



PWC ADRENALINE

Inaugural Episode on EMBER

Chicago, IL

United Center

11/23/25

Opening Message

[The arena goes pitch black. A low, rhythmic heartbeat sound plays over the PA system, getting faster and louder. Suddenly, the giant screen flickers to life with the glowing orange and red logo of the EMBER streaming app, transitioning swiftly into the PWC ADRENALINE logo.]

[Pyro shoots from the stage, gold and red flames as the arena lights flood back on. The crowd is buzzing.]

[Commissioner Emily Bridges walks out from behind the curtain. She is dressed sharply in a business-casual blazer and jeans, holding a microphone. She looks confident, scanning the cheering crowd before walking down the ramp and entering the ring.]

[The music fades. Emily stands in the center of the ring, soaking in the "P-W-C!" chants for a moment before raising the microphone.]

EMILY BRIDGES:

"Welcome... to the evolution!"

[Crowd cheers]

EMILY BRIDGES:

"The companies that were and have been dissolved into PWC have been the heartbeat of this industry for years. We have bled, we have fought, and we have clawed our way to the very top of the mountain. But tonight... tonight, we aren't just standing on the mountain. We are broadcasting from the summit!"

[She points to the hard cam.]

EMILY BRIDGES:

"Ladies and gentlemen in the arena, and the millions watching around the globe, welcome to the debut episode of PWC Adrenaline... LIVE on EMBER!"

[A massive pop from the crowd. The EMBER logo flashes on the TitanTron behind her.]

EMILY BRIDGES:

"You see, when I took this job as Commissioner, I made a promise. I promised that PWC wouldn't just be a wrestling company; I promised it would be a global phenomenon. And this partnership with EMBER is exactly how we deliver on that promise. No more delays, no more barriers. Just the best wrestling on the planet, streamed directly to you, anywhere, anytime, in crystal clear high definition."

[She walks to the ropes, leaning over to address the fans at ringside.]

EMILY BRIDGES:

"This partnership is the rocket fuel that is going to launch PWC to heights we have only dreamed of. New production, bigger stages, and the absolute best roster in the world getting the spotlight they have earned. The glass ceiling? We just shattered it."

[She walks back to the center of the ring, her voice rising in intensity.]

EMILY BRIDGES:

"But let's be clear. Technology changes, platforms change, but the spirit of PWC remains the same. The passion, the grit, and the adrenaline... that isn't going anywhere."

[She softens her tone slightly, looking sincere.]

EMILY BRIDGES:

"And none of this happens without you. To every fan in this building and every subscriber logging into EMBER right now, thank you. You built this. This is your victory as much as it is ours."

[The music swells in the background.]

EMILY BRIDGES:

"So, buckle up. The future isn't coming... the future is here. We are live, we are uncut, and we are taking over!"

[She throws her hand up.]

EMILY BRIDGES:

"Enjoy the action. Welcome... to PWC ADRENALINE!"

[Emily drops the mic as pyrotechnics blast from the ring posts. The commentary team welcomes the streaming audience as the camera pans over the electric crowd.]

TWA World Championship **Ignis © vs D3V0**

Howie Dewitt: "Welcome to history! Welcome to the Windy City! I am Howie Dewitt, alongside the brilliant Ava Delgado, and we are live for the premiere of Adrenaline on EMBER! And Ava, we aren't waiting around. We are kicking off this era with the biggest prize in the game on the line."

Ava Delgado: "Trial by fire, Howie. Literally. The TWA World Heavyweight Championship isn't just a belt; it's a target. And tonight, a monster defends it against a brute who has absolutely nothing to lose."

Ava: "D3V0 is a street fighter, Howie. He's tough. But Ignis? Ignis is a natural disaster."

The Bell Rings.

D3V0 doesn't wait. He charges with a stiff lariat. Ignis doesn't budge. D3V0 hits the ropes, comes back with a shoulder tackle. Ignis stumbles back one step. D3V0 screams in frustration and goes for a third run, but Ignis catches him by the throat. D3V0 breaks the grip with a dirty

thumb to the eye (visible through the mask holes) and starts hammering Ignis with clubbing forearms to the back of the neck.

D3V0 controls the pace with ugly, effective brawling. He backs Ignis into the corner, delivering repetitive shoulder thrusts to the midsection. He whips Ignis to the opposite buckle, the ring shaking on impact. D3V0 follows up with a sprinting avalanche splash, crushing the champion.

D3V0 goes for a cover: One... Kickout with authority. Ignis throws D3V0 halfway across the ring on the kickout.

Howie: "The power of the champion! He threw a 240 plus pound man like a sack of flour!"

D3V0, looking desperate, rolls out of the ring and grabs a steel chair. The referee admonishes him. D3V0 teases using it, distracting the ref, then drops it to deliver a low blow kick to Ignis while the ref's back is turned.

D3V0 hits the ropes and connects with his signature move.
He hooks the leg.

One... Two... NO! Ignis's hand shoots up, grabbing D3V0's throat on the way up.

The crowd erupts as Ignis slowly rises to his feet, still gripping D3V0's throat. D3V0 tries to punch his way out, raining desperation rights and lefts against the champion's mask. Ignis absorbs them, tilting his head as if annoyed.
Ignis delivers a thunderous headbutt that sends D3V0 staggering.

Ignis grabs D3V0 by the waist, lifts him effortlessly into a stalling powerbomb position, but instead of dropping him, he transitions his hands to the throat while D3V0 is elevated.

Ava: "It's the end of the road! Look at the height!"

Howie: "PYROCLASM!"

Ignis drives D3V0 down with the Pyroclasm (Double-Handed Choke Bomb). The impact sounds like a gunshot. Ignis places one boot on D3V0's chest.

One... Two... Three.

WINNER AND STILL TWA WORLD CHAMPION: IGNIS

Ignis snatches his title from the referee. He doesn't celebrate; he simply stares down at the unconscious D3V0. The pyro goes off again on the ring posts, bathing the ring in red light.

