



EMBER Streaming App Special #1

The Pro-Wrestling Collective Presents:
Adrenaline: Final Sacrament

Live from Wrestlevania

2/1/26

Frankenstella opens the show.

We cold open to Frankenstella standing in the middle of the ring. The crowd stomped and clapped rhythmically. They sounded more like Viking Warriors than a wrestling crowd.

Frankenstella: "FRANKENSTELLA IS IN WRESTLEVANIA!!!!!!!"

The Wrestlevania Crowd: "RAGH! RAGH! RAGH!"

Frankenstella: "Frankenstella the oldest of all the monsters... yet only alive eight months. Frankenstella see much world. Travel on the water vroom vroom. Smell potato chip air. Meet my buh-oy-friend! Frankenstella is... happy."

The wrestlevania crowd looked at each other in confusion. Not knowing quite what that means.

Frankenstella: "Frankenstella know Wrestlevania is strange to the american short people. Frankenstella know that Frankenstella is strange to American Short people... yet Frankenstella for first time have friends. Fam-eel-ee. Buh-oy-friend... Frankenstella is not monster. Not person. Frankenstella is a Frankenstella. Tonight, Frankenstella become THE ONLY FRANKENSTELLA!"

The Wrestlevania crowd chanted in their strange, norse like patterns.

Frankenstella: "Frankenstella be Frankenstella and get love. Frankenstella ask all the ghoulies to do the favors... be you. Thank you."

Bexley Von Doom & Elvira Graves vs Countess Von Grappula & Cheesecake

The bell rings, and Elvira Graves darts forward immediately, aiming to test Countess Grapula's grip. She shoots low with a single-leg takedown, Grapula sprawls, lifts, and rolls through, snapping Elvira into a standing wristlock.

Elvira twists free, pivots, and drops Grapula with a perfect arm drag, but Grapula flips backward mid-air, grabbing Elvira in a short-arm crossface. Elvira writhes, rolling through to lock a hammerlock takeover, forcing Grapula to spin out and scramble to the ropes.

Ava Delgado:

"Both of these monsters know catch wrestling. They're trading holds faster than the eye can follow!"

Elvira quickly tags Bexley Von Doom. Bexley explodes into the ring, boots first, swinging heavy forearms at Cheesecake the Clown. Cheesecake ducks, weaving low like a brawler predator, and snaps back with elbows and knees to Bexley's ribs.

Bexley catches Cheesecake in a fireman's carry, spins, and slams her to the mat, bouncing off for a running knee strike. Cheesecake rolls to her corner and tags Grapula back in. Grapula charges Elvira with a snap suplex, transitioning seamlessly into a bridging tiger suplex, holding the bridge to nearly secure a pin.

Maxx Mayhem:

"They're not stopping! This is like a chess match being played at 200 miles per hour!"

Elvira powers out with a kick to the jaw, rolls forward into a front facelock, wrenching Grapula down. Grapula counters with a rolling cradle, narrowly escaping, then tags Cheesecake in. Cheesecake flies off the ropes, hitting a flying headscissors takedown on Bexley, rolling through immediately into a sidewalk slam.

Bexley pops up quickly, swinging wild, trading heavy haymakers with Cheesecake in the center of the ring. Tags are fluid, almost instinctual: Elvira back in, Grapula on the ropes, catching a full Nelson into a snapmare, then shifting into a standing armbar, wrenching on Elvira's shoulder.

Ava:

"The contrast is incredible—catch wrestling precision against pure, feral brawling. Both teams are monsters in their own right!"

Cheesecake slides back in, swinging elbows, taking Bexley low into a modified STO, then stomping hard across the midsection. Bexley grabs Elvira's arm—double team attempt—but Grapula intercepts with a spinning spinebuster, setting up Cheesecake to leap off the second rope into a diving double stomp on Bexley.

Elvira scrambles to her feet, pushing Grapula into the corner. She chains arm drags into armbars, wrenching back, flipping Grapula into a leg trap, while Bexley recovers, smashing Cheesecake with forearm strikes and a spinning back elbow.

The pace does not let up: tags flying, bodies hitting, the ring shaking under monster weight. Grapula isolates Elvira in the center, bridging German suplex into an immediate cover. Bexley scrambles to break it, only to eat a running knee to the chest from Cheesecake, which keeps her down.

Elvira fights through, wrenches Grapula into a rear chinlock, dragging her across the canvas. Grapula struggles, reaches her corner, tags Cheesecake in, who explodes with rolling crossbodies and running knees, keeping Bexley off balance.

Grapula climbs the top rope, leaping into a diving elbow drop across Elvira's back, immediately spinning to trap her in a crossface-armbar hybrid. Elvira strains, writhing, but Cheesecake yanks Bexley off the apron to stop the interference.

The crowd is on its feet—every tag, every strike, every reversal is rapid-fire, no wasted motion, brutal but beautiful.

Finally, Grapula hooks Elvira in a bridging tiger suplex, and Cheesecake holds Bexley away.

The referee counts:

ONE—TWO—THREE.

The Grappler Ghoulies win, leaving the ring efficiently, coordinated, terrifying under the watchful gaze of Professor Polygon. Elvira and Bexley slump, bruised, exhausted, and bloodied, their effort valiant but outmatched by monsters built to dominate.

Ava Delgado:

"Elvira and Bexley gave everything, but the Ghoulies are unstoppable when they work together like this."

Maxx Mayhem:

"Precision, speed, ferocity—they are the ultimate tag team. Don't get in the way."

PWC Cruiserweight Championship & \$320k Challenge

Tony Savage © vs Shane Reeves

Shane starts the match in impressive fashion, countering the Cruiserweight champion with didges and quick takedowns. Savage gets frustrated and tries to rush Reeves with a lariat, but Reeves deftly dodges the attack, leaving Tony wide open for a German Suplex. Reeves quickly follows up with several elbow drops, keeping the pressure on the champ. Shane gets impatient, though. He tries to end the night early with a Glass Jaw Knee Strike as Savage is recovering in the corner, but Tony ducks it, and Reeves screams in agony as his knee strikes the turnbuckle. Savage inflicts more damage with a shinbreaker, then kicks Reeve's leg out from under him.

Tony isn't finished working the leg. He clutches Shane's ankle and repeatedly drives his knee into the mat. Shane's clutching his leg while Tony stomps on it as salt on the wound.

Ava: "Vicious but smart strategy by Savage, working that leg."

Mayhem: "Break the foundations the house collapses. Much of Shane's offense relies on mobility. If he can't stand on that leg, half his arsenal is out the window."

Savage tries to apply pressure, but Shane boots him in the mouth. He rams his shoulder in Tony's stomach. Doubled over, Reeves with a snap DDT to regain control. Shane catches Savage leaning against the ropes with a clothesline, sending both competitors over the rope! Reeves gathers himself and waits for Tony to get on his feet. Reeves with the superkick... Tony

catches his boot and spins him around. Shane gets to meet and greet the ghoulies in the front row when Tony catapults him over the railing with a powerful belly to belly suplex. Shane is sprawled out onto a pile of chairs!

Ava: "I don't like the way that lizard man's looking at Shane like he's food."

Mayhem: "Guess Tony didn't read the sign that says "DO NOT FEED THE MONSTERS!"

Savage drags Reeves back to the ring and rolls him inside it. Tony climbs the turnbuckle and delivers a textbook Shooting Star Press that hits nothing but mat. That mistake would cost him. Reeves with the REEVES CUTTER, he hooks the leg...

No! The ref breaks the count after seeing Tony's foot on the ropes, and Shane is beside himself, screaming at the ref. Reeves tries to kick Tony in the gut, Savage catches his foot. Reeves tries to counter with an enziguri, but misses. Shane has his back turned to Tony, and Tony with a suplex clinic. First the German suplex, then a Tiger plex. Last, Tony with a full nelson plex and the bridge...

