



Date: 14 December, 2024

---

### **"Something To Prove."**

Ahead of the opening match of the show, we transition to a pre-recorded video, shot on a smartphone by Natalie McKinley, who is seen somewhere backstage at the arena, dressed in her ring attire and a sleeveless t-shirt. She begins by giving a greeting that is more commonly associated with a certain compatriot of hers, who Natalie has been in contact with during the past week.

**Natalie McKinley:** "What's o--"

On second thought, she will leave that to Lowri; Natalie smiles, despite herself.

**Natalie McKinley:** "It has been a few weeks since I last addressed all of you; I didn't get a chance to do so before my match last weekend, but after how that match ended, much of what I'm about to say is probably the same as I would've said last Saturday anyway."

She runs her left hand through her hair.

**Natalie McKinley:** "A few weeks ago, the week before Resurgence, I remember hearing Ricky Rodriguez, I think it was, talking about having something to prove, which is

something that resonated with me at the time, and if anything, it now resonates with me even more. Since making my return to wrestling here in Valiant, two months ago, I have now been in six matches, of which I have only won two, and one of those was by disqualification!"

She lets out a sigh.

**Natalie McKinley:** "One proper win from my first six matches isn't exactly how I envisioned my return to wrestling going, and tonight I find myself facing the woman who that solitary win came against - Alex Andrews - hoping that a repeat of the outcome of our match six weeks ago could potentially kickstart things for me in Valiant. And while I'm not really the superstitious type, in the hope that it might help me repeat my win against Alex, I'm recording this on my phone, just like I did before that match six weeks ago, standing in pretty much the same spot as I did then, dressed similarly, because, well, what have I got to lose?"

"Another match," Natalie thinks to herself, although she does not say it out loud.

**Natalie McKinley:** "I even thought about repeating exactly what I said before mine and Alex's previous match, but then I decided that would probably be taking it a bit too far. Plus, I'm not sure I would be able to remember everything that I said, word for word. We are in the opening match of the show again though."

But on Glory this time, not Inferno.

**Natalie McKinley:** "Some of the things I said prior to our last match do still apply: prior to that match I said that it was an opportunity, and our match here tonight is also an opportunity - our first match was an opportunity for me to bounce back with a win after the loss that I had suffered in my debut the week before, and this match is an opportunity for me to end the winless run of mine that has gone on ever since that previous match."

Following the briefest of pauses, Natalie continues.

**Natalie McKinley:** "I'm driven to improve, to push through and do better than I have been as of late, and tonight I have... something to prove?"

She shakes her head "No."

**Natalie McKinley:** "I am Natalie McKinley. And I have *everything* to prove."

Natalie then flexes her left bicep, and with a look of determination on her face, the video comes to an end.

---

## **Match One - Singles**

### **Alex Andrews vs Natalie McKinley**

The crowd buzzes with anticipation as the lights dim slightly, and the familiar voice of Kimi Smith fills the arena.

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

The upbeat tones of "*I Want It All*" by Queen reverberate through the arena as Alex Andrews steps onto the stage, her bright smile lighting up the room. She high-fives fans on her way down the ramp, pausing briefly to pose at the foot of the ring. Climbing inside, she tests the ropes, her determined expression settling in as she prepares for her opponent.

**Kimi Smith:** "And her opponent, from Cardiff, Wales, weighing in at 174 pounds... Natalie McKinley!"

"*Undegpedwar*" by Y Niwl blasts through the speakers as Natalie McKinley strides out confidently, her physique and commanding presence drawing cheers from the crowd. She slaps her chest with both hands before raising her arms high, making her way to the ring. Natalie takes the steps two at a time and enters, acknowledging the fans with a nod before locking eyes with Alex.

The bell rings, and the match begins with a respectful lock-up in the centre of the ring. Natalie's power advantage is evident as she forces Alex back into the corner. The referee calls for the break, and Natalie obliges, stepping back with a clean break.

**Cassie North:** "Look at that sportsmanship, Noah. Natalie's showing why she's such a fan favourite."

**Noah Jackson:** "Sportsmanship doesn't win matches, Cassie. Power moves and strategy do. Let's see how long the niceties last."

Alex ducks under Natalie's attempt to grapple again, slipping behind her and locking in a waistlock. She tries for a German suplex, but Natalie plants her feet and counters with a standing switch. Natalie lifts Alex for a back suplex, but Alex flips mid-air and lands on her feet, hitting the ropes for momentum. She charges back with a running forearm that staggers Natalie.

**Cassie North:** "What agility from Alex Andrews! She's not backing down, no matter the size difference."

**Noah Jackson:** "Agility is great until you run into a brick wall like Natalie. Just wait."

Natalie absorbs the hit and retaliates with a discus clothesline that sends Alex spinning to the mat. Wasting no time, Natalie picks her up and delivers a delayed vertical suplex, showcasing her strength. The crowd counts along as she holds Alex in the air before slamming her down.

**Cassie North:** "Incredible power from Natalie McKinley! She's reminding everyone why she's a force to be reckoned with."

**Noah Jackson:** "Yeah, Cassie, she's got strength for days, but she needs to stop showing off and finish this before Alex rallies."

Alex uses the ropes to pull herself up, and Natalie charges in for a short-arm elbow smash. Alex ducks and counters with a backstabber, buying herself some breathing room. Seizing the moment, Alex climbs to the second rope and leaps off with a senton, landing squarely on Natalie's chest for a near fall.

**Cassie North:** "That was so close! Alex is giving it everything she's got!"

**Noah Jackson:** "She's going to need more than that if she wants to keep Natalie down. Maybe a protein shake or two?"

Both women rise to their feet, exchanging forearms in the middle of the ring. Alex gains the upper hand with a rapid series of strikes, finishing with the *FALCON PUNCH!* that sends Natalie stumbling into the ropes. Alex goes for her *Kersplat!* finisher, but Natalie wriggles free and counters with an inverted powerslam.

The crowd is on their feet as Natalie signals for the end. She hoists Alex onto her shoulders and delivers the *Taff Valley Driver!* The referee counts: one, two, three.

**Kimi Smith:** "Here is your winner... Natalie McKinley!"

Natalie stands tall as the referee raises her arm in victory, the fans applauding her hard-fought win. Alex rolls out of the ring, clutching her back but nodding in respect toward Natalie before heading up the ramp.

**Cassie North:** "What a match! Both women gave it their all, but Natalie's strength proved to be the deciding factor tonight."

**Noah Jackson:** "I'll admit, Cassie, Natalie impressed me. Maybe I'll consider her for my hypothetical fantasy wrestling team—after I replace all the cardio drills with more squats."

The camera focuses on Natalie looking...relieved in the ring as the scene fades out.

---

## **"Move."**

Brogan opens her dressing room door that she's sharing with her partner, Becky Balfour, but as soon as she opens it, she's shocked to see a 7 foot bearded FOLLOWER standing there, facing her. She's in awe of his size and then she realizes he's not moving. He simply stares down at the young rookie, unblinking.

**BROGAN LEVANDRIER:** "Oh, erm, hi? Can I help you?"

Brogan is still a bit skeptical of Becky's FOLLOWERS, but while surprised to see him he still greets him with a smile.

He doesn't say a word and Brogan can't get by, but she's able to relax a bit when she hears the familiar voice of her partner.

**BECKY BALFOUR:** "It's fine. Move."

The FOLLOWER steps aside and Becky takes his place in the doorway.

**BECKY BALFOUR:** "Sorry, sometimes these guys can get a little carried away. I asked him to watch you while I went to catering to grab us some food."