Howie: "Dominant. Destructive. Definitive. Who on earth can stop Ignis?"

Ava: "On the debut night of Adrenaline, Ignis just sent a message to the entire locker room: The fire burns hotter than ever."

Fade to black as Ignis holds the belt high, the Chicago crowd roaring in approval.

Jenna Jillian Walker backstage.

Jenna Jillian Walker is backstage walking through a hallway. Jenna arrives at the Tigress locker room and just as she puts her hand on the locker room door knob Jenna is approached

Person: Ms. Walker, may I have a minute of your time?

Jenna is taken aback.

Jenna Jillian Walker: And you are?

Person: I am a representative of Marisol Vilaro.

Jillian rolls her eyes.

Jenna Jillian Walker: That's all I needed to know. Goodbye!

Marisol's representative: No, no Ms. Walker you'll want to see this.

Jenna glares intensely at Marisol's representative.

PWC Mixed Tag Team Championships Aaron Matthews & Bia © vs Vyrus & Jessie Quinn

Howie Dewitt: "Welcome back, everyone! We are rolling right along with high stakes action. Up next, the PWC Mixed Tag Team titles are on the line!"

Ava Delgado: "That's right, Howie. 'The Ruin' have been dominant, but these challengers are a different kind of threat. Vyrus and Jessie Quinn are chaotic, unpredictable, and frankly, dangerous."

The match begins with Aaron Matthews and Vyrus. They circle each other. Matthews looks for a technical lock-up, but Vyrus spits a green mist into the air (missing Matthews) to distract him, then lands a cheap shot kick to the gut. Vyrus works over Matthews with jagged, unorthodox strikes, biting at Matthews' forehead in the corner.

Howie Dewitt: "Disgusting tactics from Vyrus already! The referee needs to get control."

Matthews counters a whip into the ropes with a dropkick, sending Vyrus scrambling. Vyrus tags in Jessie Quinn. By mixed tag rules, Matthews must tag out. Bia enters the ring, looking unimpressed by Quinn's erratic movement.

Quinn tries a tilt-a-whirl headscissors, but Bia catches her in mid-air, blocking it with pure power. Bia converts it into a devastating backbreaker.

Ava Delgado: "The strength of Bia is unmatched! She just stopped Quinn dead in her tracks."

Bia dominates the next few minutes, tossing Quinn around with suplex variations. However, the tide turns when Bia goes for a corner splash. Vyrus pulls the top rope down from the apron while the ref is distracted by Quinn faking an injury. Bia tumbles to the outside, hitting the floor hard.

Howie Dewitt: "Vyrus with the assist! That's the numbers game the challengers like to play."

Now in control, Quinn distracts the ref while Vyrus stomps on Bia on the outside before rolling her back in. The challengers cut the ring in half, keeping Bia isolated. Quinn locks in a hanging guillotine choke, screeching in Bia's ear.

Bia fights up, lifting Quinn onto her shoulders, but Quinn rakes the eyes. Quinn tags Vyrus, who enters legally allowing Matthews to charge in, but the ref stops Matthews because he didn't see the tag. In the confusion, Vyrus hits a running knee to Bia.

Ava Delgado: "This is total chaos! The Ruin is falling apart!"

Bia finally finds an opening. She ducks a clothesline from Vyrus and hits a desperation German Suplex on the much larger man! The crowd erupts. Both crawl to their corners.
Hot Tag!

Matthews and Quinn tag in simultaneously (though technically Matthews is legal against Vyrus, usually mixed tags reset). The referee restores order, forcing Vyrus back in as the legal man. Matthews comes in like a house of fire. Clothesline to Vyrus! spinning heel kick! He knocks Quinn off the apron with a forearm.

Matthews hits his signature Ruination (a spinning sit-out powerbomb) on Vyrus.

1... 2... Quinn breaks up the pin with a diving double foot stomp!

Bia spears Quinn out of the ring! They brawl on the floor, trading stiff forearms.

Inside the ring, Vyrus recovers and hits a low blow on Matthews while the ref is checking on the women outside. Vyrus hits the Bio-Hazard (a double underhook facebuster).

1... 2... NO! Matthews gets a shoulder up!

Howie Dewitt: "I thought that was it! The resilience of the champion!"

Vyrus goes for a high-risk maneuver, climbing the top rope. He jumps for a frog splash, but Matthews gets the knees up! Vyrus crashes hard.

Matthews crawls to the corner. Bia is back on the apron, looking battered but ready. She tags in. Vyrus is groggy. Bia lifts Vyrus up for a torture rack position. Matthews hits the ropes and delivers a springboard knee strike to Vyrus's face while he's on Bia's shoulders!

Ava Delgado: "The Crumbling Tower! Their double team finisher!"

Ruin slams Vyrus down with authority. She covers him. Bia intercepts a diving Jessie Quinn with a superkick in mid-air!

1... 2... 3!

Winners and STILL PWC Mixed Tag Team Champions: "The Ruin" Aaron Matthews & Bia!

The referee hands them their belts. Bia helps Matthews up, raising his hand. Vyrus and Quinn retreat up the ramp, Vyrus clutching his jaw.

Howie Dewitt: "They survived the chaos, Ava! The Ruin stands tall in Chicago!"

Ava Delgado: "The challengers threw everything they had at them illegal tactics, distractions, but Matthews and Bia were just too cohesive tonight. What a defense!"

The show cuts to commercial as Matthews and Bia celebrate on the turnbuckles, holding the gold high.

Lucy Theriot, Thaïs Empristiki, & Sam Tolson vs Maraeth & The Rathbone Twins

The arena hums with unease the moment the trios square off. Ramona and Tara move as a single, serrated shape beside Maraeth, the strange alliance drawing its own kind of heat. Lucy, Thais and Sam answer with a sharper unity three different rhythms settling into a single pulse. Sam and Ramona collide first, neither giving an inch, each testing the other's power without breaking form. Thais and Lucy briefly tilt the pace toward speed, but Tera shuts it down with raw force, and the momentum swings back toward the darker side. Maraeth's first step through the ropes raises the temperature clean throws, clean control, never overextending, just reminding everyone who defines the ceiling. When They step out, the Rathbone sisters snap the ring shut around Lucy, cutting her off clean and setting the early narrative around her survival.

