



Date: 11 January, 2025

"New Season, New Meems."

Backstage, wearing some oval shaped shades, a cute blue baseball hat with La'Bell on the top. Her hair falling down where it may, not yet styled for tonight. Mimi had on her t-shirt for sale on Valli Pro's merch, with some black shorts that showed off all her stems, along with her comfy, cosy, well worn shoes.

Mimi Smith: Valli Pro. We all know the Codys, in wrestling, have an expectation to be great, awesome people. So I spent all week making sure Mr. Cody Baxter had a singles match to remember against yours truly.

She displayed her pearly white, perfect pearls with a bright smile, framing her face with both hands under her chin.

Mimi Smith: Because it's a new season, new year and Valli Pro is getting a determined Meems. I may be at the start of the show today but I'll be coming for the main event. I've been there in this very promotion. In the archives, 2 in 3 Valli Pro fans remember that Steel Cage match. That's the level I need to get back to.

Mimi Smith raised her hand well above her head so that the cameraman had to take a step back.

Mimi Smith: So I spent the week off social media busting my butt and kicking my sparring partners butt. To put away this Cody Baxter and hopefully, fingers crossed...

Meems crosses her fingers on both hands, hiding her undecorated nails.

Mimi Smith: I'll be looking for my second win of the season against....Junior Hardy. Let's make it happen.

Mimi raises her fists up boxing style, gives the camera a grr face before she walks her way over to the locker room with a skip in her step to get ready for her match that is coming up shortly.

Match One - Singles

Cody Baxter vs Mimi Smith

Kimi Smith: "The following contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first, from London, England, weighing in at 255 pounds, Cody Baxter!"

Cody Baxter strides to the ring with his wolfdog, Shade, at his side. The crowd gives a mixed reaction, some intrigued by Shade's presence. Cody pats Shade before ordering him to stay at ringside. He enters the ring, flexing his strength with a confident smile.

Kimi Smith: "And his opponent, from Las Vegas, Nevada, weighing in at 119 pounds, Mimi Smith!"

Mimi Smith bursts onto the stage, her energy infectious as she claps along with the beat of "The Game" by Alyssa Reid. The crowd joins in as she makes her way to the ring, high-fiving fans and pointing to the sky before sliding into the ring with a grin.

The bell rings, and the match begins with Cody attempting to assert his power advantage early. He lunges for Mimi, but she uses her agility to evade him, darting around and landing quick strikes. Cody catches her with a shoulder block, sending her sprawling to the mat.

Cassie North: "Cody's strength is no joke, but Mimi's speed might just be the equaliser here."

Noah Jackson: "If by equaliser, you mean delaying the inevitable, then sure. Cody's built like a tank. She's like a bicycle trying to knock it over."

Mimi recovers quickly and counters Cody's next attempt at a lariat with a dropkick to the knee, bringing the big man down to one leg. She follows up with a flurry of kicks, targeting his midsection. Cody powers through, grabbing Mimi by the waist and tossing her with a belly-to-belly suplex.

Cassie North: "Cody's power coming into play again, but Mimi's resilience is unmatched. She's already back on her feet!"

Noah Jackson: "Yeah, but for how long? She keeps poking the bear, and eventually, she's going to get mauled."

Cody attempts his signature Wolves At The Door spear, but Mimi leaps over him at the last second, sending Cody crashing into the turnbuckle. As Cody stumbles back, Mimi capitalises with her High Score battering ram elbows in the corner, drawing cheers from the crowd.

Cassie North: "What a sequence from Mimi! She's showing why she's called 'The Mother of Dragonweights.'"

Noah Jackson: "Yeah, and Cody's about to show her why you don't play with wolves."

Cody regains control with a massive discus elbow smash, his Cry Wolf signature move, leaving Mimi dazed. He goes for a running powerbomb, but Mimi wriggles free mid-move and counters with her Cha-chin stunner, dropping Cody to the mat.

Mimi signals to the crowd and sets up for her finisher. As Cody rises, she charges and connects with Ma Paycheck, the running knee spike DDT! She hooks the leg.