Becky holds up a plate innocently with a smile but instead of eating, she hands it off to Brogan who was backing back up into the dressing room.

**BECKY BALFOUR:** "Last week you showed so much improvement. You were alert, you had your timing down and you showed that side that will do anything to protect herself, and her partner."

Brogan sits on the bench in their room and pops a grape off the plate and into her mouth. Becky sits next to her as the doorway is once again blocked by the FOLLOWER.

**BECKY BALFOUR:** "I think our team chemistry is getting stronger and pretty soon I think we can even contend for gold together, but tonight isn't the time to fall backwards. Where's your head at? Are you ready?"

Brogan walks over to, and opens, her locker. Inside are five cans of lager, untouched since the last time she showed Becky.

**BROGAN LEVANDRIER:** "I'm sober. It's a struggle, but I'm doing it for you. Other than that though, I'm ready. I'm hungry."

Brogan flashes a warm smile at Becky, before putting a hand on her shoulder.

**BROGAN LEVANDRIER:** What about you? How are you doing?"

**BECKY BALFOUR:** "It's a good thing I brought you an entire plate of food then, isn't it?"

Becky slowly closes the locker door, hiding the cans from her partner. She's proud of Brogan, even if those exact words never left her lips.

**BECKY BALFOUR:** "I'm good. I'm feeling like myself again. Seeing you go through your transformation reminds me of exactly why I took this on in the first place. You, Brogan; are special. You're the key to what's coming."

Levandrier sits back on the bench with a look of confusion on her face.

**BROGAN LEVANDRIER:** "What exactly is coming, Bex?"

**BECKY BALFOUR:** “Don’t worry about that right now. We have plenty of time to go over that later. For now, you should eat that food and remember that each match is going to get more difficult. What you did last week? I need more of it. Don’t let ANYONE put you down.”

Becky looks her right in the eyes.

**BECKY BALFOUR:** “Whatever it takes...”

Brogan looks lost in the eyes of her mentor and repeats after her.

**BROGAN LEVANDRIER:** “Whatever it takes...”

Becky smiles deviously as the camera fades out of their dressing room, leaving the fans to wonder, what exactly IS coming for Becky and Brogan?

---

## Match Two - Tag Team

**Becky Balfour & Brogan Levandrier vs Madilyn McNamara & Selena Galante**

The bell rang, and Becky Balfour started the match against Madilyn McNamara. Becky smirked as she circled Madilyn, taunting her with jabs about her failure to meet *The Society's* standards. Madilyn responded with a hard slap to Becky’s face, sending her stumbling back into the ropes.

Madilyn charged, hitting a running knee to Becky’s gut, doubling her over. She whipped Becky into the corner and followed with a handspring back elbow that smashed Becky into the turnbuckle. Madilyn backed up, ready for another strike, but Becky ducked out of the corner, tagging Brogan Levandrier.

**Cassie North:** “Brogan Levandrier’s coming in hot, and you can see she’s ready to throw down!”

**Noah Jackson:** “Ready to throw down? She’s likely ready to throw back—never mind that, she’s in now.”

Brogan stormed into the ring, knocking Madilyn down with a thunderous clothesline. Selena yelled from the apron, urging Madilyn to get up, but Brogan wasn't giving her time. She yanked Madilyn up by her hair and delivered a brutal release suplex that left Madilyn sprawled on the mat.

Brogan went for the pin.

**Cassie North:** "Levandrier could end it right here!"

**Noah Jackson:** "No chance. Look at Selena itching to break this up."

One... Two... Selena dove in, breaking the count with a sharp kick to Brogan's back. Becky darted into the ring, charging at Selena, but the referee cut her off, forcing her back to her corner.

With the referee distracted, Selena and Madilyn double-teamed Brogan. Selena hit a snap DDT, and Madilyn followed with a standing moonsault. Selena slid out of the ring just as the referee turned back around, leaving Madilyn to cover Brogan.

**Cassie North:** "That was a blatant double-team! Come on, ref!"

**Noah Jackson:** "Oh, please. If you're not cheating, you're not trying!"

One... Two... Brogan kicked out just in time.

Madilyn pulled Brogan to her feet, but Brogan countered with a knee to the midsection. She followed with a pendulum lariat that turned Madilyn inside out. Both women crawled to their corners, and the crowd came alive as Becky and Selena got the tags.

Becky exploded into the ring, taking Selena down with a leg lariat. Selena got back to her feet, only to be caught in a snap DDT. Becky covered.

One... Two... Selena kicked out.

**Cassie North:** "Becky's on fire right now, and she's got Selena on the ropes!"

**Noah Jackson:** "I'll give Becky this—she's ruthless. But Selena's crafty, and she's not going down that easily."

Becky pulled Selena up for *Hear Me Out*, but Selena wriggled free and hit a spinning elbow, stunning Becky. Selena followed with *The Dynamite Stick*, nearly knocking Becky out cold. Instead of going for the pin, Selena tagged Madilyn back in.

Madilyn climbed to the top rope as Selena held Becky in place. Madilyn leapt, hitting a missile dropkick that sent Becky tumbling into the ropes.

Brogan tried to come to her partner's aid, but Selena intercepted her, pulling her off the apron and slamming her into the barricade. Madilyn capitalised on the chaos, grabbing Becky and hitting *The Bitch Lives On*.

**Cassie North:** "That's it! Becky's done!"

**Noah Jackson:** "She's legal, but Madilyn's not pinning her. Why is she wasting time?"

Instead, Madilyn dragged Becky to her corner and tagged Selena back in. Selena grinned as she stalked Brogan, who was slowly climbing back into the ring. Selena baited Brogan into charging, dodging her and sending her into the corner.

Madilyn slid back into the ring. The referee tried to intervene, but Selena and Madilyn executed a sneaky double-team move—Madilyn hitting *Insatiable* while Selena followed with *Spice Rack*. Selena quickly pinned Brogan.

One... Two... Three!

The bell rang as Selena and Madilyn celebrated their win.

**Kimi Smith:** "Here are your winners—Madilyn McNamara and Selena Galante!"

**Cassie North:** "Unbelievable! Selena and Madilyn just stole this one!"

**Noah Jackson:** "Stole? That was teamwork, Cassie. Beautiful, underhanded teamwork."

Selena and Madilyn smirked as they exited the ring, leaving a fuming Becky and a dazed Brogan behind.

---

**"Molly's Quiz Time."**

The camera cuts backstage to a shot of Molly Reid walking. She's dressed in her wrestling gear, with a leather jacket on top and sunglasses on, despite being indoors. She turns and sees the camera following her.

**Molly Reid:** "Oh no not again..."

She tries to move away but the camera follows her until she turns back around.

**Molly Reid:** "Alright, fine, you know what? No boring interview this time. Let's do some Molly Reid trivia instead!"

She waves the camera closer as she walks down the hallway. Molly grabs a wireless microphone off a table right before she enters a stairwell.

**Molly Reid:** "Come on this will be fun."

The superstar pushes open a door and finds herself in the main concourse of the arena. Fans turn their heads as they see her walking out, while security quickly flanks either side of her just in case. Molly walks up to a random fan and throws her arm around the man, looking into the camera.

**Molly Reid:** "Sir, I'll give you \$100 right now if you can tell the world what company I debuted in?"

**Fan #1:** "Uhh, the Insurgency Wrestling Federation!"

**Molly Reid:** "Hmmm, probably should've picked something harder. Another hundred if you can tell me the year?"

**Fan #1:** "I want to say 2013."

**Molly Reid:** "Correct! Keep it going, my first ever match was a tag team match, can you name any of the other three wrestlers in it?"

