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"No Introduction Needed."

We come backstage where we find one of the newest signings here in Valiant Wrestling for the exciting fourth season Matt Stone standing side by side with long time...well friend isn't the right word, let's say colleague Carter Latimer. Despite her holding the microphone and being the professional interviewer, she's patiently, or impatiently based on her expression, waiting for Matt to get his hair just right before he signals to her that she can get started.

Carter Latimer: "You are a man who needs no introduction after all of his time in the business, so tell all of us, what is it that drew you here to Valiant Wrestling?"

Matt Stone: "Normally when someone says they don't need an introduction they still provide one, never underestimate the stupidity of your audience Carter, so allow me. I am Matt Stone, and I am the best wrestler in the business today. I'm not the flashiest, I'm not the strongest, but between those ropes I am a dominant force and what drew me here, to circle back to your question, is that I'm not done showing up people yet. Over the last few years I've been predominantly focused on other aspects of the business, be in management, ownership, even tag team wrestling with my dear partner Veronica but Valiant was an opportunity to step in, fresh faced and looking great and challenging myself to climb yet another mountain, pushing over a whole new set of faces on my way to the top."

Carter is quite clearly trying to resist the urge to roll her eyes as she listens to Matt boast about himself while giving his answer to her question. She manages to keep the professional smile on her face as she simply nods her head.

Carter Latimer: "And I imagine that you are looking to start off with this here tonight as you go up against Gemma Marchand for your big debut."

Matt nods along, completely clueless to the way Carter is feeling about how this is going.

Matt Stone: "Exactly, now you're catching on. They did everyone a big favour here tonight, having me go on first. I'll set the tone for the rest of the night and if there's anyone I feel sorry for, it's the people that have to try and follow me. As for Gemma, her and I go way back, I knew her when she was a gopher for Natalie. Good for her for making something better of herself these days, but I knew everything about wrestling before she even stepped in a ring, so I'm not too worried about her all things considered."

"Is that so?"

The sound of Gemma's voice interrupts Matt's interview as she approaches closer to both him and Carter. Her hands are on her hips as she greets Matt with an amused smirk.

Gemma Marchand: "Pretty bold statement to be making when you're the one stepping out on my turf."

Matt eyes her for a second and smiles, gently pushing Carter back to the side so he could step up.

Matt Stone: "Bold is one way to describe it. Truthful, matter-of-fact, accurate are all good choices as well Gemma. I know you've been here longer than I have, high bar to clear there, but in experience I have you beat tenfold. Now if you wanna talk about who's more experienced at getting someone coffee, then you've got the point there for sure."

He looks back at Carter with a smile, expecting her to find that funny.

Matt Stone: "Two milk, two sugar, right?"

Carter's only response to this question is to make a face at Matt which clearly shows off her annoyance. Gemma is the one amused by this exchange as she laughs, trying to cover it up with her hand, before she gives Matt a small pout.

Gemma Marchand: "I forgot how much you love to make your little jokes. How much help are they for you out there in the ring though? I happen to have a big point to prove and I have a feeling that beating someone with such a long history is going to do wonders for my resume."

Matt turns back to Gemma with that same fake smile he had on before.

Matt Stone: “Just sharing a ring with me will do wonders for your resume, a resume I hope you keep updating since now that I’m here, they may need to start trimming the fat to pay for my contract.”

Gemma Marchand: “Don’t worry, they won’t consider you and your ego to be worthy of two paychecks.”

Gemma teases him as she pats the side of his face with the palm of her hand.

Gemma Marchand: “I don’t want to just share the ring with you Matt, I want to beat you, because something about ruining your big debut here tonight? It makes me feel all giddy inside.”

His smile fades as she pats the side of his face, but he doesn’t move.

Matt Stone: “How you feel inside is irrelevant to me, how you feel on the outside is what I’ll be concerned about and that little gesture of yours? Just made this personal.”

Gemma Marchand: “Oh no. I’m shaking in my boots.”

Gemma keeps teasing him as she pretends to be shaking with fear on the spot where she’s standing before she bursts out into laughter. Matt steals Carter’s gesture of rolling his eyes before turning back to the forgotten interviewer.

Matt Stone: “I promise we’ll get more times to talk about me after I have my first win. Wouldn’t want to be late to my own debut, would I?”

He doesn’t wait for an answer and walks past Gemma, not even giving her the respect of a staredown before making his leave. Gemma shakes her head as she looks over towards where Carter is standing, still holding her microphone.

Gemma Marchand: “You’re welcome for me saving you from having to listen to him talk about himself nonstop.”

Gemma and Carter share a laugh as we cut back to the ringside area.

Match One – Singles

Gemma Marchand vs Matt Stone

Kimi Smith: “The following contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first, from Ottawa, Ontario, weighing in at 130 pounds... Gemma Marchand!”

Gemma Marchand steps onto the stage to the sound of “*Tap In*” by Saweetie, throwing up a confident smile. She slaps a few hands along the aisle before sliding into the ring, bouncing on the balls of her feet as she waits.

Kimi Smith: “And her opponent, from Toronto, Ontario, weighing in at 220 pounds... The Straight Shooter... Matt Stone!”

“*Almost Famous*” by Eminem hits, and Matt Stone strolls out, arms wide as he soaks in the mixed reception. He smirks at the crowd, ignoring the few boos thrown his way. Stone takes his time getting to the ring, chatting up the camera and pretending to offer his hand to fans only to pull it back at the last second.

The bell rings, and the two circle each other. Gemma is quick on her feet, darting in with a spinning heel kick that makes Matt stagger back. She follows up with a shoulder jawbreaker, sending him reeling into the ropes. Gemma presses the pace, hitting a handspring stinger splash in the corner.

Cassie: “Gemma’s wasting no time! That speed’s her biggest weapon against Matt Stone.”

Noah: “Speed doesn’t mean much if you run into a brick wall, Cassie.”

Matt catches Gemma on a diving crossbody attempt, smoothly transitioning into a snap suplex. He floats over into a cover, but Gemma kicks out at one. Stone smirks, taking his time to lock in a side headlock, wrenching down and talking trash into Gemma’s ear.

Gemma fights to her feet, slipping out with a series of elbows to the ribs. She whips Matt into the ropes and nails a bicycle superkick, staggering him. Gemma goes for a Northern Lights suplex, bridging into a pin—

One...

Two...

Matt kicks out.

