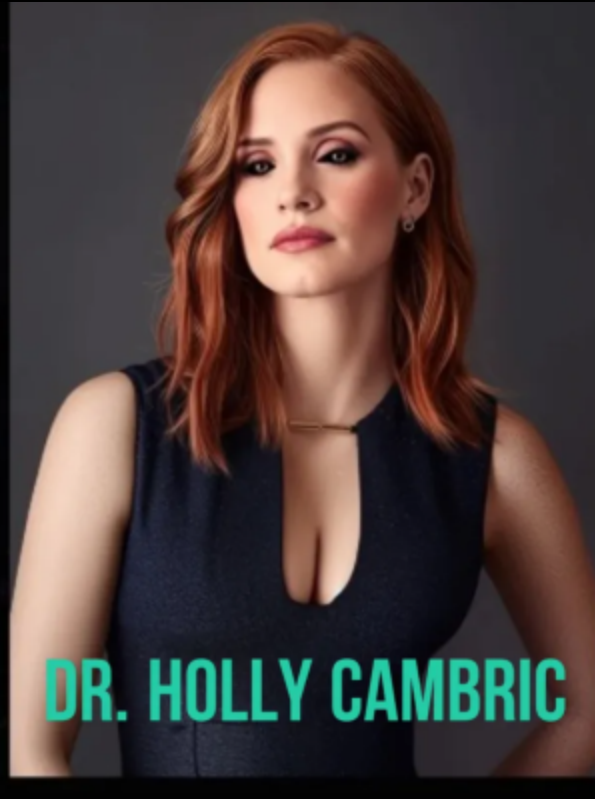




I stand on the observation deck of the Vale's marine research facility, flanked by two marine biologists who regret their decisions.

A mantis shrimp flickers across the tank. Its appendage slams into the glass wall with a crack, spider-webbing it. It's capable of striking with the force of a .22 caliber bullet, delivering blows at speeds exceeding 50 mph with enough pressure to instantly boil water through cavitation.

I've been studying its biomechanics alongside marine biologists, attempting to reverse-engineer the shrimp's unique spring-loaded appendage into a wearable, surgical-grade weapon that channels its explosive impact into my strikes inside the ring.

Turning to the automaton recording this, I speak.

"Mr. Everett and Mr. King, you're undeniably bereft of gusto about your first tag title defense against me and the Advocate. Here you are, two men who've climbed Olympus individually and planted your banner atop the summit, relegated to defending against two rookies who've never teamed. After defeating Ms. Dyson and Ms. Waters, who held dominion over the tag titles like raccoons guarding a dumpster buffet, this must be quite an insult. What a slap in the face to you strapping young gentlemen."

“This is what you get, though, isn’t it? Dare I say you reap what you sow? Was it not both of you who proclaimed that you each got screwed out of your Universal titles and yet did nothing to avenge it? Isn’t your ‘forced’ pairing a product of your inaction, of your lack of spine? Management realized neither of you had the testicular fortitude to run with the Universal title anymore, so they appeased you with world titles of the teaming sort to facilitate your egos. “

“You bought it. Hook, line, sinker. “

I step away from the tank and glide across the lab to a workbench. There, a peculiar-looking glove resides next to vials labeled Crusta-Kinetic Compound - 47c, Calcium Shock Gel - test 12, Nerve Spire Synth.

“And now your first act as champs is nothing more than being the brass’s henchmen to punish me and Ms. Glazkov for our transgressions. I know you two have your heads too far into the clouds to realize that, but it’s true. This isn’t a merit-based challenge. Neither of us has earned the right to vie for tag titles. Oh, sure. I melted Mr. Shark’s dreams for the X-Treme title in less than a second on Warfare, and he lifted the Universal title off you, Mr. King, but that X-Title match was a quagmire with many variables. Hardly indicative of worthiness. “

“How ironic, though. An Emperor and a King reduced to the role of glorified Stormtroopers. Perhaps I’m mistaken about some of this? Maybe your heads aren’t too far in the clouds to realize the leash that’s been put around your necks? To hear you two clean-cut, twinkles on steroids tell it.. You’re proud to be the reaper’s scythe of the ‘powers-that-be’.. Of ‘they’... of ‘them’... of the ‘power’... Tell me something, Mr. Exiles, do you even know who ‘they,’ ‘them,’ the ‘power’, the ‘powers-that-be’ are? You’ve done a lot of howling at the moon on their behalf but haven’t name-dropped these power players. “

I strap on the skeletal prototype glove woven with vein-like tubing that pulses.

