



Date: 05 July, 2025

Commentary

Cassie North and Noah Jackson

Backstage Interviewers

Carter Latimer & Jennifer Carter

Ring Announcer

Kimi Smith

"A Brit Complaining About Food."

You hear her before you see her, as it's often the case. A dingy little kitchenette tucked behind the loading bay, with a flickering overhead light and a half-hearted attempt at a buffet spread... Here sits Harper Morrow cross-legged on the counter, eating a soggy triangle sandwich like it insulted her mum. A cigarette is tucked behind her ear, and she's got a bottle of Lucozade balanced on her knee.

She stares down at the catering table with disgust.

Harper Morrow: "Nahhh. Nah. This ain't real. Tell me this ain't what we're workin' with."

She flicks a limp bit of lettuce off her plate with a finger and watches it fall sadly to the floor.

Harper Morrow: “This is what you lot are feedin’ talent? This is what you give fighters? Fam, I’ve seen better snack tables at a four-year-old’s birthday. This looks like it was thrown together by someone that’s allergic to joy.”

Behind the catering table, a Valiant staff member in a headset and branded fleece jacket stands awkwardly, caught halfway between restocking bottled water and running for his life.

Staff Member: “We’ve got granola bars in the back? Some peanut butter ones?”

Harper turns her head slowly, deadpan.

Harper Morrow: “You think I look like someone who eats peanut butter granola bars?”

Staff Member: “...Maybe?”

Harper Morrow: “No, bruv. I want crisps. Crisps. British ones. I want a snack that burns your taste buds off, that makes your tongue feel like it’s been dragged through an industrial estate. I want Scampi Fries. I want pickled onion Space Raiders. I want Monster Munch, bruv.”

Staff Member: “I... don’t think I know what that is.”

She gasps. Actually gasps.

Harper Morrow: “You’re takin’ the piss.”

Staff Member: “We have Doritos?”

Harper Morrow: “Doritos is not a crisp. It’s a sad little triangle from America that tastes like broken dreams. It’s a triangle of betrayal. Nah, you’ve got all this budget, all this production—lights, cameras, pyro—and you can’t spring for a bag of bloody Walkers? What kinda third-world snack war are we livin’ in?”

She slides off the counter, slaps the back of her hand on the table and leans in toward the camera that’s just started rolling. Instantly, her body language changes. She lights up—not with warmth, but with that chaotic, firestarter grin.

Harper Morrow: “Oi. You lot out there in the stands, sittin’ with your foam fingers and your overpriced nachos—listen up. ‘Cause I’ve got a question: how many more times is Tiff

gonna duck me before we all agree she's a glorified mascot who ain't even holdin' the belt for a moniker she ain't worthy of wearin'?"

She raises an eyebrow, eyes flashing.

Harper Morrow: "Every week she gets quieter. Every show she gets lighter. Babe's disappearin' faster than my patience. I ain't seen stealth moves like this since Solid Snake."

Harper Morrow: "Oh no, big bad Harper's comin'. Quick, hide behind a social media post and a vague statement about bein' 'focused.' You're not focused, love. You're scared. And I would be too, if I had to stand across from me."

She pushes the catering tray off the table with one hand, sending it clattering into the floor.

Harper Morrow: "But don't worry—I ain't gonna waste all my energy on her when I've got an appointment with the undead tonight."

She puts her hands together in mock prayer.

Harper Morrow: "Dearly beloved, we are gathered 'ere today to witness the final, final retirement of Kate bloody Steele."

Harper takes a slow step toward the camera. Her tone shifts—still playful, but layered with dry, knowing sarcasm.

Harper Morrow: "Nah but seriously... Kate? Still wrestlin'? I swear down, she was already a legend when my sister was still figurin' out what boots to wear. She's been 'round longer than dial-up, bruv. I thought she'd ascended to legend status years ago."

She looks off to the side like she's trying to remember something.

Harper Morrow: "I swear she was on telly in black and white. And Ally, don't get smug. You're not exactly in your prime either, darling. When I think of 'veteran presence,' I don't think of inspiration—I think of colostomy bags and Bengay. You lot are fossils with Twitter accounts."

Harper Morrow: "What's next? You gonna come out to the ring with a Life Alert pendant and a commemorative chair lift?"

She snorts, wipes the corner of her mouth, still grinning.

Harper Morrow: “Don’t get me wrong—I ain’t bitter. I love a charity case. I just didn’t think I’d have to fight one tonight. But don’t worry, Kate. I’ll keep it quick. Nice and respectful, like takin’ Nan to bingo. You won’t even feel it.”

She makes a little pew pew finger gun motion.

Harper Morrow: “I ain’t worried ‘bout her catchin’ me slippin’. I’m too fast. Too violent. Too real. You can have all the years, all the experience, all the shiny vinyl gear and spooky eyeliner—but I’ve got spite, bruv. And spite? Spite don’t age.”

Harper throws an arm around the terrified staff member, who is still holding a bottle of sparkling water like a weapon.

Harper Morrow: “Now if you’ll excuse me, me and Steve here are off to go storm the green room and demand crisps with some flavour, innit. And after that? I’m gonna go knock a pensioner’s teeth down her throat and remind this roster that I run this show—crisps or no crisps.”

She salutes the camera with two fingers.

Harper Morrow: “Valiant’s only gyal that don’t need a technical victory to prove she’s champion. You’ll see it, spesh cause I got a belt to call me own. You’ll feel it. And if you’re Kate Steele? You’ll be praying I leave ya to nappin’ through it.”

She walks off with definitely-not-named-Steve the Staffer in tow, pointing toward the hallway.

Harper Morrow: “Come on, Steve. We’re findin’ some bloody Space Raiders or I’m settin’ the vending machine on fire.”

Scene fades out on NOT-Steve’s terrified face and Harper’s laugh echoing down the corridor.

Match One – Singles

Harper Morrow vs Kate Steele

Kimi Smith: "The following contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first... from Berkshire, England... weighing in at 110 pounds... Kate Steele!"

“Monster” by Paramore hits the speakers as Kate Steele bursts through the curtain, arms spread wide and a smirk on her face. She struts down the ramp, flaunting her Union Flag-patterned gear. She pauses midway, soaking in a chorus of jeers, then leaps up to the apron and flips into the ring with a cocky grin.

Noah Jackson: "Kate Steele's been doing this for over a decade, Cassie. She knows how to bend a body and twist a joint until it pops. Don't let the glitter fool you."

Cassie North: "She's flashy, sure, but Harper's not here for a show. She's here for a scrap."

The lights dim as “Bury Me Face Down” by Grandson thrums to life. Harper Morrow stalks through the curtain, blonde hair loose and wild, jaw set with intent. She doesn't play to the crowd—she marches. No nonsense.

Kimi Smith: "And her opponent... from Essex, England... weighing in at 145 pounds... she is the Hellraiser... Harper Morrow!"

Harper slides into the ring and walks straight to the corner, eyes locked on Kate the whole time. She leans back against the ropes, arms open like she's daring Steele to make a move.

Cassie North: "That's not just confidence—that's menace. Harper Morrow doesn't come to play nice."

Noah Jackson: "She's the type of woman who smiles when she hears the bell ring... because it means she's allowed to hurt someone."

The bell sounds.

Kate charges immediately, trying to take Harper down with a leg sweep. Harper jumps over it, lands, and smirks. Kate spins into a palm strike—Harper ducks it and nails a spinning heel kick right to the side of Kate's head. Kate stumbles, dazed.

Harper grabs her and hurls her into the corner. She follows with vicious knife-edge chops, the crowd wooing with each slap. Kate ducks under the last one and springs up onto the ropes—springboard crossbody connects!

Kate scrambles on top.

1... 2...

Harper kicks out hard and reverses into a mounted position, raining down forearms. She yanks Kate up and drives her down with a brutal double A spinebuster.

Cassie North: "Oof! Kate got flattened like a pancake!"

Noah Jackson: "Harper's always been a fan of the rough stuff. Subtlety is not her weapon of choice."

Harper stalks her prey, grabbing Kate into a Gory special—but Kate shifts her weight and flips it into a sunset pin!

1... 2...

Harper reverses into a Kimura Lock! Kate shrieks in pain, but reaches the ropes with her boot.

Harper doesn't let go immediately—she gives her a count of four before releasing and blowing a sarcastic kiss to the official. Kate fumes and rushes back with martial arts kicks, forcing Harper to retreat.

Kate lands a Tornado DDT out of nowhere! Harper bounces off the canvas, clutching her head. Kate ascends the top rope, signalling for Silence is Golden.