HOWIE: This crowd is loud tonight and they are here to see Thais, Sam and Lucy kick some ass and take some names!

AVA: This alliance between Black Lotus and Black Rainbow is... odd, but strategically you can't deny it's effectiveness.

EMILIA: Control. Proper pressure. Ramona and Tara understand what must be done. There is no Lotus. There is no Rainbow. There is only—Dominion. Painted black and ready for mass.

Lucy fights her way up once, twice, but Ramona and Tera fold the ring around her with practiced violence heavy boots, hard holds, no wasted motion. Every time she reaches for daylight, Tera drags her back down or Ramona clamps in with something meaner. When Maraeth tags in, the rhythm tightens: a clean ippon sends Lucy crashing, a suffocating hold turns the crowd's roar into a groan. They do not stay long; They simply reset the tempo, drag Lucy into the corner and tag in Tara, the two of them alternating strikes and control holds with ruthless coordination. When Thais tries to slip in and break the cycle, Maraeth cuts them off instantly, shoving them back to the apron and sealing Lucy in Tera's clutches. The fans rally anyway, but the control is suffocating.

HOWIE: Lucy needs an exit, any exit.

AVA: Black Lotus are grinding her down and Maraeth is engineering the pace behind it.

EMILIA: Ramona is cruel. Tera is fearless. Maraeth is fate.

Lucy finally wriggles free and dives to Sam's corner for the hot tag. The match turns on impact: A fresh Sam explodes in and hurls Ramona with consecutive suplexes that rip the pace open. Maraeth reaches from the apron to snag Sam on her reset; Sam snaps a left hook that knocks Them off the apron, the crowd surging with her. Sam drags Ramona to a neutral corner and tags in Thais. Thais enters legally and pours speed into Sam's power, carving angles that drive the sisters backward and force space for Lucy to breathe until Tara times a lane, rushes in on the change, and blasts Thais from behind to stop the run cold. The surge dies, but parity has been earned.

HOWIE: Sam Tolson just turned the ring on its side.

AvA: And Thais made it count until Tera found that window.

EMILIA: Strength is only useful when one knows where to apply it. Sam surprised them. Once.

The temperature climbs. Bodies crowd the ropes, the ring tightening around every step. Maraeth tags in and snaps Sam up into a sudden judo throw that flattens the tempo. Ramona immediately takes the handoff and punishes the nearest target forearms, a headbutt, a boot that thunders she looks terrifying and in command. Lucy hauls herself back in and refuses to go, absorbing damage that should keep her down and still finding air. In the scramble, Ramona catches Lucy and hooks the far leg clean center-ring cover.

One...

Two...

Thais dives and breaks it a fraction before three.

HOWIE: That was almost it!

AVA: Ramona measured that perfectly as Lucy barely escaped.

EMILIA: Ramona makes brutality look elegant. Dangerous thing, when someone that striking can deliver that much... impact.

The match finally tears open. Maraeth and Ramona spill to the floor with Sam and Thais in a tangle of fists and shoulders, the four of them grinding along the barricade. Inside, Lucy steadies; Tara slides in fresh and hunts her down, driving knees and crowding her into the corner. Outside, Maraeth wrenches Thais and slings them toward commentary; Thais skids near the desk, and Emilia rises, composed, and blows them a slow, deliberate kiss. Thais glares with disgust and flips her off before rolling back under the ropes.

ANA: Thais is absolutely done with you, Emilia. That look could burn a hole through the table.

MAXX: Can we not get fired tonight—please?

EMILIA: I am unbothered. Their fashion offends me.

Tara lines up the finish on Lucy one clean strike away from ending it. Sam sees it through the ropes, shoves Ramona off her hip on the floor, and slides in under the bottom strand. She drills Mind Your Head into Tera's jaw. Tera collapses.

Sam covers by instinct—

One...

Two...

The referee waves it off: Tera is not legal.

HOWIE: Tera is out—she's out cold! Mind Your Head nearly took her head off!

AVA: Sam waited for the one opening she had and landed the cleanest shot on the board.

EMILIA: Tera gave everything first. Cost follows.

Ramona; legal pulls herself back inside as Sam rolls out. Lucy meets Ramona on unsteady legs, and they square in the center. Outside, Maraeth rises on the apron edge, fury tightening Their shoulders and Thais collides with Them at the hip, knocking Them back to the floor. Sam steps in beside Thais and the two of them press Maraeth together, not overpowering but forcing Them to defend. Sam hits first heavy, jarring Maraeth answers instantly, but Thais clips the blind

side. Sam again. Thais again. The cadence stacks in perfect, unspeaking rhythm, each strike landing just before Maraeth can reset footing, driving Them back inches at a time.

EMILIA (bolting upright, voice breaking with fury): Two on one this is your honor? This is your justice? You call yourselves good and crowd Maraeth like cowards!

She stands shaking, breath sharp; when she turns back, for a sliver the light catches her eyes wrong enough to make Maxx blink hard and look away.

Inside, Ramona is still the wall in front of the match. She surges first and nearly folds Lucy with the opening strike. Lucy slips the second shot by instinct and uses Ramona's force against her, snapping into a tight cradle that traps both shoulders.

One...

Two...

Ramona thrusts her legs with every ounce of power she has...

But it's too late!

THREE!

HOWIE: Lucy got her! Ramona was half a heartbeat from breaking free!

AVA: Razor-thin. Ramona looked like the deciding factor until the last breath.

EMILIA: They will remember who kept Maraeth from correcting this.

Lucy clutches the middle rope and rises, breath ragged. Sam is already braced at the edge, forearms up, keeping Maraeth from taking a single step closer; Thais slides in beside her, battered but upright, forming a narrow wall through sheer will. Outside, Maraeth surges once, twice, every answer sharp and disciplined, but the numbers hold Them just long enough to keep Them from Lucy. Tera lies against the barricade with staff checking her eyes with a penlight. Ramona pushes to one knee inside the ropes, jaw set, a live wire even on the canvas.

