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“Kicking Things Off.”

The scene opens with Kendrick leaning casually against a wall, Starbucks cup in hand. He takes a sip, a small, confident smile tugging at the corners of his lips. The camera slowly pans in as he speaks.

Kendrick Kross: “Tonight, I’m kicking things off. Some people might see that as a slight, thinking it’s less prestigious than being higher on the card. Not me. You see, there’s a saying in this business—you either want to Main Event or you want to open the show. Why? Because you either set the tone or you leave the crowd with the last thing they’ll remember.

Yeah, I’d prefer the Main Event—who wouldn’t? But tonight, I’m here to start the night with a bang. I’m here to make sure the rest of the roster knows the standard they’ve got to live up to. And trust me, it’s a high bar.”

He takes another sip of his coffee, his smile lingering as his free hand taps rhythmically against the wall

Kendrick Kross: “Shaina, tonight it’s you and me. I’ll be straight with you—I don’t know much about you. Didn’t bother digging into your resume. Not because I don’t care, but because it doesn’t change my approach. I’m coming out there to deliver. To perform. To win.

But let me say this—you and I, we have a responsibility tonight. We’re setting the stage for everything else that follows. That means there’s no room for slip-ups, no time for second chances. I know I’m bringing my best. Can I trust you to do the same? Guess we’ll find out. And if you can’t, don’t worry—I’ll carry whatever weight you can’t handle. That’s just the kind of competitor I am.”

He chuckles softly, his tone shifting as a spark of intensity flickers in his eyes.

Kendrick Kross: "I've got my eyes on the Mayhem Championship. Yeah, I've heard the chatter—how veterans like me don't belong in the hunt for a title that's supposed to be for newcomers. But here's the thing—I don't care. I see Marisol, I see the challenge she brings, and I want that. I'm not here to coast. I'm here to climb.

But before I get to her, I've got to get through you, Shaina. And I know you're looking at this as your chance to prove something, to make your mark here in Valiant. But the truth is, I don't just want this win—I need it. There's no plan B for me, no backup strategy. This is my path, and I'm walking it through you."

He steps away from the wall, his demeanor calm yet deliberate as he shrugs lightly.

Kendrick Kross: "Good luck out there tonight, Shaina. Let's give these people something to talk about. Just don't get too comfortable—you'll only be passing through on my way to the top."

Kendrick takes one last sip of his coffee before walking off-screen, his footsteps fading as the camera slowly cuts to black.

Match One - Singles

Kendrick Kross vs Shaina

Brooke McKinsey: "The following contest is a singles match scheduled for one fall! Introducing first, from Cardiff, Wales, weighing in at 126 pounds... 'The Dream Chaser,' Shaina!"

The crowd gives a mixed reaction as Shaina emerges from the curtain, exuding confidence. Wearing a shimmering black and gold ensemble, she saunters to the ring, the remix of "Flowers" by Sweet Female Attitude pulsing through the speakers. She gestures to the audience, making her way up the steps before flipping over the top rope into the ring.

Missy Spinster: "Shaina's looking like she's ready to chase her dreams straight to the moon tonight, Dre. Though I do have to say, her moveset does seem... familiar."

Dre Hamilton: "That's putting it lightly. She's borrowed—or outright stolen—so much from others that it's a wonder she's not calling herself the 'Copy Queen.'"

Brooke McKinsey: “And her opponent, from Los Angeles, California, weighing in at 210 pounds... Kendrick Kross!”

A cheer ripples through the arena as Kendrick Kross steps onto the stage. His heavily tattooed physique, clad in sleek black pants and red Jordans, makes an immediate impression. With a calm and focused demeanour, Kendrick nods to the fans before sliding into the ring.

Missy Spinster: “Kendrick Kross is the definition of cool, calm, and collected. Look at him; he’s like a banana left out just long enough to be perfectly ripe!”

Dre Hamilton: “Missy, for the love of—can we not? Kendrick’s here to prove his skills, not inspire your fruit-based metaphors.”

The bell rings, and the two competitors circle each other cautiously. Shaina darts in first, attempting a quick lock-up, but Kendrick counters with a standing arm drag, sending her sprawling to the mat.

Shaina rolls to her feet quickly, her expression a mix of irritation and determination. She charges again, ducking under Kendrick’s attempted lariat and bouncing off the ropes. She leaps into a flying crossbody, but Kendrick catches her mid-air and transitions into a snap suplex, showcasing his power and technical skill.

Missy Spinster: “What a catch! Kendrick’s making that look effortless. Talk about style and strength wrapped into one neat package!”

Dre Hamilton: “He’s doing what he needs to—keeping Shaina grounded. Her aerial offence is her strongest asset, and he knows it.”

Kendrick pulls Shaina to her feet, but she fires back with a flurry of kicks to his midsection, forcing him to release her. She follows up with a step-up enzuigiri, the impact echoing through the arena as Kendrick stumbles to one knee.

Shaina seizes the opportunity, hitting the ropes and landing her somersault butt drop across Kendrick’s back. She smirks, posing momentarily to taunt the crowd, but Kendrick takes advantage of the delay, rolling away and getting to his feet.

Missy Spinster: “Oh, Shaina’s showing off, but you can’t waste time like that with someone as sharp as Kendrick Kross.”

Dre Hamilton: “Exactly. If she keeps taunting, this match will be over faster than she can say ‘Dream Chaser.’”

Kendrick capitalises, hitting Shaina with a running single knee in the corner. He hoists her onto his shoulders and executes a flawless Falcon Arrow, leaving her writhing on the mat. The crowd roars as Kendrick signals for the end.

He drags Shaina to the centre of the ring and stomps the mat emphatically. As she begins to stir, Kendrick charges forward and plants her with the **Tramp Stamp** (curb stomp), driving her head into the canvas with precision.

Kendrick covers her, hooking the leg.

Referee: “One! Two! Three!”

Brooke McKinsey: “Here is your winner... Kendrick Kross!”

The crowd cheers as Kendrick rises to his feet, his arm raised in victory. Shaina rolls out of the ring, clutching her head and glaring back at him as she retreats up the ramp.

Missy Spinster: “Kendrick Kross showing us why he’s got such an impressive résumé—pure focus and execution. And hey, if Shaina’s chasing dreams, Kendrick just made sure she’s running a marathon!”

Dre Hamilton: “He proved why he’s one of the best, no distractions, no wasted motion. A definitive win for Kendrick Kross tonight.”

The camera lingers on Kendrick celebrating in the ring as the show cuts to a commercial.

“Preparation.”

The screen splits into two, showcasing a dual view of backstage preparations. On the left side of the screen, Marisol Vilaro, the reigning Mayhem Champion, is seen in her private training area. On the right side, Jessica Carter is warming up in a shared locker room space, surrounded by her peers.

Marisol is a picture of poise and confidence, her championship belt displayed prominently on a bench nearby. Wearing a sleek, branded tracksuit emblazoned with the Vilaro Fitness

logo, she executes flawless stretches, her movements precise and deliberate. Her personal trainer stands beside her, offering encouragement as Marisol glances at the camera with a smirk.

Marisol Vilaro: “Tonight, I’m not just defending this championship—I’m showing everyone why the Mayhem Championship is my domain. Jessica Carter may have ambition, but that’s not enough to dethrone me.”

She moves seamlessly into shadowboxing, each punch and kick delivered with calculated intent. Her trainer nods approvingly before stepping back to retrieve a towel.

Marisol Vilaro: “It’s about discipline, preparation, and—most importantly—results. That’s why I’m not worried about tonight. Jessica can bring her best, but my best? It’s just better.”

She wipes her brow with the towel, her smirk widening as she drapes it over her shoulders.

In contrast, Jessica Carter is working up a sweat in a bustling locker room. Wearing a tank top and shorts, she’s bouncing in place before transitioning into quick, sharp drills. Her movements are less polished than Marisol’s, but her energy and determination shine through. A teammate pats her on the shoulder, offering a few words of encouragement as Jessica nods, eyes blazing with focus.

Jessica Carter: “Marisol’s tough, I’ll give her that. But tonight’s my chance to prove I’m not just another contender—I’m the future of this division.”

She drops into a set of push-ups, counting aloud with each one. The camera captures her gritting her teeth as she pushes herself harder, the intensity in her eyes telling a story of someone ready to defy the odds.