“Let me guess, the answer is a resounding no. You just wag your tails like well-trained dogs while sniffing clothes that the ‘powers-that-be’ shove against your snouts to get the scent. And off you go for the big hunt, barking, paw pointing, tails rigid and upturned, ‘Look master, I got one ruff ruff I got one. Awoooo, ruff ruff, awooooo!”

“I’ll even wager that you two think beating us will have an impact. That we’ll suddenly disappear. That XWF will be saved from the Black Rainbow. You’ve got that sort of delusion written in every line of your bodies. Spoiler: it won’t. We’ll eat the loss and keep coming. More will be joining us soon. What you don’t understand is that our goals in XWF and abroad aren’t tied to titles, wins, or losses.”

On the monitor behind me, a slo-mo montage plays of me striking a weighted mannequin with the glove, sending it crumbling inward like an aluminum can.

“So many of you chase depreciated metal affixed to cheap leather as if it validates your existence. You claw and bleed and scream over belts that inevitably tarnish and collect dust in trophy cases. Foolish. You mistake recognition for meaning. You misunderstand me if you think I’m here to chase gold. I came to test the tensile limits of flesh, to observe what breaks in a human soul before the body gives out. Wrestling is the ideal trial chamber: stress, violence, spectacle... It strips people bare. I’m not here to hate you. I’m here to dissect you. Every match is an experiment. Every opponent is a case study. Every scream is a data point. If I have to jab you with a needle to get the results, I’ll do it, as I’ve already done to some.”

“Everytime we’re put on TV is another opportunity to spread our message to the masses through action and words, regardless of position on the card. Every match, win or lose, is another member added to the Black Rainbow. XWF is too vapid-brained to realize this, despite us telling you, even now. Neither of you is sensible enough to understand this, though; your arrogance is too heightened. But that is your problem, not ours.”

A mannequin marked “King” drops with a shattered clavicle. Another marked “Everett” snaps at the jaw.

“Since this match is a farce, nothing more than our punishment and to pad your record, I’ll make a joke out of it now. Hmm. Yes.” Chin tap. “Mr. Everett and Mr. King, which one of you is the male and the female in this rivals-to-friends-to-lovers saga? Hmmm. I surmise you, Mr. Everett, are the female, given your feminine features, feminine facial expressions, and your proclivity for posing art of yourself with your back to the viewer to show off your backside. You do scream like a girl when absorbing damage in the ring. Hmm. Mr. Everett, is it true what they say about black gentlemen being well-endowed? I’m asking for Ms. Glazkov, not myself.”

I remove the glove with delicate care and place it on a tray labeled: Live Trial, June 30th. It’s just a ruse. No plan for the glove on Warfare, but I want them to think I do. If they’re scouting the glove, I’ll have something else ready, something I haven’t shown yet.



Amid spoof nonsense, in a Hollywood galaxy, the cartoon opens to Planet Troll-LOL, where our heroes, Hollyanna and Emilianna, are holding an outdoor meeting among hopefuls seeking to change their lives for the better. Emilianna regales with a beautiful poem that stirs the spirit, while Hollyanna jabs people with a needle filled with life-enhancing stuff.

WONK! WONK! WONK! BEEP! BEEP!



A dark cloud appears, and from it descends a winged clown car. It lands in a nearby clearing. Everyone watches with vexation as a boot slams against the door from the inside, for dramatic effect. The door doesn't open. The boot slams again and again, yet the doors don't yield. We see the figure sulking as the doors open easily by the driver-pilot named Duke.

"Have these removed immediately!" Roars the stomp-happy person. Duke looks at the boot-wielding individual as if he's the most idiotic man in the galaxy. Dreadful music plays as the man fully steps out of the clown car, revealing himself to be the hilariously frightening Darth Principle.