The picture holds there Lucy upright, Sam and Thais holding the line, Ramona simmering, Maraeth a step from ignition as the arena roars for the next move that is not coming tonight.

Jenna backstage.

Marisol's representative leads Jenna to a door with her name on it.

Jenna Jillian Walker:What's this?

Marisol's representative: It's your own private locker room courtesy of Ms. Vilaro.

The representative opens the door to show a well designed locker room with multiple couches, a big screen television on the wall, flowers all over the room. On a table there is a note that Jenna picks up and opens the note.

Jenna Jillian Walker: "For you it's nothing but the best. Make the right decision and join us in the Black Rainbow. Stick with me, become the best version of yourself, and I'll take care of you. Love Mari"

Jenna shakes her head as she stands in the middle of the locker room.

\$75k Cruiserweight Challenge ***Tony Savage vs Lex Collins***

Tony Savage stands in the ring, looking immaculate in his gear, leaning against the turnbuckle while checking his expensive watch. The transparent briefcase with \$75,000 sits on a velvet pedestal.

Lex Collins enters. The Chicago crowd gives the veteran a respectful, loud ovation. Collins walks out with tape on his shoulder and knee, looking like a man who has been to war a thousand times. He doesn't look nervous; he looks like a man who is here to do a job.

Howie Dewitt: "Lex Collins has wrestled in every armory, bingo hall, and arena from here to Tokyo. He doesn't need luck, Ava; he has twenty years of scar tissue and knowledge."

Ava Delgado: "True, Howie, but Tony Savage is banking on the fact that Father Time remains undefeated. Lex's mind is sharp, but can his body last ten minutes with a striker like Savage?"

The bell rings. A countdown clock appears on the TitanTron. Savage smirks and lunges for a quick knockout blow, but Collins ducks it effortlessly.

Collins doesn't run. He uses "Old School" grappling to tie Savage up. He takes Savage down with a side headlock takeover and keeps him grounded. Every time Savage tries to power out, Lex shifts his weight, keeping the younger man pinned to the mat.

By the 2:00 mark, Savage is visibly annoyed. He swings a wild right hand, but Lex parries it, hits a toe kick, and lands a crisp Russian Leg Sweep.

Pacing: Lex slows the match to a crawl, leaning against the ropes and checking the clock, mocking Savage's earlier arrogance.

Savage realizes he can't out-wrestle the veteran and switches to violence. He fakes a test of strength and instead kicks Lex's taped knee.

Targeting the Injury: Savage ruthlessly attacks the bad knee. He drags Lex to the corner, wrapping the leg around the middle rope and pulling until the referee counts to four.
The Shift: Lex tries to fight back with chops, but his mobility is compromised. Savage hits a Dragon Screw Leg Whip, sending Lex writhing in pain.

Savage goes for a cover at 4:45, but Lex kicks out at one with authority. Savage pummels Lex with mounted elbows. The crowd chants "Let's go Collins!" trying to rally the veteran.

Howie Dewitt: "This is hard to watch. Savage is picking the veteran apart piece by piece. He's not trying to pin him anymore; he's trying to punish him for showing up."

As the clock ticks past six minutes, Savage gets cocky. He signals for the end, mocking Lex's signature pose. He runs the ropes, but Lex catches him with a sudden, desperation Spinebuster.

Both men are down. Lex crawls up at 6:45. He ignores the pain in his knee, unleashing a series of stiff left jabs—the same jabs that won him titles a decade ago.

Near Miss: Lex whips Savage to the corner and charges. Savage moves, but Lex stops himself just in time, turns, and nails a Tornado DDT. The crowd explodes! Lex covers: 1... 2... Savage barely gets a shoulder up.

Lex checks the clock: 7:10. He knows he just needs to survive. He tries to clinch Savage to kill time.

As Lex reaches in for a clinch, Savage brutally headbutts him. Lex staggers back, dazed. Savage bounces off the ropes, creating maximum torque, and connects with an elbow right on the button.

The sound echoes through the arena. Lex stiffens and collapses face-first. The referee rushes in, sees Lex is unresponsive, and calls for the bell immediately.

Winner via Knockout at 7:28: Tony Savage

Savage stands over the fallen veteran, breathing heavily, wiping sweat from his brow. He looks down at Lex with a mix of relief and disdain. He grabs his briefcase, clutching the \$75,000 to his chest, and yells, "Go back to the nursing home!"

Jude Mitchell, Lex's tag team partner, sprints down the ramp. He slides into the ring, pushing the celebrating Savage out of the way to get to Lex.

Ava Delgado: "Jude Mitchell is out here instantly. That's the bond of a team right there."

Savage exits the ring, laughing as he walks backward up the ramp. In the ring, Jude is frantic, calling for the medical team and loosening Lex's boots. The segment fades out with Jude Mitchell staring daggers at Savage, while clutching his partner's hand.

Clyde's present to Robert.

The camera cuts to a dimly lit concrete hallway near the loading docks of the United Center. The ambient noise of roadies loading crates is heard in the background.

Clyde Wayne Macon, clutching his World Heavyweight Championship against his shoulder, aggressively pulls his cousin, Robert Lee Macon, behind a stack of flight cases. Clyde looks frantic, eyes darting left and right to ensure no PWC officials are watching.

Clyde Wayne Macon:

"Bobby, listen to me. Keep your voice down. I was just walkin' past the production truck, right? The one where they keep all the extra cables, the pyrotechnics, the junk they think nobody cares about..."

Clyde reaches into a canvas duffel bag he's been carrying in his other hand. He fumbles with the zipper before ripping it open.

Clyde Wayne Macon:

"And I saw this just sittin' in a crate. Collectin' dust. Like it was trash, Bobby. Like it didn't mean a damn thing."