Jessica Carter: “It’s not about perfection. It’s about heart. And trust me—I’ve got more than enough of that to leave tonight as the new Mayhem Champion.”

As the split-screen fades, the anticipation builds, showcasing the contrasting preparation styles: Marisol’s polished, confident approach versus Jessica’s raw, determined drive. The stage is set for a clash of styles, personalities, and ambitions.

Match Two – Singles

Mayhem Championship

Marisol Vilaro(c) vs Jessica Carter

Brooke McKinsey: "The following contest is scheduled for one fall and is for the **Valiant Wrestling Mayhem Championship!**"

The crowd cheers in anticipation as Brooke pauses, letting the energy of the moment build.

Brooke McKinsey: "Introducing first, the challenger... from Worcester, England, standing at 5 feet 3 inches tall and weighing in at 119 pounds, she is 'Blossom'... Jessica Carter!"

The arena lights dim slightly, and Cher Lloyd's "I Wish" featuring T.I. blares from the speakers. Jessica Carter emerges with a confident spring in her step, stopping on the stage to raise her left index finger high. She shouts a battle cry, earning a roar from the crowd. With an infectious smile, she swings her hips playfully and makes her way to the ring, waving to fans on either side of the ramp. After climbing the steps and straddling the middle rope, she winks at the camera and slaps her backside before sliding fully into the ring. Jessica ascends a turnbuckle, performing her signature pose before hopping down and limbering up in her corner.

Missy Spinster: "Look at her energy! Jessica Carter's like a pink dynamo, and I bet she's ready to peel back Marisol's game plan layer by layer."

Dre Hamilton: "Missy, can we keep the commentary professional? This is a championship match, not your fruit salad recipe."

The crowd's buzz turns to boos as Taylor Swift's "Shake It Off" hits the speakers.

Brooke McKinsey: "And her opponent... from Barcelona, Spain, now residing in Vero Beach, Florida, standing at 5 feet 7 inches tall and weighing 130 pounds, she is the reigning and defending **Valiant Wrestling Mayhem Champion...** 'The Fitness Queen' Marisol Vilaro!"

Marisol strides onto the stage with her championship belt slung over her shoulder, a smirk plastered across her face. She gestures to the belt, shouting about her dominance as the crowd continues to jeer. With a confident swagger, Marisol heads down the ramp, ignoring outstretched hands and shouting fans. At ringside, she climbs the steps, pausing to taunt

Jessica with her title before stepping through the ropes and holding the belt high for all to see. She hands it to the referee and stretches in her corner, eyeing Jessica with disdain.

Dre Hamilton: "Say what you want about her attitude, but Marisol has been a dominant champion. Jessica Carter is going to have to pull out all the stops to take that belt tonight."

Missy Spinster: "Oh, I don't doubt it, Dre! But if there's one thing we know about Jessica, it's that she's got layers of determination—like a proper banana split!"

Dre Hamilton: "Missy. No."

The bell rings, and the two competitors circle each other before locking up. Marisol uses her height and strength advantage to push Jessica into the corner, delivering a sharp elbow to Jessica's jaw. Jessica stumbles forward, and Marisol capitalises with a snap suplex, keeping control early.

Marisol taunts Jessica, but the challenger fights back with a spinning heel kick that catches the champion off guard. Jessica goes for a quick cover, but Marisol kicks out at one, rolling to the outside to regroup.

As Marisol recovers, Shaina comes rushing down the ramp to provide backup. Before she can reach the ring, Mimi sprints out, blindsiding Shaina with a running clothesline on the entrance ramp. The crowd roars as the two brawl on the outside.

Back in the ring, Marisol takes advantage of the distraction, raking Jessica's eyes and locking her in the Marvelous Stretch. Jessica struggles but refuses to submit, reaching the ropes to force a break. Marisol angrily pulls her back to the centre of the ring, setting up for the Vilaróizer, but Jessica counters into a swinging snap DDT.

Missy Spinster: "There's the Stunned Silence! And what a kiss that was—like the cherry on top of a very feisty sundae!"

Dre Hamilton: "Missy, focus. Jessica's got momentum now!"

As Jessica goes for a follow-up, Taylor Voight appears on the ramp, heading towards Mimi and Shaina. Before she can intervene, Tiff runs out, taking Taylor down with a spear. The chaos on the ramp distracts the referee momentarily, allowing Jessica to capitalise.

With Marisol dazed, Jessica ascends the top rope and delivers the **Show Stealer**—a flawless corkscrew 620 senton. She hooks the leg, and the referee drops for the count.

Referee: "One... two... three!"

Brooke McKinsey: "Here is your winner... and the NEW **Valiant Wrestling Mayhem Champion**... Jessica Carter!"

Jessica celebrates as the crowd erupts in cheers, her arms raised high with the title in her grasp. Marisol rolls out of the ring, clutching her ribs and fuming at the turn of events.

Missy Spinster: "Blossom's finally bloomed! Jessica Carter is the new Mayhem Champion—what a sweet victory!"

Dre Hamilton: "She fought hard and took advantage when the moment presented itself. Congratulations to Jessica Carter on a well-deserved win."

“Ups And Downs.”

Rayven Hardy: 2024 was a year of ups and downs for me, professionally. I've been chasing this ghost of the past. That little miracle who defined who I was as a rookie. That miracle who won a world championship in her debut. That miracle who was unbeatable for almost a year. That...is who I've been chasing.

Rayven pauses, reflecting on what she said, and it rung true. For years, Rayven has been trying to meet the same level of success she entered wrestling achieving.

Rayven Hardy: And in chasing that girl, that version of myself, I lost who I've become. Things were different when I was a 19 year old rookie. The level of competition was different and my motivators were different. I was fresh out of wrestling school and I was ready to put everything on the line to achieve the level of success that I always dreamt of. And I did it. But then...I lost myself. I made a few movies and my focus began to split. I was a wrestler, an actress, a model, and I lost that fire that made me one of the best wrestlers in the world.

Oddly enough, it was Pepper who reminded me of who I was, and who I also became. What happened next was a return to focus, not to that little miracle that I was, but to the growing miracle that I am. I'm a mom now, a veteran in this business, and it's now or never. I contemplated retiring. I don't need the money. I thought maybe I lost a little too much? Maybe I wasn't the same girl I used to be. Maybe I could never be her again. Maybe I'd be

better off at home, raising my son and focusing everything on family but then...? Pepper changed that. She reignited my fire and my passion and after going 2-0 against her...I'm ready.

A warm smile takes over the former world champion as a deep breath escapes her.

Rayven Hardy: Tonight I face Ashley Cross for a chance to qualify for the chamber and I know how big this is. A loss puts me back to the bottom of the ladder. All of the work I've been putting in would mean nothing because I would be back at square one. But a win...

A hopeful spark in her eyes as she continues.

Rayven Hardy: A win over Ashley puts me in position to not only catch that miracle ghost I've been chasing, but it puts me in position to pass her, and to show that sometimes the Greatest Miracles do exist...tonight, I'm willing to put everything I have into this. For my fans, for my future...for myself. For a chance at finally breaking through in the most competitive company in all of wrestling.

Tonight won't be easy. I know Ashley wants this nearly as bad as I do, but tonight isn't about who wants it; it's about who needs it. I NEED this, and so I'll go out there and show my fans what 2025 has in store for us.

Tonight? I qualify for the chamber and then? I go on to rewrite history."

Match Three - Singles

Elimination Chamber Qualifier

Ashley Cross vs Rayven Hardy

Brooke McKinsey: "The following contest is scheduled for one fall and is an Elimination Chamber Qualifier! Introducing first, from San Francisco, California, weighing in at 136 pounds... 'The Queen of Roses' Ashley Cross!"

The opening notes of "Smooth" by Santana feat. Rob Thomas fill the arena as Ashley Cross steps onto the stage, her confidence radiating. With a rose in hand, she smirks at the crowd and dismisses their mixed reaction with a flick of her wrist before strutting down the ramp.

She climbs the steps, wipes her boots on the apron, and steps through the ropes, holding her arms out to soak in the moment.

Missy Spinster: "Oh, Ashley Cross is smooth, alright. Like a perfectly ripe banana, she's ready to peel the competition away."

Dre Hamilton: "Missy, for the love of—let's focus on the match. Ashley's technical prowess could make this a challenging outing for her opponent."