One! Two! Three!

Kimi Smith: "Here is your winner, Mimi Smith!"

Mimi celebrates her victory, climbing the turnbuckle and pointing to the crowd. Cody rolls out of the ring, regrouping with Shade, who growls softly at Mimi as she smirks and waves.

Cassie North: "What a win for Mimi Smith! She showed incredible heart and strategy against a powerful opponent."

Noah Jackson: "I'll give her credit—she got lucky. But Cody will learn from this, and next time, it'll be a different story."

"It Completes Me."

We open backstage. There we find the eccentric Kimberly Williams pacing the floor with a deranged look on her face. She is wearing a striking red and black sleeveless, form-fitting bodysuit with a high neckline. The red fabric is richly textured, with a shimmering or metallic finish, and is accented by intricate black details. Notable patterns include a dragon motif on the chest area and additional decorative elements along the torso and legs. Over her wrestling gear she wears a black leather jacket with the emblem "#BoAE" on the sleeves. The Woman Scorned is carrying her beloved (yet dangerous) penguin plushie, Wasley, in her hands.

Kimberly Williams: "The Elimination Chamber..."

A nasty, devilish, snicker escapes the lips of The Woman Scorned.

Kimberly Williams: "...a match that has become infamous in this world of professional wrestling. It is a match that takes this great sport back to its brutal, barbaric roots when Ancient Romans would watch their fellow man kill each other as a form of entertainment. And THAT, ladies and gentlemen, is the true nature of man; a lust for violence, a thirst for blood and gore, a desire to see each other maimed. A desire for chaos. Civilized people...that is a joke. A bad joke, at that. The idea of people being civilized is a joke. People enjoy brutality, violence, and chaos and the existence of, the popularity of the elimination chamber is evidence of that fact."

Williams waves Wasley proudly.

Kimberly Williams: "Wasley and I, we are always eager to provide all of that in spades and I am ready, willing, and able to participate in the upcoming chamber match for Valiant. This match was made for the one true chaos bringer. You never know when you'll start, there are no rules, everything is fair game. This was made for me and it is where I will continue to spread my brand of chaos in 2025."

She holds the penguin Wasley up to her ear, as if she is listening to him. She nods her head.

Kimberly Williams: “That’s right, Wasley, I should not get ahead of myself. Before I focus on the chaos and violence I can rain down in the elimination chamber, I must first make it to the chamber and that means getting through one Corey Grimes.”

Williams laughs nastily.

Kimberly Williams: “Normally the whole mundane materialistic crap about winning and losing doesn’t bother me too much, Corey. As long as I can maim and bloody someone and create as much chaos as humanly possible then I am one happy psychopath. But you, my friend, are in the wrong place at the wrong time. Because I need this win. I need to be in the elimination chamber because it is a match BUILT FOR ME! IT COMPLETES ME!”

She points a finger at the camera.

Kimberly Williams: “Which means I have to take you out. See, Corey, I have certain goals for myself going forward. The first and foremost among them is to spread my unique brand of chaos throughout the land. Elimination chamber helps me do that. I also want to one day win my first world championship. Advancing to the chamber...winning the chamber...that would help me achieve that goal as well. I need this Grimsey-Wimsey and I am not going to let you stand in my way or in Wasley’s way!”

Kim skips away happily with Wasley the penguin in tow.

Match Two – Singles

Gemma Marchand vs Junior Hardy

The arena lights flicker, and Kimi Smith steps into the centre of the ring, microphone in hand, as the crowd settles in for the next match.

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

"Tap In" by Saweetie plays, and Gemma Marchand bursts through the curtain, a confident smile on her face as she waves to the crowd. She makes her way to the ring, slapping hands

with fans at ringside before climbing onto the apron and flipping over the top rope into the ring.

Kimi Smith: "From Ottawa, Ontario, weighing in at 130 pounds... Gemma Marchand!"

Gemma strikes a playful pose as her music fades.

