



In the past, years ago, continued from roleplay here:

[= Garisha vs Dyson Vs Mr. Amazing - Moon Yellow Eyes](#)

It was a while before the monster stopped and slung Graves onto the ground. The Reverend was soaked with sweat and fear and the huffing breaths of a man who thought he was about to die.

But then he saw the beast twitch. It whimpered. The sound was pitiful coming from such a destructive monstrosity. Its massive arm palmed a tree, bending it over some before collapsing onto its knees.

Had his prayers been answered? Was the good Lord striking down the creature before it could make a meal out of him? He

scooted back until his spine rested against a tree. He'd forgotten all about the Rosary he still held in a death clutch. He eyed it and knew he must bring it into the fray.

"IN THE NAME OF GOD, BE GONE BEAST!" He thrust the Rosary outward like a weapon.

What fell upon his eyes wasn't a column of flame from heaven melting the beast or some other supernatural obliteration so plentiful in holy texts, but it was just as jarring. The monster's powerful frame shrunk down and inward, like fruit drying up. Its hulking extremities shriveled, fur shedding away to reveal something that wasn't a beast at all.

It was a girl.

A familiar girl. The one who'd dragged her torn and bloodied body to the steps of the Church, seeking his help.

He blurted out words that didn't form properly. Even his tongue was tied with knots of fright. The girl trembled as if freezing, though the swamps of Louisiana were anything but cold. And on that day it was hot and muggy.

She managed to pull herself onto her haunches, then pulled her knees to her chest. Her frame still shook as she buried her face in her knees and uttered a barely audible **"Help."**

He heard the choking sobs in every syllable of that request. His good senses screamed for him to flee. To get the hell out of there and tell everyone what he'd seen, no matter how much of a loon he'd be called.

But...

Something about that cry for help snapped his soul back to Sarah, the woman he failed to save all those years back. Sarah had been raped and sought his aid and guidance, then was murdered for it smack dab in the middle of the worship house he was preaching at.

"I'll... help you.." Malachi stumbled the words out. "Just don't turn into that...thing."

She didn't reply nor raise her head in acknowledgment.

"Here... cover up...." He removed the outer layer of clothing from his torso, leaving him in his simple white undershirt. He approached carefully and dangled it near her until she snatched it from him and draped it over her naked form.

It was only then that he noticed how disjointed her limbs were. They looked deformed, like something from a monster horror movie. But then those limbs began to mend themselves. She was still in bad shape, but he'd already seen some of her grievous injuries healing earlier at the Church, so she might not be bad off if he could get her somewhere safe.

Perhaps Judd would know what to do?

"Can you walk?"

She looked up at him with pitiful eyes and shook her head no. The "no" she gave him felt like a gut punch. He wasn't a dad, but that look spurred the "dad-mode" in him so much so that he forgot the carnage she'd brought.

He cautiously scooped her up into his arms. He wasn't sure how far he'd get with her, but he had learned many survival tactics from Judd and was gonna damn sure try his hardest.

"I'm Reverend Graves. Call me Malachi."

She didn't reply.

"What the hell are you, girl?"

It didn't seem like she would reply to it either, but after moments of steady navigating, she squeaked out... "Cursed." Her English was barely intelligible, buried deep under a thick Eastern European accent.

Present Day... 2026... on screen...

The room had been quiet for several minutes. It was her room. A real room that Malachi had given her when he opened up a whole new world for her. Garisha sat with her back against the bedrest, the Television Championship draped across her straightened lap. She stared at it. So gold and polished and clean. Something that, to most people, represented achievement. To Garisha, it meant something else.

Survival.

Her fingers slowly curled into fists. There'd been a time when Garisha possessed nothing. Not 'very much,' not 'less than someone else'... NOTHING. In its barest form.

Garisha had been born into servitude. Into a world where other people decided what she was worth, where her freedom belonged to someone else. Property. That was the word. She remembered it. Will always remember it.

Garisha slowly raised her eyes.

“Remi Storm.”

That name carried privilege with it. Garisha didn't know every detail of Remi's upbringing, but she didn't need to. She knew Remi had grown up wealthy and was given a world where opportunities existed. Doors existed. Choices existed. Things Garisha never knew growing up.

