



Sturgis, SD. 08/07/2025 | Hotel Room (Right after Anarchy)

Solomon gets to his hotel room in Sturgis after his appearance on Anarchy. He swipes the card to enter when his phone rings. He takes the phone out while he enters and closes the door behind him. He sees the name on his screen, along with the picture... Tyler Dravyn.



He answers. "Hey Ty. How are you?"

"How am I? Solly, when were you going to tell me you bought a bike? I had to find out by watching you come out after your buddy's match! What were you thinking?"

"I..." He tries to answer before getting cut off.

"And what's this obsession with Atara Raven? Between this invitation for her to join you and all your interactions on Bluesky, tell me...where do you get off?" She takes a moment, as does Solomon. He waits to see if she has anything else to add before speaking.

“May I respond now, please?” She doesn’t say anything, but he can almost picture her gesturing and making a face as if to say, “on with it.” “First of all, hi. I miss you too. Yes, I bought a Harley and I rode it from my mom’s celebration with the family all the way here to Sturgis. I’m sorry I didn’t tell you about it right away, but keep in mind, as much as I like you, we aren’t exclusive. I don’t have to tell you everything.”

“I’m very aware, Solomon. We’ve been seeing each other for a few months now and I’ve been more than patient with you. I really care about you and I don’t think you considered your own safety when you made that purchase. What if something happens to you? You would do that to Janey?” She says the last word with concern and lets it hang in the air for a moment.

Solomon gathers his thoughts. “I hear you and I’m sorry. I had considered it. To be fair, something could happen to me anywhere. I’m a pro wrestler. I have wrestled matches with flaming tables and barbed wire. I’m not going to be riding it everywhere, but I wanted to get something nice for myself. Your concerns are noted and I care about you too. As for Atty, she’s married and it’s not like that. As a member of the Tribe, I am always looking for allies. We have so many groups here and right now it’s just Aidan and me. We may have two other members, but they aren’t active. I’ve been impressed by Atara and honestly, she’s becoming somewhat of a friend.”

“Solomon, I trust you and I know you don’t have to tell me everything. I know you’re hesitant to commit and I can be patient, but it has its limits. I’m not going to wait around forever. I know that you have trauma and you’re probably scared, because you’ve been divorced before. I understand the hesitation, but what do you want?”

“It’s not just that, Ty. I’m an entertainer.” He states. “Between wrestling and music stuff, which I do intend to get back into soon, there is a lot of traveling and there are fans and colleagues I’ll spend a lot of time with. We’re not even in a relationship and you’re getting jealous. How much more jealous will you be if

we give this a shot? And what would that look like? The few days that I am home, I'm in Phoenix. You're in Seattle. Are we going to have a fair chance at a relationship long distance?"

"I don't know. I'd be willing to consider relocating to be closer to you, if you want to commit, but we aren't even there yet. I think you need to consider what's important to you right now. Do you want a relationship? Do you want that stability? Or are you content just living the single life? Because you can't have both. Take some time and think about it. That's all I ask, but don't wait too long, okay?"

He took a moment to let her words sink in. "Yeah, I will think about it. I mean, I have been thinking about it. You have been a bright spot these past few months and I appreciate you. Thank you for taking the time to tell me you care. I won't keep you waiting. I just...need to think about things. I'm not good with relationships."

"I know. Thanks. Anyway, I'll let you get back to your day. We should make a plan to see each other soon, okay?"

"Of course. I'd like that. Okay, Ty. I'll be careful out here and I'll talk to you soon."

"Ok Sol. Talk to you later. Good night."

"Good night."

Click.

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“It’s been four months since the first time we met one on one. May Day. A lot has changed since then. You were in the Black Rainbow. To borrow a line from your promo for that match, it was the spark. We were at odds, enemies, but really, that was the beginning of our courtship. We had a plan. I too would join the Black Rainbow when the time was right. I believed you. I bought in. I was ready to betray my own father in front of the whole world at Rebellion. You gained the win there and I let it get to me. I let it fester and stew like any other loss, but it motivated me to be better. I wanted to beat you so badly. I still do. I know, technically I got the dub with dear old dad at Rebellion, but realistically, you and Marisol brutalized us and broke the fucking cage wall, so I consider it a win with a huge asterisk.”