The opening riff of "*Seven Nation Army*" by The White Stripes hits, and the atmosphere shifts as Junior Hardy steps out onto the stage, his confident smirk unmistakable. He adjusts his taped wrists and flexes briefly before walking down the ramp, staring straight ahead at the ring.

Kimi Smith: "And her opponent, from Las Vegas, Nevada, weighing in at 228 pounds... Junior Hardy!"

Junior climbs onto the apron, stepping through the ropes with deliberate movements, his eyes never leaving Gemma as he circles the ring.

The bell rings, and both wrestlers lock up in the centre of the ring. Junior's size advantage is immediately apparent as he powers Gemma into the corner, but Gemma ducks under his grasp, slipping behind and catching him with a quick roll-up!

Cassie North: "Gemma's looking for a fast one here! Smart move against someone like Junior!"

Noah Jackson: "Desperation move, Cassie. She knows she can't hang with Junior in a fair fight."

Junior kicks out at one, looking more annoyed than rattled. He charges at Gemma, who counters with a spinning heel kick that catches him square on the jaw. Junior staggers back, and Gemma takes advantage with a diving crossbody, but Junior catches her in mid-air and slams her down with a spinebuster!

Cassie North: "Oh no! That spinebuster rattled the ring!"

Noah Jackson: "And probably Gemma's insides too! That's the Hardy legacy in action."

Junior pulls Gemma up and plants her with a snapmare before delivering a sharp roundhouse kick to the back. Gemma winces but fights back, surprising Junior with a

handspring stinger splash in the corner. She quickly climbs to the top rope, looking for the *Gemnuine*, but Junior rolls out of the way, leaving her to crash onto the mat!

Cassie North: “Gemma went for it all and came up empty! She’s got to find a way to recover!”

Noah Jackson: “That’s what happens when you gamble in Vegas, Cassie—you lose!”

Junior capitalises, pulling Gemma to her feet and hitting the *Legacy Breaker*! He covers her for the three-count.

Kimi Smith: “Here is your winner... Junior Hardy!”

Junior’s hand is raised as the crowd gives a mixed reaction. Gemma starts to stir on the mat, holding her back in pain.

As Gemma tries to recover at ringside, the crowd begins to stir. Suddenly, WYM Greco leaps the barricade and slides into the ring.

Cassie North: “Wait a second! That’s WYM Greco! What’s he doing out here?”

Noah Jackson: “Oh, I think we’re about to find out the hard way, Cassie.”

Greco stalks Gemma, his eyes locked on the vulnerable competitor. Before she can react, he grabs her and slams her head-first into the turnbuckles with Motion Personified.

Cassie North: “No! Somebody stop this! Gemma just had a gruelling match—this is uncalled for!”

Noah Jackson: “WYM Greco isn’t here to play fair, Cassie. This is a statement.”

With Gemma slumped in the corner, Greco climbs to the top rope. He pauses for a moment, soaking in the boos, before leaping off with a vicious Diving Double Foot Stomp, driving his boots into her ribs.

Cassie North: “Oh, come on! That’s enough! Gemma might have a broken rib after that!”

Noah Jackson: “Broken rib? She’s about to need a stretcher! Greco’s not done yet.”

Greco stands over Gemma screaming about how she was a wasted opponent for a championship match, and people like her always take opportunities from people like him. In his fit of rage, he yanks Gemma back to her feet, dragging her to the corner once more.

He positions her, seated and dazed, before climbing to the second rope. Grabbing both of her arms, he flips over her with a dramatic flourish, locking her into the FameMaker 411.

Cassie North: “Stop it! Someone get out here! She’s tapping—this isn’t even a match!”

Noah Jackson: “Greco doesn’t care about that, Cassie. He’s here to make an impact, and this is how he does it.”

Officials rush down the ramp and into the ring, forcing Greco to release the devastating hold. He rises to his feet with a cocky smirk, backing away as the referees check on Gemma.

Cassie North: “I don’t care how good he thinks he is—that was despicable!”

Noah Jackson: “Despicable? That was brilliant, Cassie. WYM Greco just sent a message to anyone watching. He’s here to dominate and he’s sick of being overlooked.”