Cassie: “Gemma’s giving the veteran all he can handle!”

Noah: “For now. Give him time—he’s probably still deciding which move to beat her with.”

Stone rolls out of the ring, waving Gemma off as he takes a stroll around ringside. The crowd boos, but he smirks and makes a show of checking an invisible watch on his wrist. Gemma follows him out, but Matt suckers her in, pulling her face-first into the apron. He rolls her back into the ring and follows with a European uppercut, then lifts her for *Piledriving Miss. Daisy*. He holds her upside down just long enough to milk the moment before dropping her hard.

He covers—

One...

Two...

Gemma kicks out.

Cassie: “Come on, Gemma!”

Noah: “Stone’s not going to rush this. The longer this goes, the worse it’s going to be for her.”

Matt drags Gemma to her feet, setting up for the *Stone Cutter*, but Gemma spins out and fires off a shining wizard, catching him flush. She scrambles to the top rope, taking a deep breath before leaping off with the *Gemnuine*—

But Matt rolls out of the way!

As Gemma crashes to the mat, Matt pounces, slapping on *The Danger Zone*! Gemma thrashes, trying to twist free, but Matt’s grip is locked in tight. After a few agonising moments, Gemma has no choice but to tap out.

Kimi Smith: “Here is your winner by submission... Matt Stone!”

Summary: Matt Stone defeated Gemma Marchand via *The Danger Zone* submission in 9:34.

“Hellraiser.”

The camera cuts to the ring where Mimi Smith stands, microphone in hand. The crowd gives a polite cheer, but before she can speak, “Come Together” by Junkie XL blares through the speakers.

Harper Morrow strides onto the stage, dressed in her crisp white ring gear. Her blonde hair hangs loose around her shoulders, and she carries herself with a swagger that instantly marks her out as trouble. The crowd gives a mixed reaction, unsure what to make of the newcomer.

Harper climbs into the ring, snatching the microphone from Mimi’s hand without so much as a glance.

Harper Morrow: “Alright, let’s cut to the chase. Name’s Harper Morrow... but you lot can call me Hellraiser.”

She smirks as a ripple of noise moves through the crowd.

Harper Morrow: “I’m not here to make friends. I’m not here to play nice. I’m here to fight, win, and leave bodies behind me.”

Harper turns slowly, her cold blue eyes locking onto Mimi.

Harper Morrow: “And lucky you, Mimi... you’re just the first name on the list.”

Mimi squares her shoulders, trying to look unimpressed.

Mimi Smith: “If you think you can come in here and make a name for yourself at my expense, you’re in for a rude awakening.”

Harper chuckles, stepping in close until there’s barely an inch between them.

Harper Morrow: “Aw, darling... I don’t think I can. I know I can.”

The crowd oohs as Mimi’s nostrils flare, but before anything can escalate, Harper drops the microphone at Mimi’s feet. She gives her a wink, then turns and saunters out of the ring, leaving Mimi fuming behind her.

The message is clear – Hellraiser has arrived, and she’s wasting no time making enemies.

Match Two - Singles

Harper Morrow vs Mimi Smith

Kimi Smith stands in the centre of the ring, microphone in hand.

Kimi Smith: "The following contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first, standing to my left, from Las Vegas, Nevada, residing in Miami, Florida... Mimi Smith!"

Mimi waves to her fans, smiling, but a frown overtakes when she looks at Harper.

Kimi Smith: "And her opponent, from Essex, England... the Hellraiser, Harper Morrow!"

Harper blows a kiss to Mimi, laughing the frown off.

The bell rings, and both women circle. Harper lunges first, looking for a collar-and-elbow tie-up, but Mimi ducks under and backs away, clapping her hands to get the crowd involved. Harper smirks, shaking her head as if unimpressed.

Cassie North: "Mimi's trying to get into Harper's head early, keep things light-hearted."

Noah Jackson: "If she's smart, she'll keep out of Harper's reach entirely. That girl throws hands like she's still in the boxing ring."

Harper shoots in again, this time catching Mimi with a side headlock. She wrenches it in, grinding down, but Mimi backs her into the ropes and pushes her off. Harper rebounds, and Mimi leapfrogs her. On the return, Mimi goes for a hip toss, but Harper blocks and counters with a short-arm clothesline that flips Mimi inside out.

Noah Jackson: "That'll put the likes counter on zero real quick."

Harper wastes no time, dropping elbows into Mimi's chest before pulling her up into a Gory Special, stretching Mimi's arms behind her back. Mimi grimaces, trying to wriggle free, but Harper's grip is ironclad.

Cassie North: "Mimi's stuck in the Gory Special! Harper's showing that ring awareness right now, breaking her down piece by piece."

Mimi finally manages to shift her weight, flipping through into a sunset flip pin—only for Harper to roll through and deliver a vicious basement dropkick to Mimi's face. Harper goes for the cover.

One... two... kick-out!

Harper yanks Mimi up by the hair, only for Mimi to slap her hand away and fire off a quick savate kick to the ribs, followed by a throat thrust that sends Harper staggering. Mimi claps her hands, the crowd picking up the rhythm as she lines up Ma Paycheck. She charges in, but Harper sidesteps at the last second, sending Mimi crashing into the turnbuckles.

Noah Jackson: "Mimi went all in, and Harper just cashed her out."

Harper drags Mimi out of the corner and lifts her into position for the Buckle Bomb, but Mimi wriggles free, landing on her feet. She spins around—Shiny Teeth no More! The jumping roundhouse kick connects flush, sending Harper stumbling to one knee.

Mimi claps her hands again, the crowd clapping along. She charges for Ma Paycheck one more time—black mist sprays from Harper's mouth in a "blowing a kiss" motion, blinding Mimi mid-run. Mimi staggers, clutching her face, and Harper seizes the moment, hooking her head and driving her knees up with a Codebreaker.

Cassie North: "Kiss of Death! Oh, come on!"

Noah Jackson: "Mimi likes to play sneaky—Harper just plays dirtier."

Harper hooks the leg.

One... two... three!

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

Harper leans back against the ropes, wiping her mouth with the back of her hand as the crowd gives a mixed reaction. Mimi rolls out of the ring, still blinking the mist from her eyes, as Harper smirks down at her.

Summary: Harper Morrow defeated Mimi Smith by pinfall with the Kiss of Death in 9:42.

"Foolish Tigress."