Brooke McKinsey: "And her opponent, from Los Angeles, California, weighing in at 135 pounds... Rayven Hardy!"

"Emotion" by Molly Burch plays as Rayven Hardy bursts through the curtain, her energy palpable. The fans cheer wildly as she high-fives them along the ramp, her smile lighting up the arena. Sliding into the ring, she climbs a turnbuckle and raises her arms, basking in the love of the crowd before turning to face her opponent.

Missy Spinster: "Rayven's like a breath of fresh air! The crowd loves her, and her high-flying style is always a treat."

Dre Hamilton: "True, but she'll need more than the fans' adoration to outlast someone as calculated as Ashley Cross."

The bell rings, and the two circle each other before locking up. Ashley gains the early advantage, transitioning into a wristlock and wrenching it with precision. Rayven rolls through, flips to her feet, and counters with an arm drag, sending Ashley across the ring.

Missy Spinster: "Look at that! Rayven's already showing off her agility. She's quicker than a monkey grabbing a banana off the top shelf."

Dre Hamilton: "Enough with the bananas! Rayven's speed is impressive, but Ashley's technical mastery could slow her down if given the chance."

Ashley smirks and nods, clearly unshaken, before moving in again. She feints a tie-up and kicks Rayven's thigh, immediately following up with a snap suplex that shakes the ring. Ashley transitions into a grounded headlock, grinding Rayven down.

The crowd rallies behind Rayven as she fights her way to her feet, elbowing Ashley's midsection to break free. Rayven hits the ropes and lands a beautiful springboard crossbody, hooking the leg for the first pinfall attempt.

Dre Hamilton: "One! Two! No! Ashley kicks out, but Rayven's staying on the offensive."

Rayven pulls Ashley up, but Ashley counters with a sharp European uppercut, staggering her opponent. Ashley capitalises with a series of forearm strikes, whipping Rayven into the corner. Charging in, Ashley connects with a running single knee to the head, leaving Rayven dazed.

Missy Spinster: "Ashley's precision strikes are as sharp as a banana slicer!"

Dre Hamilton: "Missy! Can we please stay professional? Ashley's focusing on wearing Rayven down, and it's proving effective."

Ashley hoists Rayven onto the top rope, looking for a superplex, but Rayven fights back with punches to Ashley's ribs. With the crowd on their feet, Rayven shoves Ashley off and steadies herself. She leaps, landing a breathtaking Skittle Star Press!

Dre Hamilton: "What a move! Rayven Hardy with the Skittle Star Press—this could be it!"

Rayven hooks the leg.

Missy Spinster: "One! Two! Three! She did it!"

Brooke McKinsey: "Here is your winner, and advancing to the Elimination Chamber... Rayven Hardy!"

Rayven stands tall as her music plays, celebrating with the fans. Ashley rolls out of the ring, clutching her ribs and glaring back at Rayven with a mix of frustration and grudging respect.

Missy Spinster: "Rayven soared to victory tonight! She's got the heart of a champion—and the aerial skills to match!"

Dre Hamilton: "It was a clean win for Rayven, but Ashley put up one hell of a fight. This is the kind of action that makes Inferno must-watch television."

Rayven poses on the turnbuckles, pointing to the sky as the crowd cheers, her momentum carrying her into the Elimination Chamber.

"Privilege."

Instagram Live

“It Girl” Taylor Voight is sitting in the backseat of a Mercedes Maybach.

“It Girl” Taylor Voight: Here in Los Angeles it seems that everyone is always trying to lay their claim to fame. They want to be an influencer, they want to be the IT girl or boy, but it turns out not everyone can get to that level. Which brings me to my opposition tonight...

“It Girl” Taylor Voight: One Natalie McKinley will be privileged enough to step into the ring with me. Let me ask all of you something, do you all know that she is trying to pass herself off as a Marisol Vilaro cosplay? It’s crazy to have this wannabe in the same company as Mari! Fitness trainer, influencer, and model turned wrestler? We all see through your games Nattie. I’m going to send you back to the thrift store well you belong, girl.

“It Girl” Taylor Voight: Not just because you’re a certified fraud, Nat, but because it’s time for me to get back to handling my business in a singles match up. Not just to show the world that #VilaroFit is truly the way to go but because I had a way too brief reign as Mayhem Champion. It’s time for me to get some more Valiant Wrestling gold and have a credible title reign that shows I’m everything that I say I am!

“Tear You Apart.”

The cameras switch to an area backstage, where Natalie McKinley is seen standing in front of an Inferno backdrop. Dressed in her ring attire and a t-shirt, she begins by offering a smile to the camera.

Natalie McKinley: “Blwyddyn Newydd Dda, bawb!”*

*Happy New Year, everyone!

Natalie McKinley: “Actually, is it too late to be saying ‘Happy New Year’? I mean, it’s the first Valiant doubleheader of the New Year, but we’re now twelve days into the year, so... oh well, I’ve already said it now.”

Natalie shrugs her shoulders, before continuing.

Natalie McKinley: “Anyway, I finished last year on a high, by winning each of my last two matches, doubling the number of wins that I had achieved here in Valiant prior to then, and so tonight I’m aiming to pick up where I left off; the worm has turned, as that one NFL coach likes to say– although I think his team lost yesterday, so maybe he’s not the best person for me to be quoting right now.”

‘That one NFL coach’ being Jim Harbaugh.

Natalie McKinley: “While it has only been three weeks since my most recent match, so much has happened in that time, with new champions having been crowned, and new challengers having been determined. In fact, since I last set foot inside a Valiant ring, my opponent in that match, Marissa Kane, has managed to both win *and* lose a title, while I had to settle for being a spectator at Saints and Sinners– not that I felt aggrieved at being omitted from that show.”

Natalie shakes her head.

Natalie McKinley: “I understand that spots on supershows aren’t something that should just be handed out to everyone on the roster like participation trophies. I was probably fortunate to be included in a match at Resurgence two months ago, and despite my victories in my last two matches, I guess I hadn’t done enough to warrant being a part of Saints and Sinners. And that’s fine; it just adds to my motivation to try to build upon those two victories with another win here tonight, against Taylor Voight.”

Following the briefest of pauses, she continues.

Natalie McKinley: “Taylor is of course a former Mayhem Champion, although she only held the title for about as long as Marissa held her half of the Anarchy tag titles, but nevertheless, she was the champion, and so she has held one more title here in Valiant than I have; perhaps a win over Taylor will move me closer to being in contention for a title myself– who knows?”

There is another shrug from Natalie.

Natalie McKinley: “I’ve already fought one of Taylor’s cohorts, Shaina, and I kind of expect Taylor to employ some similar tactics to the ones that Shaina used in our match last month,

so if Taylor does indeed go down that road, I intend to handle it better against her than I did against Shaina- I simply have to."

A slight sigh escapes her lips.

Natalie McKinley: "On New Year's Eve, I tweeted... or posted, or whatever... that I'm not going to be so presumptuous as to say that 2025 is going to be my year, but I'm ready to take on this new year, I'm ready to take on Taylor Voight, and I'm ready to tear apart 'The It Girl', just like I have my past couple of opponents."

For the first time since her arrival in Valiant Wrestling, Natalie utters a six-word phrase that she used to use regularly, paraphrasing Ian Curtis, the lead singer of Joy Division, in their song 'Love Will Tear Us Apart'.

Natalie McKinley: "Nat will tear you apart again."

With a smirk on her face, Natalie performs a double bicep pose, and the camera then cuts away.

Match Four - Singles

Natalie McKinley vs Taylor Voight

Brooke McKinsey: "The following contest is a singles match scheduled for one fall! Introducing first, from Newport, Wales, weighing in at 174 pounds, Natalie McKinley!"

The opening notes of "Undegpedwar" by Y Niwl fill the arena as Natalie McKinley strides confidently onto the stage. The crowd cheers as she pauses at the top of the ramp, raising her arms in acknowledgment before heading toward the ring. She slaps a few hands on her way, exuding a calm, focused energy as she rolls under the bottom rope and stands tall in the centre of the ring, flexing her muscles to another pop from the crowd.

Missy Spinster: "Natalie McKinley looks like she's ready to serve up some Welsh dragon fire tonight! A powerhouse and fan favourite, she's no stranger to the roar of this Inferno crowd."