**Fan #1:** "Uhhhh...no I have no idea, I'm sorry"

**Molly Reid:** “Fair enough! You still win though!”

She pulls a stack of one-hundred dollar bills out her pocket and picks out two, handing them to the fan. She then turns to the crowd that has gathered around her.

**Molly Reid:** “A hundred bucks to anyone who can name any participant in that match, and five hundred if you can tell me everyone that was in that match and what happened!”

A younger woman steps forward and looks at Molly with eagerness, clearly confident that she knows the answer. Molly grins and points at her.

**Molly Reid:** “Yes, go!”

**Fan #2:** “You were teamed with Jaci Sovereign against Diana Logan and Rhiannon something, I wanna say LaBell? And you and Jaci won, I think she hit her finisher against Rhiannon.”

Molly grins widely as she pulls out five hundred dollars and hands it to the young woman.

**Molly Reid:** “Rhainnon LeBlanc, but close enough. And that’s exactly how it ended! A true fan right here. My very first match and my very first win. February 4th, 2013. Hard to believe it’s been almost twelve years since my debut huh? Come on, let's do some more Molly trivia!”

The camera follows Molly as she sprints down a tunnel and out into the arena. There’s a loud reaction, a mix of boos and cheers as she grins widely out at the entire arena. She looks at an older man near her who seems eager to talk to her.

**Molly Reid:** “You! Three hundred bucks if you can tell me who I beat to become the first woman to ever win the IWF World Heavyweight Championship and how I did it!”

**Fan #3:** “Please, give me a challenge next time! You faced off against Ethan Cage after he had just defended Griffin Hawkins for the title. You took an absolute beating, ruptured your spleen, broke your ribs, and your ankle. But somehow you hit him with a Molly Kick that knocked him off the top of the entrance set and then hit an Air Molly off the set through the entire stage. You had to be stretchered out but you still gave a thumbs up as you held the belt.”

Molly laughs as the fan gives a detailed description of that epic match from over a decade ago.

**Molly Reid:** “Damn man! You remember more than I do about that match.”

**Fan #3:** “I was sitting in the front row on the entrance ramp. I was just a few feet away when you crashed through the stage. It’s still the craziest match I’ve ever seen live. I’ll never forget it! I’m a huge fan.”

**Molly Reid:** “Music to my ears. Glad to see there’s some hardcore Mollymaniacs in the crowd tonight!”

She grabs a few extra bills and hands them to the man. He then pulls out a sign that says ‘Molly 4 Prez’ and shows it to her. She laughs and then pulls out a marker, autographing the sign before turning back to the crowd.

**Molly Reid:** “Hmmm who next...”

Molly looks over at two young girls who are both wearing an Emily Carter t-shirt. She smiles as she kneels down next to them.

**Molly Reid:** “Hey girls. Big Emily Carter fans huh?”

The two girls nod as Molly nods alongside them.

**Molly Reid:** “Yeah, she’s great. So talented, one of the best there is! I bet you’d be pretty sad if I beat her tonight, huh?”

The younger girl nods her head but the other slightly older one shakes her head. Molly smirks as she looks at that girl and holds the microphone up.

**Molly Reid:** “You wouldn’t be sad if I beat Emily?”

**Young Fan:** “No, because you’re not going to beat her!”

Molly feigns shock and holds her heart in fake disbelief as the defiant girl stands up to her while her mom smiles softly at Molly.

**Molly Reid:** “Wow, no faith in me! That’s ok though. Here, I’ve got something for you both. It’ll make you feel better tonight when you’re sad that I’ve beaten Emily for a second time in just a few weeks.”

Molly grins as she motions for someone in the tunnel to come out. A staff member walks out holding two Molly Reid t-shirts. Molly grabs a sharpie and autographs both of them, handing them to the girls. The older defiant one refuses to take it, which elicits a laugh from Molly. The girl’s mother thanks her as she takes the shirt from Molly and holds her daughter's close.

**Molly Reid:** “Damn, those girls really don’t want me to win. Let’s see if I can find anyone who does.”

The wrestling legend scans the crowd from her spot on the steps, before locking eyes on someone further down. She grins widely as she bounds down the stairs and ends up right next to a group of five college bros, all wearing hats or shirts adorned with a USC logo, Molly’s alma mater. The five guys go nuts for the camera as Molly gets close to them.

**Molly Reid:** “Here we go, these are my boys! Fellas, who’s going to win tonight, Emily Carter, or the one, the only, the legend herself, Molly Reid?!”

The five frat boys immediately rip off their shirts, revealing painted letters on each of their chests that spell **MOLLY**. The sight makes Molly laugh as they pose for the camera. Molly jumps in the middle of them and poses for the camera, all of them flashing the signature “V for Victory” hand signal known to USC. She gives all of them a hug as she looks back at the camera.

**Molly Reid:** “Fight on fellas! Next party you guys host, the keg’s on me.”

That elicits the biggest reaction from the guys as they all cheer and point to their chests for the camera as Molly laughs and moves back into the stairwell.

**Molly Reid:** "Well I'm probably out of time. I'll see you all soon when I'm in that ring kicking Emily Carter's ass! Thanks for playing Molly trivia with me. Bye byeeee!"

She blows a kiss to the crowd as she hears a mix of cheers and boos, but mostly boos as she bounds up the stairs and into the concourse, making her way towards the guarded doors that lead her backstage as we fade out.

---

## Match Three - Singles

### Cody Baxter vs WYM Greco

Cody Baxter enters the ring to "Hungry Like The Wolf" by Duran Duran, accompanied by his wolfdog, Shade. The crowd cheers for the scrappy newcomer as Cody gestures confidently to his loyal companion.

WYM Greco struts down the ramp to "FE!N" by Travis Scott ft. Playboi Carti, exuding swagger and confidence. The audience gives a mixed reaction, with boos interspersed with cheers for the self-proclaimed "Center of the Universe."

The referee signals for the bell, and the match begins.

Greco starts the match cautiously, circling Cody, who stays grounded in a classic wrestler's stance. Cody lunges forward for a lockup, using his strength advantage to push Greco into the corner. The referee steps in, calling for a break, but Cody capitalises with a clean shoulder block in the corner, driving Greco into the turnbuckles.

**Cassie North:** "Cody Baxter is using his strength early on to control the match. Smart move!"

**Noah Jackson:** "Sure, Cass, but Greco's got more tricks up his sleeve than just brute force. Watch and learn."

Cody keeps the pressure on with a series of running knee strikes to Greco in the corner, then pulls him out for a powerful Biel Toss across the ring. Greco rolls to the outside, shaking off the early assault as the crowd rallies behind Cody.

Greco slides back in, feigning a lockup but ducking under to deliver a sharp low kick to Cody's left leg. Greco quickly transitions into a flurry of strikes, stunning Cody with a

spinning elbow. Cody stumbles, and Greco takes advantage with a corner springboard bulldog, spiking Cody into the mat for a quick cover.

1... 2... Cody kicks out!

**Cassie North:** "That was close! Greco's innovative offence almost stole this one."

**Noah Jackson:** "Almost doesn't count, Cass. Cody's tougher than he looks, but Greco's got all the momentum now."

Greco shifts gears, targeting Cody's lower body with methodical strikes, softening him up for the next phase. Cody attempts to fight back with a shoulder block, but Greco evades, hitting the ropes and landing a leaping forearm that sends Cody reeling into the corner.

Smelling an opportunity, Greco lines up his target and charges in for his signature move, "Aura Splash" (a running corner splash), but Cody sidesteps at the last second! Greco crashes into the turnbuckles, giving Cody a chance to regroup.