An confident yet annoyed "It Girl" Taylor Voight is in the #VilaroFit locker room looking in the mirror checking her hair and makeup.

“It Girl” Taylor Voight: It sickens me to think that these foolish Tigress members can’t stay away from Mari and I. People like Bia and Thais obviously need the #VilaroFit rub to feel relevant. Which is totally understandable but what that disgusting Thais did to my friend Shauna, a woman who is an inspiration to us all, and cost Shauna her first wrestling championship is absolutely disgusting! All because Thais is a sore loser just like Bia. Do you two realize that I defeated both of you? Then you each turn around and become obsessed with me. You’re both horrible people! I didn’t come to Valiant Wrestling to have to deal with trash such as yourselves! I came here to win championships and it should be me taking the Mayhem Championship from Tiff instead of Jessica being handed another championship shot! But I’ll rectify that soon enough just like I’ll be putting those trashy Tigress behind me because after I beat Bia tonight they’ll have nothing to complain about.

Marisol Vilaro soon walked up behind her. She was clearly upset about the match she had tonight, her hands on her hips as she spoke in a bitchy tone, dressed in her VilaroFit ring gear, this time in pink with silver trim.

Marisol Vilaro: Don’t get me started on Bia; everyone loves Bia and why? She is an overrated and overhyped windbag with zero brain cells. I don’t get it; the only reason she even beat me is because of that biased tournament officiating because in a fair contest, she doesn’t have the brains or the athletic ability to match me. All that muscle can only take you so far, and she is right at that point. I know you got this, and I know you can beat her. You already did it before fairly might I add.

“It Girl” Taylor Voight: We will not let those arrogant fools run around and act like they own Valiant Wrestling! Not on our watches, that’s for damn sure! So Bia can walk around here like she is God’s gift to wrestling but after we are done with Bia she’ll fall to the scorches of hell just like Lucifer.

Marisol scoffed, chuckling a bit as she said.

Marisol Vilaro: It’s always the same type. Speaking of it, do I have to deal with Thais this week? What has she done to earn any right to face me ever?! They got lucky in the same tournament to have a draw with me because of the same biased officiating that allowed Bia to get their “victory” over me. But not only that, why did they make that piece of garbage Natalie the referee? It’s a joke I should be challenging for the Lionheart title but now I have to deal with sideshow nonsense.

"It Girl" Taylor Voight: Typical Tigress attention seeking, Mari. They need us to pay attention to them so they can feel important. That ends tonight Mari so we can get back to what we came to Valiant Wrestling for and that's to win championships then rule over this company! So Bia and Thais can enjoy their fifteen minutes of fame tonight because once we beat each of you tonight we're going to throw you off to the side line trash. Do you know why I am sure we'll dominate them tonight? Because Bia and Thais took it personally when I beat each of them while we on the other hand look at them as the miserable miscreants they truly are. We are professionals and we act accordingly. Which is why #VilaroFit is simply the best!

Marisol smiled brightly as she patted Taylor on the shoulder.

Marisol Vilaro: True, and this referee, if they cross me, will be dealt with again. I have no problem making her tap out again; none of these people are close to the road of recovery for their sins but soon they will be.

"It Girl" Taylor Voight: You know, Mari, growing up in California as I have, I've seen so many come out to California to live out their dreams only to burn out and become an ultimate failure. I see that in the future of Bia and Thais. When you two crash and fizzle out don't say we didn't warn you. We are so tired of dealing with these clowns!!!

Match Three - Singles

Bia vs Taylor Voight

Kimi Smith: "The following contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first... from Fremantle, Western Australia... weighing in at 165 pounds... the West Australian War Goddess... Bia!"

The opening riffs of "Walk" by Pantera hit, and the crowd erupts. Bia strides out, her imposing frame immediately commanding attention. She marches to the ring, cracking her neck as her eyes fix on the squared circle — all business, no nonsense.

Cassie North: "Bia's got that look in her eyes tonight! She's been rolling lately, and I wouldn't want to be in Taylor Voight's shoes right now."

Noah Jackson: "Taylor's smart enough to find a way to get through this. Bia might have the size advantage, but brains beat brawn any day, Cass."

Kimi Smith: “And her opponent... from Tiburon, California... weighing in at 120 pounds... the It Girl... Taylor Voight!”

"Fashionably Late" by Falling in Reverse hits as Taylor Voight steps out, oozing confidence. She blows a kiss to the crowd, flipping her golden hair over her shoulder before making her way down the ramp, stopping to snap a few selfies with the front row.

Noah Jackson: “Now that's how a star makes an entrance, Cass. Taylor Voight knows she's better than everyone here, and she's not afraid to show it.”

Cassie North: “She certainly thinks she's better than everyone else... but she's got a tall task ahead of her in Bia.”

The bell rings, and Taylor circles Bia, keeping her distance. Bia lunges forward, forcing Taylor to duck and roll out of the way. Taylor flicks her hair and smirks, taunting the bigger woman — but Bia isn't playing games. She rushes forward, catching Taylor with a shoulder block that sends the It Girl sprawling to the mat.

Cassie North: “Bia just bulldozed right through her!”

Noah Jackson: “She's got a few pounds on Taylor, that's for sure.”

Bia stays on the attack, muscling Taylor into the corner and driving her shoulder into Taylor's midsection with repeated thrusts. Taylor grimaces, trying to squirm away, but Bia hoists her up and plants her with a stalling vertical suplex. She floats into the cover.

One...

Two...

Taylor kicks out, clutching her ribs.

Bia keeps up the pressure, grabbing Taylor by the wrist and yanking her into a short-arm clothesline. The West Australian War Goddess dominates the early stages, her relentless offence smothering the smaller woman.

Taylor finally finds an opening with a low dropkick to Bia's knee, staggering her. Taylor follows up with a spinning heel kick that rocks Bia, but the Fremantle Force stays on her feet. Taylor tries to pick up the pace, springboarding off the ropes with a forearm — but Bia catches her in mid-air, turning it into a fallaway slam.

Cassie North: “What power from Bia! Taylor's got to find a way to avoid these big moves.”

Noah Jackson: “She will, Cass. It's all part of the plan. Let Bia tire herself out.”

Bia signals for the Maelstrom, pulling Taylor onto her shoulders — but Taylor wriggles free, raking Bia's eyes behind the referee's back. The crowd boos as Bia stumbles, blinking rapidly.