“I was in a dark place then. Honestly up until that moment, though I was having second thoughts, I was going to join. Seeing Aidan, someone I’ve known since I was a child, show up and truly care enough to try to stop me was something. I can’t forget that. He gave a shit. Whatever happens, he was there for me. He helped me have the confidence to save my dad from you and the rest of the group. I’d like to think that moment changed things for you too. I know you were pissed. You walked away. I can’t lie. I was sad to see you go. Now here we are, two months out from that you’re back. You’ve been on a tear. You’ve silenced so many doubters and I’m not surprised. I’ve always admired you, no matter where we stand personally. In your absence, I won the X-Treme title. I defended it more than most do. I may have lost that title, but I didn’t lose my fire. So here we go again, on the path to Relentless. Me, on the verge of the biggest challenge yet for tag gold against two former Universal champions and you...coasting into Relentless as the Television champion? Look at you, giving a fuck. It looks good on you, Sarah. No big feuds, no more Black Rainbow to hold you down...you’re on top of the world. But what if that world came crashing down? What if I’m not the flash in the pan you thought I was? What if that little spark started a fire and that fire grew and burned your entire world to a crisp? All I need is a spark, Sarah...just a tiny ember and I can make a conflagration. I can consume all that you know and if you’re being real? You’d love it. Wolf eats crow and frankly, it tastes delicious.”

"You had to cheat to beat me. You did what you always do, Sarah. Win by any means necessary. It's not the way I would do things, but I understand. It's what lesser competitors do. Can't legitimately beat someone? Kick them in the nuts when the referee isn't looking. Unable to get the job done on your own merits? No problem. Just spit some Wolf's Blood in their eyes. And if both of those tactics fail? You can always use the referee as a human shield! I mean, technically, you beat my Tribe partner Aidan Collins, but even after he challenged you to win cleanly, you still couldn't do it. So on Warfare, I'm wearing a cup and goggles and I'm going to have a second ref on standby. I'm going back and watching every one of your matches, not just here either. I'm going to study tape from all of your past matches and I'll be prepared for anything you can throw at me."

"This is not my first chance at the TV title. I haven't been able to get it done. I feel like I unlocked something in myself when I won the X-Treme title. I know any title opportunity is something to be grateful for. So even though I'm focused on winning tag team gold, that's later. I will be locked in for this match. I would love the opportunity to represent XWF as the Television champion...the face of the company on TV. It would be a huge honor. But to do that, I have to get through you, Sarah. I have to prove that I don't need Crimson Kline's help to beat you and I intend to do just that. You've had my number almost every time we've faced, but I've changed carriers. I have a new number. I reset the combination. Changed the password. I'm not the same person I was four months ago. I'm more confident, more accomplished and more polished. You talk about standing on my own and not going backward. Well, Crimson Kline didn't help me win the X-Treme title. Aidan Collins didn't help me defend it twice."

"I did that on my own and I didn't need to bend the rules to do it. Can you say the same about your wins, your accomplishments? Maybe you don't care. You're the big, bad wolf and the end justifies the means. You want to talk about not going backward? Okay. Do you see me chasing after the X-Treme title since I lost it? No. I went for the Anarchy tag titles. The XWF tag titles, the UGWC World



title. I took the fight to SEB when neither of us knew who our opponent would be and I almost had him. It's too bad being 'this close' doesn't cut it when it comes to championships. With this title in particular, you have even more of a champions advantage, because you don't need to win to retain. You just have to survive fifteen minutes with the rising star, the prodigal, the first ballot rookie of the year, Solomon Kline. There's no cage to keep us confined, no tag team partners, no Black Rainbow looming over us. Just you, me and a fifteen minute time limit. Each time I've competed for it, I've taken the respective champion to the brink. I've been right there on the precipice too many times and I'm sick of it. Fifteen minutes should be plenty to put you down. It won't be easy, but if it was, it wouldn't be worth my time."