Clyde pulls out the gleaming PWC United States Championship. The gold plates shine under the fluorescent hallway lights. Robert Lee's eyes go wide. He reaches out, touching the leather strap reverently.

Robert Lee Macon:

"Clyde... is that the U.S. title? I thought they retired that thing."

Clyde Wayne Macon:

"They forgot about it. But I didn't. I snagged it right from the truck when the tech guy wasn't lookin'. Because a belt like this? It don't belong in a box. It needs to be out there. It needs to be brought back to prominence."

Clyde shoves the title into Robert Lee's chest. Robert Lee grabs it instinctively, looking down at the stars and stripes etched into the gold.

Clyde Wayne Macon:

"This company is lost, Bobby. Morgan and his suits, they don't care about heritage. But we do. This title represents the people. The real people. And I'm lookin' at you, and I'm seein' a man who's hungry."

Clyde leans in close, gripping Robert Lee by the shoulder, his voice dropping to an intense, gravelly whisper.

Clyde Wayne Macon:

"You put that on. You wear it. Because tell me, cousin... what better family to represent our great country than the Macons?"

Robert Lee stares at the belt, a wicked grin slowly spreading across his face. He slings the title over his shoulder, standing up straighter.

Robert Lee Macon:

"Nobody, Clyde. Ain't nobody better than us."

Clyde Wayne Macon:

"Damn right. Now let's get out of here before security realizes they've been robbed blind."

Clyde lets out a sharp, hyena-like laugh and pats Robert on the back. The two Macons walk off down the hallway, effectively stealing a championship and crowning a new "champion" without a single match being wrestled.

Ælfhere Crowley vs FrankenSteve

The size difference is immediately the story. Ælfhere Crowley, usually a menacing presence in his own right, looks positively dwarfed standing across from the near 8-foot monstrosity, FrankenSteve. Crowley attempts to stick and move early, firing off low kicks to the giant's massive thighs, but Steve doesn't even register the impact.

Ava Delgado: "Crowley is a master of psychological warfare, Howie, but how do you intimidate a literal monster? FrankenSteve is eight feet of undead concrete."

Howie Dewitt: "Crowley has to stick and move! If he gets caught in those massive paws, it is all over!"

Crowley tries a crossbody, but Steve catches him in mid-air with zero effort. Steve presses Crowley high above his head, holding him there for a solid ten seconds as the blood rushes to Crowley's head, before tossing him effortlessly across the ring like a ragdoll. The impact sounds like a gunshot.

For the next five minutes, it is a massacre. Steve delivers clubbing blows to Crowley's back that echo through the arena. He delivers a devastating corner splash that nearly caves in Crowley's chest. Every time Crowley tries to use the ropes to pull himself up, Steve simply steps on his hand or boots him back down.

Steve gets overconfident. He signals for a Powerbomb, but as he hoists Crowley up, Ælfhere manages to rake the eyes (or eye-sockets) of the giant. Steve stumbles back, blinded momentarily.

Crowley seizes the moment. He hits the ropes with desperate velocity, delivering a dropkick to Steve's left knee. The giant buckles slightly. The Chicago crowd begins to rally. Crowley hits the ropes again with a Springboard Enzuigiri! It connects flush with Steve's jaw. The giant wobbles, taking a step back.

Crowley screams, channeling the energy of the arena. He rebounds off the ropes a third time, launching himself into a Disaster Kick.

FrankenSteve teeters. He is rocking back on his heels. The crowd is on its feet—they believe the giant is about to go down.

Crowley climbs the top turnbuckle, looking to deliver the final blow that will knock the monster off his feet. Suddenly, the house lights flicker green and purple. From the crowd barricades, a carnival of horrors emerges. The Grappler Ghoulies have arrived.

Countess Von Grappula slides onto the apron, hissing at the referee.

Dr. Negrophilia and El Cráneo slam on the mat from the south side.

Cheesecake The Clown honks a horn incessantly near the timekeeper's area. FrankenSyd hops up on the steel steps, laughing maniacally.

Crowley freezes on the top rope, his escape paths completely cut off by the surrounding freakshow. He kicks at El Cráneo, but the distraction has lasted too long.

As Crowley turns back to the ring, a massive hand wraps around his throat. FrankenSteve has recovered. He pulls Crowley off the top rope, lifting him high into the Chicago skyline.

CHOKESLAM TO HELL.

Steve drives Crowley into the canvas with earth-shattering force. He places one massive boot on Crowley's chest.

1... 2... 3.

The bell rings, but the assault isn't over. The Grappler Ghoulies swarm the ring. Cheesecake The Clown puts the boots to a downed Crowley while El Cráneo holds him down. It's a 6-on-1 beatdown.

Howie Dewitt: "This is sickening! The match is over! Get them out of there!"

Suddenly, the lights cut to a deep crimson. The titan-tron flashes the sigil of GRAVEPACT.

D3V0, Anson Creed, Bexley Von Doom, and Wraith sprint down the ramp, sliding into the ring to a massive pop. The brawl is on! Wraith takes out El Cráneo with a spinning heel kick.

Anson Creed starts trading heavy haymakers with FrankenSteve.

D3V0 and Bexley double-team Dr. Negrophilia, tossing him over the top rope. However, the numbers game is still tricky, and the sheer size of FrankenSteve begins to turn the tide back toward the Ghoulies. Gravepact needs an equalizer.

Smoke erupts from the entrance ramp. A silhouette appears, walking calmly through the mist while holding a barbed-wire bat.

It's Elvira Graves.

The crowd erupts as Elvira slides into the ring. She ducks a clothesline from Countess Von Grappula and levels her with the bat. She spins and nails Cheesecake The Clown in the gut. The Ghoulies, realizing the odds are now even and that Elvira is armed, pull FrankenSteve out of the ring and retreat through the crowd.

Elvira helps Ælfhere Crowley to his feet. She takes the microphone as Gravepact stands united behind her.

Elvira Graves: "You thought you had the numbers for Sunday? Think again. I am the mystery partner. Natural Selection... begins now."