Taylor seizes the opening, hitting a running knee to the side of Bia's head. She follows with the *Tay Drop*, spiking Bia into the canvas. Taylor covers, hooking both legs.

One...

Two...

Bia powers out, shoving Taylor off.

Taylor looks flustered, backing into the corner. As Bia rises, Taylor distracts the referee, reaching into her boot to pull out a small spray can. She waits for Bia to charge — and sprays the contents directly into Bia's eyes, blinding her.

Cassie North: “Oh, come on! That's not right!”

Noah Jackson: “It's called initiative, Cass. Taylor's just playing the game.”

With Bia disoriented, Taylor scrambles to the top rope, measuring her opponent. She launches off with *AirTay*, crashing down with the split-legged moonsault.

One...

Two...

Three!

Kimi Smith: “Here is your winner... Taylor Voight!”

Taylor smirks, brushing imaginary dust off her shoulder as the crowd boos. She snaps a selfie over Bia's fallen body before rolling out of the ring.

Cassie North: “Taylor Voight stole that one, plain and simple.”

Noah Jackson: "Stole? She won, Cass. Doesn't matter how — all that matters is whose hand gets raised."

Summary: Taylor Voight def. Bia via *AirTay* (Split-Legged Moonsault) after using a hidden spray to blind Bia. Match duration: 9:34.

"Distraction."

Backstage, the camera finds Aphrodite Noel stretching out in a dimly lit corner of the locker room. Dressed in her black and gold ring gear, she adjusts her wrist tape with a sharp tug before glancing at the camera.

Aphrodite Noel: "I've run out of patience lately."

She rolls her neck, the faintest smirk flickering across her face.

Aphrodite Noel: "Alex Andrews... she's nothing but a distraction. A little roadblock in my way. Tonight, I'm moving her aside and setting my sights on something that actually matters."

Aphrodite pauses, brushing a few loose strands of hair behind her ear.

Aphrodite Noel: "They always say patience is a virtue. But I've never been one for virtues."

With that, she turns back to her warm-up, the camera lingering for a moment before fading out.

Match Four – Singles

Alex Andrews vs Aphrodite Noel

Kimi Smith: "The following contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first... from Knoxville, Tennessee... weighing 146 pounds... Lady Limitless... Alex Andrews!"

Alex Andrews makes her way to the ring to the sound of "*I Want It All*" by Queen. The crowd gives a warm reception as she slaps hands on her way down, showing a confident smile.

Cassie North: "Alex Andrews has been making waves wherever she goes, and tonight she's looking to add another victory to her growing résumé."

Noah Jackson: "Sure, but she's stepping into the ring with Aphrodite Noel. This is like bringing a rainbow to a thunderstorm—pretty, but about to get wiped out."

Kimi Smith: "And her opponent... from New Orleans, Louisiana... weighing 137 pounds... Queen... Aphrodite Noel!"

Aphrodite Noel struts onto the stage as "*You Should See Me in a Crown*" by Billie Eilish plays. The crowd rains down boos, but she basks in the attention, tilting her head back with arms outstretched before heading down the ramp.

Cassie North: "You can say what you want about her attitude, but Aphrodite Noel backs up every word inside that ring."

Noah Jackson: "Ruthless, borderline sociopathic, and she wants everyone to worship her? Honestly, she sounds like my ex."

The bell rings, and the two circle each other. Alex extends a hand for a show of sportsmanship, but Aphrodite slaps it away with a smirk. They lock up, and Alex transitions into a headlock, wrenching it tight. Aphrodite shoves her into the ropes, but Alex comes back with a shoulder tackle that takes Aphrodite down.

Alex keeps the pace quick, landing a leg lariat and following up with a snap suplex. She goes for the cover, but Aphrodite kicks out at one. Aphrodite rolls out of the ring, composing herself as the referee begins to count.

Cassie North: "Alex is sticking to what she knows best—technical precision and that never-give-up attitude."

Noah Jackson: "Which is cute, but cute doesn't win fights against someone like Aphrodite."

Aphrodite slides back in and catches Alex off guard with a knee to the midsection. She follows up with knife-edge chops, backing Alex into the corner before driving both knees into her opponent's chest. Aphrodite pulls Alex out of the corner, hitting a snap suplex and floating over for a two-count.

Aphrodite starts to pick apart Alex, targeting the arm with a Fujiwara armbar. Alex struggles but manages to roll through, catching Aphrodite with a forearm strike. Alex fires

up with a series of suplexes—Northern Lights, German, and a Falcon Arrow for good measure. She covers again, but Aphrodite kicks out at two.

Cassie North: "Alex is showing just how limitless she can be!"

Noah Jackson: "Limitless is nice, but Aphrodite's about to show her what it means to kneel."

Alex signals for the Brain Death, but Aphrodite ducks the axe kick and counters with *The Noel Effect*, four sharp elbows to the side of the head. Alex stumbles, and Aphrodite follows with *Malicious Intent*, a running knee to the seated Andrews.

Instead of going for the pin, Aphrodite locks in *Worship Me*, the omoplata crossface. Alex struggles, teeth gritted, trying to inch toward the ropes—but Aphrodite wrenches back harder, forcing Alex to tap out.

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

Cassie North: "A valiant effort from Alex Andrews, but Aphrodite Noel made sure everyone remembers who the Queen is tonight."

Noah Jackson: "Worship her... or tap out trying not to. Those are your only options."

Summary: Aphrodite Noel defeated Alex Andrews via submission with *Worship Me* at 12:14.

“Nightmares, Not Dreams.”

Backstage, Nadia Allen stands beside Jennifer Carter, shifting her weight from foot to foot. Dressed in her ring gear, she adjusts her elbow pads, her excitement barely contained.

Nadia Allen: “Tonight’s the night, Jen. I’ve been waiting for this for so long... preparing, training. I’m ready.”

Jennifer offers an encouraging smile.

Jennifer Carter: “I know you are. This is your moment—”

Before she can finish, Seven Wolfe strides into frame. Clad in her dark ring attire, she flicks her hair back and smirks.

Seven Wolfe: “Ready? You really think you're ready?”

Nadia straightens, her smile fading slightly.

Seven Wolfe: “Debuts are funny things, aren't they? Everyone walks in thinking they're about to live out some big dream.”

Seven leans in, her smirk widening.

Seven Wolfe: “But dreams don't come true when you face me... nightmares do.”

