

The camera zooms in on a massive figure, his bulging muscles rippling with every movement. There's no way this guy is natural and he's be the first one to tell ya. It's none other than Thunder, the self-proclaimed "most jacked dude to ever step foot in a gym." He's in the middle of an intense workout, sweat pouring down his face as he pumps iron with a ferocity that only a true champion possesses.

Thunder pauses for a moment, taking a deep breath before turning to face the camera. His voice booms with confidence as he begins to speak.

"**Listen up brothers of the Thunder-verse It's time you all recognize the truth. There's no one out there who can hold my jock strap. I'm the biggest, the baddest, and the most jacked dude out there. And I'm not afraid to tell you chewed up bubblegum looking slobs that Thunder has arrived.**"

He flexes his biceps, the muscles bulging with a power that seems almost superhuman.

"**Look at Thunder, brother. Just look! A physical specimen, a true marvel of the human body. And there's not a wrestler out there who can match me, move for move or muscle for muscle.**"

Thunder pauses for a moment, his eyes blazing with intensity as he continues.

"**But it's not just about the muscles, brother. It's about what's inside. And inside me?!**"

Thunder pounds his chest as sweat flies off like a splash

"**There's a fire that burns hotter than anything you've ever seen brother and it's not from Thunder's new weight loss pill now available at your local vitamin store brother.... NO, brothers. I'm driven, I'm focused, and Thunder is ready to take on the best of the best and earn his shot at a world championship**"

He begins to pace back and forth, his muscles rippling with every step and he knows they are too because he can't help but look at himself in the mirror during this entire promo.

"**So bring it on, you soyboy simp fucks. Throw your best at Thunder, brother and watch me make you betas bow to the alpha. I'll take on the biggest and be bigger. the baddest and be worse and Thunder will even take on you deathmatch dorks hitting each other with your fat moms cookie sheets. Thunder doesn't fear the most dangerous wrestlers out there. Thunder comes out on top, every time.**"

Thunder flexes again, his muscles bulging with a power that seems almost otherworldly.

"**So let this be a warning to all you single plate pressing simps out there. Thunder is coming, and he's coming hard for you brother. So get ready, because when I step into that ring, it's going to be a battle like you've never seen before. And I guarantee you, Thunder will be the one left standing when it's all said and done.**"

He lets out a primal roar, his muscles tensing with anticipation as he prepares for the battles to come. The camera pans out, showing Thunder in all his glory, a true force to be reckoned with in the world of wrestling.