Greco exits the ring, brushing off the fans’ jeers as he heads up the ramp. Meanwhile, the officials help Gemma, who’s still clutching her ribs, struggling to breathe.

“Too Comfortable.”

Corey Grimes: “Kimberly Williams. The Wild Card. The Chaos Queen. The self-proclaimed chess master who likes to make everyone think she’s playing five moves ahead. Sounds impressive, right? Until you realize that all the mind games in the world won’t save you when the board’s flipped and you’re lying on your back.”

Corey stands in front of the Valiant Wrestling banner, arms crossed, his smirk razor-sharp.

Corey Grimes: “You’ve made a career out of chaos, Kim. You thrive in unpredictability, in making people think you’re unhinged. But let’s get real—you’re not fooling anyone. You’re not crazy. You’re calculated, you’re strategic, and you’re damn good. But that’s the problem, isn’t it? You’ve gotten comfortable. You think being good is enough, but in this business? Good doesn’t cut it. And tonight, you’re stepping in the ring with someone who isn’t just good—I’m the best.”

He takes a step forward, his tone growing sharper.

Corey Grimes: “Let’s not forget what this is about, Kim. The Elimination Chamber. A shot at the Valiant Championship. A chance to stand across the ring from my fiancée, the greatest champion this company’s ever seen. But here’s the thing—you don’t want that, do you? You’re too busy playing your little games, convincing everyone you don’t care about titles. But deep down? You care. You care because you wouldn’t be here if you didn’t.”

Corey tilts his head, his smirk curling into something darker.

Corey Grimes: “And that’s why tonight, you’re going to lose. Because while you’re busy trying to prove a point about chaos, I’m here to prove a point about dominance. You’ve held the Chaos Championship three times. Impressive. But tonight, you’re stepping into my world. No barbed wire, no thumbtacks, no lead-stuffed penguins. Just you and me. And in that ring? Chaos doesn’t matter. All that matters is who’s better. And spoiler alert, Kim—it’s me.”

He pauses, his eyes narrowing as he leans closer to the camera.

Corey Grimes: “When that bell rings, you’re not gonna have time for games. No distractions, no excuses. Just the cold, hard truth: you’re not walking out of here with a spot in the chamber. Because tonight, Kim? The Wild Card gets played.”

Corey steps back, his smirk returning as he adjusts his jacket and walks out of frame, leaving the camera to fade to black.

Match Three - Singles

Elimination Chamber Qualifier

Corey Grimes vs Kimberly Williams

Kimi Smith: “The following contest is a singles match and is an Elimination Chamber Qualifier! Introducing first...”

The opening chords of “Back to Me” by Of Mice and Men blare through the speakers as the crowd erupts into cheers. Corey Grimes steps out onto the stage, his energy infectious as he slaps hands with fans along the ramp. Dressed in his signature black and silver gear, he exudes confidence as he makes his way to the ring.

Kimi Smith: "Making his way to the ring, from Sacramento, California, weighing in at 240 pounds... COREY GRIMES!"

Corey slides under the bottom rope, popping to his feet as he climbs the turnbuckle to hype up the fans. The crowd's chant of "Let's go, Corey!" reverberates around the arena as he grins, hopping down and stretching in preparation.

The lights go out, leaving a single spotlight at the top of the stage as "Patient Number 9" by Ozzy Osbourne begins to play. Kimberly Williams steps into the light, her sinister smirk accompanied by the haunting whispers echoing through the arena.

Kimi Smith: "And his opponent, from Parts Unknown, weighing in at 120 pounds... KIMBERLY WILLIAMS!"

Kimberly strides to the ring with purpose, sliding under the bottom rope before posing dramatically in the centre. Her unsettling aura captivates the audience, who respond with a mix of cheers and cautious murmurs. She retreats to her corner, ready for the chaos to come.

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

Corey and Kimberly circle each other before locking up in the centre of the ring. Corey uses his size advantage to muscle Kimberly into the ropes, but she ducks under his arm and slips behind him, delivering a sharp kick to the back of his leg.