She flies—but Harper rolls out of the way and Kate CRASHES!

Harper pounces. She bounces off the second rope—springboard hurricanrana!

She backs into the corner, wipes her mouth, and then blows a kiss—right as black mist sprays into the air, catching Kate full in the face.

Cassie North: "That's the Kiss of Death!"

Noah Jackson: "She blinded her with love... or at least whatever's in that mist!"

Kate stumbles blindly. Harper grabs her and launches her down with a codebreaker! Kate folds in half. Harper hooks both legs.

1... 2... 3.

Kimi Smith: "Here is your winner... Harper Morrow!"

Cassie North: "Ruthless. Dirty. Effective. That's the Hellraiser."

Noah Jackson: "She came in with white gear and left with black marks all over Kate Steele. Classic Essex hospitality."

Harper stands tall, barely acknowledging the official, arms wide and smile crooked. She mouths something to the camera—"Say hi to your nan"—before rolling out of the ring and heading up the ramp, leaving Kate spluttering and seething.

"Humanoids?"

Glory continues as the cameraman follows Jennifer Carter while she makes her way through the backstage area.

Jennifer Carter: "We just saw our first match of the night between Harper Morrow and Kate Steele. But we still have a lot more to come tonight, including the 5-Way Tables Match, the #1 Contender Match for the Anarchy Tag Titles and of course, our main event Street Fight feature Aph—"

Jennifer does a double take when she notices the name on the locker room door out of the corner of her good.

Jennifer Carter: "Woah, I didn't know she was back here in Valiant."

Jennifer motions for the cameraman to follow her as she makes her way over and excitedly knocks on the door. As soon as the cameraman heads over to the door, the crowd busts into cheers at the name on the door: Emily Carter. A few seconds pass before the door starts to open.

Jennifer Carter: "Emily, I just wa—"

Jennifer stops herself before letting out a disappointed sigh. Instead of Emily Carter, out from the locker room comes the self-proclaimed Leader of the Locker Room, Sean Davenport.

Sean Davenport: "oH, hI, BaBeS!"

Sean can't help but let out a snicker. The crowd boos him over his mockery of his cousin's catchphrase.

Sean Davenport: "What's with the long face? Were you expecting somebody else?"

Before Jennifer can respond, Sean puts his hand up to silence her.

Sean Davenport: "If anything, you should be pleasantly surprised, because you get to conduct my very first interview here in Valiant. Two weeks too late, might I add. But I understand. You're a little slow on the uptake. So I'll give you some grace. You're welcome, by the way."

Jennifer rolls her eyes before continuing.

Jennifer Carter: "Well, since you *are* here, we might as well talk about your favorite subject - yourself"

Sean Davenport: "Ooo, let's!"

He rubs his hands with anticipation before Jennifer continues.

Jennifer Carter: "You've certainly been making a name for yourself recently, picking up two quick wins here in Valiant. But can you make it three in a row against your toughest challenge to date?"

Sean Davenport: "Can I? *Can I?* Of course, I can! Just look at me! I'm not only dressed to impress, but I'm dressed for success. Successful is *exactly* what I plan on being here tonight after I take on Joss *Moron*."

Jennifer Carter: "Morant. It's actually Joss Morant."

Sean Davenport: Yes, that's what I said. Joss Moron."

Jennifer Carter: "..."

Sean smirks before turning to address the camera.

Sean Davenport: “Now look here, Josslyn. I’m not going to take anything away from you. You’re a good little athlete. You’ve had some success here. A former champion. Quality wrestler. Great high jumper. She’s been trained by two goats in the likes of Gavin Grimes and Emery Layton. So she’s got a solid foundation. Plus, youth is on her side. But can she match wits inside the squared circle against The Amazing Technicolor Dreamboat? Can she go hold for hold with The Dream? Is this someone that can outwrestle and outclass The Leader of the Locker Room? These are questions that Joss will try, and ultimately *fail*, to answer tonight.”

He lets out another snicker.

Sean Davenport: “Make no mistake about it. Winning against the likes of her? It won’t be easy. But winning is what I will be doing once it’s all said and done. Tonight is going to be a match fought with honor and integrity. Tonight, you’re good to see nothing but good, clean wrestling. You know, just like my last match!”

Jennifer Carter: “Yes, you’re last match, where you blatantly cheated to beat Alice Wagner. Do you at all feel bad about what you did?”

Sean Davenport: “Do I feel bad... do I feel bad... hmmm...”

Sean pretends to think long and hard while he rubs his chin.

Sean Davenport: “No!”

The crowd boos as he answers sharply and defiantly.

Sean Davenport: “As a matter of fact, I’d do it again... and again... and again. She learned some valuable lessons from The Leader of the Locker Room that night. Number one, nice guys and gals? They finish last. Number two, this is a cutthroat business. You do what you have to do to win. Number three, if you’re not cheating, you’re not trying. Now Alice, in her infinite ignorance, dismissed my lessons. But no worries. She’s young. Very dumb, but very young. She has plenty of time left to take heed. She’ll learn one day.

Jennifer can’t help but to shake her head in shame.

Jennifer Carter: “You truly are something...”

Sean Davenport: “...amazing? Yes, I’m aware. Thank you.”

Without missing a beat, Sean continues.

Sean Davenport: “Speaking of amazing, tonight, all you humanoids in the crowd will be privy to a night of amazing action. Of course, this amazing night of action will be highlighted by two things. One, yours truly. And two, my Queen, your Queen, our Queen, Aphrodite Noel, taking her rightful place in the main event, where she will beat the brakes off of Thais WhatsHerFace. Tonight is going to be a good one, Jennifer. I can feel it...”

“Be Ready.”

The screen is dark, barely lit by the faint outline of a woman stretching in shadow in a dimly lit gym.

She throws slow, powerful punches into a heavy bag, muscles tensing with each strike, sweat glistening under the low light.

Quick flashes show her sprinting, jumping rope, and lifting weights—all in shadow, movement fluid and focused.

A close-up reveals clenched fists tightening wraps around her wrists.

Her silhouette stands against a window with dawn light filtering through, the first hint of day breaking.

The woman pauses, breath visible in the cold air, facing forward but still shrouded in shadow.

The screen fades to black.

Text appears centred in simple white font:

“Be ready.”

Match Two - Singles

Joss Morant vs Sean Davenport

Kimi Smith: "The following contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first... from Las Vegas, Nevada, weighing in at 130 pounds... 'The Sunshine Dynamo'... Joss Morant!"

Joss bursts through the curtain, arms wide, bathed in rainbow lighting as "*Walking on Sunshine*" by The Dollyrots kicks in. Her high-energy, skipping entrance is full of fist-bumps with fans along the aisle, a beaming smile on her face as she cartwheels at ringside and springs up onto the apron. She strikes a pose on the turnbuckles, soaking in the crowd's cheers before flipping down and stretching out.

Kimi Smith: "And her opponent... from Clearwater, Florida, weighing in at 215 pounds... 'The Dream'... Sean Davenport!"

The tone shifts completely as the opening swell of "*Parade Of The Charioteers*" hits, casting a classical grandeur over the arena. Sean Davenport walks out slowly, chin tilted slightly upwards as if above the very air itself. He adjusts his cuffs like a general ready for war, glaring across the ring with cold disdain. He steps between the ropes with calm precision, removing his ring jacket with all the urgency of royalty.

Cassie North: "There's something about Joss Morant that just makes you smile. She's always spreading positivity, and tonight's no different!"

Noah Jackson: "And there's something about Sean Davenport that makes me want to check my watch. This guy moves like he's doing tax returns, not wrestling."

The bell rings and Joss tries to set a quick pace, darting in with a leg pick attempt that Sean smoothly sidesteps. He smirks condescendingly and holds out his arms, inviting her to try again. She circles and goes for a tie-up, only for Sean to wrench her into a headlock and take her to the mat with methodical precision.

Sean maintains control with grounded holds and quick transitions, targeting Joss's neck and shoulders. He lands a crisp European uppercut that sends her stumbling back into the corner, then follows with a running knee lift to the ribs. Joss tries to fight out with a quick slap and a springboard crossbody, but Sean catches her mid-air and spins it into a sitout gutwrench powerbomb for a near-fall.

Cassie North: “That power difference is really showing here. Joss has the heart, but Sean’s just absorbing everything and slowing her down!”

Noah Jackson: “He’s dissecting her like a frog in biology class, Cass. She’s just a school project to him.”

