



Kieran King in:

KING OF THE UNIVERSE: DREAMS COME TRUE



JUST AFTER WARFARE ENDED 
 BACKSTAGE

What does one do when their dreams finally come true?

“...What's left?” Kieran King stared into the mirror, examining the progress of the bruising he still wore on his face courtesy of either Dolly Waters or Charlie Nickles. He wasn't quite sure who.

“What do you mean?” Tommy Gunn asked. The Captain of the Kingsguard stood at his post by the door.

“Sorry, I meant *who* is left?” In the grand scheme of things, Kieran's clarification might have actually added *more* subtext.

Tommy took it at face value. **“About half the team.”**

Kieran snorted. **“Motherfucker. Elon was right with his numbers.”**

“They're nervous,” Tommy said.

“I'll talk to them.”

Kieran pushed back from the mirror, and Tommy opened the door into the corridor for The King to address his subjects.



TODAY 
 SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

“People have been telling me I should be on top of the world right now.

People are idiots.

This is the *Universal* Championship.

I'm not on top of *the* world; I'm on top of all 'em!

Which means anywhere that Betsy Granger can go, belongs to me.

As does everywhere her little spaceship *can't* reach.

Because let's face it... Betsy's never been to the top of the mountain before.

She tried, of course. Got all the way to the March Madness semi-finals once, only to fall down that rocky hill of inadequacy back to where she belonged—rotating through her roster of frenemy-gal pals like Atty and Lycana in an endless cycle of failed tag team title shots.

Hooray for girl power! Hooray for the Shooting Star Championship! Hey, what happened to that belt anyway?

Oh... that's right... *it was rendered as irrelevant as Betsy herself was*. Or is. Or will be.

See, no matter what space magic Betsy pulls out, a leopard can't really change its spots. And deep down, Betsy will always be the girl who spent more time *seeing stars* than *conquering the fucking Universe* that was at her fingertips.

Me?

Well... we all know how Relentless ended, don't we?”



JUST AFTER WARFARE ENDED ██████████
██████████ BACKSTAGE

The King's personal security team lined the corridor. There were fewer of them than when the night had begun.

“Congratulations,” Kieran said, addressing the group. “You all still have jobs.”

Slowly, Kieran began to move down the line.

“You’ll notice that the team is down a few burly bodies,” he said. “After Mr. Musk attempted to *reallocate* you tonight, there were some who did not return. Others, just took too damn long. This is unacceptable. We will be replacing those who have left us with people less likely to be... spooked.” Stepping back, he looked back at his personal infantry. “Any questions?”

Silence answered.

Satisfied, Kieran nodded. “You’ll all be getting a bonus in recognition of your *loyalty*.”

Only Tommy Gunn reacted to that, raising a surprised eyebrow.

He hadn’t been told about this extra *incentive*. Tommy didn't need much more of a reminder that this wasn't really his team anymore.

King Kieran gave one last spiel: “We have three more nights here in San Antonio. Unfortunately, after our colleagues disappointed us, you’ll all need to pull double duty until reinforcements arrive. Is everyone good with that?”

In unison, the troops replied, “LONG LIVE THE KING!”

“Let’s go then.”

Kieran’s army wrapped around him and shepherded him outside.



TODAY 
 SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

“King. Of. The. Universe.

That’s what I fucking am.

Don’t come at me with any of the intergalactic tyrants or despots that Betsy Granger has had to deal with.

They, canonically, do not hold a candle to me.

I am—*objectively*—the greatest combatant alive.

I am the standard bearer.

But if Betsy views this fight as an opportunity to test where she’s at, then she’ll be coming into battle without a clear understanding of what’s really going on here.

Betsy thought Latoya Hixx was going to be a tune up, but The Storm took that option away from her. Which means her feet are being put to the fire here, completely cold.

I’m not a test for her.

I’m a punishment.

Because Betsy Granger was last seen running around with Peter Vaughn, Bam Miller, and company who were all exiled from OCW. But unlike the rest of those dickwads, Betsy had already been calling the XWF home.

Still, she was willing to throw that all away.

That says a lot about our ‘impossible traveller’, doesn’t it?

The problem with Betsy Granger has always been Betsy Granger herself. Her own lack of *loyalty*. Her lack of pride. Her lack of commitment.

Betsy is the master of her own destiny, in all of the wrong ways.

But this King doesn’t care who she used to fuck.

Just that she fucked this company over.

And as her King... it’s my privilege to welcome Betsy back by executing her sentence.”



JUST AFTER WARFARE ENDED ██████████
██████████ BACKSTAGE

Kieran and his forces marched across the car park. An armoured motorcade awaited them.

A driver for one of the other XWF vehicles was shoved aggressively to the ground as he accidentally crossed their path. Any other staff who happened upon the scene wisely kept their distance.

A rough looking man with a shaggy mat of blonde hair barely drew any attention. Especially not from Kieran.

Not until that strange feeling of being watched itched its way under The King's skin.

Kieran turned in the direction he felt it was coming from.

His eyes widened at the sight of the vagrant.

“Let’s get the fuck out of here!”

The sound of engines coming to life drowned out a haunted cackle.

What does one do when their dreams finally come true?

Well... that’s when the nightmares come into play...