Her eyes drifted to the Television Championship. Sixteen. That number lingered in her head. What was Remi like at sixteen years old? Maybe a birthday party? Cake? Friends? Presents wrapped in expensive paper. Perhaps a new sports car waiting outside because that was simply the kind of world wealthy families could provide for their children.

Maybe laughter? People telling her how much they loved her. Somebody asking her what she wanted to be when she grew up.

Garisha stared at her own reflection in the golden belt plate.

Sixteen meant something very different to her. She remembered being young, being owned, and how crying didn't make people kinder, nor did pleading make the chains disappear. That being frightened didn't matter to her masters. So many masters. Buyers. Sellers.

She had learned silence, obedience, and how to survive the next hour... not the next year... not the next decade... the next hour.

“When you turn sixteen, Remi...” Her words were still laden with a thick Eastern European accent found somewhere between the mountains of Dagestan, Russia, and the flatlands of Romania. No matter how hard Graves tried, he couldn't break through her broken, blunt English.

"What you get? Car? Cake? Friends make happy with you? Blow on candle? Many cheer?"

She stared down at the championship. "I don't remember sixteen." Her expression hardened.

"I don't celebrate birthday until Malachi save me. He let me pick day. I picked day he rescued me."

She fell silent. That was the part that hurt so much. It wasn't that she envied Remi. It was because she understood what she'd been denied. There was a world where children were allowed to be children. Where sixteen could be sixteen. Where birthdays meant something and the future was something you could dream about instead of something you feared.

Garisha hadn't lived in that world. She'd lived underneath it. She'd watched people eat well while she and others learned hunger. She'd seen people with power decide what happened to people without it. Above all that, she'd learned a person could look at another person and only see an object.

Then Remi came along. Not necessarily as one of those people. Garisha didn't need to make Remi responsible for every evil thing done to her. That wasn't the point. It was much simpler.

Remi had been giving a starting line that Garisha hadn't been allowed to approach.

And yet here they were, about to stand in the same wrestling ring and fight over the same championship.

Garisha looked at the gold again and tightened her fingers around it.

"You get opportunity." She nodded. "Garisha get obstacle."

Another nod.

“You get open door.” Her eyes narrowed. **“Garisha get wall.”**

Her focus turned entirely toward the camera.

“You go through door. Open. Easy.” A faint smile appeared.
“Garisha smesh wall.”

That grin disappeared. There hadn't been arrogance behind it. She genuinely believed it because she'd done it before. Every wall put before her had eventually become another thing she survived, and the people who told her what she was had inevitably been proven wrong.

Every chain had been broken eventually, just as every cage had been opened.

And now she was standing here... champion, wrestler, free from everything except the monster inside. Garisha slowly rose from her bed, allowing the championship to slide into her calloused hands. Hands that will never hold offspring of her own.

“Remi Storm... you have easy beginning. What was biggest problem? Which flavor Starbucks drink? What outfit matches eyes?”

Her nostrils flared for a moment.

“Garisha have..” Her brows dipped. **“Hard beginning.”**

She was dissatisfied with the simplicity of it. There were far more words inside of her that her broken and poorly constructed English couldn't carry.

So instead she huffed.

“Look...” Her finger pointed to the Television Championship.

“This not gift.” She shook her head. **“Nobody give Garisha this.”**

Another shake.

“Nobody say, ‘Here, little Garisha. You deserve’..”

Her grip tightened even harder around the title.

“Garsha take.”

She stepped closer to the camera.

“Take from world. Same world that take from Garisha.”

That remark sat heavily with her. For years, the world had taken from her many things... her freedom, her childhood, her choices, her dignity, and most haunting.... Her virtue.

And now she'd taken something back from a world that told her she was nothing but a wet hole for men to pleasure themselves with.

She lifted the championship, HER championship, and gazed at it.

“Remi have many titles.” She nodded. **“Garisha know.”** Her eyes shifted.

“You win everywhere. Very fast. Many times champion.”

A thumbs up.

“Good for you. Very good. Yes.”

Then her expression changed, lips steering upward like a hyena.

“But you know what Garisha learned fast?”