1...2...thNO! Reeves kicks out!

Tony wastes no time, he wrenches that leg with a Dragon Screw, but a shifty Shane pushes him off with his legs when he tries to lock in a submission. Tony eats a jawbreaker that staggers him, giving Reeves time to nearly take Tony's head off his neck with a brutal superkick! Tony's staring at the lights, but the busted leg of his did itself no favors with the kick. He limps a bit before making the pin.

1...2...thrNONONO! Savage gets the shoulder up!

That leg is really bothering Reeves now. He looks to finish it by going up the turnbuckle, but his knee pain is hampering progress. Tony, in desperation mode, jumps up and catches him from behind. Reeves tries to fight out of the waistlock, but Tony holds on and flattens him with an Avalanche backdrop suplex! Both Reeves and Savage are down, and the 10 count begins.

Both competitors barely get on their feet before 10, and Reeves blasts Tony with a hard chop followed by a snap suplex. He waits for Tony to get up, and tries again for the knee strike. Tony dropkicks Shane's legs from under him, then shoots for the calf crush! He's got the leg wrapped up and twists it as hard as he can. Reeves does ever in his power to escape: he fights, he tries to wiggle free, he crawls to the rope. But Tony has the hold cinched in. Finally, Shane can't take anymore. He taps! It's over!

Your winner...and STILL PWC CRUISERWEIGHT CHAMPION...TONY SAVAGE!

Ava: "The streak continues! Just when it seems Tony is down, he simply finds a way to come back."

Mayhem: "Whether by a squash or a quick moment, veterans find a way to win. Spectacular showing by Shane, but once again, simply not enough."

Ava: "Can anybody in the division stop this guy? Despite phenomenal performances, nobody in Cruiserweight seems to be able to get past him."

Tony grabs a microphone and starts talking. Apparently he can speak High Monster, the show off, so subtitles are provided.

"I just want to remind ANYBODY...and I mean ANYBODY in the industry under 220lbs..."

"Don't matter man, woman, enby, lycanthrope, mummy..."

He stops and looks in confusion at a brain in a jar sitting in the front row."

"Whatever that "It Came From 50's Sci Fi" shit is..."

"When it comes to Cruiserweight divisions, I AM the King of the Monsters! And I dare anybody in PWC or in the industry to come snatch my crown."

"\$400k next week. Money to make dreams come true. But take it from everyone that's lost to me..."

"It turns into a nightmare you can't wake up from fighting me!"

Lazarus explores Wrestlevania

The canopy of Wrestlevania was a suffocating quilt of dead pine and weeping willow, blotting out what little moonlight managed to pierce the fog. Lazarus moved through the undergrowth with the practiced silence of a predator, his boots crunching only slightly on the frost-dusted leaves.

Behind him, Ryder Moxon fumbled with the stabilizer of a high-end cinema camera, the red "REC" light bleeding into the gloom.

"Keep it steady, kid," Laz whispered, not looking back. "The fans want to see the grit, not a shaky Blair Witch remake."

"I'm trying, Dad," Ryder hissed, adjusting the focus. "But the light is bouncing off the mist. It's like filming inside a cloud of gray—"

A low, guttural growl vibrated through the air. It wasn't the sound of a stray dog or a coyote. It was deep, chest-rattling, and metallic—like gears grinding inside a throat of wet leather.

Laz froze. He didn't reach for a weapon; he simply squared his shoulders. He gestured for Ryder to follow as they pushed through a thicket of thorns. There, tucked into the side of a jagged limestone ridge, was the mouth of a cave. It looked less like a natural formation and more like a wound in the earth.

The growling grew louder, accompanied by the wet slap of something moving in the dark. "Stay here," Laz commanded, his voice dropping an octave. "Keep the lens on the entrance. If I don't come out in three minutes, you run back to the ring."

"Dad, wait—"

But Lazarus was already gone, swallowed by the obsidian maw of the cave. Ryder stayed back, the camera trembling slightly in his grip as he captured the eerie silence that followed. For thirty agonizing seconds, the only sound was the distant hoot of an owl and Ryder's own ragged breathing.

Suddenly, the growling stopped. It was replaced by a sharp, rhythmic tapping the sound of flint on steel, or perhaps teeth on bone.

Lazarus's head suddenly jerked out from the darkness of the cave. His face, usually a mask of stoic intensity, looked uncharacteristically tight. His eyes weren't fixed on the woods, but on the glowing lens of the camera.

"Ryder," Laz said, his voice a sharp, urgent whip-crack.

"I got it, I'm getting the shot!" Ryder whispered back, leaning in.

"Kill the feed. Now." Laz snapped, his hand reaching out toward the lens. "Turn it off, Ryder. This isn't for the show."

The screen flickered with a blur of Lazarus's palm before cutting to a harsh, silent black.

Gorgo on the hunt.

INT. BACKSTAGE HALLWAY — NIGHT

The corridor is narrow, lined with flight cases and cables that snake along the floor like black veins. It hums with the distant, muffled ROAR of the live crowd.

JESSICA CARTER paces, phone pressed to her ear. She rubs her temple, a nervous habit.

JESSICA: (into phone) I know, Jen. I know. But security is tighter than Fort Knox. Seriously. They have guys in monster masks at every door... yeah, it's a theme... I mean, I think they are masks.

She stops breathless. A figure rounds the corner.

It's a PRODUCTION ASSISTANT. Or at least, they have a headset on over the bandages that wrap every inch of their head. A trench coat, leather gloves, and a fedora complete the look. The only "face" visible is a pair of OVERSIZED SUNGLASSES perched on the gauze.

This is THE INVISIBLE WOMAN.

INVISIBLE WOMAN: (muffled, urgent) Ms. Carter. We are live in thirty seconds. You were due five minutes ago.

Jessica sighs, lowering the phone.

JESSICA: (into phone) I gotta run, babe. There's a woman wrapped in toilet paper telling me I have to do an interview. I know. It's weird. I'll call you after the show. Love you.

She hangs up.

JESSICA: I'm coming. I didn't realize the interview was all the way down here.

She follows the bandaged figure down the long hall. They pass a large, ornate dressing mirror leaning against a stack of crates.

Jessica's eyes catch the reflection as they pass.

She sees herself. She sees the Invisible Woman back leading the way. And seeing it for the first time, she notices the lumbering figure following close behind them.

It is a CAMERAPERSON. Big. Broad shoulders stretching a pair of greasy coveralls. A heavy film camera rests on her shoulder.

Her face is hidden behind a scuffed, classic HOCKEY MASK.

A red tally light on the camera BLINKS in the glass.

Jessica glances back over her shoulder, unnerved by the size of the operator.

JESSICA: Everyone really staying in character tonight, huh?

The Invisible Woman doesn't answer, just keeps walking, the bandages rustling dryly. They turn a sharp corner.

INT. INTERVIEW SET — CONTINUOUS

The space has been dressed like a crypt. Fake cobwebs, heavy velvet drapes, and a fog machine chugging out thick, low-lying mist that clings to the ankles.

Standing in the center, bathed in a spotlight, is the host.

She wears a dress cut dangerously low, black fabric clinging to her curves like a second skin. Her skin is painted deathly pale. A massive, teetering honeycomb of black hair defies gravity on her head. She holds a microphone, tapping her long, black fingernails against the mesh, waiting.

ELVARO: I am Elvaro for Wrestlevania Wrestling Insider. With me is Jessica Carter.

The Invisible Woman shoves Jessica in front of the set. She stumbles into her spot, but quickly adjusts to the moment.

JESSICA: Uh, hi! (looks at the interviewer; eyes narrow) Hey you look... familiar...