She scoffs, brushing past them without another word. Nadia watches her go, her jaw tightening as Jennifer places a hand on her shoulder.

The camera lingers on Nadia's face – the flicker of doubt warring with determination – before cutting away.

Match Five – Singles

Nadia Allen vs Seven Wolfe

Kimi Smith: “The following contest is scheduled for one fall!”

Crowd: “One fall!”

Kimi Smith: “Introducing first, from San Francisco, California... weighing in at 120 pounds... she is *Nasty*... Nadia Allen!”

The crowd cheers as Nadia Allen makes her way down the ramp, her eyes locked on the ring. She slaps a few hands on her way, her intensity clear as she steps through the ropes.

Cassie North: “Nadia Allen is one of the toughest fighters in Valiant, and she's got the nickname *Nasty* for a reason! She never backs down from a fight.”

Noah Jackson: “Yeah, but she's also giving up over a foot in height and more than 100 pounds to Seven Wolfe. That's a big ask against someone with his skill set.”

Kimi Smith: “And her opponent... from Bangkok, Thailand... weighing in at 230 pounds... The War Wolfe... Seven Wolfe!”

The lights dim, and “*Empire*” by *Bring Me The Horizon* kicks in. Seven Wolfe strides down the aisle, calm and composed. The crowd gives a mixed reaction, though there’s a smattering of cheers for the fan favourite. He rolls into the ring, leaning back against the ropes with a smirk as he sizes Nadia up.

The bell rings, and both competitors circle. Nadia stays low, keeping her distance as Seven reaches out, trying to corral her into a lock-up. Nadia feints forward before darting around his side, catching him with a quick European uppercut. Seven stumbles but shakes it off, smirking at the smaller fighter’s aggression.

Cassie North: “Look at Nadia, wasting no time! She’s not afraid of Seven Wolfe one bit!”

Noah Jackson: “She should be. A couple of those knees from Seven and she’ll regret showing that kind of spunk.”

Seven comes forward again, this time catching Nadia with a knee lift to the midsection. He snaps her down with a headlock takeover, grinding her into the mat. Nadia wriggles free, spinning out and hitting the ropes to build momentum. She launches into a running elbow smash, but Seven absorbs the hit and fires back with a stinging knife-edge chop.

The sound echoes through the arena as Nadia clutches her chest. Seven presses the advantage, delivering a snap DDT that spikes Nadia to the mat. He covers, but Nadia kicks out at two.

Cassie North: “She’s still in this! Nadia’s not going to give up that easily.”

Noah Jackson: “For now. But Seven’s got her where he wants her.”

Seven tries to keep control, hoisting Nadia into position for a death valley driver, but Nadia elbows her way free. She drops down and nails a discus elbow smash, stunning Seven long enough to follow up with a scoop brainbuster. The crowd rallies behind her as she hooks the leg, but Seven kicks out at two.

Nadia stays on the offensive, connecting with multiple knees to Seven’s ribs before locking in a calf slicer. Seven grimaces, clawing at the canvas as he fights toward the ropes. He reaches out, just managing to break the hold.

Both competitors rise slowly, exhaustion setting in. Seven throws a wild clothesline, but Nadia ducks under and drills him with a rolling elbow. She lines him up for the *Running Lariat*, charging forward—

—but Seven sidesteps, catching her with a bicycle kick to the jaw. He pounces, hitting a snap dragon suplex that folds Nadia up on the canvas. Seven stalks to the corner, letting out a low howl before charging for *The Wolfe's Howl*.

Nadia ducks at the last second, rolling Seven up with a schoolboy pin—

Cassie North: “She’s got him! This could be it!”

Noah Jackson: “Not quite!”

Seven kicks out at two, quickly scrambling to his feet. Nadia fires off a European uppercut, but Seven counters with a feint roundhouse kick that transitions into a spinning wheel kick. He covers again—

One... two... kick out!

The crowd’s on their feet as both wrestlers stagger back to their feet. Nadia goes for the *Death-Plex*, but Seven blocks it, raking his forearm across her face. The referee warns him, but Seven seizes the opportunity. He hooks Nadia for another roll-up, planting his feet on the ropes out of the referee’s sight.

One... two... three!

The bell rings as Seven rolls away, smirking as the referee raises his hand.

Kimi Smith: “Here is your winner... Seven Wolfe!”

Cassie North: “Oh, come on! He had his feet on the ropes!”

Noah Jackson: “What’s that saying? If you’re not cheating, you’re not trying?”

Cassie North: “You said it yourself earlier—Seven Wolfe doesn’t need to cheat! That’s a cheap win.”

Noah Jackson: “Doesn’t matter how you get there, Cassie. What matters is whose arm is raised at the end.”

Summary: Seven Wolfe defeated Nadia Allen via pinfall (feet on the ropes) in 12:41.

“Just A Disappointment.”

Backstage, Owen Traeger stands with Jennifer Carter, microphone in hand. Owen shifts his weight, the leather of his jacket creaking as he speaks.

Owen Traeger: "Tonight's about proving what I already know — that I'm the strongest, toughest man in this match. I don't care if it's one opponent or three... I'm walking out with my hand raised."

Before Jennifer can respond, Tyson Gregory strolls into frame, a smug grin on his face.

Tyson Gregory: "Strong... tough... but always just a let down, aren't you, Owen?"

Owen's jaw tightens, his eyes narrowing.

Tyson Gregory: "All that size, all that strength... but when's the last time you actually got the job done? Don't worry, at least you'll be used to it when it happens again tonight."

Tyson smirks, patting Owen's shoulder with mock sympathy before turning and walking off.

Owen grits his teeth, his hands clenching into fists at his sides as Jennifer watches him cautiously. The camera lingers on Owen's glare before cutting away.

"Turn Around."

Elsewhere, Cody Baxter makes his way down the corridor, his eyes focused ahead. As he rounds a corner, Corey Grimes leans against the wall, arms folded.

Corey Grimes: "You might want to turn around, mate. Save yourself the embarrassment."

Cody stops, narrowing his eyes.

Corey Grimes: "You don't belong in this match. Everyone knows it... even you."

Cody steps forward, squaring up to Corey.

Cody Baxter: "I guess we'll see who belongs out there."

Corey smirks, pushing off the wall.

Corey Grimes: "We will."

He walks past Cody, bumping shoulders as he goes. Cody watches him leave, his jaw set as the camera follows him toward the ring.