Cody rallies with a comeback sequence, hitting a series of power moves: a body slam, a running knee to the corner, and his trademark "Wolves at the Door" spear. Greco writhes in pain as Cody signals for his finisher, "Fed to the Wolves."

As Cody lifts Greco for the Gorilla Press, Greco rakes Cody's eyes out of the referee's view, forcing Cody to drop him. Greco seizes the moment, delivering a quick kick to Cody's knee, followed by his devastating discus elbow smash, "Cry Wolf." Cody drops to the mat, dazed.

Greco doesn't hesitate, dragging Cody to the corner and climbing the ropes. With the crowd holding their breath, Greco launches into his high-risk finisher, "Moon Shot" (top-rope corkscrew moonsault), landing flush on Cody for the pin.

1... 2... 3!

**Kimi Smith:** "Here is your winner, WYM Greco!"

**Cassie North:** "What an incredible match! Cody gave it everything he had, but Greco's experience and cunning won the day."

**Noah Jackson:** "Cunning? That's just what it takes to get the job done, Cass. Greco didn't come here to make friends—he came to win."

Greco soaks in the reaction, gesturing to the crowd as "FE!N" blares over the speakers. Meanwhile, Cody, with the help of Shade, recovers slowly, earning applause for his gutsy performance.

Greco smirks on his way out, knowing he's just solidified his name as a rising star.

---

## "Aussies United."

Backstage there's a wall of framed posters featuring Valiant champions of past and present. Max Thunder is looking up at one with the current Anarchy Tag Team champions, Jackie Fowler and Joss Morant. For a tag team championship poster, their photos of their winning moments were ironically taken separately which creates a disjointed picture (literally) of their partnership. Something Max finds to be super peculiar as reflected on his face.

**Max Thunder:** "Imagine that, a shot at the Anarchy Tag Titles against a pair of champions who didn't even win them through teamwork. Didn't even work together throughout the match. Think we can take advantage of that, mate?"

The camera pulls back to reveal Bia standing next to him, also looking at the poster.

**Bia:** "We'd be fools not too, that's for sure. But in fairness and credit to them...I reckon we were one of the only ones there who were actually attempting to work as a cohesive unit. And even that turned tits up at the end."

**Max Thunder:** "I'm not underestimating their skills in the ring but we got thrown together as a tag team too yet our chemistry actually exists and is actually pretty good. Just saying."

He grins. Bia's eyes scan the various pictures, lingering on the previous Valiant Heavyweight and Lionheart champions.

**Bia:** "Jackie's a former Valiant champion...pretty sure he had to go through hell to get it too. With how rabid he was about leaving that match with one of those bloody titles..."

She trails off shaking her head.

**Bia:** “He’s gonna be a right pain in the arse about tryin’ to get it off him. And Joss? She seems like a good sort. I reckon that team’ll end up mixin’ about as well as oil and water. But, in all fairness and credit...she did procure her title first. They both aren’t gonna want to end up on the wrong end of the history ledger with no successful defenses. Which means ol’ boy, that we’ve got our work cut out for us.”

He gives a thoughtful nod.

**Max Thunder:** “Yeah... you’re not wrong there, mate. Individually, they’re made impressions in their own right. They will be tough champions to beat, for sure. Nobody wants to go down without a fight. But...”

He winces, tilting his head a bit.

**Max Thunder:** “They’re just not a team. Like you said, oil and water and that combo just doesn’t mix. Spin it however you want but the fact is, there’s no partnership there and that’s the basic foundation of a tag team, let alone tag team *champions*. I know Joss and I think she’s cool. But sorry, mate. They just don’t work. Not like us. And the Valiant fans can see it in how we take care of business in the ring together. We may not have a perfect record but we did get this title shot for a reason. We earned it. And tonight? We’re gonna prove it.”

He looks at her with a confident smile. Bia turned to Max, returning his smile with one equally as full of teeth.

**Bia:** “Ya goddamn right we will. Tonight you and I are gonna show the Anarchy Tag Team Champions a little thing or two about proper bloody tag team wrestlin’! Whether it’s around your waist, or mine...one of those titles will be comin’ home with us. You ready to put yourself into the Valiant history books mate, because I sure am!”

**Max Thunder:** “Bloody oath I am.”

Bia gives Max a firm nod of the head, the two touching forearms in solidarity.

---

## Match Four - Anarchy Rules Tag

### Anarchy Tag Team Titles

Jackie Fowler & Joss Morant (c) vs Bia & Max Thunder

**Kimi Smith:** "The following contest is an Anarchy Rules Tag Team Match, and it is for the Anarchy Tag Team Championships! Introducing first, the challengers..."

The lights in the arena dim as the narrator's voice from Doom Eternal is heard.

**Narrator:** "Against all the evil that Hell can conjure. All the wickedness that Mankind can produce. We will send unto them...only you. Rip and Tear, until it is done!"

Dimebag Darrell's signature opening guitar riff of Pantera's 'Walk' blares through the speakers. Red lights pulse along the stage as Bia strides out, clad in her signature Viking-inspired attire. The fans cheer loudly as she raises her arms, letting out a war cry while pyro bursts in sync with the music.

**Kimi Smith:** "...Making her way to the ring, from Fremantle, Western Australia, weighing in at 75 kilograms... she is 'The West Australian War Goddess'... BIA!"

Bia marches down the ramp, slapping hands with fans at ringside before sliding into the ring. She climbs a turnbuckle, her arms outstretched, letting out another roar as the crowd erupts.

The music transitions seamlessly into "Thunderstruck" by AC/DC. The crowd erupts as Max Thunder sprints onto the stage, full of energy, pointing to the sky with an electric grin.

**Kimi Smith:** "...And her partner, from Melbourne, Australia, weighing in at 199 pounds... he is 'Thunderboi'... MAX THUNDER!"

Max high-fives fans as he runs down the ramp, sliding into the ring and posing on the turnbuckle alongside Bia. The two exchange a nod before turning their attention to the stage.

The arena lights dim again, replaced by green, white, and orange spotlights as Oasis' 'Fuckin' In The Bushes' blasts through the speakers. The energy in the arena shifts as Jackie Fowler swaggers out onto the stage, pint in hand, dancing and shouting at the crowd.

**Kimi Smith:** "And their opponents, they are the reigning and defending Anarchy Tag Team Champions! Introducing first, from Lancaster, England, weighing in at 217 pounds... JACKIE FOWLER!"

Jackie tosses his pint aside and makes his way down the ramp, yelling something indecipherable at a fan holding an Australian flag. He slides into the ring, flipping off Bia and Max before raising both middle fingers to the crowd, much to their delight.

The music transitions into 'Walking on Sunshine' by The Dollyrots, bringing a burst of brightness to the scene. Joss Morant bursts onto the stage, hyped up and waving enthusiastically at the crowd.

**Kimi Smith:** "And his partner, from Las Vegas, Nevada, weighing in at 130 pounds... JOSS MORANT!"

Joss skips down the ramp, high-fiving fans and blowing kisses. She slides into the ring, bouncing on her feet and grinning at the challengers. Jackie leans against the ropes with a smirk as Joss hands her belt to the referee.

The bell rings, and the chaos begins.

Joss starts the match against Max, the two displaying a fast-paced exchange of reversals and counters. Max gets the upper hand with a slingshot corkscrew crossbody, followed by a running inverted cannonball in the corner.

**Cassie North:** "Max is flying around like a storm cloud ready to burst! Joss just can't keep up!"

**Noah Jackson:** "You'd think with all that energy, he'd stop showboating and focus. We all know what happens when a storm fizzles out."