Cassie North: "Kimberly's already showing off that precision! She's targeting Corey's base right out of the gate."

Noah Jackson: "It's smart, Cassie. You can't outmuscle a guy like Corey, but you can definitely chop him down."

Corey winces but retaliates quickly with a snap suplex, holding on for a cover.

One...

Kimberly kicks out, rolling to her feet with an almost playful smirk. She feints a kick, baiting Corey in before catching him with a lightning-fast dragon screw leg whip.

Cassie North: "That's the chaos Kimberly thrives on! One moment you think you're in control, and the next, she's tied you up in knots."

Kimberly capitalises, transitioning into a leg grapevine. Corey grits his teeth, using his strength to drag both of them to the ropes and force the break. Kimberly releases the hold but delivers a sharp slap to Corey's face as she backs away.

Noah Jackson: "The audacity! She's playing games with him now."

Cassie North: "It's not just mind games—it's a strategy. She's trying to frustrate him into making mistakes."

Corey fires back with a flurry of strikes, finishing with a powerful running knee to the cornered Kimberly. He hoists her onto his shoulders for the Sac-Town Explosion, but Kimberly counters mid-air, flipping into a hurricanrana that sends Corey crashing into the turnbuckle.

Cassie North: "What a counter! Kimberly is so resourceful—it's like she sees the moves coming before they happen!"

Kimberly climbs to the top rope, signalling for the Chaos Theory. She soars through the air, but Corey rolls out of the way at the last second, leaving her to crash onto the mat. The crowd erupts as Corey seizes the moment, dragging her up for the CG-I Win.

Noah Jackson: "This could be it! Corey's looking to put her away right now!"

Kimberly wriggles free, slipping behind Corey and catching him with a surprise Shadowblade knee strike. Corey staggers, dazed, as Kimberly locks in the Scorned sharpshooter in the middle of the ring.

Cassie North: "She's got it locked in tight! Corey's endurance will be tested now!"

Corey claws at the mat, inching closer to the ropes as the crowd rallies behind him. Just as he's about to grab the bottom rope, Kimberly drags him back to the centre, applying even more pressure. Corey struggles valiantly but has no choice but to tap out.

Kimi Smith: "Here is your winner, and advancing to the Elimination Chamber...
KIMBERLY WILLIAMS!"

Kimberly releases the hold, raising her arms in victory as the crowd gives a mixed reaction. She smirks down at Corey before rolling out of the ring, her eccentric energy lingering in the air as she heads up the ramp.

Cassie North: “Corey gave it everything he had, but Kimberly’s precision and tenacity were just too much tonight.”

Noah Jackson: “She’s unpredictable, dangerous, and now she’s one step closer to the Elimination Chamber. Love her or hate her, you’ve got to respect that.”

“The Hunt.”

Gemma Marchand storms through the backstage area, her fists clenched at her sides. Her heart pounds in her chest as she moves quickly, eyes darting around. WYM Greco’s attack on her earlier still burns in her mind—blindsiding her with no warning, leaving her seething.

She rounds a corner, her eyes scanning the dimly lit space. Her breath comes quick and sharp, focused only on one thing: finding him.

As she walks past a storage room, she hears a faint sound—the scrape of metal against concrete. Gemma’s head snaps to the side. There, standing by a stack of crates, is WYM Greco. He doesn’t notice her approach.

Gemma Marchand: “Greco!”

Greco spins around, eyes widening for a moment before a cocky smirk spreads across his face.

WYM Greco: “Well, well, look who’s got a spine now.”

Gemma steps toward him, fists trembling with fury.

Gemma Marchand: “You’ve got a lot of nerve, Greco. You think you can just attack me and walk away unscathed?”

Greco shrugs, uncaring.

WYM Greco: “It’s all part of the game, sweetheart. You’ll get over it. They need to stop wasting opportunities on the likes of you, and quit overlooking me.”

Gemma’s face flushes with anger, her voice tight with intensity.