Dre Hamilton: "Indeed, Missy. Natalie is all business, and she's going to need every ounce of that strength and skill to take on the self-proclaimed 'It Girl.'"

Brooke McKinsey: "And her opponent, from Beverly Hills, California, weighing in at 120 pounds, she is the 'It Girl'... Taylor Voight!"

"It Girl" by Aliyah's Interlude hits, and Taylor Voight saunters onto the stage with a cocky smirk. The crowd rains boos as she struts down the ramp, soaking in the reaction as if it's applause. Taylor ascends the ring steps and slips between the ropes, posing on the middle turnbuckle with her arms outstretched and a disdainful glance at the audience.

Missy Spinster: "Taylor Voight isn't short on confidence, but coming off a pre-match attack by Tiff, you've got to wonder how much that's going to affect her performance."

Dre Hamilton: "It'll definitely be a factor, but Taylor's resourcefulness might surprise us. If she can leverage her speed and cunning, Natalie's size advantage won't matter as much."

The bell rings, and Natalie immediately asserts her dominance, backing Taylor into a corner with a series of powerful forearm strikes. Taylor tries to slip away, but Natalie grabs her and launches her across the ring with an exploder suplex. The crowd cheers as Taylor writhes on the mat, clutching her back.

Missy Spinster: "Talk about being launched like a ripe banana peel! Natalie McKinley's strength is unreal!"

Dre Hamilton: "Missy, can we not compare competitors to fruit? Natalie's technique is the real story here."

Taylor tries to mount a comeback, using her agility to avoid a discus clothesline and countering with a springboard forearm that staggers Natalie. She follows up with a step-up enziguri, but Natalie absorbs the blow and responds with a short-arm elbow smash that sends Taylor crumpling to the mat.

Natalie wastes no time, hauling Taylor up for a delayed vertical suplex, holding her aloft as the crowd counts along. She slams Taylor down with authority, then signals for the end. As Taylor struggles to her feet, Natalie catches her with a rolling cutter—Nos Da! The impact reverberates through the arena as Natalie hooks the leg.

One. Two. Three.

Brooke McKinsey: "Here is your winner, Natalie McKinley!"

The crowd erupts as Natalie rises to her feet, raising her arms in victory. Taylor rolls out of the ring, clutching her back as she retreats up the ramp, a scowl on her face.

Missy Spinster: "Natalie McKinley with a statement victory tonight! Nos Da, Taylor Voight—sweet dreams!"

Dre Hamilton: "Natalie capitalised on Taylor's weakened state, showing why she's a force to be reckoned with on Inferno. A well-deserved win for the powerhouse from Wales."

Natalie celebrates in the ring, climbing the turnbuckle and acknowledging the fans as her music plays.

“Wasted Time.”

The room is tiny, like a compact tin for man-sized sardines. Fortunately, it is also very sparsely furnished. A single candle burns at the side table, giving off barely enough to illuminate PPV. Shadows come alive over her features with every flicker of the candle. Gazing into the fire, PPV smiles sweetly. “I wasn’t always taking your favourite stars and leaving them crying in the corner. But breaking the teeth and claws of these false superstars is necessary for the Great Work. The spotlights here can burn holes through the stage and we need talent capable of withstanding that brightness.”

People ask me why I feel the urge to call out your Aphrodites, Rayven Hardys, Mimi Smiths and Kendrick Kross’s and it’s to change the culture. I don’t care for coasters and neither should you.”

Precious Pepper Vain’s smile grows even more poisonous when she lambasts Aphrodite for wallowing in her own self-pity. She explains Noel needs to be drunk on the sweet pain of longing for something outside of herself to move forward. “I once thought you a champion of merit, but you are little different to the audience you look down on. Your never ending demand for entertainment has you on your knees for a crumb of dopamine.”

But Aphrodite wasted enough of her time last week, she says and she turns to this week’s competition, Molly Reid. It’s clear to all how long she’s had this return in mind. Reid settled back into the sport without missing a step and for that she has PPV’s praise. “It’s an exciting time to be in Valiant.” The Lionheart and Valiant division are looking as competitive as ever and now the Elimination Chamber looms over all.

The last time she was in the elimination chamber, PPV pinned and eliminated the Valiant champion and got to the final 2. But that's been the story for all her challenges for the Valiant title. "Near-success syndrome" as she called it. There's nothing fun about the chamber or the pain it brings, but few matches can make you feel so alive as the chamber. She acknowledges Molly will be a fine challenge and it's a shame they can't both be in the chamber. But Vain will make sure only the deserving gets to enter the contest.

"More Like It."

A pre-recorded video begins playing across the arena and onto the screens. Molly Reid appears, dressed in leather pants and a white tank top. The camera zooms in on her bare arms, where you can see plenty of scars scattered between her tattoos. As we zoom out, Molly is sitting on what appears to be a throne made of chains, inside a giant chained pod that's essentially a replica of an elimination chamber pod. She grins as she looks into the camera.

Molly Reid: "Now this is more like it!"

She gets up and runs her hand along the chains that criss-cross and make up the walls of the pod.

Molly Reid: "This is the shit I came back to wrestling for. Give me the danger. Getting in a ring is fun, but wrap it in two miles of steel chain? That's what I'm here for. A match with no reprieve. No rest. No breaks. No escape."

She grins again as she sits back on her cage throne and leans back.

Molly Reid: "Everything in a chamber match hurts. Even your own moves. Matches like these can take months, even years off your life. Getting thrown full speed into a wall made of heavy steel chains. Getting slammed into the hard metal grate floor. Getting speared through the plexiglass pod doors. All of that can seriously mess you up. And that's exactly what I want."

She absent-mindedly rubs one of the scars near her shoulder, the mark of a surgery long ago to repair a broken collarbone.

Molly Reid: “But I shouldn’t get ahead of myself. There’s still a lot to be decided before this Elimination Chamber match. Like who’s all going to be in it. We got half of them last night at least.”

She stands up and walks over to the corner of the pod. There’s pictures taped to the cage of every wrestler competing for a spot in the chamber match. Molly grabs the picture of Corey Grimes off the cage.

Molly Reid: “Mmm sorry Corey, better luck next time.”

She tears the picture in half and throws the pieces to the floor. Next is the picture of Eve O’Donnell.

Molly Reid: “This one was obvious. Eve couldn’t even cheat properly to beat Emily. Idiot.”

She tears the picture in half again and drops it to the floor. She then sighs as she grabs the picture of Brielle Gregory.

Molly Reid: “Aw Brielle. After our ironman match at Saints and Sinners, I had such high hopes for you. I pushed you past your old limits, helping you reach new heights. Helped put you on a path to success for 2025. But maybe you didn’t learn as much as I had hoped. It made me sad watching you lose last night. I would’ve loved to see you inside the chamber. But alas. Perhaps next time.”

She tears up the photo of Brielle and throws it behind her. She turns to stare at the pictures of Ashley Cross and Rayven Hardy, then of Aphrodite Noel and Tyson Gregory.

Molly Reid: “By the time you see this, we might already know the fourth wrestler in the match. If I had to guess, I’m going with Tyson and Ashley to win their matches. Tyson because I know he loves the violence of the chamber almost as much as I do, and Ashley just because I think Rayven will blow it.”

She laughs and then turns back to the biggest picture on the cage wall. Precious Pepper Vain.

Molly Reid: "Ah yes. Here we go."

Reaching up and pulling the picture off the cage and holding it in front of her, Molly smiles softly.

Molly Reid: "I really like PPV. She's a phenomenal wrestler. One of the most talented people in this company. It's really a shame that Valiant decided to put us in this match together. Meaning that one of us won't be competing in the chamber match at Steel City. And by one of us, I mean her of course.

She grins one last time as she sets the photo down on the steel throne.

Molly Reid: "I'm not going to sit here and spend ten minutes trash talking PPV. I hate doing that. It's so basic, so overdone. I respect PPV. I like PPV. But she's in my way for that chamber match. A match that I've wanted from the moment it was announced. A match that gives me a chance to feel. A match that is pain. So unfortunately for her, she's going to feel the full force of a Molly Kick by the end of the night tonight. And I'll be the one with my hand raised, earning my spot in the Elimination Chamber match at Steel City. Simple as that. I'm excited to get to go up against you tonight PPV. I can't wait to see everything that you can do in the ring. To see why you've been one of the faces of Valiant Wrestling. But you'll get to see why I've been one of the faces of every company I've been in. And you'll see that I'm not like the other wrestlers in this company. I'm different. I'm better."