"Simply put, this won't be a stepping stone for either of us. I don't get an easy win going into Relentless on the go-home show. If you win, you're going to have to earn it. So I say bring it. Let's steal the show. We both know that this match should have been the main event, but instead we are upstaged by a former Universal Champion, who has declared himself the General Manager, the artist formerly known as Yelena Gorgo in a non-title match. I'm bitter about it. Are you? Let's channel that and make this the best match on the show. I have every intention of walking out of Warfare Monday as the new XWF Television champion, with a chance to become Solomon two-belts at Relentless. I have been here eight months, consistently showing up every week and never running away, which is more than I can say for you and your old BR buddy Maraeth. I have been fighting and earning every opportunity and every win. I have been putting in the work as the workhorse of this company and still no one takes me seriously. I hear the whispers. Solomon can't handle the pressure. Sure he's had some good wins, but he can't win when it counts. Really? Tell that to the three former world champions I beat in UGWC defending my Conquest championship. Tell that to Tommy Wish or Tatiana Jolee. Tell that to Dickie Watson, whom I beat for the X-Treme title when I was drunk off my ass! Tell that to Sarah Wolf and Marisol Vilaro, who despite beating the living hell out of me and my dad, didn't have the wherewithal to realize that the cage wall was buckling and that we would eke out the win. Asterisk by that one, for sure, but still...in the record

books? A win against you. You of all people should understand that a win by any means is still a win. It's your whole M.O. If anything, there should be an asterisk by almost every win you've had here in the XWF."

"Tell me, Sarah, what did you do in that time off? What did you think about after you left in frustration after Rebellion? I guess you and Maraeth aren't so different after all. The Black Rainbow model: when the going gets tough...give up. Run away. Get the fuck out of dodge. You know, you should be thanking me. You talked to me like I was a child, someone to be manipulated into joining your little group and why? Because you thought we'd have a beautiful partnership? Was that the benevolent monster in you? Did you think I would strengthen the group? Or was it that you had one foot out the door and you wanted a reason to stay? Solomon Kline joining the Black Rainbow would have been shocking. Me desecrating the visage and the legacy of my own father would have done numbers, but Sarah, not everyone hates their fathers. We have our differences, but at the end of the day, I actually like the guy. My last name is not Wolf or Duke. My last name is Kline and that should matter. People talk today like his legacy meant nothing. Ancient history or that I talk about it too much. Dare I say that I don't talk about it enough."

"This isn't revisionist history, it's a reminder that this company had more than one great era. People like Preston Vanderlay Esquire want to erase the legacy of that generation. There is no King Kieran without Lee Stone. This company has had its ups and downs, but the reason it was worth keeping at all during the down times was that legacy. Names like Collins and Raven should be respected. Sarah, my papa don't preach, he was a god damned professional wrestler and this was his home. He saved Anarchy from cancellation and fought against the one-man power trip of former owner Jonathyn Brown. That's not me riding coattails, it's just me stating facts. The tired narrative of I'm just Aidan Collins' lackey or I'm just Caedmon Kline's son will persist because people are lazy and unoriginal and they love to shout nepo baby. But so far in his return, Aidan has struggled to keep up with this generation. He has not won a title yet. He has given me some great advice, but I won my first XWF title and defended it



on my own. Not if, but when I win the Television title? That's something my father never did. He also didn't have as much of a legacy as he should because he was prone to leave when the going got tough, Sarah. Does that sound familiar? It should."

"Fact is I have continued to show up week after week, show after show in the XWF. Despite disappointing and frustrating losses, I continue to fight. I continue to learn and grow and improve. You made your own way, not invoking the name of your wrestling siblings. Good for you. I'm sure you're very proud of that. But see the difference between you and me, the reason that I have such a big shadow that everyone has to bring up is that people have actually heard of my dad. I've done it on my own too. Not once have I won a match due to outside interference on my behalf. I surround myself with allies not for a tactical or numbers advantage, but because this business is better when you have someone watching your back. I can't wait to get back to tag action with Aidan. I've been enjoying it, a different strategy, but to be clear, I am a singles wrestler first. I don't need anyone to help me win once that bell rings. I don't always pull out the win, but I pride myself on being able to do it myself. I get my hands dirty. I dig in. I don't have cronies to distract or fight for me and I don't need some poisonous concoction to take out my opponents."