Match Six - Fatal 4-Way

Cody Baxter vs Corey Grimes vs Owen Traeger vs Tyson Gregory

Kimi Smith: "The following contest is a Fatal 4-Way Match, scheduled for one fall!"

Cody Baxter is first to enter, accompanied by Shade, his wolfdog. The crowd gives him a warm reception as "Hungry Like The Wolf" plays. Cody pumps his fists and exchanges a few howls with Shade before heading to the ring.

Corey Grimes follows to "Back to Me" by Of Mice and Men, slapping hands with fans on his way to the ring. He steps through the ropes, nodding towards Cody before taking his corner.

Owen Traeger storms out next to "The Great Divide" by Light the Torch, towering over most of the crowd as he makes his way down. He climbs onto the apron and steps into the ring, fixing a cold stare on his opponents.

Tyson Gregory enters last to "Dangerous" by Shaman's Harvest, smirking as the crowd showers him with boos. He makes his way to the ring slowly, taunting a few fans before rolling under the bottom rope.

The bell rings, and Corey Grimes and Cody Baxter pair off, exchanging holds and quick strikes. Meanwhile, Owen Traeger and Tyson Gregory engage in a slugfest, trading heavy blows.

Corey whips Cody into the corner and follows with a shining wizard, but Cody catches him mid-air and counters into a running powerslam. Cody makes the cover, but Owen Traeger breaks it up with a stomp to the back.

Cassie: "What a counter by Cody! This guy's got power for days!"

Noah: "Yeah, but power won't help him when the wolves start circling. And I don't mean the dog."

Owen throws Cody out of the ring and turns his attention to Corey, lifting him into a military press before dropping him into a senton. Tyson Gregory takes advantage, drilling Owen with a running knee to the ribs and following with a springboard corkscrew plancha.

The action spills to the outside, with Owen and Tyson brawling through the crowd. Punches fly as they disappear deeper into the arena, neither man showing any intention of returning to the ring.

Cassie: "They're taking this fight to the people! Someone better warn concessions!"

Noah: "As long as they don't touch my popcorn, they can batter each other all night."

Back in the ring, Corey and Cody go back and forth. Cody flattens Corey with a shoulder block before signalling for Wolves at the Door. He charges, but Corey sidesteps and nails a Peace of Grimes springboard forearm smash.

Corey wastes no time, hoisting Cody up and driving him into the mat with the CG-I Win. He hooks the leg as the referee counts three.

Kimi Smith: "Here is your winner... Corey Grimes!"

Cassie: "Corey Grimes does it! What a win!"

Noah: "He stole that one while Owen and Tyson were too busy knocking lumps out of each other. Right place, right time."

Summary: Corey Grimes won, pinning Cody Baxter after the CG-I Win. The match lasted 14 minutes and 27 seconds.

“Down The Middle.”

Backstage, Carter Latimer stands beside Natalie McKinley, microphone in hand. Natalie adjusts the collar of her referee shirt, her expression calm but resolute.

Carter Latimer: "Natalie, tonight you'll serve as the special referee for Marisol Vilaro versus Thaïs Empristikí. Given your history with Marisol, some might question whether you can remain impartial. How are you approaching this match?"

Natalie McKinley: "I get why people might have their doubts, Carter. Marisol and I... we've had our issues, no point denying that. But tonight isn't about personal grudges — it's about doing my job. I take this responsibility seriously, and I can promise you — I'll call it right down the middle."

Carter nods, studying her face.

Carter Latimer: "So you're saying there won't be any lingering tension affecting your decisions out there?"

Natalie McKinley: "I'm not here to settle scores. I'm here to officiate a match fairly, no matter who's in that ring. Thaïs deserves that, Marisol deserves that — and the fans deserve that. What happens between those ropes tonight... that's on them. My job is to make sure the result is clean, no matter what."

Natalie's eyes harden, her tone unwavering.

Natalie McKinley: "But if either of them thinks they can take shortcuts or pull something underhanded... they'll find out real quick that I won't hesitate to step in."

Carter gives a small smile, sensing the intensity behind her words.

Carter Latimer: "Fair and firm. We'll see if both competitors play by the rules tonight."

Natalie nods, her eyes locked forward as the camera fades out.

Match Seven - Singles
Special Referee: Natalie McKinley
Marisol Vilaro vs Thaïs Empristikí

Kimi Smith: "The following contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first, the special referee for this match... Natalie McKinley!"

Natalie McKinley makes her way down to the ring, wearing a referee shirt over her gear. She acknowledges the crowd with a nod but remains focused.

Kimi Smith: "Introducing first... from Barcelona, Spain... Marisol Vilaro!"

Marisol Vilaro struts onto the stage to *Shake It Off* by Taylor Swift. She poses, flashing her perfect smile, but the crowd boos as she saunters to the ring.

Cassie North: "Marisol always looks confident, but you have to wonder if she's got something up her sleeve tonight."

Noah Jackson: "Of course she does. She's the Champion of North America... in her own mind."

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

Super Freak by Rick James hits, and Thaïs bursts onto the stage, hyping up the crowd. They slap hands on the way down the ramp before sliding into the ring.

The bell rings, and the two circle each other. Marisol offers a handshake, but when Thaïs reaches out, Marisol snatches them into a headlock. Thaïs shoves her off and drops Marisol with a running dropkick.

Marisol rolls out of the ring, waving off the match. Natalie McKinley starts counting, but Marisol gets back in at eight.

Cassie North: "Marisol knows exactly how to slow the pace."

Noah Jackson: "It's called strategy, Cassie. Not everyone's out here trying to set the world on fire like Thaïs."

Back inside, Marisol catches Thaïs with a swinging neckbreaker, then follows with a snap suplex. She flexes and drops into push-ups, taunting the crowd.

Thaïs fires back with palm strikes and a running knee, knocking Marisol into the corner. They hit *Greek Time*, the 450 Splash, but Marisol barely kicks out at two.

Marisol rakes the eyes and tries to hook in the *Marvelous Stretch*, but Thaïs twists out and counters into the *Nea Kameni*, a cross arm breaker. Marisol scrambles to the ropes, screaming for Natalie to break the hold.

As Thaïs releases, Marisol slips out a hidden knuckle duster and tries to swing – but Natalie catches her in the act. Natalie snatches the weapon away, tossing it outside. Marisol explodes, arguing with Natalie and jabbing a finger in her chest.