Max tags in Bia, and the powerhouse enters with a roar. Joss tries to tag Jackie, but Bia cuts her off with a crushing spear that sends Joss halfway across the ring.

**Cassie North:** "That's the Dock Blocker! Bia is steamrolling her way through this match!"

**Noah Jackson:** "Steamrolling? Try bull-dozing, Cassie. This is why you don't mess with a War Goddess!"

Bia hoists Joss into the air for a stalling vertical suplex, holding her for a full ten seconds before slamming her down. Jackie shouts for Joss to “stop arsing about” and reaches out for the tag. Joss scrambles, but Bia drags her back to the centre of the ring.

As the match progresses, Jackie finally gets the tag and explodes into action. He ducks a lariat from Bia and counters with a rope-assisted leaping piledriver, flooring her. Max dives in with a springboard crossbody, but Jackie catches him mid-air and plants him with a German release suplex.

**Cassie North:** "Jackie Fowler is on fire! He’s taking out both challengers like it’s nothing!"

**Noah Jackson:** "That’s because he’s a proper fighter, Cassie. Love him or hate him, the man knows how to handle himself in a scrap."

The match reaches its climax as Bia hits Jackie with the Maelstrom, but Joss breaks up the pin at the last second. Max follows up with Thunder N Lightning on Joss, leaving her down on the mat. Bia and Max set up for a double-team move, but Jackie seemingly throws something in Bia’s eyes, then clocks Max with the Lancaster Bomber out of nowhere.

**Cassie North:** "That’s the Lancaster Bomber! Jackie just knocked Max out cold!"

**Noah Jackson:** "And he’s got Bia lined up next! Someone stop this madman before he ends the match on his own!"

Jackie and Joss rally together for a final push. Joss hits a devastating Static Lullaby from the top rope. Jackie covers Bia for the three-count.

**Kimi Smith:** "Here are your winners, and still the Anarchy Tag Team Champions... JACKIE FOWLER AND JOSS MORANT!"

**Cassie North:** "What a chaotic match! Jackie and Joss retain, but not without a fight!"

**Noah Jackson:** "It’s not chaos—it’s skill. Jackie and Joss knew exactly what they were doing, and it worked. End of story."

---

**“Readiness.”**

The screen splits in half, showcasing two contrasting scenes as anticipation builds for the next match.

On the left, Kasey Kash paces back and forth in a dimly lit locker room, his energy restless and barely contained. His fists clench and unclench at his sides as he mutters to himself, psyching himself up. The glint in his eyes and the cocky smirk on his face tell the story of a man who thrives on chaos, ready to take whatever his opponent throws at him and dish it back tenfold.

On the right, Travis Levitt sits calmly on a bench in his locker room, his focus razor-sharp. His hands are taped, and he tightens the laces on his boots with deliberate precision. Unlike Kasey, his demeanour is composed, almost stoic. He takes a deep breath, running a hand over his beard, his eyes fixed on the floor as if visualising every step of the battle ahead.

Both men are poised for action, their contrasting energies a preview of the storm about to collide in the ring. The split screen lingers for a moment longer before fading out, the hum of the crowd growing louder in anticipation.

---

## Match Five – Singles

### Kasey Kash vs Travis Levitt

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

**Kasey Kash** bursts onto the stage to the haunting sound of "*Don't Lean On Me*" by The Amity Affliction. As the crowd's cheers and jeers collide, he strides with his signature swagger, smirking at the fans before sliding into the ring. He takes to the ropes, pointing to himself before hopping down, locking his eyes on the entrance ramp.

Kimi Smith: "From Canberra, Australia, weighing in at 165 pounds, KASEYYY KASSSH!"

The lights dim, and "*Through The Fire and The Flames*" by DragonForce rips through the speakers. Flames shoot up as **Travis Levitt** steps onto the stage. The crowd roars in approval as "The Dragon" takes his time, soaking in the energy. He kneels dramatically on the ramp, timing his fist raise to the burst of flames before heading to the ring, high-fiving fans along the way.

Kimi Smith: "And his opponent...from Richmond, Virginia, weighing in at 250 pounds, 'The Dragon,' TRAVIS LEVITT!"

The match begins with Kasey Kash and Travis Levitt circling each other, exchanging verbal jabs. Kasey tries to bait Travis with quick jabs, but the veteran's calm approach keeps him grounded. Travis catches Kasey off guard with a stiff European Uppercut, sending him reeling.

**Cassie North:** "Look at that power! Levitt's already setting the tone!"

**Noah Jackson:** "He'd better keep up. Kasey Kash is like a pesky mosquito—quick and hard to swat."

Kasey responds with a lightning-fast Basement Dropkick, targeting Travis's knee. With his opponent grounded, Kash transitions into a flurry of rapid kicks to keep the bigger man down. He hits the ropes and nails a Springboard Elbow, but Travis powers out of the pin at two.

Kasey tries for "*Eyes Sewn Shut*" (Ripcord Knee Strike), but Travis counters mid-motion into a brutal Dragon Suplex, holding for a near fall. Travis follows up with "*Pillar of Flames*" (Kneeling Belly-to-Back Piledriver), but Kasey narrowly escapes the pinfall.

**Cassie North:** "How did Kash kick out of that? That looked like it could've snapped his neck!"

**Noah Jackson:** "Luck, Cassie. Pure luck. The Dragon just hasn't cooked him enough yet."

The pace quickens as Kasey counters a "*Renee's Rise*" attempt into a dazzling Moonsault, flattening Travis. He ascends to the top rope, signalling for "*THIS Is A Knife!*" (Diving Double Foot Stomp). However, Travis rolls out of the way, catching Kasey with a Spinning Backfist on the rebound.

**Cassie North:** "Kasey just got rocked! That's the experience of Levitt coming into play."

**Noah Jackson:** "Finally. For a second, I thought The Dragon had gone extinct."

The climax arrives as Kasey dodges a "*Resurrection Kick*" and counters with "*Don't You Feel Amazing?*" (Ripcord Bicycle Knee Strike). Travis stumbles but doesn't fall, giving Kasey the opening to hit "*The Lucker Stomp*" (Curb Stomp) for the decisive pinfall.

**Kimi Smith:** "Here is your winner...KASEYY KASSSH!"

**Cassie North:** "What a match! Kasey Kash just proved why he's one of the most dangerous competitors in the ring."

**Noah Jackson:** “He’s also one of the luckiest. If Travis had hit that Resurrection Kick, this story would’ve ended differently.”

Kasey celebrates, mocking the crowd as Travis sits in the corner, visibly frustrated but giving a respectful nod to his opponent.

---

## “Rematch.”

Glory 2.3 continues as Jennifer Carter is standing by for yet another backstage interview.

**Jennifer Carter:** “Hey guys, it's Jennifer Carter and with me right now is the reigning Lionheart Champion, Emily Carter. Emily, welcome.”

**Emily Carter:** “Hey Jenn.”

**Jennifer Carter:** “Emily, the last time we spoke, it was a couple of weeks ago when you went one on one with an old friend in Molly Reid. Tonight, you two will have the chance to go at it again. Before we get to Molly, though, I want to talk to you about the main event. It’s a match that’s going to have championship implications as either Leanne Jones, Precious Pepper Vain or Rayven Hardy will be facing you for your Lionheart Championship. Any thoughts on tonight’s #1 Contenders Match?”