Ava Delgado: "Oh my god, Howie! Elvira Graves is the final piece of the puzzle! Gravepact is at full strength for Natural Selection!"

Howie Dewitt: "The landscape of PWC has just shifted in Chicago! The Ghoulies have been put on notice!"

Sami Moxon's open challenge.

The Chicago crowd is buzzing as Sami Moxon stands center ring, mic in hand. Moxon looks agitated, clearly feeling like she's cleared out the locker room.

Sami Moxon: "Chicago! I didn't come here to talk about the weather. I came for a fight. And right now, looking at that curtain, all I see is a whole lot of nothing! So who's it gonna be? Who's got the guts to step into the deep end?"

A solid ten seconds of silence follows. Moxon laughs, tossing the mic to the canvas. She signals the referee to raise her hand by default.

Suddenly, the lights cut out.

A remixed, modernized version of the Godfather theme plays over the PA system. The tron flashes a graphic of a golden lioness. The arena erupts into a deafening roar as Mia Giordano steps out onto the stage for the first time in some time!

Howie Dewitt: "Are you kidding me?! Ava, pinch me! Mia Giordano is back in PWC! Mia Giordano has answered the call!"

Ava Delgado: "I have chills, Howie! We haven't seen Mia since her injury. Moxon wanted a fight? She just invited a war. What an opportunity for the rookie!"

The atmosphere is electric. Moxon looks genuinely stunned but quickly masks it with a sneer. They circle each other. Mia looks in phenomenal shape, perhaps leaner and quicker than before.

They lock up. Moxon tries to overpower Mia into the corner, but Mia uses her veteran instincts to spin out and chop Moxon across the chest. Moxon responds with a stiff forearm. They trade rapid-fire strikes in the center of the ring.

Mia ducks a clothesline and hits a beautiful Snap German Suplex, holding the bridge for a one-count. She's showing zero ring rust.

Moxon realizes she can't out-wrestle Mia at this point and switches to brawling. She catches Mia with a kitchen sink knee to the gut, cutting off Mia's momentum. Moxon begins to dissect Mia, focusing on the lower back to neutralize Mia's suplex game.

Moxon whips Mia into the ropes and catches her with a Tilt-a-whirl backbreaker, then ruthlessly kicks Mia in the spine while she's down.

Ava Delgado: "Smart strategy by Moxon. You take away Mia's base, you take away her power. But look at Giordano's face! She's not in pain, she's angry."

Moxon goes for a powerbomb, but Mia sandbags her, reverses the weight, and flips Moxon over with a hurricanrana. The crowd is on their feet. Mia unleashes a flurry of European uppercuts, backing Moxon into the turnbuckle.

Mia hits her signature "Spicy Meatball" (a running corner cannonball) and drags Moxon to the center for a spinning fisherman's suplex.

Near Fall: 1... 2... Moxon gets a shoulder up at the last second.

Both women are exhausted. They trade heavy blows in the center of the ring.

Mia attempts her finisher, the Last Request (Hammerlock DDT), but Moxon drives Mia backward into the turnbuckles to break the hold.

Moxon stumbles back, dazed. Mia charges for a running knee, but Moxon sidesteps, sending Mia crashing knee-first into the buckles.

Mia staggers out of the corner on one good leg, turning around right into Moxon's trap. Moxon sprints from the opposite corner, gaining massive velocity.

Howie Dewitt: "She's loading up the chamber! Here comes the heavy artillery!"

Moxon launches herself into the air, extending her leg for the Motorbreath (a devastating, high-velocity Rocket Kick). She connects squarely with Mia's jaw, the impact sounding like a gunshot throughout the arena. Mia is turned inside out and crumbles to the mat.

Moxon hooks the leg tight.

1... 2... 3!

Ava Delgado: "What a victory for Sami Moxon! She asked for competition, she got a legend, and she put her down with the Motorbreath. But credit to Mia Giordano, she took Moxon to the absolute limit on her first night back."

Howie Dewitt: "Moxon barely survived that, Ava! But a win is a win. The Motorbreath proved to be the difference maker tonight."

Sami Moxon has her hand raised, chest heaving. She looks down at Mia, who is slowly stirring. Instead of a cheap shot, Moxon simply nods at her fallen opponent a rare sign of respect before rolling out of the ring to clutch her victory. The segment ends with the crowd chanting "Welcome Back" to Mia as she sits up, disappointed but determined.

PWC World Tag Team Championships
Dragon Empire vs Super Barrio Brothers

The match begins with a technical exchange between Will Ryder and Cesar Espino. It's a stalemate of grappling prowess. They trade wrist locks and hammerlocks until Espino surprises Ryder with a deep arm drag that sends the champion rolling to the outside to regroup.

Howie Dewitt: "The challengers look looser, faster, and more cohesive than ever tonight, Ava! The name change signifies a new attitude!"

Ava Delgado: "It does, Howie. Espino and Reyes have always had potential, but tonight they are moving like a singular unit. Dragon Empire is going to have to rely on their striking to slow this pace down."

Travis Levitt tags in and manages to isolate Flash Reyes using Muay Thai clinches and stiff kicks to the hamstring, grounding the high-flyer. Dragon Empire cuts the ring in half effectively, utilizing quick tags and tandem offense, including a Snap Suplex/Slingshot Elbow Drop combination that earns a two-count. Reyes fights from underneath, showing resilience, but every time he reaches for a tag, Levitt drags him back.

Reyes counters a backdrop into a desperate DDT. Both men crawl to their corners. The hot tag is made! Cesar Espino comes in like a house on fire. He clotheslines Ryder, hits a dropkick on Levitt, and then launches himself over the top rope with a Tope Con Hilo wiping out both champions on the floor!

The action spills back into the ring and breaks down into chaos.

Ryder hits a Brainbuster on Espino: 1... 2...

Reyes breaks it up with a Standing Moonsault!

Levitt goes for a roundhouse kick, but Reyes ducks and hits a Superkick. Ryder catches Reyes, but Espino makes the save.

The four men stand in the center of the ring, trading forearm shots as the Chicago crowd chants "P-W-C!"