Thaïs recovers and rolls Marisol up from behind... one... two... three!

Kimi Smith: "Here is your winner... Thaïs Empristikí!"

Cassie North: "Thaïs does it! They overcame Marisol's tricks, and Natalie called it right down the middle!"

Noah Jackson: "Marisol was robbed! Natalie McKinley is the worst referee since... well, since every referee ever."

Marisol storms out of the ring, screaming that Natalie screwed her over. She stomps up the ramp, pointing furiously at Natalie, who simply shrugs in the ring while Thaïs celebrates with the crowd.

Summary: Thaïs Empristikí defeated Marisol Vilaro via roll-up. Match time: 9:34.

"How Good I Am."

The camera pans in on Kendrick Kross sitting in his locker room, head bobbing to the music playing through his headphones. The door creaks open, and Kendrick notices a shadow fall across the floor. He slides his headphones off and looks up to see his uncle, Malcolm Kross, standing in the doorway.

Malcolm Kross: "Hey there, nephew. Big match tonight."

Kendrick adjusts the headphones around his neck, leaning back in his chair. He tilts his head slightly, studying his uncle.

Kendrick Kross: "To be honest, I'm surprised you're here. Didn't expect it. Claire's not around, so I figured I'd be flying solo tonight — just focusing on this match with Juliana."

Kendrick pulls his headphones off his neck and places them on the coffee table in front of him. Slowly, he rises to his feet, now standing eye-to-eye with Malcolm.

Malcolm Kross: "Well, I'm here to support you. I know you probably think you don't need it, but this is a big one. Beating Corey was impressive — no doubt — but this match? This is the one that puts you on the map. You win this, you're not just proving you deserve the number one contender spot for the Lionheart Championship... you're proving you're one of the top talents in all of Valiant. And that matters."

Kendrick locks eyes with his uncle, inhaling deeply before letting out a slow exhale. He starts pacing the room, never breaking eye contact.

Kendrick Kross: "You're not wrong. I'll give you that. But you know what gets under my skin? Everything I've done — the streak I'm on right now — and I still don't feel the respect. I beat Corey, and it's like it didn't even register with some of them. That pisses me off.

But tonight, that changes.

I know how good Juliana is — believe me, I respect her. She's the champ for a reason, and I'm looking forward to stepping into that ring with her. But let's be real — I need this win way more than she does."

Kendrick continues pacing, his uncle exiting the room as the intensity in his eyes builds with every word.

Kendrick Kross: "This isn't just about the match. It's about proving I'm not the guy who gets close and falls short. That's been the story of my career so far, but I'm done with that narrative.

Tonight, I show everyone just how good I really am.

And then? I make my way to Leanne, and I take that Lionheart Championship. Leanne, you've been killing it — no denying that. But your time with that title? It's running out. Just like I need to beat Juliana tonight, I need to beat you for that championship. And I will."

Kendrick stops pacing, a smirk tugging at the corner of his mouth.

Kendrick Kross: "Good luck out there, Juliana. Let's give them a match they won't forget.

But make no mistake — I'm walking out with the win."

With that, Kendrick sits back down, grabs his headphones, and slips them back on as the camera fades out.

Match Eight - Singles

Juliana Rodriguez vs Kendrick Kross

Kimi Smith: "The following contest is scheduled for one fall!"

Cassie North: "Oh, this one's going to be a fun one. Juliana Rodriguez, the Chaos Queen, dripping in jewels as always."

Noah Jackson: "She does shine brighter than most... probably because she's got half the jewellery store on her."

Juliana Rodriguez makes her way to the ring as "Heavy is the Crown" by Daughtry plays through the arena. She sparkles under the lights, each movement deliberate, oozing confidence. She flips her hair with a smirk, holding her head high.

Kimi Smith: "Introducing first, from Mexico City, Mexico... weighing in at 128 pounds... Jewels... Juliana Rodriguez!"

The crowd boos, but Juliana soaks it in, blowing a kiss to the audience.

Kendrick Kross enters to "Seven Nation Army" by The White Stripes, met with cheers. He slaps hands with fans, his red Jordans bouncing on the ramp as he makes his way to the ring.

Kimi Smith: "And her opponent, from Los Angeles, California... weighing in at 210 pounds... Kendrick Kross!"

The bell rings, and the two circle one another. Kendrick extends a hand, but Juliana scoffs, slapping it away. They lock up, with Kendrick quickly transitioning into a headlock. Juliana shoves him off, but Kendrick rebounds with a shoulder tackle that sends her to the mat.

Cassie: "Kendrick's not here to mess around!"

Noah: "He's got to be careful, though. Juliana's got a few tricks hidden in those sparkly sleeves."

Juliana scrambles up and takes a moment on the apron, jawing at the crowd. When she re-enters, she ducks under Kendrick's clothesline and hits a quick rope bounce arm drag, flipping him across the ring. She follows with a handstand headscissors takedown, sending Kendrick sprawling.

Juliana poses with a smug grin, dusting her hands off. Kendrick is back up, charging in with a slingblade that wipes the smile right off her face. He keeps the pressure on with a snap suplex, floating over for a cover—only a two count.

Cassie: "Kendrick showing off that all-rounder style. He's got speed, power, and technical skill."

Noah: "And yet, here comes Juliana, ready to cheat her way out of trouble."

Juliana rakes the eyes behind the referee's back, then lands a sharp enziguri that rocks Kendrick. She follows up with the Facelift hanging soccer kick, snapping Kendrick's head back against the ropes. Another cover—another two count.

Frustration builds in Juliana's eyes. She drags Kendrick up, going for Desensitised, but Kendrick catches her hand before she can spray the bedazzled bottle. He twists her arm into the Kross-Bar armbar, wrenching back. Juliana screams, kicking at the mat before scrambling to the ropes.

Cassie: "So close! Juliana nearly got a taste of her own medicine!"

Noah: "You know she's not going to let him off that easy."

Juliana rakes the eyes again to break the hold, then springboards into a meteora. She climbs the ropes, lining up Bejeweled—but Kendrick moves at the last second.

Kendrick rolls to his feet, sizing her up for the Tramp Stamp curb stomp. He charges—but Juliana sidesteps, pulling the referee into his path. The official flinches, giving Juliana just enough time to reach into her tights and grab a small bedazzled bottle.

A quick spray to Kendrick's eyes leaves him blinded, and Juliana follows up with Dripping in Jewels—the running front flip DDT. She hooks the leg.