Molly smiles softly as she exits the pod and we fade out.

Match Five – Singles
Elimination Chamber Qualifier
Molly Reid vs PPV

Brooke McKinsey: "Ladies and gentlemen, it's time for Match Five of the evening! This is an Elimination Chamber Qualifier scheduled for one fall! Introducing first, from Los Angeles, California, weighing in at 134 pounds, she is 'SHE IS RIZZIN'... Molly Reid!"

The crowd erupts as "Higher" by Creed hits the speakers. Molly Reid steps onto the stage with her signature leather jacket and sunglasses, exuding confidence as she saunters down

the ramp. She throws a few shadow punches before entering the ring, pumping up the crowd.

Missy Spinster: "Molly looks ready to go tonight! You can't question her stamina—this woman could outlast a treadmill!"

Dre Hamilton: "And she might need every ounce of that stamina to overcome Precious Pepper Vain's cunning in this one."

Brooke McKinsey: "And her opponent, from Florence, Italy, weighing in at 128 pounds, 'The Hierophant'... Precious Pepper Vain!"

The sultry chords of "Sucker" by Marcus King play as Precious Pepper Vain makes her entrance. She glides onto the stage, her every movement a calculated display of poise and elegance. With a confident smirk, she makes her way down the ramp, her gaze locked on Molly.

Missy Spinster: "There's no denying that PPV has style for days. Look at the way she carries herself!"

Dre Hamilton: "Style doesn't win matches, Missy. Her technical expertise and ability to bend the rules—that's what makes her dangerous."

The bell rings, and both competitors lock up in the centre of the ring. Molly quickly uses her speed to gain the upper hand, transitioning from a headlock to a spinning heel kick that sends PPV staggering.

Molly follows up with a flying crossbody for a near fall. PPV quickly rolls out of the ring to regroup, glaring up at Molly with a calculating expression.

Missy Spinster: "Molly's coming out like a house on fire! PPV's got to find a way to slow her down."

Dre Hamilton: "PPV's no stranger to adversity. She'll find her opening if Molly gives her one."

PPV does just that, raking Molly's eyes behind the referee's back and hitting a devastating shoulderbreaker. She takes control, working over Molly's shoulder with a series of stomps and an expertly applied Fujiwara armbar.

The crowd rallies behind Molly as she claws her way to the ropes, forcing a break. PPV continues to dominate, but Molly's endurance keeps her in the fight. She counters a snap suplex attempt with a float-over DDT, regaining momentum.

As Molly builds steam, landing a flurry of high-impact moves, the crowd's reaction suddenly shifts. Aphrodite Noel emerges at ringside, drawing PPV's attention with mocking applause.

Missy Spinster: "What's Aphrodite doing out here? She's got no business in this match!"

Dre Hamilton: "You know this isn't going to end well for someone, and I've got a feeling it's not Molly."

PPV glares at Aphrodite, shouting at her to leave. Molly capitalises on the distraction, delivering a thunderous spear she calls *The Aaron Donald*. The crowd explodes as Molly climbs to the top rope.

With Aphrodite smirking at ringside, PPV stumbles to her feet—only to be met with *Air Molly*, a picture-perfect 450 frog splash!

Missy Spinster: "Air Molly connects! That's got to be it!"

Dre Hamilton: "PPV might regret paying more attention to Aphrodite than her opponent!"

Molly hooks the leg.

Brooke McKinsey: "Here is your winner and advancing to the Elimination Chamber... Molly Reid!"

The crowd cheers as Molly celebrates her victory, rolling out of the ring and high-fiving fans. Meanwhile, in the ring, PPV sits up, clutching her ribs and glaring daggers at Aphrodite, who smirks and blows her a kiss before disappearing backstage.

Missy Spinster: "A huge win for Molly, but you've got to wonder what's going through PPV's mind right now. That distraction wasn't accidental."

Dre Hamilton: "Absolutely not. Aphrodite had made a very powerful enemy, and I don't think this is the last we've seen of this feud."

“Bunch Of BS.”

Cameras cut back to that dressing room, revealing Ricky Rodriguez as he was in the midst of getting ready for his big match later on against Becky Balfour. Once all his gear was ready, he began stretching out. Before he could really get into it, that door swung open and in walked Madilyn McNamara and Selena Galante.

He turned to greet them with a smile, automatically seeing the concern shown between the two of them.

Madilyn McNamara: ‘I still don't like this *at all*.’

Ricky Rodriguez: ‘I know, bu..’

But before he could finish that statement, Selena spoke up.

Selena Galante: ‘It’s a bunch of bullshit, is what it is!’

They made it perfectly clear that neither one of them was happy with the situation regarding Ricky's match against Becky Balfour. Sighing out, he shook his head slowly.

Ricky Rodriguez: ‘Look, I don't like it anymore than y'all do. I know what's up and I know I'm prolly gonna get jumped out there.’

Madilyn McNamara: ‘Is this supposed to be reassuring?’

Selena Galante: ‘*Right!* You know damn well that woman has something planned.’

Laughing a bit, Ricky made his way around behind Madi and Lena, draping his arms over their shoulders, hugging on them both.

Ricky Rodriguez: ‘Hey..I’ll be okay, really. I need you two to focus on the champs. This is y'all's match to win. Ima handle gettin my getback against Becky and y'all get one step closer to that gold.’

Ricky's voice was full of reassurance, that bright smile dominating his expression. Neither Madilyn nor Selena were entirely convinced but they knew how much this meant to him and thought it better to let him handle it. The three embraced one another, sharing a hug before parting.

Ricky was all smiles as he watched Madilyn and Selena take their leave to get ready for their own match. As soon as that door closed, Ricky turned back around, going back to his prematch stretching, he wanted to be ready. Not just wanted to but needed to.

After a few more goes, Ricky stopped, sighing deeply. Bringing his hands up, he ran them through his hair, shaking his head as he did. Despite what he told them, he had a bit of nervousness about this match.

The door opens, without so much as a knock. He probably assumes it was Madi or Selena returning, so Ricky continues to focus and try to relax his nerves.

He feels a hand on his shoulder as he runs his hand through his hair.

Ricky Rodriguez: Hey, did you forget somethin?

Becky Balfour: 'I don't know, did I?'

He KNEW that voice, and it wasn't Selena or Madi. Ricky instantly backs up, pulling away as he sees Becky Balfour standing there in her ring gear. It was just her, no Brogan or Followers at this point.

Becky Balfour: 'Nice little dressing room you have here, would be a shame for it to get a little...messy, wouldn't it?'

The look on Ricky's face told the whole story. His usually bright, almost childlike smile was replaced by a look of anger, just from seeing her there. He managed to keep his cool, although clearly ready to go if it came down to it.

Ricky Rodriguez: 'Oh so you wanna do this now?'

Staying exactly where he was, Ricky never once took his eyes away from her.

Ricky Rodriguez: 'Just make the move and can settle this whole ass thing right now.'

Becky Balfour: 'I don't think that's a wise choice on your part. If I so much as snap my fingers, this entire room is filled with FOLLOWERS, and regardless of how tough you think you are, it all ends if they come in here. We both know it. So, calm down.'

Becky walks behind him, slowly, methodically as Ricky slowly turns his head to follow her movement. His fists were clenched at his sides. He wanted so badly to take her out now and not wait for the match.

Finally, she stops in front of him, nose to nose, no fear on the former leader of the Society's face.

Becky Balfour: 'It didn't have to go down like this. I saw your two little friends leave this locker room. Smiling. Happy. Full of hope. How do you think they are going to feel when things turn..ugly? That's what's going to happen out there. If you go through with this, it's going to be a tough, painful lesson on why you SHOULDN'T have gone through with it. If you thought what happened last show was animalistic, you don't want to see what happens when I'm forced to defend myself in a ring.'

Becky puts a hand on his chest, and Ricky was frozen. His eyes move to her hand but he doesn't immediately pull away.

Becky Balfour: 'I want to extend a final invitation to back out of the match, pledge your loyalty where it will be appreciated and...save yourself.'