Gemma Marchand: "You're going to regret this."

She takes another step closer, the space between them charged with tension.

Gemma Marchand: "I'm not done with you, Greco. Not by a long shot."

For a brief moment, the smirk on his face falters. He leans in, voice low and mocking.

WYM Greco: "Bring it, Gemma. I'll be waiting."

Gemma glares at him for a beat before turning on her heel and storming off, her footsteps echoing through the hallway. Greco watches her go, his smirk still lingering.

Match Four – Singles

Abby Blake vs Bia

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

Abby Blake's music, *"You Right" by Doja Cat*, fills the arena, and the crowd erupts in cheers. Abby steps onto the stage, a bright smile on her face as she high-fives fans on her way down the ramp. Her athleticism and charm shine as she flips into the ring, firing up the audience.

Kimi Smith: "From Los Angeles, California, weighing in at 105 pounds, 'The Luchadorka,' Abby Blake!"

The crowd continues cheering as Abby poses on the turnbuckle, hyping up the fans.

The lights dim, and a booming narration begins:

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

Suddenly, *"Walk" by Pantera* hits, and red lights pulse to the beat. Bia storms onto the stage, her Viking-style braids swinging as she raises her arms to the crowd, letting out a powerful war cry.

Kimi Smith: "And her opponent, from Fremantle, Western Australia, weighing in at 165 pounds, 'The West Australian War Goddess,' Bia!"

Bia marches to the ring, her imposing stature and fiery energy captivating the crowd. Sliding into the ring, she climbs the turnbuckle and lets out another war cry as red pyro shoots from the ringposts. She jumps down, pacing as she stares across the ring at Abby.

The bell rings, and Abby starts with quick movement, circling Bia, who maintains her powerful stance in the centre of the ring. Abby rushes in with a series of forearm strikes, trying to keep Bia off balance, but the West Australian powerhouse absorbs the blows.

Bia counters with a thunderous shoulder block, sending Abby tumbling to the mat. Abby quickly gets to her feet, running the ropes, but Bia catches her mid-air with a military press and slams her down.

Cassie North: “What a show of strength from Bia! She’s not just powerful; she’s a force of nature!”

Noah Jackson: “Abby might want to rethink her strategy unless she enjoys being flattened.”

Bia pulls Abby up and whips her into the corner, charging in with a massive body splash. Abby stumbles out, clutching her ribs, but she manages to slip behind Bia and dropkick her legs, bringing the bigger opponent to one knee.

Abby capitalises with a springboard hurricanrana, stunning Bia and sending her to the mat. Abby follows up with a standing moonsault, but Bia powers out at one, throwing Abby off with authority.

Cassie North: “Abby’s speed is her best weapon here, but Bia is just relentless!”

Noah Jackson: “Speed’s great and all, but it’s not gonna help much when you’re stuck in the jaws of a powerhouse like Bia.”

Bia regains control with a brutal spear, nearly folding Abby in half. She goes for a cover, but Abby kicks out at two. Bia looks impressed by Abby’s resilience, hoisting her up for *The Maelstrom*.

Abby breaks free! She lands and scores a lungblower. The referee checks Bia as Abby retreats to the corner, lining her up for the Fore (Natural Selection). Unseen by anyone, Eve O’Donnell hops the barricade and grabs Abby’s ankle, tripping her.

Cassie North: “Wait—what just happened?!”

Noah Jackson: “It looked like something tripped Abby, but I didn’t see anyone...”

Bia, unaware of Eve’s interference, clocks Abby as she goes to argue with Eve, then delivers *Odin’s Wrath*. The referee counts the three as Bia stands victorious.

Kimi Smith: “Here is your winner, Bia!”

Bia celebrates in the ring, her theme music blasting through the arena. Meanwhile, Eve smirks from the shadows, her presence unnoticed by both Bia and the referee.

Cassie North: “That didn’t sit right with me. Eve O’Donnell had no business getting involved in this match!”

Noah Jackson: “A win’s a win, Cassie. Bia deserved that victory, regardless of what you think you saw.”