Joss manages to counter a suplex attempt with a flipping neckbreaker that buys her space. She rolls to her feet and fires off a pair of arm drags, followed by a sling blade that gets the crowd roaring. Sean scrambles to a knee, but Joss snaps him in the face with a superkick and races to the top rope.

She leaps for the *Sin City Escape* — but Sean rolls out of range, and Joss crashes hard to the canvas. Sean eyes her with a grimace of frustration and prepares the *Dreamcatcher*.

Suddenly, the arena lights dim and the screen flickers to life. Backstage, chaos erupts. Jackie Fowler is brawling wildly with Dex Morant — Joss’s brother — near the catering table. Security can’t contain them. Dex is shouting. Jackie throws a trash bin. It’s a full-on war, and Joss sees it.

Cassie North: “Wait—what’s happening backstage?! That’s Dex! That’s her brother!”

Noah Jackson: “Joss is totally rattled! You can see it in her eyes. She’s halfway out of this match!”

Distracted, Joss turns toward the screen with a look of panic and confusion. Sean seizes the opportunity and grabs her from behind, hoisting her up into the *Dreamcatcher*. He plants her hard into the mat and hooks the leg.

1... 2... 3

Kimi Smith: “Here is your winner... Sean Davenport!”

Cassie North: “Joss had this crowd in her hands... but that distraction might have just cost her everything tonight.”

Noah Jackson: “And Sean Davenport proves once again that dreams come true — for him, anyway. Joss just lived through a nightmare.”

Sean rolls off with a smug smirk as the screen backstage cuts out. Joss lays on the mat, eyes still darting toward the stage, concern overriding pain.

“Pinky Or The Brain?”

We come backstage where Matt Stone is walking down the hallway, already dressed to compete in his usual gear with a ‘Shut Me Up’ T-shirt pulled over the top. A pair of tinted glasses rest on his forehead, and under his arm is a thick, three-ring binder. He stops outside a closed door and knocks abruptly.

Matt Stone: “Oh AAAAAAbby! Time to get a move on!”

He taps his foot impatiently for a few seconds until the door opens, revealing Abby Blake. She takes one glance at the binder under his arm, then rolls her eyes and shakes her head.

Abby Blake: “We don’t have time for you to show me your Pokémon card collection now Matt, we have an important match to prepare for.”

She flips her hair over her shoulder as she turns back into the room. Matt stands there momentarily annoyed before following her inside.

Matt Stone: “No... that’s a different binder. This one holds all the notes I’ve been sending you for our perfect plan to win tonight and then get those Valiant Tag Team Titles. You know, since I’m the brains of this whole oper—”

Abby Blake: “Brains of the operation. I’d call you more the *Pinky* of the operation. You’re not the leader here, especially considering I picked up the win last week following *my* strategy, so I think I know what I’m doing out there, Matty.”

He bites his bottom lip but forces a smile.

Matt Stone: “Yeah, you did good, I’ll give you that, but it takes *consistency* to walk out with gold. You’re not the first blonde lady I’ve won tag titles with...”

Abby Blake: “We haven’t won them yet.”

She cuts in quickly, and he bites his lip again.

Matt Stone: “Don’t interrupt... we’ll win them, don’t you worry your pretty little head about that. The point is, we follow *my* plan, we win. Simple?”

Abby Blake: “We’ll stick with what has worked, *if* you do want the title. Let’s leave simple plans to the Scooby Doo franchise of banging theme songs—and let me finish changing.”

Matt Stone: “You’re going to look at—”

Abby Blake: “You won’t be looking at me while I change. Get out.”

Matt Stone: “But the pl—AH!”

He has to duck fast to avoid getting hit by his own binder.

Matt Stone: “I’m going! I’m going!”

He rushes out of the room and slams the door shut behind him, grumbling to himself as he walks down the hall.

Matt Stone: “Why do people always throw things at me?”

He mutters the question to no one in particular as the camera cuts back to ringside.

“A Real Kerfuffle.”

We return to the scene from earlier and are shown that Jackie Fowler is still locked in a wild brawl with Dex Morant near the catering table. Security rushes in but struggle to contain the furious fight. Dex is shouting and Jackie throws a trash bin, turning it into a full-on war.

Cassie North: “My god, is this still going on?”

Noah Jackson: “They might fight forever.!”

As security finally part the pair, Howard Rothchild III steps into the shot, his tone authoritative.

Howard Rothchild III: “That’s enough! You two will settle this the right way—at Downfall.”

The camera lingers on Dex and Jackie glaring daggers at each other as they are dragged in separate directions.

Match Three - 5-Way Tables

If anyone but Ricky wins, they earn a shot at his Chaos Championship

Bia vs Max Thunder vs Mimi Smith vs Owen Traeger vs Ricky Rodriguez

Kimi Smith: "The following contest is a five-way tables match! The only way to win is to drive one of your opponents through a table! If anyone *but* Ricky Rodriguez wins tonight, they will earn a shot at the Chaos Championship!"

The atmosphere in the arena crackles with anticipation as the crowd roars. Pyros blast from the stage.

Kimi Smith: "Introducing first... from Melbourne, Australia... weighing in at 199 pounds... Max Thunder!"

Max bursts through the curtain to "*Sucks 2 Suck*", arms raised high. His red, white, and black gear gleams under the lights as he slaps hands with fans and sprints down the ramp. He vaults into the ring with a handspring, pointing out to the crowd with a grin.

Kimi Smith: "From Miami, Florida... weighing in at 119 pounds... 'The Mother of Dragonweights'... Mimi Smith!"

"The Game" plays and Mimi struts down the ramp, mock-snapping selfies with her fingers and soaking in the cheers. She rolls under the ropes and pops up with a flourish, grinning as she scans the competition.

Kimi Smith: "From Austin, Texas... weighing in at 250 pounds... 'The Colossus'... Owen Traeger!"

The opening riff of "*The Great Divide*" signals Owen's arrival. The towering powerhouse steps out with arms crossed, calm and focused. He marches to the ring, stepping over the top rope with ease and staring down Max without blinking.

Kimi Smith: "From Chino Hills, California... weighing in at 215 pounds... he is the Chaos Champion... Ricky Rodriguez!"

Ricky bursts onto the stage, title over his shoulder and energy to spare. The crowd erupts for the fan-favourite as he sprints to the ring, rolling under the ropes and springboarding to the second turnbuckle with a confident smirk. He tosses the title to ringside, cracking his neck as he eyes each opponent.

Kimi Smith: “And finally... from Fremantle, Western Australia... weighing in at 165 pounds... ‘The West Australian War Goddess’... Bia!”

“Walk” by Pantera booms through the arena as Bia strides onto the stage, fists clenched and shoulders square. She radiates intensity, unbothered by the chaos in the ring. She stalks down the ramp, locks eyes with Ricky for a heartbeat, then slides into the ring and immediately shoulder-checks Owen without breaking stride.

Cassie North: “Here we go! Five-way chaos, and if anyone but Ricky wins, they’re getting a shot at that Chaos Championship!”

Noah Jackson: “So basically, Ricky has to survive four people who all want to put him through wood. He might as well wear a target on his chest.”

The bell rings and it's instant bedlam. Mimi charges straight at Owen with a flying forearm, but bounces off the big man. Max springboards off the ropes with a crossbody, only for Owen to catch him and hurl him across the ring with a fallaway slam. Ricky spins Bia around with a wheel kick, only for her to absorb it, growl, and respond with a thunderous body splash in the corner.

Cassie North: “Ricky hit first, but Bia’s rolling already!”

Noah Jackson: “She’s power personified, alright. That’s the problem. You can’t stop someone who *enjoys* this.”

Max is back on his feet and clips Bia’s knee from behind with a basement dropkick, followed by a quick Gedo clutch—no pinfalls, but the move disorients Bia long enough for Mimi to hit a picture-perfect jumping roundhouse kick to her jaw. Bia stumbles, and Mimi yells “For my followers!” before dropping a knee right across Bia’s back.

Ricky throws Mimi off with a snap German suplex, then springboards into a wheel kick that sends Max stumbling back against the ropes. Ricky hits the ropes and comes back with a dive—but Owen intercepts mid-run and nearly *flattens* him with a Colossal Bomb attempt! Ricky wriggles free and dropkicks Owen through the ropes!

Cassie North: “So close to disaster for Ricky!”

Noah Jackson: “He might need a chiropractor *and* a priest by the end of this.”

On the outside, Ricky and Owen brawl around the timekeeper's area while Mimi and Max team up to try and keep Bia down. They hit tandem strikes—Mimi with a savate kick, Max with a corkscrew neckbreaker. Max signals for a table and slides one in, but as he turns, Bia *explodes* to her feet and pounces Max halfway across the ring with the Dock Blocker!