Ricky Rodriguez: 'Back out? There's notta damn thing you could do to make me back off.'

Looking up from her hand, he looked Becky directly in the eyes, intensity showing in his own.

Ricky Rodriguez: 'Look me in the eyes, Becky. Look me in the fuckin eyes and KNOW that there's nothin I want more than this match with you. As much as I wanna say this is bout you..bout boostin my record here by droppin you. But nah, it's so much more than that. It's bout rightin a wrong. Makin this right. It's bout standin up for myself.'

His features tightening, every word Ricky spoke hit harder than the last.

Ricky Rodriguez: 'So your invitation? You can fuck alllll the way off with that.'

Becky's eyes lower, there's an anger burning in them as he shuts down her offer, or, her warning.

Becky Balfour: 'Standing up for yourself? Fine. Have it your way. Just know that sometimes standing up for yourself? It means you end up getting knocked down.:

Becky slowly pulls her hand away and the two go literal nose to nose, neither showing signs of backing down. This was especially impressive for Ricky, who knows how many Followers are on the other side of that door, but he doesn't fear her or them in this moment.

It's Becky who takes the first step back, allowing Ricky to breathe a little easier.

Becky Balfour: 'I'll see you out there. Best of luck.'

Even after Becky took that step back, Ricky still kept his eyes locked on her, not easing himself in the slightest.

Ricky Rodriguez: 'You too. I want you to bring everythin you got Becky..cause after I win? I don't wanna hear a thing, notta single damn excuse. Oh and Becky? Tryta keep it on the up and up. I'd hate for people to think you need help to beat lilole me.'

For just a moment, a slight smile flashed across his features with a teasing tone to his voice.

Becky matches his smirk as she reaches behind her and turns the knob. True to her word, as she pulls that door open, Ricky sees FOLLOWERS standing there, ready to pounce if she gave the word, but instead, she slowly steps out of the locker room, letting the door slam behind her.

This was a pivotal match for both. One of Becky's first one on one matches in recent memory, and a huge match for Ricky to not only stand up for himself, but to take that next step in Valiant.

Who prevails later on?

Match Six - Singles

Becky Balfour (w/ Brogan Levandrier) vs Ricky Rodriguez

Brooke McKinsey: "The following contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first, accompanied to the ring by Brogan Levandrier, representing #TheSociety... Becky Balfour!"

The lights dim as "Omen" by The Prodigy blares through the speakers. Becky Balfour steps onto the stage, her arms spread wide as she soaks in the jeers from the crowd. Brogan Levandrier follows closely behind, stoic and imposing. Becky's smug smile grows as the group of Followers lining the entrance ramp kneel in unison. She struts down the aisle, pointing to herself while yelling at the audience.

Missy Spinster: "Becky Balfour is here, and she's got her faithful sidekick Brogan in tow. The confidence on her face says she's already written the ending to this one."

Dre Hamilton: "Confidence, or overconfidence? Ricky Rodriguez is no slouch, and this match could be a wake-up call for her."

Becky enters the ring, climbing the turnbuckle to shout her message of "change" to a chorus of boos. She drops down, smirking as Brogan takes his place at ringside.

Brooke McKinsey: "And her opponent, from Chino Hills, California, weighing in at 215 pounds... Ricky Rodriguez!"

The lights brighten, and "More (RedOne Jimmy Joker Remix)" by Usher plays, igniting cheers from the crowd. Ricky Rodriguez bursts through the curtain with a wide grin, bouncing on the balls of his feet. He claps above his head, hyping up the audience before breaking into an energetic dance. Ricky makes his way down the ramp, slapping hands with fans on both sides.

Missy Spinster: "Ricky Rodriguez looks like he's having the time of his life, and it's infectious! The crowd loves him."

Dre Hamilton: "Infectious energy is great, but he'll need more than charisma to get past Becky and the ever-intimidating Brogan Levandrier tonight."

Ricky slides into the ring under the bottom rope, kips up to his feet, and climbs the turnbuckle. He throws his arms out, basking in the cheers before hopping down and loosening up.

The bell rings, and Becky immediately goes on the offensive, rushing Ricky with a series of strikes. Ricky dodges her wild punches and counters with a spinning roundhouse kick, catching Becky off guard. He capitalises with a quick headscissors takedown, sending Becky rolling to the corner to regroup.

Missy Spinster: "Ricky's agility is coming into play early on, giving Becky a lot to think about."

Dre Hamilton: "Becky needs to slow the pace. Ricky's speed could be her undoing if she doesn't ground him soon."

Becky regains her composure and traps Ricky in a clinch, delivering sharp knee strikes to his midsection. She transitions into a snap DDT, planting Ricky into the mat. Becky immediately follows with a standing moonsault, hooking the leg for the pin.

The referee counts one... two... but Ricky kicks out!

Becky pulls Ricky to his feet, yelling in his face before attempting her Attention Seeker blockbuster neckbreaker. Ricky shoves her away, bounces off the ropes, and nails Becky with a spinning wheel kick. The crowd roars as Ricky signals for the Spirit Evolution running stomp.

As Ricky lines up the move, a hooded figure emerges from the crowd and leaps onto the apron, drawing the referee's attention. The figure's identity is concealed, but they clearly appear to be female. While the referee is distracted, the figure strikes Ricky with a steel chain wrapped around their fist. Ricky collapses to the mat, clutching his head.

Missy Spinster: "Wait a minute! Who is that? And what are they doing here?"

Dre Hamilton: "This is chaos! The referee didn't see it, and Ricky just got blindsided!"

Even Brogan Levandrier looks surprised by the interference, shouting at the hooded figure from ringside. Becky, however, sees the opportunity and pounces, dragging Ricky to the centre of the ring. She hits her Hear Me Out reverse DDT, screams into the move, and hooks both legs.

The referee counts one... two... three!

Brooke McKinsey: "Here is your winner, Becky Balfour!"

Becky rolls out of the ring as Brogan joins her, still eyeing the hooded figure with suspicion. The mysterious attacker disappears into the crowd, leaving everyone, including Becky, confused about their motives.

Missy Spinster: "Well, that's one way to leave a mark. Ricky didn't deserve this, but who on earth is behind that hood?"

Dre Hamilton: "Whoever they are, they've made a statement, but it raises more questions than answers. Ricky will not forget this."

Becky celebrates up the ramp, her smug grin returning as she dismisses the confusion around her victory. Ricky sits in the ring, dazed but determined, glaring toward the crowd where the hooded figure disappeared.

“Calm Before The Storm.”

The scene opens backstage, where Tyson Gregory, his ring gear on and a look of frustration etched on his face, paces back and forth. His boots thud softly against the floor as he stops intermittently to run a hand through his hair, eyes darting between the walls. He takes a deep breath, clearly trying to calm himself, but the tension in his movements is palpable.

Tyson Gregory: "Tonight. This is it. I've been working for this moment."

He mutters to himself, his voice low but filled with conviction. His gaze flickers to the camera briefly, as if catching a glimpse of the reality of the situation. He exhales sharply, his hands balling into fists as he paces once more, trying to work through the energy that's building inside him.

The scene shifts smoothly, transitioning from Tyson's backstage tension to the entrance area.

Aphrodite Noel is seen stepping into the frame, her face a mask of wariness. She moves cautiously, her high heels clicking sharply against the concrete as she heads towards the

curtain leading to the ring. Her eyes continuously flicker over her shoulder, scanning the area behind her, as if sensing something—or someone—lurking in the shadows.

She mutters to herself under her breath, her movements quickening as she approaches the curtain. There's a subtle shift in her posture, as if she's steeling herself for what lies ahead.

Before stepping through the curtain, she pauses, one last look over her shoulder. Her breath catches, as if sensing something or someone watching, but there's no one there. She shakes it off, her composure returning as she steps forward, the spotlight momentarily catching her silhouette as she prepares to make her entrance.

The camera lingers on her before the scene cuts, leaving the audience with a lingering sense of unease and anticipation.

Match Seven – Singles

Elimination Chamber Qualifier

Aphrodite Noel vs Tyson Gregory

Brooke McKinsey: "The following contest is scheduled for one fall and is an Elimination Chamber Qualifier! Introducing first, from Los Angeles, California, standing at 5'7" and weighing in at 137 pounds... she is 'The Queen'... Aphrodite Noel!"