**Emily Carter:** “Aw man, I’ve got a lot of thoughts, actually. Rayven is a heck of a talent with all the potential in the world. Pepper made her intentions known when she just so happened to time her return to Valiant immediately after my match with Bri. *No coincidence, of course.* Then there’s Leanne, who can beat anyone on any given day. But honestly, I’d rather just concentrate on my match tonight. All three of those ladies in tonight’s main event are talented in their own right. Each of them would be deserving of challenging for this championship should they win. They each have their own strengths. Every one of them is a threat. But I feel like by concentrating on the main event, I’d be doing a disservice to my opponent here tonight. Molly has proven in her return that she’s someone that shouldn’t be underestimated or overlooked. So I’d prefer to keep my focus solely on her tonight, if that’s okay.”

**Jennifer Carter:** “Absolutely. So let’s get back to Molly...”

**Emily Carter:** "Let's."

**Jennifer Carter:** "The two of you know each other very well and that was shown in your previous match. You both fought hard. However, the match didn't end the way you wanted to after Molly came away with a win. But not before ripping off the turnbuckle pad and sending you into the exposed steel turnbuckle first. Your thoughts on this rematch with Molly?"

**Emily Carter:** "You know, babe, Molly Reid is a lot of things. Stupid has never been one of them. Of course wrestling is physical. Of course we're trying to force a submission. Of course we're trying to keep our opponents shoulders to the mat for a three count. Molly seems to think that I was expecting her to pull her punches with me. Molly seems to think that I was under the impression we were gonna lock arms and go skipping around the ring. Listen, I know what it's like to stand across the ring from people that I care about. I know what it's like to have to fight your friends. I've got titles here and elsewhere that I had to fight my friends to get. I still have this championship right here..."

Emily points to the Lionheart Championship across her left shoulder.

**Emily Carter:** "...because I had to deny one of my best friends. I've still got a Bragging Rights trophy at home because I had to go through *you*."

Emily points directly at the camera.

**Emily Carter:** "So no, I'm not mad that I lost. I'm not exactly thrilled with losing. Who would be? But I'm not mad that I lost. I'm not mad because you didn't take it easy on me. I just didn't think that you would take the cheap route at the very end and win by any means. That's all. But hey, maybe I'm the dumb one. Maybe I'm the foolish one for thinking someone of your wrestling caliber would be better than that. My bad, babes. How silly of me. But it's over. It's done with. There's no point in keeping on about a result that you can't change. We're moving forward to tonight."

**Jennifer Carter:** "With all that being said, what's your mindset going into tonight's match. Molly did offer to shake your hand this time."

Emily can't help but let out a smirk.

**Emily Carter:** “I’m sure she meant that with 100% sincerity, too. Listen, I didn’t overlook Molly last time and I’m not about to do so tonight. It’s one thing to remember how she used to wrestle. I can remember watching on the apron and standing in amazement as she did her thing in the ring in the past. I can remember watching the tapes. Even now from a distance, seeing her timing... the combinations... it’s all still there. It’s a totally different story being in there up close and personal, babes. Molly might have been gone for the better part of six years. But she’s quickly gotten back up to speed. She’s still quick. She can chain those moves together. And her kicks? Yeah, they hurt like hell.”

Emily moves around her jaw before continuing.

**Emily Carter:** “Molly simply isn’t back for the love of the game. She wants what we all want and that’s a championship. As much as me and the babes don’t like *how* it happened, she *does* have a win over me. Pepper, Rayven or Leanne could win that #1 Contenders Match in the main event. But if Molly were to get yet *another* win over me, how could you deny her? Molly is going into this match with the confidence from beating me the last time. She’s coming into this match with extra momentum and confidence from her big tag team win last Inferno. Tonight, though, I’m knocking her down a peg or two.”

**Emily Carter:** “Molly, if you thought you had a fight on your hands the last time we matched up? Then babe, you’ve got another thing coming tonight. This isn’t about revenge for me, though, because honestly, I don’t hate you. Tonight is about making sure that there isn’t a repeat of our last match. I’m gonna give you everything and then some this time around. I wasn’t holding back last time. But my gameplan wasn’t good enough to get the W. So I’ve gotta come at you twice as hard. I’m gonna make you fight for every inch in that ring tonight. Molly, I’m gonna outwork you. I’m gonna outwrestle you, babe. And you’re gonna find out the hard way, to tweak a phrase from an old cohort of yours, that Carter... Kicks Harder. “

---

## **Match Six – Singles**

### **Emily Carter vs Molly Reid**

The crowd buzzes with anticipation as the lights dim. The spotlight shines on Kimi Smith, standing in the centre of the ring with a microphone in hand.

**Kimi Smith:** “The following contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first...”

*"Don't Die Digging" by The Graduate* begins to play, and the crowd erupts into cheers. Emily Carter steps onto the stage, her confident smile lighting up the arena. Dressed in a sleek red and black wrestling outfit, she high-fives fans on her way to the ring, exuding pure babyface energy.

**Kimi Smith:** "Making her way to the ring, from Chicago, Illinois, weighing in at 133 pounds... *Eeemily Carter!*"

Emily climbs the turnbuckle, raising her arms as the crowd cheers even louder. She hops down, focusing on the entrance ramp as her music fades.

Suddenly, *"Higher" by Creed* blasts through the speakers, and the cheers shift to a mix of applause and boos. Molly Reid struts out wearing her signature sunglasses and leather jacket. She smirks at the crowd, flipping her jacket to reveal "SHE IS RIZZIN" emblazoned on the back.

**Kimi Smith:** "And her opponent, from Los Angeles, California, weighing in at 134 pounds... *Mooooolly Reid!*"

Molly casually slides into the ring, taking off her sunglasses and jacket as she stares down Emily. The referee checks both competitors before signalling for the bell.

The bell rings, and both women circle each other. Molly attempts to use her speed early, lunging forward with a spinning backfist, but Emily ducks underneath and counters with a quick Japanese arm drag. Molly pops up, but Emily follows up with a second arm drag, keeping control with a grounded armbar.

**Cassie North:** "Emily Carter's technical ability is shining through early! She's staying on top of Molly and not letting her build momentum."

**Noah Jackson:** "She'd better, because once Molly gets going, it's like trying to stop a freight train. Emily might as well call it a day if she lets that happen."

Molly powers out of the armbar,ipping up to her feet and hitting a sharp spinning heel kick that staggers Emily. Wasting no time, Molly rushes the ropes and comes back with a flying crossbody, but Emily rolls through, using Molly's momentum to land on top for a quick pin!

**Cassie North:** "What a reversal! Emily's got the cover!"

**Noah Jackson:** “She must’ve thought she’d caught Molly napping. Spoiler alert—she didn’t.”

Molly kicks out at one and rolls to her feet. Emily charges, but Molly drops her with a hip toss, followed by a lightning-fast float-over DDT. Molly gestures to the crowd, smirking as she pulls Emily up by her arm. She attempts *The Aaron Donald* spear, but Emily sidesteps, sending Molly shoulder-first into the corner turnbuckle.

Emily capitalises with a hesitation corner dropkick, sending Molly slumping to the mat. She follows up with a diving double foot stomp from the second rope, targeting Molly’s midsection. Emily hooks the leg for a pin.

**Cassie North:** “This could be it! Emily’s got her down!”

**Noah Jackson:** “Not even close, Cassie. Molly’s tougher than a three-day-old steak.”

Molly kicks out at two, rolling to the apron to catch her breath. Emily goes for a springboard forearm smash, but Molly ducks, causing Emily to crash to the mat. Seizing the opportunity, Molly climbs to the top rope and soars with a picture-perfect *Air Molly* 450 splash! The crowd erupts in shock as she hooks the leg.