Cassie North: "What a Pounce! Max just hit a different postcode!"

Noah Jackson: "He's gonna feel that in next month's calendar."

Bia pulls the table upright, but Mimi jumps on her back with a sleeper hold. Bia slams her backwards into the turnbuckle once—twice—and Mimi lets go. Bia hoists her into a military press and roars to the crowd, but Owen slides back in and nails a monstrous lariat to drop her! Owen sets the table in the corner and turns to Mimi—but she stuns him with "Cha-chin" out of nowhere!

Ricky reappears and springboards off the top rope with a flying armbreaker DDT to Owen. Max limps in and catches Ricky with a half nelson slam, and suddenly, *everyone's down*.

Cassie North: "Bodies everywhere. Someone's about to go through that table and earn a title shot!"

Noah Jackson: "Unless Ricky's the one who wins. Then this whole thing was just a lumberjack-level punishment."

Bia stirs first. Blood trickling from her lip, she grabs Mimi and hoists her over one shoulder.

Max charges at her for a springboard, but Ricky intercepts mid-air with a dropkick, sending Max sprawling outside.

Owen grabs Bia from behind for a Traeger Driver—she elbows out, spins, and rams him spine-first into the turnbuckle with a shoulder thrust! Mimi wriggles, tries for a Mimi-sis move—Bia powers out, spins her—

And runs Mimi like a battering ram through the table in the corner!

Cassie North: "Bia did it! She just launched Mimi through a table!"

Noah Jackson: "I hope that table had health insurance!"

The bell rings as the crowd erupts in thunderous approval.

Kimi Smith: “Here is your winner... Bia!”

Ricky rolls to his knees, clutching his ribs. Bia stands tall, breathing hard, bloodied but triumphant. Ricky locks eyes with her from the corner. She takes one slow, deliberate step toward him. Ricky stands too. Neither flinches.

Cassie North: “That’s the Chaos Champion... and the woman who just earned a shot at his title.”

Noah Jackson: “This is gonna be *violent*. I can already feel it in my bones—and I think Ricky does too.”

Bia smirks slightly, then mouths “*Soon*.” The crowd chants her name as the shot lingers on the staredown.

“Buddy Cop Team!”

Trinity stands in front of a mirror, lacing up her boots, her fingers flying with calm, practised precision. Her reflection is focused, sharp-eyed—but there’s a curve to her lips that betrays her excitement. Beside her, perched casually on a folding table and smoking a cigarette like he’s got all the time in the world, is Seven Wolfe. Trinity turns and sits beside Seven now.

Trinity Locke: “Matt Stone and Abby Blake... can’t say I’m all that worried about Stone, he seems to be more about getting some likes than actually fucking working. But Blake’s legit, in the sense she’s working everywhere all the time, practice makes perfect or whatever.”

She’s got one boot on, the other dangling loose, and she’s leaning back on her palms, grinning sideways at her best friend. Finally she plucks the cigarette from his hand and takes a drag with a chuckle.

Trinity Locke: “There, I said some professional shit, look at me! I’m a real wrestler now.”

Seven Wolfe: “You’re a fuckin’ natural, T.”

He smirks around the cigarette she just lifted from his fingers, exhaling a slow stream of smoke toward the rafters like it’s all a joke to him but the eyes say otherwise. They’re locked on her, proud and dangerous all at once.

Seven Wolfe: “Y’know, they could throw any two names together and call it a team. Stone and Blake? That’s cute. Like a late-night buddy cop reboot no one asked for. But us?”

He leans forward now, elbows resting on his knees, voice dropping just slightly.

Seven Wolfe: “We actually give a damn about each other. I don’t tag with people for convenience. I tag with people I’d bleed for. And you?”

He looks over at her, ash falling from the end of the cigarette as he nods once.

Seven Wolfe: “You’re the only one I’ve ever trusted to have my six when the whole world’s swinging.”

His boot kicks at the floor once, restless, itching for a fight.

Seven Wolfe: “Matt’s too busy polishing his Twitter fingers to grip a win. Abby? Sure, she’s busy. But busy don’t mean bonded. Busy doesn’t mean trust. You can’t train chemistry, and you sure as hell can’t fake war-born loyalty.”

He flicks what’s left of the cigarette away with a sharp snap of his fingers and stands, looming tall now, all caged wolf and coiled violence.

Seven Wolfe: “They’ll walk in thinking it’s just another booking. We’ll walk out like we always do—heads high, backs unbroken, and them? Just another lesson learned the hard fuckin’ way.”

He cracks his knuckles once, slow.

Seven Wolfe: “We don’t need to pretend. We’re not cosplay killers or Instagram champs. We’re Seven and Trinity. We’re the realest thing in this place.”

He pauses, then offers her a fresh cigarette from his jacket.

Seven Wolfe: “You want the last word, Locke?”

Trinity has been sitting there, watching her partner with a wry smirk that speaks both pride and affection without words. Only when he pauses and offers her a cigarette does she finally address the camera.

Trinity Locke: “Always a gentleman!”

She hops up and takes the cigarette from him, waiting for him to light it for her and then taking a deep drag, pulling the smoke down into her lungs like clean air.

Trinity Locke: “Seems a lot of you fuckers forgot that I came here on Sev’s invitation and I might smile and shake hands with a few people, fuck I might even flirt a little sometimes. But the only person in this whole arena who has my unwavering loyalty?”

Trinity’s hand comes to rest on Seven’s shoulder and she looks up at him with a grin, exhaling that smoke finally, through her nose.

Trinity Locke: “The war Wolfe himself, the most dangerous mother fucker Valiant has ever had the displeasure of testing—see, we’ve been kicked around and fucked with and I know Sev, you’re as sick of this shit as I am!”

She looks back to the camera now, the grin fades until she’s staring down the lens with a cold, hard look. Her fingers twitch at her side, itching for the fight that’s still to come.

Trinity Locke: “Tonight is the first step in reminding everyone here why the fuck we aren’t the ones. Matt, Abby..? Let me be real with you for a second. I couldn’t give half a fuck less who our opponents are tonight. It’s not about you, it never was. It’s about us. It’s about making a statement, you two morons just happen to be the paper it’s getting printed on.”

She lunges towards the camera and drops her voice low with a fresh smirk.

Trinity Locke: “And uh, sorry Romantasing the Stone but Sev said even blindfolded and deafened he won’t let you suck his dick after all... so that’s two Ls for you tonight.”

With that she palms the camera away, forcing a fade to black.

“Give Me The Spotlight.”

“El Jefe Caliente” Aman Rodriguez sat atop an equipment crate backstage. He clasped his hands together against his thighs. He looks forward, a devious smirk forming across his face.

Aman Rodriguez: “Ah, if it isn’t my adoring audience! Welcome, I have been waiting for you to pay attention. You see, in the world according to Leanne, I love the spotlight! I love the attention! I love it when the world revolves around ME! Isn’t that right, Leanne? That’s what

you had to say about me, that I'm an attention seeker? That I'm not half... Not a quarter the wrestler that my darling sister is? Aww, Leanne es loca, no?"

Aman chuckles, confidence radiating from every fiber of his being. He unclasps his hands, letting them travel to his hips.

Aman Rodriguez: "If I'm not a quarter of the wrestler that the Demonio Diamond, Juliana Rodriguez is...then honey, you must have lost a step. You're not supposed to lose to lesser thans, right? You talked about me like you knew me. Hell, you talked about me like I have given any inkling of who I am. Well, allow me to introduce myself to you and my darling audience! You all know that I am Aman Rodriguez. You all know that I am the older brother, by just a little bit, of Juliana Rodriguez. Yes, I am the adoring brother of the best Valiant Champion that there has ever been. All those things are very true. I am proud of mi hermosa. I will always be there for her, right, wrong, or indifferent. I did step into your little tag match, Leanne. I did that, obviously for Jewels. You talk a lot about your students and your boyfriend, and I'm ecstatic that you can care about something. When it comes to Jewels, I'm much the same. Jewels is a phenom, and I have her back in all aspects of life. I saw an opening to give her an opening, and you took that from her. You caused both of you to lose, not me. You attacked me, Leanne! I was there to help my sister, and by proxy you, how ungrateful!"

A scoff comes out of Aman's mouth. His eyes roll as he shakes his head.