The lights dim, and a crown-shaped spotlight illuminates the stage. Billie Eilish's "You Should See Me in a Crown" echoes through the arena as Aphrodite Noel saunters out, exuding narcissistic confidence. She pauses mid-ramp, smirking at the crowd and holding her arms out as if commanding them to "worship her." The disdainful glare she offers the audience as she ascends the ring steps solidifies her as the villain they love to hate.

Missy Spinster: "Look at Aphrodite Noel, absolutely dripping in confidence! If ego were a currency, she'd own the whole banana stand."

Dre Hamilton: "Missy, can we skip the fruit salad commentary? Aphrodite has a big match ahead, and Tyson Gregory is no joke."

Brooke McKinsey: "And her opponent, from Portland, Oregon, standing at 6'3" and weighing in at 220 pounds... Tyson Gregory!"

The arena lights flash red and gold as "Dangerous" by Shaman's Harvest blares. Tyson Gregory strides out with a swagger that matches his arrogant persona, brushing off the boos with a cocky grin. He rolls into the ring, locking eyes with Aphrodite as the tension between the two heels becomes palpable.

The bell rings, and the match begins with a lock-up in the centre of the ring. Tyson uses his size advantage to shove Aphrodite into the corner, but she responds with a quick elbow to the jaw, followed by a snap suplex. She doesn't waste time, hitting a knee drop to Tyson's face before dragging him up for a shining wizard that drops him to the mat.

Missy Spinster: "Aphrodite Noel is wasting no time establishing dominance. She's treating Tyson like a step on her throne!"

Dre Hamilton: "And Tyson Gregory's not the kind of man to stay down for long. He thrives in fights like these."

Tyson recovers and counters a corner splash attempt with a back elbow. He takes control, landing a running high-impact clothesline followed by a snap spinebuster that shakes the ring. Tyson smirks as he sets Aphrodite up for the TG Killshot, but she wiggles free and nails him with a discus clothesline.

The pace quickens as both competitors trade strikes in the centre of the ring. Aphrodite gains the upper hand with The Noel Effect, landing four vicious elbow strikes in rapid succession. She signals for Ex-Communication, but before she can execute, Precious Pepper Vain sprints down the ramp.

Missy Spinster: "Wait a second! What's Pepper Vain doing out here? This match was just getting ripe—err, good!"

Dre Hamilton: "Interference isn't uncommon, but this could cost Aphrodite everything!"

Pepper slides into the ring and blindsides Tyson Gregory with a steel chair to the back. The referee immediately calls for the bell, disqualifying Aphrodite Noel due to outside interference.

Brooke McKinsey: "Here is your winner, via disqualification... Tyson Gregory!"

The crowd erupts in boos as Pepper smirks, standing over Tyson's fallen body. Aphrodite looks furious, screaming at Pepper for ruining her chance at the Elimination Chamber.

Pepper, unfazed, smirks and exits the ring, leaving Aphrodite fuming as the camera fades to a break.

Missy Spinster: "Well, that certainly peeled the tension! But Aphrodite can't be happy about this outcome."

Dre Hamilton: "Missy, just stop. Tyson Gregory advances, but the real story here is the fallout between Aphrodite and Precious Pepper Vain. Things are about to get heated."

"Strange Positon."

The scene opens with a med closeup of Joss Morant in her usual bright-coloured ring attire, looking down at the Anarchy Tag Team championship in her hands. It's a little awkward with the way she's holding it too, like she doesn't know what to do with it. There's no trace of her signature chipper personality in her features, instead she seems serious and conflicted.

Joss Morant: "I don't want to be that person but carrying this... championship has put me in a very strange position. I didn't even realize what happened *or how it happened* until after the match when I watched it back."

She finally looks up at the camera, her brows furrowed together in worry.

Joss Morant: "Jackie..."

She pauses with tightly pursed lips, the effect of the storm of emotions swirling inside her evident in her delivery.

Joss Morant: "Jackie, I don't know why you did what you did. And whatever that was, whatever you have against Junior and me, it's messed up."

Another pause like she's hesitant to say it.

Joss Morant: "I don't... trust you. That's what my gut tells me. And the things you said about your family... If they're true, that's sweet. But everything else you've said and done don't

match up. So forgive me if I'm not behaving the way you're hoping for. You can't force me to be tag team champions with you, Jackie. And I hate to feel this conflicted about this."

She looks back at the championship that she raises higher for the camera.

Joss Morant: "It's disrespectful to the championship, to *any* championship, really. To feel *icky* just holding it, remembering how dishonourable the way I won it. I didn't even earn it. Not this time. But it's also not cool to toss it away either."

She lets out a big sigh, lifting her gaze to the camera with a slow head shake.

Joss Morant: "I'm sorry, Valiant fans. I'm trying my best to see the positive of this situation. Well, if anything, at least when I go out there tonight, I know you all have my back. And that comforts me. Yes."

A small smile tugs at her lips as renewed hope starts to bloom.

Joss Morant: "So I shall hang onto that thought while I still have this championship. I know I made a mistake the last time when I tried and failed to help Junior win it with me. But in the next opportunity, I won't. I'll make sure of it. And as for tonight, I shall focus on doing my part in this non-title match and do my best. It's only the right thing to do."

With that, she gives a firm nod before placing the Anarchy tag team championship over her shoulder and leaving to head for her match.

Match Eight - Tag Team (Non Title)

Jackie Fowler & Joss Morant vs Madilyn McNamara & Selena Galante

Brooke McKinsey: "Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is a tag team match scheduled for one fall!"

The crowd erupts as the Inferno logo flashes on the screen, and the energy in the arena builds for the upcoming clash.

Brooke McKinsey: "Introducing first, at a combined weight of three hundred and forty-seven pounds, the team of Jackie Fowler and Joss Morant!"

The familiar strum of Oasis's "*Fuckin' In The Bushes*" blares through the speakers, and Jackie Fowler steps onto the stage, exuding confidence with his signature smirk. Behind him, Joss Morant skips out, her colourful attire shining under the arena lights. Jackie saunters down the ramp, flipping off a section of booing fans, while Joss high-fives those reaching out for her.

Missy Spinster: "Oh, Jackie Fowler, as charming as ever. The bad boy of Lancashire, and bless Joss Morant, she's the rainbow trying to brighten his storm cloud."

Dre Hamilton: "Charming is not the word I'd use, Missy. Jackie Fowler's antics always seem to spell trouble. Let's hope Joss can keep him in line tonight."

Jackie rolls into the ring, throwing his arms out to soak in the crowd's mixed reaction, while Joss poses on the turnbuckle, smiling brightly at the audience.

Brooke McKinsey: "And their opponents, at a combined weight of two hundred and sixty-four pounds, the team of Madilyn McNamara and Selena Galante!"

The arena plunges into darkness as "*Miss Nothing*" by The Pretty Reckless plays. The screen lights up with footage of Madilyn McNamara, her voice cutting through: "*Mine now.*" She steps into the red smoke-filled stage, her intensity palpable as she locks her focus on the ring. Selena Galante follows, her confidence radiating as "*Conceited*" by Remy Ma kicks in, and the duo marches toward the ring.

Missy Spinster: "Talk about a spicy combo! Madilyn's all business, and Selena's got the swagger to match. They're looking like they mean it tonight."

Dre Hamilton: "That's because they do, Missy. Both women are dangerous competitors in their own right. Jackie and Joss need to bring their A-game if they want to leave with the win."

Selena slides into the ring with a flourish, while Madilyn climbs the steps, slowly entering and staring down her opponents. The tension in the ring is palpable as the referee signals for the bell.

The match begins with Jackie and Selena starting things off. Jackie uses his brawler style to throw stiff punches, keeping Selena on the defensive. Selena counters with her technical prowess, slipping out of a headlock to deliver a sharp penalty kick to Jackie's chest.

Missy Spinster: "Selena's striking like a sledgehammer tonight! I'm half expecting Jackie's chest to bruise in the shape of a banana!"

Dre Hamilton: "Missy, focus! Selena's precision is what's impressive, not your bizarre comparisons."

Selena tags in Madilyn, who immediately takes control, grounding Jackie with a snapmare and a sharp kick to the spine. Jackie, visibly frustrated, hits a low blow out of the referee's sight and tags in Joss.