"I've heard it said that you and I are alike, we both have daddy issues. Truth is, I'm nothing like you, Sarah. I am sorry your dad is an asshole and he abused you. No one should go through that. I'm sure it has something to do with who you are today. It's impossible it didn't shape you in some way. I dealt with that for years from a man I believed to be my father. But he wasn't my father. He was my captor and my mother's killer. He was the origin story for "Crazy" Crimson Kline. He was also religious. Hell of a drug, religion. But he wasn't the end of my story. I got out. I found my tribe. I fight every day to be a better person despite every shitty thing that's happened in my life. I've lost loved ones, got divorced and yet it doesn't define me. I don't use it as an excuse to be bitter and shitty toward others. I have been known to do things myself because I had to. If I didn't fight, I would have never known who I am. I would have died in

silence, an unknown, kidnapped kid named Johnny, buried in a hole somewhere in Michigan. Years later, maybe I'd be found and they would make a Hulu documentary about it. Then again, maybe not, because I'm half-Japanese. They only talk about white kid tragedies. I fight and I have endured horrors I don't even speak about, but still, I try to be kind and good. I may not be religious, but I still believe in values. I hate that religious people, especially those in leadership don't practice what they preach. There's no hate like Christian love, am I right? So yes, he had similar traumas, Dollface, but how we responded to it could not be any more different."

"I am itching for more gold. I want, no I deserve to be draped in it. One for each shoulder. Another around my waist. Call me Smaug the way I want to hoard it. My precious. I'm still bitter about losing the X-Treme title without even being pinned. I'm still annoyed that Bobby Bourbon beat me not once, but twice and he couldn't even be assed to keep the title long enough to give me a rematch. No, if it wasn't the ghost of Darren Dangerous, it would have been Maraeth. I will get a receipt on Bobby Bourbon one day and I have a chip on my shoulder. Sorry, not sorry, Sarah, but I'm going to take that frustration out on you. I'm going to channel that rage and focus it. I'm going to use it as fuel to take your Television championship. I'm going to shock the world and win my second title in the XWF. And then? I'm going to keep it for as long as I possibly can. I care about legacy and I plan to continue it. I plan to show why I am the greatest Kline and it starts here. This is not an easy defense for the Doll. This will not be a walk in the park en route to a bigger match at Relentless. This is another chapter in the rise of Solomon Kline. My brother is trans. I understand the term protect the dolls. I support it. But on Monday, there will be no one to protect you, Sarah when I shatter your porcelain face. No, just like I did when I wrenched the X-Treme title away from Dickie Watson, I will once again shock the world. After Warfare, no one will be talking about whoever wins between Charlie Nickles and Maraeth. Everyone will be talking about me, the new Television champion, Solomon Fucking Kline."

“With Relentless approaching and all the uncertainty that it brings, lest we forget the announcement that Thaddeus Duke will no longer be running the show afterward and we still don’t know who will replace him, this show needs to be big. It needs to be exciting. I can’t think of anything more exciting than me winning yet another title and finally putting to rest the narrative that I can’t beat Sarah Wolf one-on-one. I can’t think of a better way to get people excited for Relentless than an upset in the only title match on the show. Not to say the other matches don’t have stakes, but this is not a match for bragging rights or settling scores. This is a match for the Television title, a mainstay on Warfare, but that’s not the only Television show we have, is it? If I win the title, I vow to also defend it on Anarchy. I want it to be the most exciting fifteen minutes of each show and that starts now, with this match. Because the past is dead, the future is a lie and as a wise man once said, ‘There is only today.’ It’s time I finally put miss “never beating the weird Barbie comparisons’ Dollface Sarah Wolf out to pasture. It’s time I make White Fang go the way of Old Yeller. Howl for me one last time, Sarah, because the full moon passes, the sun rises and a new day is here. The day of the Prodigal, Solomon Kline. Since 1999, XWF has been making great TV. I was one. Now, in its twenty sixth year and my twenty seventh, there is no better outcome, no more exciting way to set up for a main event on the show before the show of shows, than for a Kline to raise the television title over his head. Underdog. Underrated. Underestimated, but now Understood as someone who on any given night can do anything he puts his mind to. Let’s run it back and show the world what we’re made of, two kids who weren’t destined to make adulthood, much less be world famous and undeniable stars. Let’s do this for them, little Sarah and Johnny. See you Monday.”

Deuces!

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