Dragon Empire attempts their finisher, The Empire's Fall (Powerbomb/Neckbreaker combo), on Espino. However, Flash Reyes springboards off the ropes, intercepting Levitt with a Cutter in mid-air!

With Levitt down, Espino rolls through Ryder's powerbomb attempt, stunning him with a refined Enziguri.

Espino hoists Ryder onto his shoulders in the electric chair position. Reyes climbs the top rope.

Howie Dewitt: "They're going to the top! Is this it?!"

Reyes leaps off—The Barrio Blast!

(Doomsday Poison Rana). Reyes spikes Ryder's head into the mat while Espino adds the sit-out impact.

Espino hooks the leg.

1... 2... 3!

Winners and NEW PWC World Tag Team Champions: The Super Barrio Brothers!

The Celebration & The Chaos

Confetti rains down as Espino and Reyes clutch the belts, tears in their eyes. The crowd gives them a massive ovation. Slowly, Will Ryder and Travis Levitt get to their feet. The former champions look disappointed, but they extend their hands. The Super Barrio Brothers accept, and all four men embrace in the center of the ring, adhering to the Code of Honor.

Suddenly, the mood shifts.

A low, distorted drone plays over the speakers.

From the crowd, five figures in black hoodies hop the barricade. They slide into the ring, surrounding the four exhausted wrestlers. They lower their hoods to reveal El Pastor Oscuro, Domingo Martinez, Bone Faced Killa, The Beautiful Death, and Bone Marrow.

Ava Delgado: "Oh no. It's Oscuro's faction! What are they doing here?"

On Oscuro's signal, the five heels swarm. It is a massacre.

Bone Faced Killa and The Beautiful Death destroy the former champions, Dragon Empire, with steel chairs.

Bone Marrow hits a chokeslam on Flash Reyes onto one of the title belts.

El Pastor Oscuro and Domingo Martinez double-team Cesar Espino, tying him into the ropes and tearing at his mask.

The crowd is booing heavily, throwing trash toward the ring. The numbers game is too strong; the faces are completely incapacitated.

As his music hit, El Chicano bursts through the curtain wielding a lead pipe! The Chicago crowd explodes!

El Chicano slides into the ring, swinging the pipe wildly. He cracks Domingo Martinez in the ribs and chases Bone Marrow out of the ring. Recognizing the equalizer, El Pastor Oscuro signals his troops to retreat. The five heels back up the ramp, smirking at the carnage they left behind.

El Chicano helps the Super Barrio Brothers and Dragon Empire to their feet. He grabs a microphone, his eyes locked on El Pastor Oscuro at the top of the stage.

El Chicano: "Oscuro! You think you run these streets? You think you can send your dogs to jump us and walk away?"

He points the lead pipe at the five men on the stage.

El Chicano: "You want a war? You got five... and look around, pendejo, we got five! I'm done playing games. This Sunday, we settle this. No running. No hiding. Just survival."

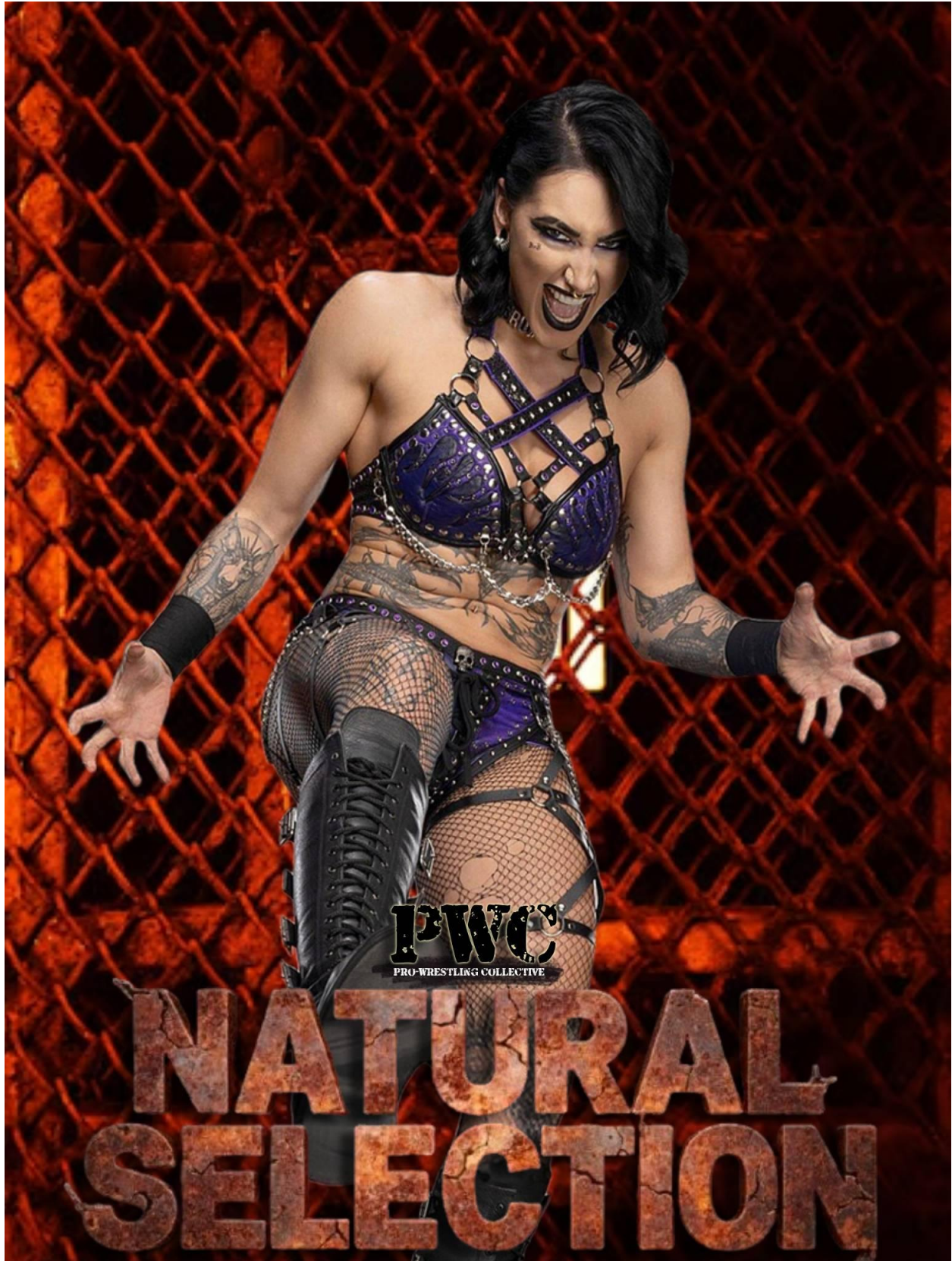
The crowd goes silent, anticipating the words.