She leaned forward.

“Survive.” Her voice dropped. “Garisha learned faster than anything.”

She straightened back up.

“You lose title?”

A shrug.

“No problem.”

Another shrug.

“You lose match?”

A deeper shrug, nonchalant.

“No big thing. World still love you. Door still open.”

She stopped.

“Garisha lose...” Her eyes became distant.

There’d been times when losing meant so much more than a championship. Times when losing meant losing pieces of herself, meant pain, meant wondering if she’d survive until morning.

She tilted her head at the camera.

“Garisha lose everything already. What you take now? Title?” She held it closer to her chest.

“Take.” A daring look surfaced. “Try.” She stepped forward again, even closer to the camera.

“But Remi...” Her voice growled animalistically. “You never fight someone like Garisha.”

She tossed a glance at the championship.

“You fight wrestler.”

Her eyes rose to the camera again.

“Garisha fight world.”

Another growl, followed by a snort.

“You are princess. Pretty. Powerful. Princess.”

She jabbed a thumb into her chest.

“I am dragon.”

She let that sink in.

“World lose... so will you.”

Garisha turned the title over in her hands one more time and studied her reflection in it again.

For once she wasn't looking at the monster or the slave or the frightened girl hiding from the world. She was looking at

someone who'd survived long enough to possess something that nobody could simply take from her.

"For Garisha, title not important.... What title mean is important.... It mean nobody take from Garisha... Not Remi... Not anybody."

She raised the title over her head, extending it fully so that each hand held opposite ends, and she posed with it as so many of her wrestling predecessors had.

And it was then that the camera zoomed in, letting the world take in the conquering pose, and also the roadmap of scars and marks that had defined her childhood. Some were made with whips and chains. Others were burn marks from cigarettes being put out on her. There were more, but the lens couldn't keep track.

"You had sixteen... Garisha had survival.... You had privilege... Garisha had chains... You had easy road... Garisha had road with teeth..."

She dropped the pose, slinging the belt over her shoulder.

"Remi..."

She slammed a fist across her chest. The impact was harsh, the sound echoing off the modest walls of her bedroom.

"You are storm people watch from window..... Garisha is storm people run from."

".... At the Fare of War, I smesh you. I make your face what my life has been.....

UGLY."

Also Present Day... 2026... Because a wild hair just shot up my ass... on screen...

The shot opened to the waning hours of light. Malachi Graves stood in full preacher attire like he was on duty and held his arms wide in greeting. To his left stood a nun who, upon any close inspection, could clearly tell it was Garisha. On his right side stood Dr. Glen in a snazzy suit and tie.

The backdrop was a simple packed parking lot.

“Sister Remi.”

Graves grinned.

“I must confess that it was me who let Garisha do an on-screen vignette by herself. It was my reward to her for claiming the Television Championship and, well, she was adamant about getting stuff off her chest. I do apologize if you couldn’t understand some of it. Her English is still a work in progress. I’ve been too busy helping her in other ways than focusing on her speech. So, that’s on me.”

He pressed a hand over his heart apologetically.

“But I do think she made a good point. One that I won’t reiterate. No, sister Remi, let’s discuss the part of your story I find fascinating.

Korvayne beat you.”

He let that smile linger.

“There’s nothing particularly shameful about that. People lose matches. Champions lose. Challengers do too. Even the greats get beaten. But what fascinates me is what you did afterward.”

That preacher-man grin widened oh so far.

“You joined her. The woman who took your title became your ally. The woman standing between you and the gold became the woman standing beside you. And suddenly...”

He spread his hands.

“You stopped trying to beat her.”

He lobbed a thumb point behind him.

“Let’s go inside and talk more about this with someone.”

The camera adjusted to take in more of the area, and the parking lot gave way to the sprawling sight of a hospital. Soon, they entered.

The camera footage switched to secretive, like a hidden camera. Hospitals are picky about people with big cameras roaming around, patients' rights and all.

The crew checked in and received various badges that allowed them greater access to the facility.

It paid to have a doctor as esteemed as Dr. Glen as a follower. Not to mention other hospital staff in his fold. Graves now had access to all the wings as part of religious visits to pray over people.