Aman Rodriguez: "You see, familia always looks out for familia. I have Jewels' back, and she has mine. You thought that she wasn't going to retaliate for you attacking me? Miss Jones, you must not have a sibling connection. Being so close in age, Jewels is the sibling that I am closest to. I would do anything for her! I would put my neck on the guillotine to spare her if I had to. If I'm around, she's always going to be good. Yes, El Jefe Caliente is a damn star! I love attention! I love my much-deserved spotlight! I love all those things, but that's not why I got involved. The Demonio Diamond always wins. Leanne, you cost her that. So, you can pseudo-psychoanalyze me for my actions all you want, you're wrong. You think I did that for the spotlight, when I can get the spotlight anytime I want. You talked about my wrestling skills, how cute was that! Leanne, I have always had the skills that run through my blood. Wrestling was never what I thought I'd do, but here I am. I learned under the best luchadore the world has seen in modern history. So, talk about my skills all you want mama. I hope you don't make that mistake again, considering your last loss here in Valiant was to me! That

spotlight that you thought I stole wasn't stolen, but victory certainly was. Leanne, don't ever think that I wanted any of this; this is all on you."

Aman shrugs his shoulders as he lets out another exaggerated scoff.

Aman Rodriguez: "Now tonight, you once again get to bask in the aura of Aman. Lee-Lee, we could have been friends. You could have stood a step below Jewels and I, and we could have run this company! No, you just have to make things difficult! You just had to stop me from being the pearl that pairs so well with Valiant's diamond. The aura of Aman could have been in your corner, but you just had to stick your nose in it, ruining a perfectly good plan. So, keep talking about all the desperate spotlight hogging that I love to do. Leanne, you fail to really see the truth. Aman doesn't need to steal a spotlight. No, Aman has his own, unmistakable, unwavering spotlight. You would have been so lucky to share a spotlight with El Jefe Caliente, but you chose to step on my sister's toes. Have fun existing in our shadow, Leanne."

Match Four - Tag Team

#1 Contender, Anarchy Tag Titles

Abby Blake & Matt Stone vs Seven Wolfe & Trinity Locke

Kimi Smith: "The following contest is a tag team match scheduled for one fall, and it is to determine the number one contenders to the Anarchy Tag Team Championships!"

The crowd perks up in anticipation as "Level Up" by PPCocaine hits the speakers. Trinity Locke bursts onto the stage, arms wide and smug smirk plastered on her face. Seven Wolfe trails behind her, focused, aloof, cracking his neck with every measured step.

Kimi Smith: "Introducing first, at a combined weight of 358 pounds... the team of Seven Wolfe and Trinity Locke!"

Trinity soaks in the boos with a wink and a blown kiss while Seven slides into the ring, pacing a slow circle around his corner, ignoring the crowd entirely.

The lights shift as "You Right" by Doja Cat takes over. The crowd roars as Abby Blake steps out, bouncing with energy and a confident grin. She gestures for the fans to get louder, already hyping them up.

Kimi Smith: “And their opponents... first, from Los Angeles, California, weighing in at 105.8 pounds... she is ‘The Blaker Girl’, ‘The Luchadorka’... Abby Blake!”

Abby jogs down the ramp, slapping hands and urging her fans into a rhythmic chant: “LET’S GO BLAKE-GIRL!”

The beat flips to “Almost Famous” by Eminem as Matt Stone struts out with a cocky grin, arms spread like he owns the whole arena.

Kimi Smith: “Her partner, from Ottawa, Ontario, weighing in at 220 pounds... ‘The Straight Shooter’, ‘The Abominable Showman’... Matt Stone!”

Matt poses obnoxiously on the apron, pointing at Seven before mouthing “you’re welcome for the ratings.” Abby is already in the ring, warming up with light rope bounces.

Cassie North: “This one’s going to be wild, Noah! Abby Blake’s in there with the War Wolfe and the Hell Pup... and with Matt Stone backing her up? Oh, we’re eating good!”

Noah Jackson: “She brought a tag partner with two left feet and an ego the size of Canada, Cassie. Hope she’s got a chiropractor on standby.”

Seven starts against Matt, and it’s a technical showcase out the gate. Both men jockey for control with crisp chain wrestling, Matt showing off his mat IQ with a headlock takedown, which Seven counters into a grounded hammerlock. Matt slithers out, pops up into a drop toe hold, and winks at the hard cam before tagging Abby in.

Seven hesitates, then nods respectfully and tags in Trinity. Abby rallies the crowd with a chant—“LOCKE HER UP!”—which immediately gets under Trinity’s skin. They circle before locking up, Trinity with a side headlock, Abby rolling her through into a headscissors takedown. Trinity kips up and tries a spinning boot scrape—Abby ducks, hits the ropes, and lands a sunset flip for 2.

Abby pulls Trinity up into the Blake Lock, sliding between her legs, snapping into the Somersault Cutter! She goes for the cover but Seven breaks it up at two. Matt comes flying in with a Stone Cutter on Seven, rolling him outside.

Cassie North: “Come on, Abby! That’s the kind of fire we love from the Luchadorka!”

Noah Jackson: “It’s a miracle Matt did something useful that didn’t involve a mirror.”

Trinity cheap-shots Abby with a rake to the eyes, whips her into the ropes and tries a hurricanrana, but Abby counters into the Tug Pin—1... 2... Trinity kicks out!

Frustrated, Trinity tags in Seven. Abby stands tall, not backing down from the taller Wolfe. They trade holds, with Seven managing a snap DDT and following with a running shooting star press—1... 2... Abby kicks out!

Seven attempts the Wolfe Triangle, but Abby somersaults free and scrambles for a tag—Matt tags in!

Matt launches into Seven with a running STO, then lifts him for the Piledriving Miss Daisy. Trinity rushes in with a diving double foot stomp to break it mid-lift. Abby returns the favour with the Deadshot Dropkick that *never misses*, blasting Trinity out of the ring.

Matt stalks Seven, calling for the end. He goes for the Combo Breaker, but Seven ducks and hits a bicycle kick! Matt reels, Seven charges for the Wolfe's Howl—but Matt ducks, spins him around and hits the Combo Breaker flush! Matt rolls away clutching his ribs, crawls to the corner—and tags Abby!

Abby sprints up the ropes as Seven stirs. She leaps with a pinpoint Pointeora, lands clean, bounces up and drops a handspring moonsault knee drop across Seven's ribs. Trinity tries to interfere again, but Matt yanks her off the apron.

Abby locks in the Giant Slayer in the middle of the ring. Seven claws toward the ropes, reaching—straining—but Abby sits deep and high, wrenching his spine back like a bowstring. Seven has no choice.

He taps.

Kimi Smith: “Here are your winners... and the number one contenders to the Anarchy Tag Team Championships... Abby Blake and Matt Stone!”

Cassie North: “She did it! Abby Blake's heading to the top of the tag division—and Matt Stone, well, I guess he gets to ride shotgun!”

Noah Jackson: “Miracles happen every day, Cassie. Today's just featured a codebreaker and a crab hold.”

Matt obnoxiously demands Abby raise *his* hand too. She obliges—while still waving to her fans.

“Nothing Changed, But Point Proven.”

Leanne Jones is inside her locker room, finishing the last touches before her match against Aman Rodriguez.

Leanne Jones: Last week didn't change a thing. A win, that win, didn't change my opinion of you, I still mean every single word I said, you did nothing but prove my point.

The former Lionheart champion speaks calmly, her tone and demeanor not giving away much on her current mind frame.

Leanne Jones: It took you an outside interference, five minutes of numerical advantage and Juliana's perfume to beat me. I've seen better from your family, I've seen better from my students.

She shrugs her shoulders ever so slightly, subtle, almost unnoticeable.

Leanne Jones: I'm not saying you can't wrestle, I'm saying that you bit more than you can chew when you stepped to me. And tonight, I'll show you what I mean.

A pause, her words hanging in the air, vaguely threatening.

Leanne Jones: Hopefully, after tonight, you'll learn your place and stay in my rear-view mirror. I'm not betting on it, I know people like you and I know how much you need the constant attention, those spotlights shining down on you. But hey, a woman can only hope.

She flashes a quick, enigmatic smile.

Leanne Jones: Believe it or not, this was never about you. You're just the catalyst, the sparkle that ignited this fire. You're the one who turned a rivalry between friends into something different, something deeper.

Her words are measured, carefully chosen. It's obvious she's not trying to exacerbate an already tense situation but, at the same time, that warmth her tone usually carried when speaking about Jewels seems to be gone.