ELVARO: I get that a lot. People gaze upon me and say, 'Elvaro, you are the most tremendous, high-performance creature of the night we have ever seen.' It's true. Fantastic genetics. Totally organic. No preservatives. But enough about my flawless composition—let's talk about you.

JESSICA: (still unsure) Okay...

ELVARO: Last week at PWC, you and your friends made a big splash by taking out Yelena Gorgo before the main event. What was it you six were hoping to accomplish?

JESSICA: Oh, that's simple. We could not allow Yelena to win that match. She is too dangerous. I mean, look at the things she says and does. She is bad for PWC. She is bad for professional wrestling. The PWC fans know where my morals stand. What we did was an extreme reaction to an existential threat. This is one of the rare instances where the ends truly justify the means.

ELVARO: That's quite the justification.

JESSICA: Yelena Gorgo is a monster—

She stops. Blinks. Her eyes leave Elvara and look beyond the frame. The camera turns. We see the crew members. The Invisible Woman is flanked by a mutant monster, a ghoul, and a creep.

The CAMERA whips back to the interview.

JESSICA: Not like you guys! A real monster. She's a psychopath who has bragged about destroying this company!

ELVARO: Interesting take but Jessica tell me—are you not concerned about reprisal?

JESSICA: No, because I have the entire PWC roster at my back.

ZAP.

The overhead lighting grid shorts out with a deafening POP. The room plunges into absolute, suffocating darkness.

JESSICA: What the hell? Hey! Who turned out the lights?

Whispers echo from the corners of the room—indistinct, overlapping, mocking.

JESSICA: Guys? This isn't funny. What happened?

CLICK-HUMMM.

Industrial emergency floodlights slam on. They do not illuminate the room—they drench it in the color of deep, arterial crimson.

Jessica blinks against the sudden red glare.

JESSICA: Okay, serious!—

She stops.

The spot where Elvaro stood is empty. The microphone lies on the floor, rolling slightly.

Jessica spins around. The fog is thicker now, swirling like blood in water under the red lights.

Behind her, deep in the shadows beyond the interview set, the veil parts.

A form takes shape.

It steps forward, dwarfing Jessica instantly. The figure is a foot taller, a massive wall of vascular, carved muscle gleaming under the red strobe. It is draped in a tattered, heavy grey cowl that hangs like a shroud over broad shoulders.

Beneath the hood, a nightmare stares back.

A terrifying HALF-MASK covers the lower face—an iron Oni maw with snarling teeth—leaving only a pair of cold, dead eyes visible in the crimson gloom.

And Jessica backs right into its chest.

Her eyes widen. Slowly she turns and looks up at the hooded figure.

She doesn't scream. She fights. Fist balls up and launches in desperation at the figure's face.

CLANG.

It connects with the iron Oni mask. Jessica cries out, clutching her hand.

CLICK-HUMMM.

The studio lights FLICKER ON, revealing the hooded figure as YELENA GORGO.

Jessica looks up, locking eyes with those icy irises. She opens her mouth to scream for help.

Yelena silences her with violence.

She lunges, seizing Jessica by a handful of hair and the back of her belt. With a guttural roar, she launches the smaller woman across the room like a sack of garbage.

Jessica sails through the air. She crashes through the "crypt" props—fake styrofoam tombstones exploding into white dust—before slamming spine-first into a heavy wooden flight case.

Jessica groans, forcing herself to stand, fighting on instinct alone.

THWACK.

Yelena's boot connects with Jessica's face, driving her back down. Yelena grabs her by the hair, yanking her head up, then slams her right fist directly into the woman's nose.

Jessica drops like a dead fish. She hits the floor hard, spitting a mouthful of bright red blood across the white studio tile.

Yelena isn't done.

She stomps on Jessica's trailing leg, pinning her to the floor. She grabs Jessica's left wrist and yanks it straight up, jamming the heel of her boot deep into Jessica's armpit.

She pulls.

POP.

The shoulder dislocates with a wet, audible tear. Jessica screams—a high, jagged sound of pure agony.

Yelena steps off. She walks to a tech table and rips a heavy STUDIO MONITOR free from its cables. Sparks fly.

Jessica, eyes glazed, running on pure adrenaline, tries to push herself up one last time.

Yelena stands over her. She raises the monitor high and brings it down.

CRASH.

The screen explodes against Jessica's skull. Glass splinters. Plastic cracks. Jessica collapses, but her arms twitch, trying to push up.

Yelena raises the shattered chassis one more time. She drives it down in a final, sickening blow.

Jessica goes limp instantly. She lays broken in the debris, face lacerated, arm dangling loose, blood pooling around her head.

Yelena turns to the main production camera.

Slowly, she reaches up and unclips the iron Oni mask, letting it fall to the floor. She grabs the camera lens with a bloody hand, leaning in close. The frame jostles as she angles it in close.

YELENA: I have a list—a LIST OF NAMES. Bexley, Sierra, Mia, Nora and... Jessica.

She spins the camera, capturing the blurred, broken form of Jessica Carter on the floor, then whips it back to her own face. Her eyes bore into the glass.

YELENA: (SCREAMING) SCRATCHED OFF! FIVE TO GO. You tried to cut the head off the snake but you just sharpened the fangs. You want a war? I am the blitzkrieg.

She leans in until her teeth gleam in the lens.

YELENA: There's been a lot of tough talk about famous daddy's lately in this place. You know what mine taught me?

Slowly she turns, the camera shifting its perspective as the background rolls back, until one by one, Elvaro, The Invisible Woman, Jason in the Hockey Mask, and a cloaked Ghostface stand in line behind her. One by one, they reach for their faces.

The Invisible Woman unwraps her face—Selene Pyre.

Elvaro rips off the wig—Marisol Vilaro.

The hockey mask is shoved back—Tamara.

And Ghostface? Revealed to be none other than Emilia Glazkov.

YELENA: ALL GOOD THINGS COME TO AN END! (her voice breaks into a fit of laughter)
HAHA-HAR-HEE. You know what the good book says on the subject? The revenge of blood himself shall slay the murderer: when he meeteth him, he shall slay him. That is what I'm gonna do. Every fucking week until. BEXLEY. SIERRA. MIA. NORA. Emily Bridges. KT. Make the matches—or prepare for more bodies backstage. Just. Like. This. One.

She flashes a wide, unhinged, very-Spiral like smile. All teeth. No humanity.

Then the camera rushes downward, thrown to the floor. The video crashes into static, then goes BLACK.

But the audio rolls. Yelena is heard SINGING a disjointed melody, a twisted reimagining of a nostalgic childhood television show's theme.

YELENA: (Reading Rainbow parody) Terror in the sky... Watch your heroes die... Take a look. The World is Cooked. The Black Rainbow...

D3V0 & Anson Creed vs Dr. Negrophilia & El Cráneo

Maxx Mayhem: "Welcome back to the madness! We are deep in the heart of Wrestlevania, and the air is thick with the smell of... well, mostly rot and cheap hair spray."

Ava Delgado: "That's the stench of the Grappler Ghoulies, Maxx. And tonight, they're looking to add two more souls to their collection."

The lights flicker to a purple as D3V0 and Anson Creed storm out to Gravepact's theme. D3V0 adjusts his mask while Creed cracks his knuckles, looking ready to punch a hole through a tombstone.

Maxx: "D3V0 and Creed. Gravepact. They aren't scared of ghosts."

The stadium lights cut out completely. A low, distorted organ begins to play. From the fog emerges Dr. Negrophilia, clutching a rusted medical bag, and El Cráneo, whose skeletal face paint glows under the UV lights.

Ava: "Look at El Cráneo! He's more bone than man tonight, and the Good Doctor looks... especially devious."

