp and you won't be stalling my investment in it.

I know people may question why I participated in the Battleground match after competing in that truly insane dual title match situation earlier in the night. I really needed to do it for the division, like I said, and didn't want Zane spouting on further about how superior the Cross Hemisphere Championship is. He's got a point if you look at the reign he's had, I can't take that away. I also don't need to take it away because the identity of the Chaos division is established in its own right. I want it to be standing shoulder-to-shoulder with any championship offered here, and that's no more ambitious than the position past title holders have had.

Sebastian Everett-Bryce, Sarah Lacklan, Chaos, and presently myself.

I don't think you really see this title that way, Travis, so no I'm not including you in wanting to elevate it that way.

This championship gives you what you need when you claim it... and I'm still questing on with it because I'm not done giving back to the division, as its leader, either. Not with my blood, not with my actions, and not with my intentions.

It won't ultimately be for me to decide how others view my reign. But my decisions will shape this division for as long as I hold the championship, and I sure as hell don't want it to be a replica of

what Travis Pierce made it. I'm adding a little order to this chaos, meaning the antithesis of what you thrive in, you suave ruiner of nice things. I don't have any love lost for Vain, but he's a future Hall of Famer and didn't deserve to be taken out. He's earned the privilege of going out how he chooses to, and you stripped that choice away. You also sent Ezra off his promising path to greatness so he could beat the piss out of you. I know he and I have had our differences, but after WrestleStock I think I should reiterate that he's still going to be among the top stars in the Coalition.

To be clear, I remember he not only knocked me out of the first round in this year's tournament... he staved off my repeat by pinning Lord Raab in our triple threat at last year's final. Maybe he'll come back after the Chaos Championship again. I wouldn't deny him another shot. Point is, nobody let other people or ideas cloud what the Crown Prince of Chaos has achieved. We may get chippy, even a little nasty with each other. That's the heat of competition. Unlike you, Pierce, I can compete and still recognize his level of effort and achievement, and that's a certified #TactFact

Likewise, I have to appreciate seeing Ezra stand up for someone who was attacked for no real reason other than he made you feel like the manipulative dickbag you are and always have been. You couldn't handle the Money Maker's **widely acknowledged success and bit back as hard as you could.**

I'm not taking up their battle against you. That doesn't respect my own efforts and priorities. Namely, the priority of being the best Entertainment Professional to rise up and represent a division you'd readily degrade, if it meant giving yourself another boost. Again, that's all the Chaos Championship means to you.

If I'm being real honest, holding this title isn't anything to do with looking for the World Heavyweight Championship. Yes, I competed in the Global Challenge, at Battleground, and WrestleStock. I've always said the best of the Coalition– including its Champions, of course – should be in those slots. Beyond that, I want to defend this title with all I've got in the environment you can only find in this division. Because it means something **to our audience, and despite what Zane or Lorenzo Ortiz, or you and Kurt Brady, or even SEB himself may think of me...**

I'm here to be the best Entertainment Professional in the world. And right now, that means showing what I can do holding this championship.

Holding this championship, for me, right now? Means more than unfettered violence. On Monday, it's about establishing a balance between chaos, and order. Because that's the most effective way I'm going to defeat you, Travis Pierce, and add yet another layer to my reign and story.

I've beaten you before, but you know what? I've beaten Ezra before, too. At WrestleStock, he showed me how little records mean when the bell rings. Just like I showed Sebastian and Lucy

at Battleground. If you want to be the best damn Entertainment Professional in the world, you have to bring it each and every week, and show you mean it with whatever task lies ahead– be it a standard match, a festival tournament, or a celebration of Chaos.

Synergy Four Sixty Four, the Tactilizing One is coming fully equipped to celebrate Chaos how I know to do it best. When I'm done with you, Travis, maybe... just maybe... you'll feel a passing moment of enlightenment after I'm done giving you a round of what it takes to be the contemporary Chaos Champion. It's up to you whether to embrace me as that leader, or not... but I will be walking out as the announced #ANDSTILL champion of this division.

What's not your choice is when I devastate you with my STAR POWER and lay waste to your attempt at becoming a double champion.

Because on Monday you will

Be

TACTILIZED

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#TACTFACTS