**Cassie North:** “Oh no! Molly’s about to steal this one!”

**Noah Jackson:** “She’s not stealing; she’s just... renting the win!”

Emily kicks out at the last second, sending the crowd into a frenzy. Molly looks frustrated but stays focused, pulling Emily up and signalling for the *Molly Kick*. She throws the superkick, but Emily catches her leg and transitions smoothly into the *Carter Clutch*!

The crowd is electric as Molly struggles, her hand hovering in the air, but she refuses to tap. Summoning her resilience, Molly flips over, breaking the hold and pinning Emily’s shoulders down for a near fall.

Both women scramble to their feet. Molly throws a desperate spinning backfist, but Emily ducks and counters with *Unnecessary Roughness III*, ending with a brutal Busaiku Knee Strike that sends Molly collapsing to the mat.

Emily wastes no time, pulling Molly up into position for the *Kick 2 Kill*. The sleeper hold transitions seamlessly into a devastating penalty kick to Molly’s chest, and Emily covers for the three-count!

**Kimi Smith:** “Here is your winner... *Emily Carter!*”

The crowd explodes with cheers as Emily stands tall, her arm raised in victory. She looks down at Molly with respect before climbing the turnbuckle to celebrate her hard-earned win.

**Cassie North:** “What a performance by Emily Carter! She fought hard and finally got her revenge on Molly Reid!”

**Noah Jackson:** “Revenge? That’s just one win, Cassie. Let’s see if she can do it again before we start throwing parades.”

Emily leaves the ring, slapping hands with fans as Molly sits up, visibly frustrated but nodding slightly in acknowledgment of her opponent's skill.

---

## “Familiar Faces.”

Backstage, the hum of activity fills the air as staff and wrestlers move about. Marissa Kane rounds a corner, her focused stride cutting through the chaos. She wears a leather jacket over her ring gear, her confident smirk firmly in place. Ahead of her, leaning against a production crate, stands Natalie McKinley.

Still dressed in her gear and lacing her wrist tape, Natalie looks up just as Marissa approaches.

For a moment, the two lock eyes. There’s no tension, no malice—just the unspoken understanding of two competitors who know their worth. Marissa slows her pace, her smirk softening into something closer to a nod of recognition. Natalie straightens, her posture radiating quiet strength. She nods back, a small smile tugging at the corner of her lips.

Marissa breaks the moment first, continuing her walk down the hallway. As she passes, she glances over her shoulder briefly, as if silently acknowledging the moment. Natalie watches her go, standing tall, her expression unreadable but contemplative as Marissa disappears into the crowd.

---

## Match Seven – Singles

### Junior Hardy vs Marissa Kane

The match begins as Kimi Smith takes the centre of the ring to introduce the competitors.

**Kimi Smith:** “The following contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first...”

The lights dim, and the opening riff of Junior Hardy’s theme music blares through the arena. Junior walks out with confidence, soaking in the mixed reaction from the crowd. He adjusts his taped wrists before raising his arms high.

**Kimi Smith:** “From Las Vegas, Nevada, weighing in at 228 pounds... JUNIOR HARDY!”

Junior climbs into the ring, climbing a turnbuckle to pose for the audience, pointing to the "HARDY" down the sides of his tights. He smirks before dropping back to the mat, leaning against the ropes as he awaits his opponent.

The arena lights turn a cold shade of blue as Marissa Kane’s music hits. She steps onto the stage, her gaze locked on Junior, exuding quiet intensity.

**Kimi Smith:** “And his opponent... from an undisclosed location, weighing in at 140 pounds... MARISSA KANE!”

Marissa wastes no time walking to the ring, brushing past outstretched hands from the audience. She slides under the bottom rope and stands up, staring down Junior as she stretches her arms.

The bell rings, and both competitors circle each other cautiously before locking up. Junior uses his size advantage to shove Marissa into the corner, but she ducks under his grasp and counters with a sharp overhand chop that echoes through the arena.

**Cassie North:** “Oh, you can feel the sting from here! Marissa is wasting no time making her mark.”

**Noah Jackson:** “Yeah, but one chop isn’t going to win her the match, love. Junior’s got the strength advantage and the family name!”

Junior shakes off the chop and charges at Marissa, but she sidesteps, tripping him into the corner with a drop toe hold. She follows up with a sliding lariat, catching Junior off guard and driving him into the bottom turnbuckle.

**Cassie North:** “That’s the speed and precision Marissa is known for! She’s staying one step ahead.”

**Noah Jackson:** “One step ahead now, but Junior’s playing the long game. You don’t grow up a Hardy without knowing how to win.”

Junior recovers and whips Marissa into the ropes. She rebounds and leaps into a springboard crossbody, but Junior catches her mid-air and transitions into a fallaway slam, sending her across the ring.

**Cassie North:** “What a counter! Junior’s power just turned the tide.”

**Noah Jackson:** “See? Told you. Textbook Hardy – catch, throw, dominate.”

Junior follows up with mounted forearm strikes, showing off his aggressive brawler style. The referee intervenes, forcing him to break. Marissa rolls to the ropes, clutching her head, but Junior pulls her back to her feet, setting up for the Valentine’s Bow spinebuster.

Marissa counters at the last moment, slipping out and delivering a spinning back kick to Junior’s ribs, doubling him over. She quickly locks him in the Deadlift Kimura Lock and powers him up for a slam, stunning the crowd with her strength.

**Cassie North:** “Did you see that? She just lifted Junior like he was nothing!”

**Noah Jackson:** “Alright, I’ll give her that one. But let’s not pretend she’s got this in the bag.”

Junior groggily gets to his feet, and Marissa capitalises with a Bicycle Kick that sends him stumbling into the corner. She climbs to the second rope, raining down mounted punches, but Junior grabs her mid-punch and powerbombs her into the centre of the ring.

**Cassie North:** “Junior Hardy refuses to stay down! This match is turning into a fight for survival.”

**Noah Jackson:** “I’d say Marissa’s got about three more hits in her before Junior calls it a night. It’s all over but the shouting.”

Marissa surprises everyone by kipping up, clutching her ribs but staying defiant. She ducks under a superkick attempt from Junior and hits the ropes, rebounding with the Execution ripcord throat chop. Junior stumbles, gasping for air, and Marissa transitions into the Mirrorcell flying cross armbar, wrenching back with everything she’s got.

Junior struggles, his face contorted in pain as he reaches for the ropes, but Marissa rolls through, keeping the hold locked in tight. With no other option, Junior taps out.

The referee calls for the bell as Marissa releases the hold, raising her arms in victory.

**Kimi Smith:** "Here is your winner... MARISSA KANE!"

**Cassie North:** "What a performance by Marissa Kane! She came in with a game plan and executed it perfectly."

**Noah Jackson:** "Alright, fine. She pulled it off. But you know Junior's not going to let this one slide. There's a rematch in their future, mark my words."

Marissa exits the ring, her expression calm but satisfied, while Junior sits up in the centre, holding his arm and glaring after her. The crowd cheers as Marissa disappears backstage, leaving Junior to stew in his defeat.

---

## "Third Wheel"

The feed cuts to a pre-recorded segment, showing Leanne Jones arriving at the Arena, sporting a green "Southie" hoodie representing the Crucible faction she recently took the lead of. Spotting the camera, the former Chaos champion stops to share her thoughts on tonight's main event.

**Leanne Jones:** Hello Glory, did you miss me?

Jones smiles at the camera, running a hand through her hair.

**Leanne Jones:** Whether you did or didn't, you should get used to see me around these parts. My commitments with the Crucible Academy will keep me there on Sunday nights, so I guess we can say that I'm now.. Bound for Glory.

She chuckles slightly.

**Leanne Jones:** That was a jest, but it might be true after tonight, should I be able to win my match and earn that Lionheart championship title shot.