The bell rings and Anson Creed starts off against El Cráneo. Creed tries for a shoulder tackle, but it's like hitting a brick wall made of granite. Cráneo doesn't budge; he just tilts his head and lets out a dry, rattling laugh.

Creed manages to hoist Cráneo up for a vertical suplex, showing incredible strength. The crowd roars, but the moment Creed makes the tag to D3V0, the momentum shifts.

Dr. Negrophilia tags in and uses a series of illegal eye-pokes and "surgical" nerve holds. He catches D3V0 in a modified cobra clutch, whispering into his ear.

D3V0 flips out of a back-breaker and hits a backstabber. He tags Creed, who clears the apron by knocking El Cráneo off with a massive boot!

Maxx: "Creed is on fire! He's got the Doctor cornered!"

Creed signals for his finisher, but the referee is suddenly distracted. El Cráneo has pulled a heavy, rusted chain from under the ring.

As Creed swings for a clothesline, Dr. Negrophilia ducks and throws a handful of "Graveyard Dust" (blinding white powder) directly into Creed's eyes.

Creed stumbles back, blinded. D3V0 tries to spring over the ropes to help, but El Cráneo catches him mid-air with a devastating Spinebuster onto the hard apron.

Inside the ring, Dr. Negrophilia snaps Creed's arm into a brutal positioning and tags in Cráneo. The skeleton-man climbs the turnbuckle an alarming sight for anyone!

Ava: "No! Not the Crainial Drop!"

Cráneo leaps, connecting with a massive Diving Headbutt right onto Creed's chest. Dr. Negrophilia crawls over, not to pin him, but to hold his hand over Creed's mouth as the ref counts:

1... 2... 3!

Winners: The Grappler Ghoulies

The Doctor stands over a fallen Creed, mimicking a heart transplant with his bare hands while Cráneo looms over the fallen D3V0 like a gargoyle.

Maxx Mayhem: "A sickening display of teamwork from the Ghoulies. Creed never saw it coming...literally!"

Ava Delgado: "Wrestlevania belongs to the monsters tonight, Maxx."

FrankenStella vs FrankenSyd

The bell rings.

They don't rush.

They circle, heavy boots thudding against the canvas. FrankenSyd rolls her shoulders, neck already scarred and split from past sins. FrankenStella stands stiff, posture imperfect, like she learned how to stand by watching others do it.

They lock eyes.

Then BAM—

A two-handed shove from Syd sends Stella stumbling into the corner. Syd charges, corner splash, full body weight crashing into Stella's chest. Stella folds awkwardly, arms trapped at her sides.

Syd doesn't let up. She grabs a handful of Stella's hair and headbutts her once. Twice. The third headbutt glances—Stella fires back with one of her own, catching Syd square on the bridge of the nose.

Blood instantly.

Maxx Mayhem:

"YES! THAT'S IT! NO FEELING-OUT PROCESS—JUST SKULLS COLLIDING!"

Stella lumbers forward, grabs Syd in a collar-and-elbow, and drives her backward across the ring with raw power, boots sliding. She throws Syd into the opposite corner so hard Syd rebounds out chest-first.

Stella swings a short-arm lariat—Syd ducks—

Syd answers with a clubbing forearm across Stella's spine. Stella drops to a knee.

Syd kicks.

And kicks.

And kicks again—thudding low kicks to the ribs, no finesse, just damage.

Ava Delgado:

"This is Syd trying to take Stella apart piece by piece—testing the seams, testing the stitches."

Syd hooks Stella's head and snaps off a dirty snapmare, then runs the ropes and drives a basement senton into Stella's upper back. Syd floats over—not for a pin, but to bite Stella's shoulder.

The referee shouts. Syd ignores him.

Stella roars—an ugly, half-formed sound—and bucks Syd off. She crawls to her feet as Syd charges again—

—SPINEBUSTER.

High impact. The ring shakes.

Stella falls on top, hooks the leg lazily.

ONE—

Syd kicks out hard, boots Stella in the stomach while still on her back.

Syd scrambles up first, grabs Stella by the wrist, Irish whip—but Stella reverses and follows her in, crushing her with a running corner body avalanche. Stella stays on her, lifting Syd slightly off the mat and pressing her throat-first into the turnbuckles.

Referee counts. Stella doesn't release.

She instead backs up and charges again, crushing Syd a second time. On the third rush, Syd gets a boot up, catching Stella in the chest.

Syd leaps—

Flying crossbody—

Stella catches her.

The crowd gasps.

Stella staggers under the weight but stays upright, then throws Syd forward with a modified fallaway slam, Syd tumbling head over heels.

Maxx:

"MY GOD—STELLA'S JUST THROWING HER AROUND LIKE SCRAP METAL!"

Stella follows to the outside.

Now it turns ugly.

Syd rams Stella face-first into the announce desk. Ava and Maxx scramble back. Syd climbs onto the desk and leaps—DIVING BODY SPLASH through Stella, both crashing to the floor.

No count. No rules.

Syd rolls Stella toward the barricade and rakes her face along the steel, dragging her like she's sanding wood. Stella's blood mixes with Syd's, streaking the metal.

Ava:

"This is not about winning anymore. This is about proving who gets to keep existing."

Syd rolls Stella back inside and follows, climbing the ropes—unsteady but determined—DIVING ELBOW DROP to the sternum.

Cover.

ONE—TWO—

Stella powers out, shoving Syd off with both arms.

Syd snarls, pulls Stella up, and hits a short-arm headbutt, then another. She tries a vertical suplex—gets Stella halfway up—Stella blocks, drops her weight, and counters with a stalling brainbuster that spikes Syd straight down.

Stella collapses on top again.

ONE—TWO—

Syd rolls a shoulder.

Now Stella changes tactics.

She hauls Syd up and locks in a bearhug, squeezing, lifting Syd slightly off the mat. Syd screams, flails, claws at Stella's face.

Stella tightens her grip.

Syd bites her cheek.

Stella doesn't let go.

Instead, she walks Syd backward, slams her spine-first into the corner, releases the hug only to reapply it tighter in the center of the ring.

Syd starts fading.

But then—

Syd rakes Stella's eyes.

Stella stumbles. Syd falls back into the ropes, rebounds, and hits a running big boot that finally knocks Stella flat.

Syd climbs—slow, shaky—
DIVING LEG DROP across Stella's throat.

Cover.

ONE—TWO—

Stella kicks out at the last possible instant.

The crowd erupts.

Syd slaps the mat in fury and mounts Stella, raining down mounted punches, each one uglier than the last. Stella covers up—then suddenly grabs Syd's wrist, rolls her over, and transitions into a crude arm-trap choke, using her forearm across Syd's jaw instead of the neck.

Ava:

"That's not a textbook hold—that's survival!"

Syd thrashes. Kicks. Reaches for the ropes—no help. She tries to roll free—

Stella hooks her legs.

Syd's movements slow. Then they stop entirely.

The bell rings. Frankenstella is declared the winner... but she doesn't let go.

Ava: *"Wait, Frankenstella won! Why won't she let go?"*

Max Mayhem: *"Ava I don't think she can stop! I think she's lost control!"*

Stella releases immediately and rolls away, chest heaving, staring at her hands like she can't believe what they just did.

Professor Polygon stands at the stage, expression unreadable.

He turns.

Leaves.

Stella slowly pulls herself to her feet. Bloodied. Stitched. Standing.

The crowd rises—not roaring, not chanting—

Just standing.

Medics rush the ring and surround Frankensyd... she isn't breathing.

Wrestlevania Slaughterweight Championship

Life-or-Deathmatch

FrankenSteve © vs Ælfhere Crowley

The squared circle has been transformed into a scrapyard of gothic malice. Rusted dungeon chains, silver-tipped walking canes, and heavy cast-iron candelabras litter the canvas. Amidst the debris, Ælfhere Crowley stands motionless, his eyes locked on the colossus across the ring. FrankenSteve rotates his torso with mechanical slowness, his eight-foot frame casting a long shadow over the weapons.