Leanne Jones: It's been two weeks, Juliana. Two weeks in which you could've come to talk to me, we could've squashed this issue easily, in front of a cup of coffee and pastries. But you chose silence, you chose to let this thing fester and doubled down during the tag match last week.

Another pause.

Leanne Jones: Let me make something clear. I'm not disappointed that you cheated to win, that's part of the game. I'm disappointed that you HAD TO, that if you didn't stoop to that level, you wouldn't have been able to beat me.

Jones shakes her head, a light chuckle escapes her lips..

Leanne Jones: I'm not gonna preach about respecting the rules. I didn't suddenly turn into a saint, I'm aware that cutting corners is just as much a part of the business as arm drags are. But you're not defending your title anymore, you're not in some high stakes match. You're in the ring with a friend, or so you said. You don't need to go low.

She lowers her gaze, her voice dropping an octave.

Leanne Jones: Unless you want me to.

There's a moment of silence following her words.

Leanne Jones: Tonight, I dispose of your family. Tomorrow, I'll attend a wedding. But after that, my focus will be solely on you. See you at Downfall.

A smirk comes across her lips.

Leanne Jones: Yours.

Match Five- Singles

Aman Rodriguez vs Leanne Jones

Kimi Smith: "The following contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first, from Puerto Vallarta, Jalisco, Mexico... weighing in at 187 pounds... El Jefe Caliente... Aman Rodriguez!"

"Bitch, I'm Loca" pulses through the speakers and Aman Rodriguez struts onto the stage in a deep purple and gold vest and matching chaps. He spins with flair, tossing off the vest as he heads down the ramp with confident swagger, blowing a kiss to the audience before sliding into the ring with a smooth somersault. He lounges in the corner like he owns the place.

Cassie North: "Aman might be new to the Valiant ring, but he has swagger for days! He's looking to prove he's more than just his last name!"

Noah Jackson: "He's flashy, sure. But let's see what happens when that flash meets Leanne's fists."

"Nowhere Generation" hits and the crowd buzzes as Leanne Jones strides onto the stage, hoodie up, chin down. The moment she rips the hood back, her intense eyes lock on the ring.

Kimi Smith: "And his opponent... from Los Angeles, California... weighing in at 117 pounds... Leanne Jones!"

Leanne walks with cool defiance, ignoring outstretched hands as she slides into the ring. She shoots Aman a smirk and backs into her corner, bouncing on her toes.

Noah Jackson: "You know she's not here for fan approval. She's here to win and leave."

Cassie North: "She's been on a tear lately, and if Aman wants to make a name, tonight's the night to do it!"

The bell rings.

They circle. Aman throws a cheeky wink. Leanne answers with a stiff leg kick to the thigh. Aman winces, backs off, then suddenly explodes with a springboard arm drag that sends Leanne rolling. He pops up and strikes a pose. The crowd cheers, but Leanne isn't impressed.

She rushes back in, forcing a collar-and-elbow tie-up. Aman slips under with a drop toe hold and transitions into a modified sharpshooter. Leanne scrambles to the ropes. Aman lets go, hands raised in innocence.

Leanne comes in fast with a flurry—forearms, low kick, dropkick to the knees. She bounces off the ropes and goes for a corner senton, but Aman sidesteps and hits a rolling neck snap. He follows with a La Magistral pin!

1... 2...

Kick-out.

Cassie North: "Aman nearly stole it!"

Noah Jackson: "He's not just flashy. He's crafty too."

Aman keeps the pressure up with a snap suplex, then floats over into a single-leg Boston crab. Leanne claws to the ropes again, gritting her teeth.

She finally gets some distance with a backstabber out of nowhere. Aman rolls away but she follows with a stiff kick combo, then hits a satellite DDT. Aman looks rattled.

She goes to the top rope—looking for the Olympia Bomb—but Aman shoves her off. Leanne lands hard, and Aman leaps into a somersault senton—Aman-Go-Round!

1... 2...

Leanne kicks out!

Cassie North: "Leanne's reeling but she's not done yet!"

Noah Jackson: "Say what you will, Aman is making her earn every inch."

Aman calls for the AMAN-A-GO-GO, setting Leanne up for The Fold—but she twists out mid-move and lands behind him. He turns—superkick to the back of the head! Zoned In!

Leanne doesn't waste time—straight to the corner. She climbs, steadies herself, then leaps with pinpoint precision—Kinkaku-ji!

1... 2... 3.

Kimi Smith: "Here is your winner... Leanne Jones!"

Cassie North: "What a fight! Aman Rodriguez pushed her to the absolute limit!"

Noah Jackson: "She won, yeah, but Aman's performance tonight just stamped his name on the radar. That kid is dangerous."

Leanne Jones pushes herself up to a seated position, breathing hard. Sweat clings to her skin, strands of hair plastered to her face. She doesn't move for a moment, just stares at the canvas, blinking slowly like she's trying to re-centre herself.

She finally rolls to the ropes and pulls herself upright, wincing as she straightens. Her hand presses to the small of her back as she steadies herself on the second rope. When she turns to face the crowd, there's no arrogance—just grit. Her chest rises and falls heavily, her expression worn but determined.

She raises one arm—not high, not triumphant, but enough to acknowledge the battle she's just fought.

Cassie North: "That wasn't dominance from Leanne Jones... that was survival. Aman Rodriguez pushed her harder than I think anyone expected."

Noah Jackson: "She's standing, but barely. That win came with a receipt, and she'll be feeling it tomorrow."

"Basically A Crime Scene."

Somewhere backstage, Angun Chen is standing outside a locker room and looking around like she's waiting for someone. Most likely Sean Hazard—but he's nowhere to be seen at the moment. It doesn't seem to faze her as she stays patient, leaning against the wall.

Sixx Wolfe: "Hey, have you seen my brother?"

The voice seems to startle Angun a bit. She recognises it, but doesn't seem excited to engage. Perhaps that brief lack of response is what sets off what happens next.

Sixx Wolfe: "Hey... you can ignore me all you want, but I'm not going away. Just thought I'd point that out. And since you love giving advice so much during our matches, here's some free advice I'd like to share. Look at someone when they're talking to you."

Sixx walks over and aggressively pulls Angun off the wall, which prompts Angun to turn to face her. Her expression remains patient, but her eyes gaze the young woman up and down.

Sixx Wolfe: “Are you sizing me up right now?”

The 19-year-old laughs quietly before her expression turns cold.

Sixx Wolfe: “That would be a bad move. Just sayin’... now, I’ll ask again. Have you seen my brother?”

Angun’s eyes widen at the unexpected aggression from Sixx, but instead of reacting just as hard, she firmly pushes her back a step just to create some distance. The frown on her face says she doesn’t appreciate that at all.

Angun Chen: “No, I have not seen your brother, Sixx. And don’t you do that again. If you want to talk about it instead, fine, let’s do that. But this is not the place for it. We’re not at the academy. So behave.”

There is strictness in her tone as she meets Sixx’s eyes directly, lips pursed tight.

Sixx Wolfe: “Behave?”

Sixx’s brows furrow, her fists ball up at her sides.

Sixx Wolfe: “Who do you think you are? You’re right. This isn’t the Academy. I don’t need you to hold my hand, I don’t want you telling me what to do, and since we have nobody here to keep us apart? I think maybe it’s time we settle things. You’ve wanted to hit me, haven’t you? You can lie and say you haven’t thought about it, but we both know that’s all it would be. A lie. A big, fat, ugly lie...”

Sixx reaches hastily at Angun, grabbing her hand and pulling it up towards her face.

Sixx Wolfe: “I’m not the pretty little princess that everyone wants me to be. I’m from the streets. There, I said it. I don’t live up to your standards, do I?”

She lets go of Angun’s hand and then presses her hands to the wall around Angun, backing her into it and screaming in her face. This is the most aggressive we’ve ever seen Sixx.

Sixx Wolfe: “If you wanna do something, do it! It’s just us... DO IT!”

There's a look of disbelief in Angun's eyes as she glares back at Sixx. For a very tense moment, that is all Angun does before trying to duck under Sixx's hands to leave. But Sixx lowers her arms to block her, prompting Angun to finally raise her voice.

Angun Chen: "What are you doing, Sixx? Let me go!"

But Sixx absolutely refuses to budge. Angun lifts her hand, not to strike but to push Sixx away again. Just to get enough room to leave.

Angun Chen: "I said, let me GO!!!"

Still, Sixx doesn't move. That's when Angun raises her hand, open-palmed, towards Sixx's arm that's blocking her. But to onlookers, it might look like she's about to slap Sixx's face instead.

The sound of footsteps thunder down the corridor before a body bursts into frame like a bullet from the dark.