As they walked, the Reverend picked up the sermon he was giving Sister Storm....

“Perhaps that’s your particular survival mechanism, sister Remi? When you can’t overcome an obstacle, you make the obstacle your friend. When you can’t conquer the mountain, you build your house on its side. When you can’t become the queen bee... you ask if she needs a partner.”

He shrugged.

“I know that last part isn’t as accurate. I think there’s more than meets the eye when teaming with Korvayne. But the optics, sister Remi, don’t look good. Consider this your warning shot.”

The hidden camera angle followed them as they exited an elevator and rounded a corner leading to the cancer corridor.

“And now here we are. Garisha stands before you carrying the championship you want, which creates a fascinating little problem. You couldn’t beat Korvayne. Then Korvayne and Samael couldn’t understand the very simple aspects of a Triple Threat match at Bad Medicine, and now Korvayne has a belt she doesn’t want, and Garisha took the Television Title for herself.”

He shook his head and chuckled.

“So tell me something, sister Remi. What happens if Garisha beats you? Will you join us? Will we see Remi Storm standing beside another woman who proved stronger than she was? Perhaps that’s your true talent. Not winning championships, but finding powerful women to stand beside after they take them from you.”

Alas, they stopped at a certain room. The Reverend knocked and slowly opened the door, finding a familiar sickly face that all of XWF knows.

Little Tommy Ryker. The terminal, dying make-a-wish kid who Korvayne terrorized under the guise of Remi a few months back. Tommy, being an avid XWF fan, knew who it was and sat up in bed weakly.

He didn't cry or scream because he'd done so much of that after the Korvayne incident that he can't anymore. At the same time, he didn't look scared either. Perhaps if Judd had come along, he'd be more afraid.

"Hey there, sport." Graves greeted him with a smile and gave him several XWF gifts. Little Tommy didn't mess with the gifts. His sunken eyes kept drifting between Graves, Dr. Glen, and "Mother Garisha" in her uncomfortable-looking nun disguise.

"H-hi?" Tommy replied, confused.

"I'm not gonna insult your intelligence, kid. You know Garisha has a TV Title match against your favorite wrestler, Remi Storm. I just wanted to catch up with you after that horrible thing with Korvayne, and get your thoughts on Remi these days."

The sick boy frowned so deep his lips could've touched his knees.

"I don't know, mister Graves. I think... I... I..." His voice faltered, so weak. "I th-ink I caused her to go bad? I...I wanted her to beateded up Charlie and..and.." He took labored breaths.

Garisha's heart sank, and she stepped forward to console him. The poor child reminded her of her when she was his age, though she never had to deal with a sickness killing her. She

immediately stopped when Graves raised his hand, warding her off.

“He’s strong. Let him finish.”

“And.. and... I asked her to team with K..Korvayne... for one night only to... avenge what the Bastards did to Remi.. but... Remi... I dunno, Mister Graves... I wanted her to destroy the dark side..... Not join it.”

Graves looked at the hidden camera on Dr. Glen’s body and shamed Remi with a judgemental, disappointed look.

“How could you, Remi? And just think, we know you’re gonna show up on a screen somewhere telling us how I shouldn’t try to cast stones at you since Garisha follows me.”

He tsked at her.

“Yes. She does. The difference is, Garisha doesn’t pretend otherwise. She hasn’t built her identity around independence while simultaneously attaching herself to someone else. Garisha knows exactly who she is and what she is. And she follows me because I saved her. I helped her when nobody else would, or for that matter, could.”

The Reverend turned his focus back to little Tommy Ryker.

“It’s okay, Tommy. I want to introduce you to someone who wants to fight for you. Who will fight for you. I present to you the woman who shall smite Remi for what she’s done. I know you may not have noticed...”

Graves went to point at the uncomfortable-looking nun, but Tommy beat him to it.

"Her? Garisha. That's her."

"Well, okay, yes. Good eyes."

Garisha tore off the headdress portion and revealed the Television Championship she'd concealed inside her nun attire. Graves motioned her over, and she approached Tommy.

"I give you gift Monday. I smesh Remi. But this..."

She folded the Television Championship, then extended it toward him.

"I give now."