Abby rolls out of the ring, clearly frustrated as she glares at the ramp, suspecting foul play but unable to prove it. Bia, still oblivious to the interference, poses for the crowd, basking in her hard-fought victory.

“I Miss The Weight.”

Jennifer Carter: “Hey guys! With me right now is Emily Carter. Emily, it’s been a couple of weeks since the fans have seen or heard from you. Is everything okay?”

The audience is greeted to a pre-taped interview between Jennifer Carter and Emily Carter from earlier today. The two are seated at a table inside a back room somewhere in the arena. Emily is displaying a much more somber demeanor today. She appears to be missing two things: her trademark smile and the Lionheart Championship.

Emily Carter: “No, Jenn, everything is not okay. But it will be. This is just another obstacle, another hurdle, that I have to get over.”

Jennifer Carter: “The last time the fans saw you was at Saints & Sinners. Obviously things didn’t go the way that you and your fans wanted that night. Could you give us your thoughts on that night?”

Emily Carter: “Well, if we’re gonna talk about Saints & Sinners, we have to talk about the events that lead up to that evening. For starters, I wanna apologize to Kasey, Jenna and Bri for even putting us in the positions we were in at Saints & Sinners. If we had won the 4v4 Tag Match on Glory, it would’ve been us calling the shots. It would’ve been us in the driver’s seat. We could’ve controlled our own destinies instead of having our fates lie in the hands of our opponents. I can admit that I didn’t do enough to help our team win that match. I didn’t uphold my end of things. I dropped the ball. For that, I’m sorry. Because oh my shortcomings, I contributed to our backs being put against the wall at Saints & Sinners.”

Jennifer Carter: “Well, you shouldn’t be so hard on yourself, Emily. You win as a team and you lose as a team. It’s not all your fault. But nevertheless, because you guys were unsuccessful in that 4v4 Tag, it was Leanne Jones who got the right to choose the stipulation for your championship match against her. And boy, did she pick a hell of a stipulation.”

Emily Carter: “It wasn’t just a Two out of Three Falls. Each fall had its own stipulation. Suffice to say, Leanne got her money’s worth.”

Jennifer Carter: “Judging by the fact that she’s got the championship now and you don’t, I’d say so.”

Emily Carter: “...”

Jennifer Carter: “Sorry, Em.”

Emily waves her off.

Emily Carter: “Don’t be. You know, a lot of people would love to lose 10-20 pounds around their waist. But not me. I loved being Lionheart Champion. It was something that I worked hard to get and hard to retain. Despite my time being Lionheart Champion, I still felt like I had more to give. I had more to accomplish. I wanted to take that championship to new heights, you know. I wanted to raise the standard of what it meant to be a Lionheart Champion. I...”

Jennifer Carter: “...wanted to make sure that when people thought of the Lionheart Champion, they thought of you as opposed to, oh I don’t know, Precious Pepper Vain?”

Emily Carter: "..."

Jennifer Carter: "Sorry, Em, I'm doing it again."

Emily Carter: "It's alright, Jenn. As far as she is concerned, our paths will cross at some point. We'll get into it then. Back to Leanne, though. I'd be lying if I said I didn't have any hard feelings. I didn't just lose, I lost my championship, too. It's gonna take a while to get rid of that bitter taste of defeat. But do I have any ill will towards Leanne? Not at all. She earned her right to call her shot. She then went on to prove she was the better wrestler at Saints & Sinners. There wasn't anything underhanded about the way she went about things that night."

Jennifer Carter: "Even the handcuffs?"

Emily Carter: "Even the handcuffs. Leanne fought to the strengths of the rules she selected. So as far as I'm concerned, she earned that championship win. I don't like it. I'm not happy about it. But she did earn it. I'll say this as well. She was right about one thing."

Jennifer Carter: "What's that?"

Emily Carter: "We really are two sides of the same coin."

Jennifer Carter: "Interesting..."