CRACK.

Angun doesn't even see it coming. One second her hand is up, her mouth half open—and the next? She's down. Flat. Laid out cold on the concrete floor from a wicked forearm shot to the jaw.

Seven Wolfe is standing over her now, chest heaving, eyes wide but not with guilt. Not exactly. But with what-the-fuck-just-happened adrenaline crashing against his ribs like a freight train. He looks at her, then at Sixx, who's frozen mid-motion against the wall, and then back at Angun's unconscious form.

Seven Wolfe: "...Shit."

He wipes his mouth with the back of his hand, trying to process it. Trying to calm the war in his brain—and failing.

Seven Wolfe: "She was about to hit you."

His voice is low. Cold. Like he's trying to convince himself more than anyone else.

Seven Wolfe: "Fuck it. She deserved it."

He grabs Sixx's wrist and pulls her with him as he starts moving fast, already looking over his shoulder.

Seven Wolfe: "Let's go. Now."

They disappear around the corner just as another voice rips into the hallway.

Sean Hazard: "ANGUN?!"

He runs into frame, wild-eyed, panic bursting through every step as he sees her laid out on the floor. He skids to his knees beside her, shaking her lightly, trying to wake her up, fury already building behind his clenched jaw.

Sean Hazard: "What the hell happened?! Who did this?!"

No answer. Just Angun out cold. And a storm brewing in the chest of the man who just found her.

Fade out.

"More Important Things."

The scene opens backstage. No throne this time. No Jessica Carter. Just Aphrodite Noel leaning up against a plain blue wall inside the arena.

Aphrodite Noel: A street fight is the best you can decide on... why? As you plainly put it, "I am some stray kid from the street."

She raises an eyebrow.

Aphrodite Noel: In the grand scheme of things, your so-called hero's journey from street kid to professional wrestler means little to me. Do you know how long I've been doing this, Thais? Since the stone age. I'm old after all.

Aphrodite elicits a slight chuckle.

Aphrodite Noel: Over the course of my career I have survived matches far worse than a Street Fight against competitors who are a lot more vicious than you can imagine yourself to

be. I have dealt with bigger, badder, stronger. Also, I have dealt with an endless string of opponents who have underestimated me at their own peril. What was it you told me? You hope I put up a fight?

Aphrodite shakes her head.

Aphrodite Noel: Please. My entire existence is predicated on fighting. Forcing men and women to submit to my will inside that ring is one of the few things in this world that warms my soul. The relentless amount of enemies I have leave me with no choice but to fight. Dealing with one small irritant who has made it her mission to shame me, demean me. An enemy of the state who represents the society I fight against every single day is just another day at the office.

In the main event, I am putting this to bed. Win or lose, I am putting you in the rearview mirror forever. Me and my dear Jessica are the Anarchy Tag Team Champions...

Aphrodite taps the Anarchy Tag Championship wrapped around her waist.

Aphrodite Noel: ... and we have far more important things to do.

Aphrodite walks off as the scene fades to black.

Main Event – Street Fight

Aphrodite Noel vs Thaïs Empristikí

Kimi Smith: “Ladies and gentlemen, this is your *main event* of the evening, and it is a *Street Fight!* There are no count outs, no disqualifications—anything goes, and the match will only end by pinfall or submission inside the ring!”

The arena pulses with anticipation as the lights plunge into darkness. A green crown symbol flickers onto the screen, pulsing in time with the first eerie notes of “*You Should See Me in a Crown*” by Billie Eilish. The beat drops—and with it, emerald lights flood the stage.

A lone spotlight cuts through the darkness as Aphrodite Noel emerges, arms outstretched like royalty gracing her subjects. She wears a dark, regal robe studded with spiked gold trim, her expression one of detached disdain. Her cold, calculating eyes scan the crowd as if none of them are worthy.

Kimi Smith: “Introducing first... from Miami, Florida... she is a former Valiant Lionheart Champion... the Queen... Aphrodite Noel!”

Aphrodite takes her time descending the ramp, smirking at the jeers thrown her way. She deliberately steps onto the ring apron, demanding the referee hold the ropes open for her, even in a no-rules match. She saunters to the centre of the ring, unfastening her robe and revealing black-and-gold gear adorned with sharp silver studs. She mouths “worship me” as she lifts her arms, basking in the negative attention.

Noah Jackson: “You see that? That’s what dominance looks like. That’s what a queen looks like. I’d kneel, but I’ve got a bad back.”

Cassie North: “Please. All I see is someone who’s about to learn fire burns no matter how high you sit on your throne.”

The lights shift suddenly to a wild swirl of orange, gold, and red. “*Super Freak*” by Rick James blares from the speakers as bursts of pyro explode around the entrance ramp. Thaïs Empristikí dances out with energy and flair, arms sweeping through the flames like they were born in them.

They spin once and strike a confident pose before jogging down the ramp, high-fiving fans and hyping up the crowd. A trail of sparks follows them as they slide under the bottom rope and pop up in a single motion.

Kimi Smith: “And her opponent... from Alexandria, Virginia... the Flame Bringer... Thaïs Empristikí!”

They leap onto the top turnbuckle and throw their arms in the air, hands forming a thunderbolt gesture, fire-like lights strobing behind them in tribute to their moniker. Thaïs hops down, their eyes fixed sharply on Aphrodite.

Cassie North: “Here comes Thaïs! The Flame Bringer’s lighting this place up tonight!”

Noah Jackson: “Oh great, a sparkler with legs. Let’s hope they brought more than dance moves, because Aphrodite doesn’t play with fire—she incinerates it.”

The tension between them is nuclear. Aphrodite smirks, tilting her head arrogantly. Thaïs responds by slowly dragging a thumb across their throat and mouthing “*Let’s burn it down.*”

Cassie North: “This is going to be a war.”

Noah Jackson: “Not a war—an execution. Get ready to watch a crown get polished with someone else’s ashes.”

The referee signals for the bell—but both competitors are already moving. The street fight begins.

Thaïs Empristikí explodes into motion, charging Aphrodite Noel like a fireball unleashed. Caught mid-step, Aphrodite barely raises her guard before Thaïs crashes into her with a running dropkick that sends the Queen sprawling into the corner. The crowd roars as Thaïs kips up in one fluid motion and bolts forward again, launching a Yakuza kick that snaps Aphrodite’s head back against the turnbuckles.

Cassie North: “Thaïs is wasting no time! They said they were bringing the fire, and look at them go!”

Noah Jackson: “Overzealous. Aphrodite’s just letting them burn out early—classic trap.”

Thaïs grabs Aphrodite by the wrist and whips her across the ring. Aphrodite reverses—but Thaïs springboards off the middle rope, spinning into a flying knee that smashes into the side of Aphrodite’s face. The Queen hits the mat and rolls outside for breathing room, but Thaïs is already building momentum again. They sprint across the ring, rebound off the ropes, and soar through the ropes with a suicide dive that flattens Aphrodite into the barricade.

Cassie North: “Did you see the elevation?! Thaïs is on another level tonight!”

Noah Jackson: “That’s one way to shorten your career—launch yourself like a cannonball with no backup plan.”

Crowd on their feet, Thaïs pops up and lets out a primal yell, holding both arms to the sky as flames shoot up along the stage ramp in sync. They grab Aphrodite by the hair and slam her face-first into the apron, then again into the steel ring post. Aphrodite staggers, dazed—but Thaïs isn’t finished. They yank her by the gear and hurl her into the steel steps with a violent crash.

Cassie North: “They are dismantling Aphrodite! You love to see it!”

Noah Jackson: “You *would*. But all this furniture-throwing’s just giving the Queen time to adjust. And when she does? Thaïs is going to find out why you don’t play royalty like a rookie.”

Thaïs drags the dazed Aphrodite up and rolls her under the ropes. Sliding in after her, they nail a slingshot suplex, smoothly transitioning into a lateral press.

1... 2...

Aphrodite kicks out—but not clean. She crawls toward the ropes, clearly rattled. Thaïs grabs her wrist and yanks her to her knees, striking with sharp palm strikes, one after another until Aphrodite reels.

The crowd chants “LET’S GO THAÏS!” as they whip Aphrodite into the corner. They charge—but Aphrodite bails out of the corner and slides under the bottom rope, dropping to the floor, shaking her head in frustration.

Cassie North: “Aphrodite’s retreating—she’s not used to being overpowered like this!”

Noah Jackson: “It’s called strategy. Even queens have to reposition before they execute. Thaïs just emptied the tank. Let’s see how long that fire really lasts.”