El Chicano: "We challenge you... to NATURAL SELECTION!"

Howie Dewitt: "Oh my god! Natural Selection! The most brutal elimination match in PWC history! Five on five for survival!"

The show goes to commercial with El Pastor Oscuro smiling wickedly from the ramp while El Chicano stands tall in the ring with the new champions and the former champions united behind him.

Natural Selection! THIS SUNDAY!



MAIN EVENT

PWC World Heavyweight Championship

Clyde Wayne Macon © vs Jack Morgan

The arena is shaking. The debut on the EMBER network has been violent and high-octane, but the crowd has saved their loudest roar for this. Jack Morgan rides a Harley Davidson down the ramp, revving the engine, looking like a behemoth in denim and leather. Clyde Wayne Macon walks out next, the World Heavyweight Championship around his waist, a frantic, dangerous look in his eyes. He doesn't wait for the bell.

Clyde sprints down the ramp and leaps onto Morgan before he can even dismount the bike fully. The bell rings as they crash into the steel steps. This isn't a wrestling match; it's a mugging.

Morgan uses his immense size to toss Clyde into the barricade, the steel buckling under the impact.

Clyde responds by thumbing Morgan in the eye and grabbing a steel chair, cracking it over Morgan's massive back. Morgan barely flinches, turning around and punching the chair into Clyde's face.

Howie Dewitt: "Jack Morgan isn't just the owner, Ava! He's a bar-room brawler who happens to sign the checks! Clyde might have bitten off more than he can chew!"

They brawl into the crowd. Beer is thrown. A trash can is emptied over Clyde's head, and Morgan dent the can over his skull.

Morgan sets up a wooden table near the tech area. He goes to powerbomb Clyde, but Clyde bites Morgan's hand, slides down, and delivers a chop block.

Clyde drags Morgan back to ringside and produces a heavy steel chain from under the ring. He wraps it around his fist and batters the owner, busting Morgan open above the eyebrow.

As Clyde chokes Morgan with the chain in the center of the ring, the giant screen above the stage flickers.

Ava Delgado: "Wait... guys, look at the tron! We've got a situation backstage!"
The broadcast goes to a Split Screen.

On the Left (Ring): Clyde is grinding the chain into Morgan's face.

On the Right (Backstage): Absolute bedlam. The Macon Family (Robert Lee and Cooter Bob) are throwing Cassidy and Ignis into a row of lockers. Gunner Knox, the Social Media Champion, is leaping off a catering table to dropkick Cooter Bob.

Meanwhile, Ellie Mae Macon and Billie Morgan are rolling on the concrete floor, pulling hair and trading vicious punches. Security is trying to intervene but getting tossed aside.

Howie Dewitt: "It's a civil war! The Macons and the Morgans are tearing the backstage area apart! Nowhere is safe in Chicago tonight!"

Back in the ring, the distraction allows Jack Morgan to recover. He powers to his feet, lifting Clyde, chain and all and slamming him with a Sidewalk Slam onto the steel chair. Morgan signals for the end. He waits for Clyde to stand.

Morgan hits a devastating Big Boot, turning Clyde inside out.

Morgan grabs Clyde by the throat for one of his finisher, the Dead Man's Hand (Chokeslam). He hoists the Champion up!

While high in the air, Clyde desperately kicks his legs out, catching Morgan squarely in the groin. It's a Street Fight; it's perfectly legal.

Morgan's eyes go wide, and he drops Clyde, clutching his midsection. The giant falls to his knees, gasping for air.

Clyde scrambles to his feet, a sadistic grin cutting through the blood on his face. He screams at Morgan to look at him. As Morgan looks up, Clyde jams his taped thumb viciously into the side of Morgan's neck—The Buckknife (Thumb to the carotid artery).

Morgan's eyes roll back instantly as the blood flow is cut off. He collapses like a chopped tree. Clyde falls on top of him, hooking the leg tight.

1... 2... 3!

Winner and STILL PWC World Heavyweight Champion: Clyde Wayne Macon

Clyde rolls off Morgan, clutching his title belt. He is battered, bruising already forming on his ribs, but he looks manic. He snatches the microphone from the timekeeper, shoving the poor guy to the ground.

He stands over the unconscious body of the company owner.

Clyde Wayne Macon:
(Breathing heavily, spitting blood onto the canvas)

"Take a good look, Chicago! Take a look at your 'boss'! He hits like a truck... but I cut like a razor!"

He paces around the body, looking up at the camera.

Clyde Wayne Macon:

"Y'all saw what was happenin' backstage? That was just the appetizer. You think this is over 'cause I pinned the old man? Hell no."

He holds the title belt up, shaking it violently.

Clyde Wayne Macon:

"This Sunday! Natural Selection! My family versus yours! We don't just want a win, Morgan... we want the deed to the damn house! Bring your freak brother, bring your boy, bring your little girl, bring that punk Gunner Knox. We're gonna bury the whole Morgan dynasty in the dirt!"

Clyde drops the mic on Jack Morgan's chest and raises his arms as trash rains down from the rafters. The show fades to black with the image of the Macon Family celebrating a violent victory while the war looms on the horizon.