Standing awkwardly between the two forces is the official for this bout—The Wolf Man. His black-and-white striped referee shirt is stretched to the bursting point over a barrel chest of thick brown fur. His tailored trousers are uncomfortably tight around his digitigrade legs, and a shiny silver whistle hangs loosely over a snout that is twitching, already smelling fresh blood in the air.

Of course his position tonight is mostly ceremonial.

CUT TO: RINGSIDE.

Howie and Ava sit at the broadcast table, their expressions grave. Between them sits a third figure, unfamiliar to the general public, but the moment his image flashes on the PolygonTron, the section of "Ghoulie" fans in the crowd erupts into a frenzied ovation.

He is a massive physical specimen, possessing the vascular, superheroic musculature of a franchise player, but his face is a grotesque violation of anatomy. His skin is a necrotic, pale lavender, etched with deep, erratic fissures and held together by horizontal silver wires that cut painfully into the meat of his cheeks and nose. Most disturbing is his headwear: a camouflage baseball cap that is not worn, but surgically fused to his cranium, the fabric melted into raw flesh and scar tissue. The brim, permanently grafted to his brow, displays a terrifying warning: YOU UNSEE ME.

His orange and green sweatbands clash violently with the horrifying visage, and his black muscle tee dictates his three-step philosophy:

SUFFER
LAMENT
REGRET

HOWIE: It's time for the main event! And this one is a WRESTLEVANIA DEATH MATCH! To my left of course PWC legend Ava Delgado!

AVA: Thank you, Howie. This is quite the, ah, sight. I have never—

JOHN CENOBITE: THE CHAINS. ARE. HERE!

HOWIE: Ah, and yes, joining us tonight is Wrestlevania hall of famer John Cenobite.

JOHN: Fine speech... but please, Howard. Save your excitement. It is a waste of good suffering. We are explorers in the further regions of the Perspective Realignment. Demons to some... Franchise Players to others. That is what FrankenSteve is. Professor Polygon's greatest creation—and tonight, the Grave Pact is over. Crowley will be fed into the Iron Maiden.

HOWIE: Yes, as my... colleague here stated, the only way one of these men can win tonight is to force the other into the Iron Maiden.

The camera pans up the long, corrugated steel ramp to the main stage, revealing the instrument of doom. Standing upright, center stage, is a rusted, vertical casket roughly forged from heavy iron bands and spikes: The Iron Maiden. It waits with its heavy door ajar, revealing a dark interior lined with three-inch steel barbs.

Flanking the torture device are two eight-foot Tesla Coils. They hum with a menacing, deep-bass vibration that rattles the camera lens, occasionally arcing jagged bolts of blue electricity between them. There are no pinfalls. There are no submissions. The only way to end the war is to close the door on your enemy.

A bell tolls, and the Wolf Man howls, echoing through the arena like a funeral dirge. Within the squared circle, the size disparity is immediately grotesque. Ælfhere Crowley stands at six feet, possessing a lean, ropy musculature, but he looks like a child standing in the shadow of a monolith. Across from him, FrankenSteve dominates the canvas—eight feet and five hundred pounds of reanimated necrotic tissue. The Titan stands dead center, rotating his torso slowly like a tank turret to track Crowley's movement.

At ringside, the specialized block of fans known as "The Ghoulies" begin a rhythmic, cult-like chant that cuts through the tension: GHOU-LIES! GHOU-LIES! The rest of the arena creates a low, buzzing hum of anticipation.

HOWIE: Listen to this atmosphere! We have faithful PWC fans on one side, but look at that pocket of humanity at ringside! These 'Ghoulies' from who knows where to support that monster!

JOHN PENOBITE: They are not fans, Howard. They are disciples. They have come to witness the tearing of the soul.

AVA: It creates a very volatile environment, though. Usually, the crowd is united against a creature like FrankenSteve. Tonight, the lines are blurred.

JOHN CENOBITE: The line is thin, Ava. Just like the line between pleasure and pain. The Ghoulies are simply the ones brave enough to cross it. Rise Above Hate... and embrace the agony.

Crowley initiates. He darts in, snapping a low leg kick into FrankenSteve's lead thigh. The shinbone connects flush with the vastus lateralis of the giant. There is no sound of pain from the monster, only the wet thud of meat being struck. FrankenSteve does not blink. He does not shift his weight. The crowd murmurs, waiting for the delayed reaction that never comes.

Crowley accelerates. He launches into THE SIN-EATER. The initial leg kick serves only as a feint; Crowley spins, driving a sharp back elbow into the giant's face, followed instantly by a leaping knee strike to the sternum. FrankenSteve's head snaps back two inches. The impact reverberates, but the monster's feet remain planted. Slowly, FrankenSteve tilts his head back down and stares at Crowley with eyes void of any soul.

The arena falls into a stunned, confused silence. The lack of physics doesn't make sense to them.

HOWIE: He isn't registering it! That was the Sin-Eater! That combination has ended careers!

AVA: I... I honestly cannot explain the physiology here. The torque on that knee strike should have fractured the sternum. The impact was absorbed entirely.

JOHN CENOBITE: Your medical books are useless here, Ava. Limits are for the weak.

AVA: It isn't about limits, John, it's about the central nervous system! There should be a shock response!

JOHN CENOBITE: Pain is but a sensation. FrankenSteve has transcended your 'nerves.' He is unbreakable.

Crowley realizes the danger. He sprints toward the ropes to generate kinetic energy. As he rebounds, he runs straight into a wall of flesh. FrankenSteve simply extends a right arm the size of a tree branch. The clothesline intercepts Crowley's throat, turning him inside out in mid-air.

"OOOOOOOOOH!"

A collective, sympathetic groan erupts from fifteen thousand throats as Crowley hits the canvas hard, clutching his trachea. The sheer violence of the stop wakes the building up.

HOWIE: Good grief! He nearly took his head off his shoulders!

JOHN CENOBITE: A fine adjustment. Short. Efficient. Permanent.

AVA: The cervical trauma from a whiplash effect like that... Crowley is lucky his neck wasn't snapped instantly.

FrankenSteve reaches down, his hand engulfing Crowley's entire head. He hoists Crowley from the mat as if lifting a ragdoll and tosses him effortlessly across the ring. Crowley crashes spine-first into the corner turnbuckles, collapsing to the mat.

Beside him, propped against the ring post, is a Silver-Tipped Gentleman's Cane.

Crowley scrambles to his feet, gripping the weapon. The crowd buzzes, rising to their feet as the first foreign object enters play. As FrankenSteve lumbers forward with heavy, robotic steps, Crowley cracks the cane across the monster's broad back. The hardwood bends upon impact with the latissimus dorsi. FrankenSteve stops. He turns his head slowly, annoyance flickering across his scarred features. Crowley strikes again—a desperate, two-handed swing aimed at the clavicle.

HOWIE: And WHAM! Right across the spinal column! He is breaking that silver-tipped cane over the monster's back!

The cane fractures. FrankenSteve reaches out and snatches the remaining half of the weapon from Crowley's grip. With a single squeeze of his fist, the wood splinters into dust. A sharp intake of breath sweeps across the front rows—genuine intimidation at the raw power.

FrankenSteve winds up—a theatrical, slow motion telegraph—and delivers the Frankenstein Swat. The open palm connects with Crowley's pectoral region like a wrecking ball. The force generates enough torque to lift Crowley off his feet and send him rolling diagonally across the entire ring setup.

Crowley gasps for air, rolling under the bottom rope in the opposite corner. His hand finds cold metal. He drags a rusted Gravedigger's Spade into the ring.