Thaïs stands firm in the ring, daring Aphrodite to come back in. Aphrodite glares up at them, wiping blood from her lip. The Queen looks shaken—but her eyes are starting to narrow.

Aphrodite Noel circles the outside of the ring, jaw clenched, her lips curling into a sneer as the crowd continues chanting for Thaïs. The Queen glances under the apron—and pulls out a steel chair.

Noah Jackson: “Ah, finally! Someone’s bringing *style* to this street fight.”

Cassie North: “Style? She’s got a chair, Noah!”

Noah Jackson: “Exactly. Functional and fashionable.”

Thaïs doesn’t wait. They slide out of the ring to meet Aphrodite head-on—but Aphrodite swings wild, and the steel chair smashes against Thaïs’ ribs with a brutal clang. Thaïs doubles over, gasping, and Aphrodite brings the chair down again, this time across their back. A third shot cracks across their spine, dropping the Flame Bringer to their knees.

Cassie North: “Oh come on! That’s three chair shots in a row! Thaïs could have broken ribs!”

Noah Jackson: “They wanted a street fight. Aphrodite’s just giving them a lesson in street law.”

Aphrodite grabs Thaïs by the back of the neck and drags them up to their feet, only to whip them viciously into the steel barricade. She grabs them again—this time by the wrist—and flings them full-speed into the timekeeper’s table. The metal tips over with a loud crash, sending officials scrambling as Thaïs lies motionless among the chaos.

Aphrodite flips her hair back with contempt, struts over, and lifts the steel ring bell with both hands—then smashes it down across Thaïs’ midsection. The sickening sound echoes in the arena.

Cassie North: “She’s not even trying to pin them. This is a message.”

Noah Jackson: “Of course not. You don’t *pin* a problem like Thaïs. You solve it. Permanently.”

Dragging Thaïs by the arm, Aphrodite rolls them back toward the ring, but pauses at ringside. She lifts the ring skirt again—this time producing a kendo stick. She taps it once on the mat and climbs back inside, stalking Thaïs like a lioness with a fresh kill.

As Thaïs pushes up to their hands and knees, Aphrodite unloads. Crack! The stick splinters across Thaïs’ back. Crack! Again across the shoulder. Thaïs lets out a pained groan, muscles twitching from the impact. Aphrodite drops to one knee beside them and calmly grinds the end of the stick into the back of their neck before tossing it aside like trash.

Cassie North: “This is just sadistic. She doesn’t care about winning—she wants to *break* Thaïs.”

Noah Jackson: “And she’s doing a fantastic job.”

Still showing no interest in ending the match, Aphrodite drags the limp body of Thaïs to the apron. She climbs out, perches on the edge—and drives a Harley Race knee drop directly onto Thaïs’ collarbone across the apron edge. Thaïs cries out and rolls instinctively away, only to collapse on the floor in a heap.

Aphrodite slowly stands and surveys the wreckage with a sick smirk. She reaches under the ring again—and pulls out a heavy black canvas bag. With exaggerated flair, she unties it and pours the contents into the ring: chains. Dozens of them. Thick, coiled, rusty links clatter onto the canvas like snakes uncoiled.

Cassie North: “Oh no...”

Noah Jackson: “Oh yes. The Queen’s not just here to win—she’s here to *reign*.”

Aphrodite rolls back into the ring, standing tall over the scattered chains. Outside, Thaïs clutches the barricade, trying to rise. Aphrodite paces like a shadow, waiting. Her crown isn’t gold—it’s steel. And she’s about to force Thaïs to kneel before it.

Thaïs Empristikí grips the barricade, chest heaving, blood trickling from a cut above their brow. The crowd chants their name, willing them to rise. Inside the ring, Aphrodite Noel lounges arrogantly against the ropes, twirling a length of chain in her hand like a queen toying with execution.

Thaïs drags themselves upright and climbs the apron slowly, defiant. Aphrodite strides forward with a smirk, swinging the chain—but Thaïs ducks! They launch over the ropes with a slingshot forearm that connects flush against Aphrodite’s jaw, staggering her back.

Cassie North: “They’re still in it! Thaïs isn’t done yet!”

Noah Jackson: “Oh come on, just lay down already!”

Thaïs charges with blistering speed and nails a spinning heel kick that sends the chair-wielding Queen stumbling into the corner. Thaïs follows with a series of forearm strikes, then a lightning-quick springboard knee to the face. Aphrodite slumps in the corner. Thaïs sprints to the opposite turnbuckle—then rushes back in, landing a running dropkick that rocks the Queen’s skull.

The crowd explodes as Thaïs climbs the ropes, looking for something big. They steady themselves, flash a three-finger flame gesture—and leap.

Cassie North: “Greek Time! 450 splash incoming—”

But Aphrodite rolls out of the way!

Thaïs crashes hard onto the mat, clutching their ribs in agony. Aphrodite scrambles to her feet, face twisted in rage. She grabs one of the loose steel chains and wraps it tightly around her forearm.

Thaïs starts to rise—

WHACK!

Aphrodite drives the chain-wrapped arm directly into the side of Thaïs' head with a brutal discus elbow. The chain snaps back and blood flies from Thaïs' temple as they collapse like a puppet with its strings cut.

Noah Jackson: "You heard that echo! That's how a Queen ends uprisings!"

Cassie North: "That might've knocked Thaïs out cold..."

Aphrodite doesn't go for the pin. Instead, she yanks Thaïs to their knees, hooks both arms behind their back—and plants them face-first onto the scattered chains with a savage *Ex-Communication* curb stomp. The chains rattle violently beneath the impact.

She finally drops to her knees, pressing both hands over Thaïs' motionless back.

1... 2... 3

Kimi Smith: "Here is your winner... Aphrodite Noel!"

Cassie North: "She did it—she stole it. That was an assault, not a victory."

Noah Jackson: "Call it whatever you want. The Queen just reminded everyone exactly who rules Glory."

Aphrodite rises slowly, towering over the bloodied body of Thaïs. She doesn't celebrate. She simply lifts her arms and mouths the words: "Worship me."

The arena is electric—but the image is chilling. Aphrodite Noel has reclaimed her throne.

Thaïs barely twitches on the mat, blood streaked down their face, still trapped in the handcuffs Aphrodite had fastened during the chaos of the final minutes.

But Aphrodite isn't done.

She rolls out of the ring and makes a beeline for the steel steps. Slowly, deliberately, she unhinges the top half and drags them around the ring, the sound of metal scraping against concrete reverberating through the stunned crowd. She shoves the steps under the bottom rope, pushes them to the centre of the ring—and then circles the fallen Flame Bringer with chilling purpose.

Cassie North: "Oh no. No, no, don't do this. The match is over!"

Noah Jackson: “She said she was going to make a statement. Looks like the speech isn’t done yet.”

Aphrodite grabs a handful of Thaïs’ blood-matted hair and yanks them to their knees, propping them upright on the steps, their head bowed against the cold steel. With the chain still draped around her arm, she steps back and lines up the killshot—another Ex-Communication, this time directly onto the steel steps.

Suddenly, a wave of security and officials surges down the ramp, led by **Edward Cross**, head of Valiant Wrestling’s disciplinary committee. The crowd roars as they slide into the ring en masse.

Edward Cross storms to the centre, arms outstretched, blocking Aphrodite mid-step.

Cassie North: “That’s enough! Thank you, finally someone’s stepping in!”

Noah Jackson: “She was about to end Thaïs’ career, Cass. And I mean *really* end it.”

Aphrodite stares Edward Cross down, eyes wide with fury, chest heaving. She tries to push past—but four officials grab her arms. Cross gets directly in her face, barking orders with no mic needed.

Thaïs slumps sideways off the steps, still cuffed, bleeding and barely conscious as medics rush to their side. Aphrodite struggles against the wall of black shirts but finally, finally relents—yanking her arms free and backing away with one last venomous glare at Cross.

Cassie North: “She’s sick. That wasn’t just a win—she wanted to make sure Thaïs *never* got up again.”

Noah Jackson: “Mission almost accomplished. But it took half the staff to stop her. That’s what power looks like.”

Aphrodite exits the ring slowly, dragging her fingertips across the apron like a final insult. She backs up the ramp, never taking her eyes off the carnage she’s left behind.

Cassie North: “I don’t know if Thaïs is going to be okay. But I *do* know this—after tonight, Aphrodite Noel might be the most dangerous woman in all of Valiant.”

The screen lingers on the image of Thaïs being tended to on the canvas, steel steps still centre ring, stained red...

