

This time, the road from San Francisco to the red planet was paved with nothing but bad intentions. Big Pretty would be fine. Just a little shaken up is all. For our hero, the task was simple: Make. Marisol. Pay. But first, a little business to attend to.

“I never much cared for the word vigilante, but I had work to do and no time to correct them.”

In the weeks since the incident on the bridge, Death Wish had found himself simmering beneath the surface of the man known as Thirty-six. Itching. Begging for a fight. A chance to feel that one-of-a-kind sensation again. T-6 tried to fight it until he simply couldn’t keep that door barricaded any longer. For a man so enthralled with the thrill of dying, he sure knew how to live.

“Rescuing kittens was never my bag. I could give two shits about helping old ladies recreate the cover of Abbey Road. I found my thrill sneaking out at night, while the old bird slept. She can’t know. Stopped some purse thieves and bank robbers and then I stumbled upon a tasty lead: Madame V. She blew up on Tiktok and Instagram, selling a vision of a better you through fashion and makeup. Created a hype house for so-called content creation. Beneath her empire was something darker. The number of missing or dead amongst her followers was growing steadily. So I tracked her down.”

He tuned his internal radio to focus on the voices of the people inside the house as he slipped through an open window on the second floor, after scaling the fire escape. He entered into a shower in a bathroom that smelled like an American Eagle Outfitters.

Echoes around the house of wannabe influencers spewing maxims like “V all you can V!” and “Maxximise your lewks like the Madame does.”

“Copypasta cookie-cutter bull shit. I almost feel bad for them.” He whispered.

He sneaked past a twink checking himself out in the mirror of a nearby bedroom. Then he noticed the stench. Somehow, over the perfume smell, came the distinct tinge of decomposition. He forced his way into the room to find a woman in her early twenties, face down on the ground in a pool of her own vomit. Death Wish tipped his hat toward her, a signal that he would see that her story is told.

“Jesus, fuck.” He shook his head, turned away and made it to the master bedroom at the end of the hall. Two musclebound freaks stood guard at the doorway. They refused him entry. Thing one charged. He dodged, pulled out a riot baton from his coat pocket and planted it on the back of the man’s head.

“The bigger they are…”

He watched the man fall prostrate. The other guard backed away as he moved past and into the room.

“The great Madame V!” He looked at her and she looked back.

“And who might you be? She asked, annoyed.

“A concerned citizen. Shut it all down. Turn yourself in. Time to pay the piper.”

“If I refuse?”

Death Wish laughs. “Baby, I don’t give a damn if either of us lives, but if I was a betting man, your odds aren’t looking very good. Judging by the level of decomposition on the girl in the other room, I’d say you have about two hours before your whole empire comes crashing down from within. So which will it be, Toots? The easy way or…”

She sighs, gets up and starts to walk toward him, resigned to her fate. She offers her arms as if awaiting a pair of handcuffs. He reaches out for her wrist. “Now!”

Her followers flood in. One, two, three, probably fifteen of them now. He fights his way through before he’s swallowed by their numbers and pinned down. In the chaos, Madame V escapes.

“All right then. The thrill of the chase it is.”

Leap of Faith. Mars. The former Revolution champion has a date with destiny. But first, we need to exorcise a demon or two. You goaded him, Vilaro. You poked the bear. The persistent, perpetual thorn in his side, but why? Was it mere jealousy?

Let's look back at the history of Marisol Vilaro. Despite a few wins here and there, your only taste of gold was the X-Treme title, which you held for a cup of coffee. Sure, you had VilaroFit, money, a loving partner and young child, but it ate at you, didn't it? You've never accomplished much in the ring and what you have done, you didn't do it on your own.

You joined the Black Rainbow and felt a small measure of success. But you were still lost in the shuffle. Outshone by Maraeth, Sarah Wolf, Aurora. You took some time off to be a mom and further build your empire. You act like being in shape is some sort of super power when you're in a business where fitness is a prerequisite. You left. No one missed you. You were almost forgotten.

So you turned it up to the Maxx. You somehow made your business even douchier and more cultlike after the rainbow faded. All you've done is proven that while you can take the fat out of a disgusting fat fuck idiot, you can't take the idiocy away. A polished turd still smells like shit.

Big Preesh and Darren Dangerous have never looked better because of you, but now, because you chose to keep sticking their noses in my business, I took the liberty of breaking those noses. That's why we're here. On Sunday, you'll be locked in there with me and your handsome Squidwards won't be able to save you. We all remember the failure at Rebellion, the last time you stepped foot in a cage. You and Sarah teamworked your way into a loss against the Klines. Even the good monster couldn't carry you to a win. You couldn't beat T-6 when it counted and now? You're fucked.