FrankenSteve is already there. The giant reaches for a grapple, but Crowley uses his superior agility. He ducks the clumsy grasp, spins on his heel, and swings the spade with maximum velocity.

CLANG.

HOWIE: Listen to that metal ring out! Like a church bell from hell!

The flat of the blade collides with FrankenSteve's lower lumbar region. The sound is deafening. The crowd explodes finally seeing the monster register an impact as FrankenSteve arches his back slightly. Crowley resets and swings again.

CLANG.

A shot to the kidney. The cheers swell. Encouraged, Crowley winds up for a kill-shot to the head. He swings the spade downward.

JOHN CENOBITE: Futile. He attacks the husk, expecting the spirit to break. You cannot kill what does not fear the grave. If you want some... truly you must come get some. That shovel is merely a nuisance.

FrankenSteve's hand shoots up. He catches the blade of the shovel in his bare palm, stopping the momentum instantly. The crowd's cheer is instantly strangled into a hush of terror. FrankenSteve rips the tool from Crowley's grip and flings it over the top rope into the fifth row. Before Crowley can retreat, FrankenSteve's massive hands clamp around his throat. A two-handed throttle.

The Titan lifts Crowley two feet into the air. The elevation is terrifying. As FrankenSteve prepares to drive him down for a chokeslam, Crowley strikes out of desperation. He drives his thumbs into FrankenSteve's ocular cavities.

The audience screams—half in shock at the dirty move, half in hope. FrankenSteve roars, releasing the grip and stumbling backward, pawing at his face. Capitalizing on the blindness, Crowley scrambles up and delivers a stiff dropkick directly to the giant's kneecap. The joint hyperextends slightly. The monster buckles.

Crowley hits the far ropes, sprinting with renewed desperation. He leaps, colliding with FrankenSteve's chest. The momentum carries both men over the top rope. Gravity takes over. 500 pounds of monster and 200 pounds of striker tumble over the top strand, crashing violently onto the thin mats of the ringside floor. The impact shakes the barricades, sending the fans in the front row scattering back in a wave of chaotic noise.

HOWIE: They've gone over! Seven hundred pounds of humanity crashing to the concrete floor!

AVA: It was a desperate move, but brilliant! The eye gouge was the one vulnerability Crowley could find!

JOHN CENOBITE: He took his sight... so he could show him the darkness. I respect the hustle.

HOWIE: Respect it? That was highly illegal! Though I suppose there are no rules tonight.

AVA: Crowley had to neutralize the size advantage. If he hadn't compromised the knee and the vision, he'd be halfway to the Iron Maiden right now.

JOHN CENOBITE: The fall is only the beginning. Now they are in the deep water. Suffer. Lament. Regret. The floor is unforgiving.

HOWIE: And we are just getting started! The war has spilled to the outside!

The spill to the outside is ugly. Bodies collide with the thin protective mats, but FrankenSteve is the first to rise, his movement jarring and unnatural. He brushes off the impact as if flicking away dust. At ringside, the "Ghoulies" are rabid, pounding on the barricades and reaching out to touch the monster's boots.

FrankenSteve ignores them. He walks to the corner of the barricade area and rips a Heavy Concrete Tombstone from its moorings. Veins bulge in his gray neck as he hoists the seventy-pound slab high above his head with a primal roar.

Crowley, scrambling on hands and knees, looks up just in time. He rolls desperately to the left.

CRASH.

AVA: The velocity of that impact... was disturbing. We could have witnessed a fatality instantly. The timekeeper's table has been reduced to splinters.

FrankenSteve hurls the slab downward. It completely bypasses Crowley and obliterates the timekeeper's table. Hardwood splinters and electronic equipment shatters into dust. The impact is so violent that the front row flinches backward in unison.

"HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!"

HOWIE: Listen to these chants! The audience is stunned by the sheer destructive weight of the object.

Crowley scrambles toward a stack of crates painted with biohazard symbols. He grabs a large Glass Flask bubbling with dry ice and strange liquid. As FrankenSteve lumbers toward him, Crowley smashes the beaker directly over the giant's trapezius muscle.

The glass explodes. Thick smoke hisses from the dry ice. For the first time, skin is broken. A thick, gelatinous fluid begins to ooze from the cut on FrankenSteve's shoulder—but it isn't red. It is a sickly, dark greenish-black ichor.

HOWIE: What in the world is that? Look at the wound! That... that is not blood! That is sludge!

AVA: It appears to be some form of necrotic preservation fluid. It has a viscosity completely unlike human blood. Physiologically, FrankenSteve shouldn't even be standing if his circulation is composed of that... goo.

FrankenSteve stops. He wipes the wound with his massive hand, looks at the green slime on his palm, and growls low in his throat. He grabs Crowley by the vest and flings him effortlessly into the steel ring steps.

CLANG-THUD.

JOHN CENOBITE: Steel creates honesty. The ribs compress. The breath leaves. A fine adjustment to the torso. Welcome to the deep end, Mr. Crowley. The water is warm... and filled with pain.

The upper section of the steel steps is dislodged by the force of Crowley's body. Crowley crumples to the floor, gasping, ribcage shuddering against the steel. The crowd winces, the sound echoing through the arena.

FrankenSteve stalks his prey, cornering Crowley against the barricade right in front of the screaming "Ghoulies" section. Crowley, eyes wild, reaches under the ring apron and his fingers verify the cold serrated metal of a Rusted Bone Saw.

HOWIE: Oh no. Don't do it. He's reaching under the apron... no! He's got the bone saw! That is a surgical instrument from a nightmare!

As the monster lunges, Crowley sidesteps and drives the saw upward. The teeth bite into the skin of FrankenSteve's forehead. Crowley screams, applying all his body weight, grinding the saw back and forth.

AVA: Oh god... I can't look. He is literally trying to saw through the frontal bone of the skull!

HOWIE: Look at the spray! It's covering everything!

JOHN CENOBITE: It is merely flesh. Flesh is a trap. Crowley is trying to release him from it. But he will find that the monster does not wish to be liberated. He wishes only to Suffer.

Green blood sprays out in a fine mist, coating Crowley's chest and face. The audience shrieks—a mix of revulsion and awe at the visceral gore.

Then, the grinding stops.

JOHN CENOBITE: Your time... is up.

FrankenSteve's hand shoots up, clamping around Crowley's forearm like a vice. The saw is immobilized against the monster's skull. Slowly, terrifyingly, FrankenSteve turns his head. He looks past the saw. He locks eyes with Crowley. The expression is blank, uncaring, and inevitable.

Crowley's eyes widen. He realizes the leverage is gone.

FrankenSteve pulls his arm back and delivers a piston-like straight right hand to Crowley's jaw. The sound is like a car door slamming. Crowley is lifted off his feet and launched backward five feet, crashing hard onto the ringside mats.

The force of the blow jarringly dislodges the Bone Saw from Crowley's grip. The weapon sails through the air, tumbling end-over-end over the barricade.

THUNK.

HOWIE: WATCH OUT! It went into the crowd! The saw went into the crowd!

The saw sinks directly into the chest of the Creature of the Black Ghouloon in the front row.

Hot, red blood bursts from the aquatic monster's chest cavity, splattering the people in the adjacent seats. The Creature collapses backward, eyes rolling back.

AVA: Gasp

The arena goes silent for a singular heartbeat, paralyzed by the sight of legitimate tragedy, before erupting into a chaotic, confused roar. EMTs scramble from the walkway, diving over the barricade to attend to the bleeding spectator in a frantic scene of panic.

JOHN CENOBITE: It appears the Creature of the Black Ghoulon has received the ultimate gift. My condolences to his family back at the lagoon, but we cannot deny the beauty of such sudden suffering. He came to watch... and now he is part of the show forever. You can't unsee that.