One... two... three!

Kimi Smith: "Here is your winner... Juliana Rodriguez!"

Cassie: "She stole that one!"

Noah: "It's not stealing if you don't get caught, Cassie. That's just good strategy."

Summary: Juliana Rodriguez def. Kendrick Kross via Dripping in Jewels (Running Front Flip DDT) in 13:09.

“Mixed Emotions.”

Backstage, Jessica Carter stands alongside Jennifer Carter, microphone in hand. Jessica's expression is composed, though there's a flicker of emotion in her eyes.

Jennifer Carter: "Jessica, tonight you get your rematch for the Mayhem Championship against Tiff — a match that she herself requested after the controversial circumstances at Steel City. How are you feeling heading into this opportunity?"

Jessica Carter: "Honestly? It's a mix of emotions. I'm happy for Tiff — she's one of the best, and if anyone was going to take that title from me, I'm glad it was her. But... the way it happened? That's not how I wanted my reign to end. I've replayed that moment over and over in my head, and it still doesn't sit right.

I respect Tiff so much for arranging this rematch. Not everyone would've done that. But this... this is about righting a grave wrong. I've had some time to sit with the loss, and now, I'm ready to prove that I can take back what's mine."

Jennifer nods, sympathy in her gaze as she listens.

Jennifer Carter: "Tiff has been open about how uncomfortable she felt with the way she won. Does that respect between you two make this match any more difficult?"

Jessica pauses for a moment, considering.

Jessica Carter: "It makes it more personal, but not difficult. Tiff and I both know what's at stake tonight. There's respect, absolutely — but when that bell rings, respect doesn't win championships. I'm not here to make this a friendly contest. I'm here to remind everyone — including Tiff — why I held that title in the first place."

Jessica's gaze sharpens as she looks directly into the camera.

Jessica Carter: "Tonight isn't about bitterness or jealousy. It's about proving that I deserved to be Mayhem Champion... and I'm ready to fight with everything I have to get it back."

Jennifer lowers the microphone, giving Jessica a soft smile as the camera fades out.

Main Event – Singles
Mayhem Championship
Tiff(c) vs Jessica Carter

Kimi Smith: “The following contest is scheduled for one fall and it is for the Mayhem Championship!”

The crowd comes alive as “I Wish” by Cher Lloyd feat. T.I. hits the speakers. Jessica Carter steps onto the stage, her eyes fixed on the ring. She slaps hands with a few fans on her way down the ramp, but there’s a different intensity to her tonight – a woman with something to prove.

Cassie North: “Jess Carter is out here with a purpose! After everything that happened at Steel City, she’s desperate to put things right and finally claim that Mayhem Championship.”

Noah Jackson: “Desperate is right. She’s had more chances at this belt than most people get in a lifetime – and every time, she’s come up short. Maybe tonight’s the night she finally admits she’s just not good enough.”

Jess slides into the ring and heads to the corner, leaning against the turnbuckles as her music fades.

“Very Ape” by Nirvana crashes through the speakers and the crowd roars as Tiff stomps out onto the stage, the Mayhem Championship slung over her shoulder. The champion’s face is hard to read, her brow furrowed as she marches to the ring.

Cassie North: “Tiff asked for this rematch herself because she didn’t want to win the title the way she did at Steel City. That tells you everything you need to know about the kind of champion she wants to be.”

Noah Jackson: “Yeah, a stupid one.”

Tiff enters the ring, handing the belt to the referee without taking her eyes off Jess. The two women meet in the centre of the ring, exchanging a few quiet words before the referee holds the title high.

The bell rings and they circle one another. The opening exchange is cautious, both women locking up and jockeying for position. Tiff powers Jess into the corner, but Jess uses her

agility to slip out and take Tiff down with an arm drag. Tiff pops back up and eats a dropkick that sends her tumbling through the ropes to the outside.

Cassie North: “Jess is starting fast here! She knows she needs to use her speed if she wants to beat Tiff.”

Jess doesn't hesitate, hitting the ropes and launching herself over the top with a crossbody onto Tiff at ringside. The crowd roars as both women crash to the floor.

Back in the ring, Jess maintains control with quick strikes and a standing Shiranui for a near fall. Tiff kicks out and fires back with stiff kicks to Jess's legs and body, chopping her down bit by bit. A running big boot sends Jess sprawling into the corner, and Tiff follows up with a cannonball.

Noah Jackson: “This is where Tiff's got the advantage – she'll just keep kicking and kicking until there's nothing left to kick.”

Tiff hauls Jess up, but Jess wriggles free and stuns her with a spinning heel kick. Jess follows up with a one-handed bulldog and goes for the cover – one, two, but Tiff kicks out.

The match swings back and forth, both women pushing each other to the limit. Jess hits the Stunned Silence out of nowhere, planting a kiss on Tiff's lips before driving her into the mat. She covers – one, two... but Tiff gets her shoulder up at the last second.

Jess drags Tiff to the corner, climbing to the top rope and looking for the Show Stealer – but Tiff scrambles to her feet and cuts her off with the Peacemaker, dropping Jess to the mat. Tiff climbs to the top herself and crashes down with the Cannonball Crush – one, two... but Jess kicks out!

The crowd is on their feet as both women struggle back up. They trade forearms in the centre of the ring, neither backing down. Tiff goes for the Death Kick, but Jess ducks and rolls her up – one, two... Tiff kicks out.

Suddenly, the lights cut out.

The crowd murmurs in confusion.

A few seconds pass.

When the lights flicker back on, both women are sprawled out in the centre of the ring. Tiff's arm is draped over Jess's chest. The referee hesitates before dropping to count – one, two, three.

The bell rings, but there's no celebration. The crowd is buzzing, trying to make sense of what just happened.

Cassie North: "Not again... not like this."

Noah Jackson: "Twice in a row! Somebody clearly doesn't want Jess Carter holding that championship."

Tiff rolls off Jess, blinking in confusion as the referee hands her the Mayhem Championship. She looks down at the belt, shaking her head.

Kimi Smith: "Here is your winner... and STILL the Mayhem Champion... Tiff!"

The match ends with Tiff clutching the title, staring down at Jess with an anguished expression.

Summary: Tiff defeated Jessica Carter by pinfall following a blackout incident to retain the Mayhem Championship. The match lasted 19 minutes and 47 seconds.