Joss brings her agility into play, leaping over Madilyn with a slingshot corkscrew crossbody. Madilyn struggles to her feet, only to eat a tornado DDT from Joss. The crowd cheers as Joss motions for her finishing move.

Jackie, however, climbs the ropes without tagging in and tries to spray Selena with paint while Joss prepares for the Sin City Escape. Joss turns to scold Jackie, pleading with him to play fair. The distraction allows Selena to recover, grabbing Joss and hurling her into Jackie, sending him tumbling to the floor.

Dre Hamilton: "And there it is! Jackie's inability to play by the rules has cost his team the advantage!"

Missy Spinster: "Honestly, Dre, it's like he's peeling his own chances layer by layer."

Dre Hamilton: "Please stop."

Selena tags in Madilyn, who delivers *Baby Girl, Bye* to Joss as Selena intercepts Jackie on the outside with *The Dynamite Stick*. The referee counts the three, and the bell rings.

Brooke McKinsey: "Here are your winners, Madilyn McNamara and Selena Galante!"

Madilyn and Selena stand victorious in the ring, their arms raised as Jackie scowls on the floor and Joss looks dejected.

Missy Spinster: "A decisive win for Madilyn and Selena! Jackie and Joss's chemistry wasn't quite ripe tonight."

Dre Hamilton: "Selena and Madilyn capitalised on their opponents' miscommunication perfectly. A well-earned victory over the current champions."

“Unseen, Unheard.”

The scene opens in a dimly lit backstage area, where Seven Wolf, the enigmatic champion, is seated on a wooden bench. His title belt rests beside him, gleaming under the faint light. Clad in his signature dark ring gear, Seven meticulously tapes his wrists, the intensity in his eyes revealing a man ready for battle.

Beside him stands a hooded figure, their face obscured in shadow. The figure leans in slightly, speaking in hushed tones. Seven listens intently, nodding occasionally, but his expression remains unreadable. The atmosphere is tense, almost conspiratorial, as their conversation continues in silence.

The camera slowly pans closer, trying to capture the scene. Seven glances up, his sharp eyes immediately locking onto the lens. A flash of annoyance crosses his face, and he abruptly stands, moving towards the camera with deliberate steps.

He raises a hand, covering the lens momentarily, as his voice cuts through the silence.

Seven Wolf: “This isn’t for you.”

The camera jolts as it’s turned away, now facing the wall of the room. The faint sound of their murmuring voices continues, but the words are indistinct, lost in the low hum of backstage activity.

After a moment, the camera operator is ushered out of the room, the door shutting firmly behind them. The mysterious interaction lingers in the air, leaving more questions than answers as the scene transitions back to the arena.

Main Event – Street Fight

Chaos Championship

Seven Wolfe(c) vs Max Thunder

Brooke McKinsey: "Ladies and gentlemen, it’s time for your main event of the evening! This match is a Street Fight for the Chaos Championship!"

The crowd roars in anticipation as the lights dim and the sounds of “*Thunderstruck*” by AC/DC echo through the arena.

Brooke McKinsey: "Introducing first, the challenger, from Melbourne, Australia, weighing in at 199 pounds... MAX THUNDER!"

Max bursts onto the stage with a huge grin, slapping hands with fans as he makes his way down the ramp. He pauses at the foot of the ring, pointing to the crowd and hyping them up before sliding inside and ascending the turnbuckle to soak in the cheers.

Missy Spinster: "Look at Max Thunder, all smiles and energy! He's as electrifying as a banana smoothie on a summer day!"

Dre Hamilton: "Missy, for the love of wrestling, can you leave the fruit references out of this? We're about to witness a fight for the ages."

The arena shifts to a darker tone as "*Empire*" by *Bring Me The Horizon* plays, and Seven Wolfe steps onto the stage, his eyes burning with intensity.

Brooke McKinsey: "And his opponent, hailing from Bangkok, Thailand, weighing in at 230 pounds, he is the reigning Chaos Champion... SEVEN WOLFE!"

Seven marches to the ring, his gaze locked on Max. He steps into the ring, raising his title high before handing it off to the referee, his demeanour ice cold but brimming with tension.

The bell rings, and the match begins with a lockup, both competitors testing each other's strength. Max uses his agility to evade Seven's strikes, countering with a quick series of arm drags and a dropkick that sends Seven rolling out of the ring.

Missy Spinster: "Max Thunder showing off that speed early on! He's like lightning in a bottle—if lightning could wrestle!"

Dre Hamilton: "He needs to maintain that momentum because once Seven gets a hold of him, things could turn ugly fast."

Back in the ring, Seven manages to corner Max, landing stiff strikes and a brutal snap DDT. The match spills to the outside as Seven's growing frustration becomes evident. He slams Max onto the barricade, then pulls out a steel chair from beneath the ring.

The crowd gasps as Seven drives the chair into Max's ribs, his strikes growing more violent. Seven's emotions boil over as he recalls the turmoil from the past weeks, each strike seemingly fuelled by personal anger.

Missy Spinster: "Seven is letting it all out here, and it's not just about the title anymore. This is personal."

Dre Hamilton: "You can see it in his eyes. Seven's not fighting Max; he's fighting every ounce of frustration he's been carrying."

Max rallies, countering with a wheelbarrow facebuster onto the chair, stunning Seven. With the crowd cheering him on, Max climbs the top rope and connects with a moonsault double foot stomp to Seven's chest, a move that visibly takes a toll on both men.

Max attempts his Ode to Peace submission, targeting Seven's legs, but Seven counters with a dragon leg screw whip, followed by a Wolfe Triangle. The tide shifts again as the two exchange moves, the brutality escalating with each passing moment.

Seven's focus narrows, targeting Max's knee with precision. A running knee strike connects hard, and Max collapses, clutching his leg in agony. Seven seizes the opportunity, delivering a series of dragon leg screw whips before locking in the Wolfe Triangle once more, transitioning to a devastating knee bar.

Max struggles but ultimately has no choice but to tap out. The referee calls for the bell.

Brooke McKinsey: "Your winner, and still Chaos Champion... SEVEN WOLFE!"

Seven releases the hold, but Max remains on the mat, clutching his knee in pain. Seven looks down at his opponent, his expression a mix of triumph and lingering anger. The crowd watches in stunned silence as Seven takes his belt, his victory overshadowed by the evident injury he's inflicted.

Missy Spinster: "Seven's got his win, but at what cost? Max Thunder is hurt, and this doesn't feel like a victory anyone can celebrate."

Dre Hamilton: "This was a statement from Seven Wolfe, but it's a statement drenched in regret and pain. Tonight, the Chaos Champion proved his dominance, but the question is—what price did he pay for it?"

"Aftermath..."

After a brutal fight for the Chaos championship, Max Thunder can barely stand, let alone walk to the back. It's clear he has hurt his knee too as he hobbles his way to the medic room, trying not to put too much weight on it. Yet when he spots the camera on him, he acknowledges it with a terse nod but just when he's about to say something, a loud angry shout nearby can be heard.

The camera immediately swings around to show the Chaos champion himself Seven Wolfe lunging at a Thai-looking young man whose identity is not familiar or known in Valiant. Despite the effects of the match he just endured, Seven showed no signs of weariness, possibly driven by rage that's so strongly displayed in the way he sends Somsak stumbling into a stack of equipment crates. The loud crash draws the attention of nearby trainees and staff, but they hesitate, unsure whether to intervene. But Max, ever ready to help, doesn't waste a second as he limps over as quickly as his hurt leg allows.

Max Thunder: "Seven, Somsak, stop!"

But Seven is just fuming as he shoves Max aside with one arm, sending him sprawling to the floor. Max clutches his already injured knee, groaning in pain. The brawl continues with the man known as Somsak now ducking under Seven's next swing and shoving him backward, creating some distance. But Seven won't let up, forcing security and staff to finally rush in to pull him back. He thrashes against their hold, his face red with rage, shouting incoherently as Somsak just shoots back a glare, holding his jaw where Seven struck him earlier.

After Seven gets escorted out of there, a medical staff member helps Max to his feet and Somsak approaches him before saying something the camera doesn't catch, their eyes glancing in the direction Seven went. Max looks very much in pain now but there's no mistaking that conflicted look in his eyes too. Then all three of them disappear into the medical room.