HOWIE: We... we have medical personnel attending to the fan in the front row. Folks, please, we cannot stress enough the danger of a designated Death Match. This has gone completely out of control!

AVA: It's a war zone out here, Howie. Crowley needs to regain his focus immediately, or he is going to end up just like that poor creature in the front row. FrankenSteve has no conscience. He won't stop because of an accident.

FrankenSteve does not acknowledge the casualty. He walks to the prone Crowley, grabs him by the hair, and drags him toward the incline of the corrugated steel entrance ramp.

The fight migrates from the carnage of ringside to the cold, industrial incline of the steel entrance ramp. Crowley is barely mobile, a trail of bright crimson blood dripping from his mouth onto the metal grating. FrankenSteve walks with the inevitability of a glacier, immune to the fatigue that is clearly crushing his smaller opponent.

Near the base of the ramp, amidst the stage dressing, sits a decorative bale of hay. FrankenSteve reaches down and tears a rusted Iron Pitchfork from the straw. The crowd gasps—the weapon is crude, sharp, and lethal. The Titan raises the tool and thrusts it violently downward.

Crowley rolls down the incline just as the weapon strikes.

SCREECH.

The tines of the pitchfork rake across the steel ramp, sending a shower of orange sparks flying into the air where Crowley's chest had been a split-second prior. FrankenSteve wrenches the metal teeth free from the grating and prepares to stab again.

HOWIE: He is trying to skew him like a bale of hay!

JOHN CENOBITE: The piercing of the flesh is a rite of passage, Howard.

AVA: That is not a piercing, that is an evisceration! If those tines connect with a major organ, the match is over!

JOHN CENOBITE: Then he will learn that death is not the end. It is merely a re-assignment.

Crowley scrambles backward, crab-walking up the ramp to gain elevation. He uses the higher ground to nullify the height disadvantage. As FrankenSteve steps forward, Crowley explodes from a crouch, pivoting on his lead foot to deliver the OMEN OF SILENCE.

The shin connects with the giant's sternum with a resonant thud. The force of the kick, combined with the downward angle, finally staggers the beast. FrankenSteve takes two heavy, clumsy steps backward, fighting for balance.

Crowley senses the opening. The audience rises, sensing the shift. Crowley measures the distance, wiping blood from his lips. He spins.

DEATH KNELL (Spinning Back Kick).

The rotation is lightning fast. Crowley's heel connects squarely with FrankenSteve's temple. The impact is sickening—flesh colliding with bone at high velocity. The Titan's eyes roll back. He sways. For the first time in twenty minutes, the monster's legs fail him. FrankenSteve drops to one knee.

“YEEEEAAAAH!”

The arena shakes with a roar of pure hope. Fifteen thousand people scream for Crowley to finish it.

HOWIE: DOWN! HE GOES DOWN!

AVA: The temporal bone! That kick landed directly on the equilibrium center!

HOWIE: The giant has fallen! For the first time tonight, FrankenSteve is on his knees!

JOHN CENOBITE: Disappointing. He genuflects before a false idol. Stand up, Titan. Show him the true face of god.

AVA: He's barely conscious, John! That kick could knock out a horse!

Crowley steps in, eyes focused on the downed giant, looking to deliver a final strike to the back of the neck.

But the monster is not dead.

In a blur of motion, FrankenSteve shoots his left hand upward. He intercepts Crowley, his massive fingers closing around the striker's throat. The cheer in the arena is instantly

decapitated. FrankenSteve stands up, lifting Crowley off the ground by the neck as he rises. The giant holds Crowley suspended in the air, legs kicking helplessly.

FrankenSteve drives him down.

MONSTER SMASH (Chokeslam)!!!

Crowley's back collides with the unyielding steel of the entrance ramp.

BOOM.

HOWIE: The sound is thunderous, amplified by the hollow metal beneath them!

Crowley bounces inches off the steel, his eyes glazing over.

AVA: The lumbar spine just compressed against industrial steel grating!

JOHN CENOBITE: Such beautiful music. The percussion of bone on metal.

AVA: He is going to be paralyzed!

JOHN CENOBITE: Paralysis is just the body agreeing to stay still for the surgery.

FrankenSteve looks around and spots a length of Heavy Dungeon Chain draped over the stage railing. He rips it free. Methodically, he wraps the rusted iron links around his clenched right fist, creating a gauntlet of jagged metal.

He mounts Crowley's limp body on the incline.

FrankenSteve rains down the first blow. The chain-wrapped fist creates a laceration instantly on Crowley's forehead.

THUD. THUD. THUD.

The violence is rhythmic and nauseating. The monster's fist, coated in his own green ichor, mixes with the fresh crimson spray flowing from Crowley's skull. The two fluids blend on Crowley's face into a horrific muck.

Crowley stops moving. His arms fall to his sides.

HOWIE: Stop it! Get him off! He's beating him into a pulp!

AVA: He's unconscious, referee! The Wolf Man needs to step in!

JOHN CENOBITE: Look at the canvas he is painting... Red and Green. The colors of the season.

HOWIE: Be quiet, Cenobite! A man is being destroyed!

JOHN CENOBITE: He is being remade.

AVA: There is no defending this! This is a slaughter!

FrankenSteve stands up, breathing heavily, steam seemingly rising from his shoulders. He reaches down and grips Crowley by the left ankle. He turns toward the main stage and begins to walk, dragging Crowley's unconscious body up the metal grating. Crowley's head bounces sickeningly against the steel ridges with every step the monster takes.

The scene on the main stage is a Gothic nightmare brought to life. Standing upright, center stage, is the Iron Maiden—a rusted, vertical casket roughly forged from iron bands and spikes. Flanking the torture device are two eight-foot Tesla Coils. They hum with a menacing, deep-bass vibration, occasionally arcing jagged bolts of blue electricity between them. The air smells of ozone and sulfur, causing the front rows to recoil and cover their noses.

HOWIE: This is it. The end of the road.

AVA: That Iron Maiden is lined with three-inch spikes, Howie.

HOWIE: If the door closes, we are witnessing a career ender.

AVA: A career ender? This... this could be terminal!

JOHN CENOBITE: The box opens... the box closes. We have such sights to show him inside.

FrankenSteve reaches the ominous setup, still dragging Crowley by the ankle. Crowley claws faintly at the stage floor, his fingers leaving long, bloody streaks on the painted wood, but the monster's grip is inescapable. FrankenSteve hauls him upright, inches from the open door of the Maiden.

The crowd sends up a desperate, frantic noise—a mix of screaming warnings and resigned boos, believing the end is inevitable.

Crowley's head lolls to the side. His eyes lock onto a thick, yellow industrial cable snaking across the floor, feeding power into the stage-left Tesla Coil.

AVA: Look at his eyes... he's looking for something. Anything.

JOHN CENOBITE: There is nothing left to find. Only the chains.

HOWIE: He's grabbing the power coupling!

As FrankenSteve adjusts his grip to lift Crowley for the final burial, Crowley's hand shoots out. He grabs the cable housing. With a desperate wrench of his wrist, he unlatches the twist-lock connection and rips the cord free from the coil's base.

Live, exposed copper prongs spark violently in the open air with a loud crackle.

"OHHH!" The audience gasps in unison, shrinking back at the sight of the live current.

JOHN CENOBITE: Now wait a minute! That is unsanctioned weaponry! That is high voltage!

HOWIE: What?

AVA: Unsanctioned?! John, we literally saw a fan get sawed in half fifteen minutes ago!

JOHN CENOBITE: Chains and hooks are tools of the trade! Electricity is barbarism!

FrankenSteve hoists Crowley off his feet. Crowley barely registers the ascent. He twists his hips, violently kicking his leg free to break the monster's stance. Crowley slams to the floor, then with a scream that shreds his own vocal cords, he drives the live copper prongs deep into the meat of FrankenSteve's calf.