The camera follows her as she enters the Arena, walking the hallways heading toward the locker room area.

**Leanne Jones:** And, let's be honest, my chances look pretty good. You saw Rayven, she's so focused on her squabble with PPV that she didn't even acknowledge my presence in this match. Kinda crazy, if you ask me, considering how I etched my name in this company's history books.

Not missing the chance to brag about her accolades, Jones continued to walk the hallways.

**Leanne Jones:** As for the Prodigal Daughter herself, I could talk for hours about her rerturn and how I feel about it. The chances she has been given, the claims she has made. But this is not the time or place for that. For now, all I'm going to say is thank you.

A slight grin appeared on her face

**Leanne Jones:** If there's one good thing Valiant took benefit from your return, is that you forced Aphrodite into a sabbatical. Which, with a little bit of luck, could become a permanent deal.

She shrugged her shoulders, showing no sympathy for her former associate.

**Leanne Jones:** And I can always hold out hope that you'll follow her example, and deliver us from your presence until your next grandiose return nobody will give a shit about.

Finally reaching the locker room, she stopped and turned to the camera.

**Leanne Jones:** I'll see you out there, ladies. Because yes, I'm in this match too, Rayven. And I'm perfectly fine with letting you and Pepper go at each other's throat and pick up the spoils.

Flashing a final smile at the camera, she opens the door and disappears inside to get ready for her match.

---

**“Game On.”**

RAYVEN HARDY: "Last show was a chance for me to do something that frankly, I haven't done in awhile. It was a chance to go on a little winning streak and build momentum that I DESPERATELY need. I've been in a rut ever since Valiant reopened its doors, and this time, I was ready. I had a huge win the show before against PPV, and she said a lot of things to motivate me, to remind me of who I am. This was my chance and then...."

Rayven grits her teeth and sighs, frustration clearly visible on her face.

RAYVEN HARDY: "The same woman who reminded me who I am, made me look like the loser I've become lately. Nothing against Kimberly, she's talented, but she took a shortcut, one that was handed to her by Precious. And maybe one day I'll get another chance to show Kimmy exactly what would happen if things were straight up, but...tonight is much more important.

Tonight is a second chance at the Lionheart championship. Obviously PPV has a long history with that title, and Leanne was recently a champion, but me? I can't remember the last time I've held gold and it's time to change that. I used to headline shows in this company, and now, with the main event shine once again? I'm turning back the clock and showing that sometimes the losing streaks lead to the biggest comebacks.

Leanne, this isn't personal between us, but you know what it's like to compete at the highest level, and when there's this much at stake? There's NO HOLDING BACK!"

And Pep?"

Rayven smirks and clenches her fists.

RAYVEN HARDY: "This is VERY personal. You made your triumphant return, and it didn't go your way, so you decided to put a halt to my momentum? All because of something that happened YEARS ago? Well guess what? I'm going to do the same to you. I'm sure you would LOVE to be Lionheart champion again, so I'm not only going to make sure that doesn't happen, but I'm winning this match, and then I'm going on to win a title that you're SYNONYMOUS with, and guess what? I'll be a better Lionheart champion than you ever were.

You wanna play, Pep? Game on."

---

## Main Event - Triple Threat

### Lionheart #1 Contendership

Leanne Jones vs PPV vs Rayven Hardy

The arena lights dim as the crowd buzzes with excitement for the Lionheart #1 Contendership match. Kimi Smith stands in the centre of the ring with her microphone raised.

**Kimi Smith:** "The following contest is a triple threat match scheduled for one fall, and it will determine the number one contender for the Lionheart Championship!"

The opening chords of "*Nowhere Generation*" by Rise Against blast through the speakers, and the crowd reacts with a mix of cheers and boos.

**Kimi Smith:** "Introducing first, weighing in at 117 pounds... Leanne Jones!"

Leanne Jones strides to the ring with purpose, her confident smirk belying her focused determination. She takes a moment at the top of the ramp, raising a fist before heading to the ring, ignoring the mixed reception from the fans.

The music shifts to "*Skittles (Original Remix)*", and the fans erupt as Rayven Hardy bursts onto the stage, full of energy. She slaps hands with fans on her way down the ramp, her signature enthusiasm contagious.

**Kimi Smith:** "Next, from San Francisco, California, weighing in at 135 pounds, she is 'The Miracle'... Rayven Hardy!"

Rayven leaps onto the apron, springboarding over the top rope with ease. She takes a moment to play to the crowd, feeding off their cheers.

Suddenly, "*Sucker*" by Marcus King hits, and the mood shifts as PPV emerges, exuding arrogance and confidence. She takes her time walking to the ring, smirking at the fans who boo her relentlessly.

**Kimi Smith:** "And their opponent, from Miami, Florida, weighing in at 128 pounds, she is 'The Hierophant'... PPV!"

PPV climbs into the ring, locking eyes with her opponents, already strategising her every move.

The referee calls for the bell, and the match begins with all three competitors circling cautiously.

Leanne and PPV quickly form an uneasy alliance to double-team Rayven, delivering stiff strikes to ground her. Rayven counters with a double dropkick that sends both women sprawling.

**Cassie North:** “Rayven Hardy with an explosive start! She’s always so quick to make her presence felt.”

**Noah Jackson:** “Yeah, but don’t blink, Cassie. The Miracle might just *miraculously* blow it.”

Rayven builds momentum with her aerial prowess, catching Leanne with a springboard elbow and sending PPV to the corner with a hurricanrana. She ascends the turnbuckle, looking for a crossbody, but PPV catches her mid-air and transitions into a brutal shoulderbreaker.

**Cassie North:** “What strength from PPV! That’s why she calls herself ‘The Hierophant.’”

**Noah Jackson:** “She’s not just strong; she’s smart. It’s all part of the Great Work, Cassie. You wouldn’t get it.”

As PPV dominates, Leanne slides back into the fray, taking advantage of PPV’s focus on Rayven. She lands a springboard back elbow, catching PPV off guard, and follows up with the Olympia Bomb for a close two-count.

The action becomes chaotic, with all three competitors trading near falls. Rayven attempts the Crossed Out on Leanne, but PPV breaks it up with a brutal rolling German suplex. PPV tries to lock in the Red Riot on Rayven, but Leanne breaks it up with a diving leg drop.

**Cassie North:** “This is anyone’s match! They’re leaving it all in the ring tonight.”

**Noah Jackson:** “They should call this a chiropractor’s dream. These three are going to need one after this chaos.”

The climax comes as PPV catches Leanne with the Emergency Break, setting her up for the Collapsing Star II. She lands it perfectly and hooks the leg, but Rayven crashes down with the Skittle Star Press to break the pin at the last second.

Rayven and PPV stagger to their feet, trading blows. PPV gains the upper hand with a flurry of stiff kicks, sending Rayven through the ropes and to the outside.

As PPV turns her attention back to Leanne, she's caught off guard by a sudden roll-up. The referee counts three as Leanne secures the victory!

**Kimi Smith:** "Here is your winner and the new number one contender for the Lionheart Championship... Leanne Jones!"

Leanne quickly rolls out of the ring, smirking as she backs up the ramp, arms raised in triumph.

**Cassie North:** "What a win for Leanne! She capitalised on the moment like a true contender."

**Noah Jackson:** "Typical sneaky tactics from Jones. But hey, a win's a win—even if it's a cheap one."

The camera focuses on Leanne celebrating on the stage as PPV fumes in the ring, and Rayven recovers at ringside. PPV sees red and gives chase to Rayven, who hops over the barricade and flees. The crowd buzzes with excitement for what's to come.