He's not alone either. On either side of him, chained to leashes held in each hand, are galactically buffed-up German Shepherds. Each is wearing a doggy commando vest bearing the name "King" and "Everett," and each is wearing cartoon-themed doggy diapers.

Darth Principle pauses too long, confused. "Hollyanna and uh ..damn it.. Whosit from whatsit.." Emilianna glares at him. "Ah, Emilianna. By the power invested in me by whatever means I deem, I hereby order you two to surrender and face your punishment! Your reign of truth-bringing, enlightenment, and happiness through questionable means is over!"

Hollyanna deadpans him. Emilianna glares harder, defiant. "Roses are red, violets are blue, you know what? SCREW YOU!" replies Emilianna. Hollyanna, Emilianna, and the gathering of people give Darth Principle the 'up-yours' gesture in unison.

Darth Principle staggers back, clutching his chest. "That's it! No more Mister Nice Guy! HOUNDS..... ATTACK!" He bellows and then releases doggo Everett and doggo King.

The obedient war K9s speed toward the congregation with terrifying movement, their mouths agape in howls and barking that pierce the ears. Knowing his fur-babies will get the job done, Darth Principle struts back into the clown car with prime McMahon power-swagger, plops into a seat, and begins eating boogers off the window.

Pandemonium erupts amid the assembly being pursued by King and Everett. The war dogs plow into them, slinging many like ragdolls. There are not many places to run in this wide-open area. There are only a few pillars nearby. Hollyanna and Emilianna hide behind one and hope for the best.

In a world run by Darth Principle, hope isn't something often found. King and Everett are legendary war hounds, their snouts keen to the smell of those marked for elimination by their lord-master. It's not long before they find our heroic women. The mauling begins. Doggo King and doggo Everett drag Hollyanna and Emilianna from the pillar and ragdoll them horribly. The Black Rainbow heroes fight back with all their might, gallant in their efforts, immeasurable in spirit, but completely outmatched where it counts.

Amid the ravaging, the war doggos' diapers come undone, falling upon the ground. Then something unexpected happens. Doggo King's nose expands exponentially, and his head snaps towards doggo Everett. The war doggos cease their mauling of Black Rainbow and circle each other, doing cute doggy nose bops on each other and delivering doggy kisses to each other. Hollyanna and Emilianna watch with a mix of horror and relief as doggo King suddenly mounts doggo Everett and engages in raunchy doggo humping.

Darth Principle is in the middle of his eighth eaten booger when he notices King plowing Everett like a doggo jackhammer. "NOOOOOOOO! No! No! NOOOOOOO!" He screams and rampages out of the clown car.

Hollyanna and Emilianna use this to their advantage. Grabbing a sharp rock, Emilianna motions to doggo Everett while Hollyanna scrambles and finds a discarded needle she's already tried to use on the war doggos to no avail. With swift movement, Hollyanna plunges the needle into doggo King's hindquarters. He spasms, howls, and falls over twitching. A second later, Emilianna grabs doggo Everett by the tail and tries to slash his doggy testicles off, only to find that Everett doesn't have any testicles. Either Everett is a female or their balls have already been collected by Darth Principle.

A two versus one ensues, but doggo Everett puts up a hell of a fight despite the odds, forcing Hollyanna to inject herself and Emilianna with a mystery syringe full of ... stuff. Almost immediately, they turn into Hulk versions of themselves. Darth Principle sees this and hops back into the clown car, ordering the retreat.

Our hulked-up heroes double-pummel Everett unconscious. They notice the winged clown car ascending into the sky, so they each grab one war doggo by the tail and twirling shot-put them into the sky. In a dramatic scene, K9s Everett and King collide with the fleeing clown car, bursting it and them into a massive fireball.

A black rainbow appears over the land as our heroes collapse against a pillar.

"Next time, lead with the hulk-up stuff."

“Understood. Just wanted to see how far we’d make it otherwise.”

“You and your experiments, ha.”

End.

Post-Credit Scene:

A store. A toy on display.



Comes with rings, wings, and interchangeable sins.
Some assembly required. Reverence sold separately.
\$19.99 + your soul