ZZZZZRT!

The contact is immediate and catastrophic. FrankenSteve stiffens, his back arching in an unnatural, rigid bow. He roars—a sound that distorts into a mechanical shriek as thousands of volts course through his massive frame.

HOWIE: OH MY GOD! HE'S FRYING HIM!

AVA: The amperage! His muscles are locking up! He's seizing!

The stage lighting rigs flicker rapidly, creating a strobe effect. For a second, as the monster shakes, the strobe makes it appear as if his skeleton is flashing visible through his gray skin. The visual elicits a terrified, hush over the fifteen thousand fans, too stunned to cheer.

POP. BANG.

HOWIE: LOOK AT THE LIGHTS!

AVA: The grid! He's blown the transformer!

The Tesla coils overload. Glass shatters. A breaker trips audibly, sounding like a gunshot.

The arena goes pitch black.

A POUNDING THUD CLANGS in the darkness.

HOWIE: I can't see! I can't see a thing!

AVA: Who fell? Was that the monster?

JOHN CENOBITE: The darkness... finally.

HOWIE: Get the emergency lights on! Somebody get the lights!

AVA: Is the match over? We can't see the competitors!

The silence lasts for thirty agonizing seconds. The entire stadium holds its breath, the only sound the confused noise of the dark.

WHIRRR.

Backup generators kick in. The emergency house lights and stage spots sputter back to life, bathing the stage in a harsh, industrial white wash.

HOWIE: THEY'RE BACK ON!

AVA: Oh... look at the stage.

JOHN CENOBITE: Impossible.

The tableau has changed. FrankenSteve lies flat on his back, eyes open but unseeing, smoke actively rising from his calf and his chest. He is motionless.

"YEAAAHHHHH!"

The roar is deafening—a release of pure tension as the crowd realizes the monster has fallen.

HOWIE: THE MONSTER IS DOWN! THE MONSTER IS DOWN!

AVA: He looks completely fried! I don't know if he's breathing!

JOHN CENOBITE: This is cheating! This is technological heresy!

HOWIE: It's a death match, John!

Crowley stands over the fallen Titan. He physically trembles from exhaustion, his chest plate smeared with a grotesque abstract art of his own red blood and Steve's dark green ichor.

AVA: Crowley is the last man standing... but does he have enough left to finish it?

HOWIE: He has to get him in the Maiden! That's the only way to win!

Crowley drops to his knees. He hooks his arms under FrankenSteve's armpits. He heaves, trying to drag the 500-pound behemoth toward the open coffin. He moves the giant two inches. Crowley slips in the blood, falling backward, gasping for air. The dead weight is insurmountable.

The crowd's cheer curdles into a groan of despair. They plead with him to get up. "GET HIM UP! GET HIM UP!"

From the backstage curtain, four figures sprint onto the stage: D3V0, Kurse, Enigma, and Aaron Matthews. The cavalry has arrived.

HOWIE: LOOK! LOOK AT THE ENTRANCE WAY!

AVA: It's the faction!

HOWIE: The Gravepact has answered the call!

The arena explodes again—a vibration that shakes the camera lenses as the fans recognize the reinforcements.

They slide to a halt around the fallen monster. Crowley drags himself up, pointing frantically to the Iron Maiden. There is no celebration, only urgent labor. The four fresh men grab a limb each. Crowley takes the head.

"UP!"

HOWIE: ONE-TWO-THREE-HEAVE!

AVA: They've got him! They have the Titan in the air!

HOWIE: They are carrying him like a corpse to the grave!

On a collective guttural roar, the five men heave the massive bulk of FrankenSteve into the air. They stumble forward, carrying the Titan like a fallen statue. They swing him, legs first, into the hollow interior of the Iron Maiden.

JOHN CENOBITE: NO! Put him down! This is outside interference! I will not allow this suffering to go unpunished!

AVA: Where are you going, John?!

CLATTER.

FrankenSteve's body crashes into the back of the device. The noise of metal spikes piercing heavy clothing/flesh is audible.

John Cenobite leaps from the commentary table, sprinting up the ramp with the intent to stop the burial. He hits the stage, winding up for a clothesline on D3V0, but he is intercepted.

Enigma steps out from the group, catching Cenobite in mid-stride. With a roar of exertion, Enigma scoops the massive Cenobite onto his shoulders in a torture rack position. He walks to the edge of the stage setup, where a bubbling, green-lit vat—The Lagoon of the Ghouloun—sits as a decorative piece.

HOWIE: Enigma has him!

AVA: Oh no... look at the water! That tank is full of piranhas!

Enigma dumps John Cenobite over the railing with a Perspective Realignment (Fireman's Carry Takeover). Cenobite splashes into the tank. The water immediately churns. Hundreds of silver fish swarm the intruder. In seconds, the green water turns a violent, murky beet red.

HOWIE: THE PIRANHAS! THEY ARE EATING THE CENOBITE!

AVA: GOOD LORD!

Suddenly, FrankenSteve's hand twitches. The arm starts to rise, reaching out from the darkness of the casket, fingers curling into a claw.

A high-pitched shriek rises from the crowd—genuine horror movie terror.

Crowley screams. He throws his entire body weight against the heavy iron door.

SLAM.

The door shuts, forcing the monster's arm back inside. Crowley jams the locking mechanism down.

CLICK.

DING! DING! DING!

HOWIE: HE DID IT! HE CLOSED THE DOOR!

AVA: THE WAR IS OVER!

HOWIE: For the first time in history, the Grave Pact stands victorious! Ælfhere Crowley has decapitated the head of the Grappling Ghoulies!

HOWIE: Ladies and gentlemen, your winner... and NEW... WRESTLEVANIA
SLAUGHTERWEIGHT CHAMPION... ÆLFHERE CROWLEY!

The Wolf Man howls, a long, primal sound that echoes through the arena, acting as the final bell to the madness. The audience erupts into a thunderous ovation, unmatched all night. Crowley slides down the front of the Iron Maiden, his back pressed against the door to keep it sealed. He sits on the stage, legs splayed, staring at nothing, chest heaving violently as steam rises from his body. The war is over.

Frankenstella takes control of her life.

The island is quiet now.

No crowds. No chanting. No monsters answering commands.

Professor Polygon stands where power used to live. When his legs finally fail him, he does not fight it.

He sinks to the ground.

FrankenStella approaches slowly. Each step chosen. Each movement gentle, like the world might still bruise him.

She kneels.

She puts her arms around him. The hug is clumsy. Careful. Real.

Professor Polygon sobs.

FrankenStella holds him for a long time before speaking.

Frankenstela: "Professor Polygon has much hurt."

She presses her forehead lightly to his shoulder.

Frankenstella: "Priscilla had hurt too. But Priscilla did not hold it like this."

He whispers Priscilla's name. It is a question. It is a hope.

FrankenStella nods.

Frankenstella: "Priscilla loved Professor Polygon. Priscilla says this is true."

She pulls back just enough to look at him.

FrankenStella: "Professor Polygon does not need to build more monsters. Priscilla is not lost."

Her voice is slow. Steady. Each word placed like a stone in a river.

FrankenStella: "Priscilla is finished hurting. Professor Polygon can be finished too."

His hands shake. He tries to speak. He cannot.

FrankenStella hugs him again. Softer.

FrankenStella: "Priscilla says goodbye now. This goodbye is gentle."

She releases him carefully, like letting go of something that might fall.
Professor Polygon remains on the ground, crying—not alone, but no longer reaching.
FrankenStella stands.
The Gravepact waits. No cheers. No judgment.
Before leaving, FrankenStella turns back once.
FrankenStella: “Rest now, Professor Polygon. Priscilla was loved enough. FrankenStella go...
be alive now.”
FrankenStella walks away.

The End...?