Little Tommy gasped. This couldn't be happening. Was it a gag? Some cruel joke? His tired eyes gazed at the championship, taking in every aspect with scrutiny. It looked real. The look in Garisha's eyes was genuine.

"I... don't know... if I... can? "

"You can. You are champion. More champion than me. Than everyone."

Tommy's eyes filled with tears he wasn't aware he could still shed. These were different tears, ones summoned from happiness rather than pain and sadness. His frail little arms took the title from her and held it close to his chest. It looked so big on him, like he wouldn't be able to lift it.

But the dogged son of a gun did.

He lifted it shakily above his head.

"I..." He paused and repaid her kindness by trying to speak in her weird accent... "am.. Champion...for..the ..evers!"

They all cheered his bravado. Well deserved.

"And that, Remi, is how you do it."

Graves gestured to Dr. Glen, and he turned off the hidden camera.

"I'm afraid we have to go, Tommy. If you'll allow me, I want to pray over you."

Tommy's arms couldn't hold the title up anymore, so he lowered it onto his lap.

"Please. Maybe God will listen to you."

They gathered around, placed hands on his shoulders, and the Reverend led a prayer.

In the midst of it, Garisha's heightened senses felt Tommy's irregular heartbeat. It made her angry. This child deserved so much better. All children do.

Then, her eyes widened. An idea struck her.

"I help him," Garisha said, breaking the prayer.

"We are." The Reverend replied and finished up.

"No. I save him. I cure him." Garisha said adamantly.

Malachi cocked his head at her.

"No, Garisha. Only God can save him now."

She shook her head no, rather defiantly.

"I can. Remember old guy? Church? Cancer guy? He scared me and I bite him. Accident. Remember?"

Graves ran a hand through his beard.

"Of course. Elder Gordon. He- "

It dawned on him where she was going with it.

"Nooooooooo, Garisha. No, no, no. Not the same."

The Reverend understood why she was bringing Gordon up. After she bit him during a Church service, his cancer went into remission. Hard remission. Miracle-level remission, and it never returned.

But old man Gordon lost his sanity as a result. Being infected with lycanthropy makes your body extremely resilient, often leaving you immune to diseases and accelerating the healing process. Garisha had, in a certain way, cured Elder Gordon's cancer by accident.

But the elderly man's body was too old to handle the transformations into the monster that took residence, and he eventually killed himself.

"Not same? Yes. This better. I bite Tommy. Leukemia dies. He's strong like Garisha. Champion like Garisha. He survive."

Tommy bolted straight to a stand.

"You can cure me?"

“YES!”

“No.”

Dr. Glen butted in. *“Bad idea, Garisha.”*

The men gave her all the reasons it could go bad, but it wasn't registering.

“Enough. You're not turning him into a werewolf.

“A WEREWOLF?” Tommy screeched. “Can I be Matty and you Kristoffer?”

“YES!” Garisha replied earnestly.

“NO!”

“You better rein her in, Reverend,” Dr. Glen said nervously.

Malachi sternly pointed at the door, then, with help from Dr. Glen, began herding Garisha toward it. At the threshold of the doorframe, Garisha palmed the sides of it, stopping them cold.

Malachi and Dr. Glen shared a nervous glance.

“Easy, honey. Be calm.”

She looked over her shoulder at Tommy and saw the sad look on his face.

“I help.”

They tried pushing her through the door, but she was like a wall of stone. Graves nodded at the doctor, who fished for the needle in his pocket.

Suddenly, Garisha shrugged them off with just enough force to knock them prone. Malachi grabbed at her ankles as she lunged for Tommy, but she dragged him. The child offered her his arm. She felt the monster inside wetting her fangs hungrily.

Her mouth opened, razor-sharp canines protruding toward the arm.

THUMP

Dr. Glen's desperate 'Hail Mary' needle jab penetrated. She fell prone next to the bed, growling, angry but temporarily subdued.

They sighed in relief.

Disaster averted.

Until they saw the bite mark on Tommy's arm.

The bleeding wound.

Malachi's face went Casper white.

"OH GOD!"

Garisha's arm rose sluggishly, and little Tommy held her hand.

TBC-next-rp