Emily Carter: You know, as I look back on things, Jenn, 2024 didn't end the way that I wanted it to. Two high profile losses back to back. One of them being a championship loss. Instead of leaving 2024 with my title raised high and heading into this year with all the momentum, I ended the year battered and broken amongst the remnants of a wooden table."

Jennifer Carter: "And now, it's a new year."

Emily Carter: "It is a new year. I may not be coming into 2025 with the Lionheart Championship, but I'm entering this year with new goals in mind and new opportunities at stake."

Jennifer Carter: "Like the Elimination Chamber."

Emily Carter: “Exactly, just like the Elimination Chamber. But before I can even get a spot in that Chamber, I’ve got to qualify for it first and that’s where you come in, Eve O’Donnell. You know, a lot of people around these parts have a lot of things to say about Eve. Usually, it’s all bad. Eve, you’ve definitely earned a heck of a reputation for yourself. But I’ll give you credit. You’ve got talent. Enough talent to beat me in the ring? We’ll find that out tonight. Eve, what happens in that ring? I’m gonna take about two weeks worth of frustration and bitterness out on you. It’s nothing personal. It won’t be anything personal at all. But you, Eve, you’ve got a bad habit of putting your foot in your mouth. So do yourself a favor and don’t say something that’ll make it personal.

Match Five – Singles
Elimination Chamber Qualifier
Emily Carter vs Eve O’Donnell

The crowd is electric as Kimi Smith takes centre stage, microphone in hand, with the spotlight shining down.

Kimi Smith: “The following contest is an Elimination Chamber Qualifier match and is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first...”

The upbeat tones of *"Don't Die Digging"* by The Graduate echo through the arena, drawing a massive cheer from the audience. Emily Carter steps out onto the stage, her bright smile lighting up the arena. She slaps hands with the fans on her way down the ramp, her energy infectious.

Kimi Smith: “From Albany, New York, weighing in at 133 pounds... Emily Carter!”

Emily climbs into the ring, ascending the turnbuckle to salute the crowd, before hopping down and stretching in her corner.

The arena lights dim as *"Broken Dreams"* by Shaman’s Harvest blares through the speakers. Eve O’Donnell strides onto the stage with an air of arrogance, her smirk oozing confidence as she ignores the boos cascading from the crowd. She gestures dismissively toward the fans before making her way to the ring.

Kimi Smith: “And her opponent, from Virginia Beach, Virginia, weighing in at 136 pounds... ‘The Goddess’ Eve O’Donnell!”

Eve steps through the ropes, her cocky demeanour unchanged as she gives Emily a disdainful glance, mouthing off before retreating to her corner.

The bell rings, and the match begins.

Emily and Eve circle each other before locking up in the centre of the ring. Emily uses her height advantage to push Eve into the ropes but releases cleanly, backing off with her hands raised. Eve sneers, clearly unimpressed, before lunging forward with a forearm smash to Emily's jaw.

Cassie North: "Oh, come on! That was a cheap shot!"

Noah Jackson: "Cheap? That was just effective strategy, Cassie. You don't get to the top by playing nice."

Eve seizes control early, grounding Emily with a spinning backfist followed by a DDT. She smirks, taking her time to taunt the crowd, earning a chorus of boos.

Emily fights back with a series of sharp kicks, including a jumping calf kick that catches Eve off guard. Emily then whips Eve into the corner and follows up with a hesitation dropkick, sending Eve slumping to the mat.

Cassie North: "That's the momentum Emily needs! She's firing on all cylinders now!"

Noah Jackson: "Momentum? More like a lucky shot. Eve's just letting her have a moment before shutting her down again."

Eve regains control by raking Emily's eyes while the referee's view is obstructed, drawing loud jeers from the fans. She capitalises with a butterfly suplex, nearly scoring a pinfall. Frustrated, Eve rolls out of the ring and retrieves a pair of brass knuckles hidden under the apron.

The referee catches Eve attempting to slip the knuckles onto her hand and immediately intervenes, threatening disqualification. While Eve argues with the referee, Emily takes advantage of the distraction, rolling Eve up in a tight pin.

Cassie North: "Yes! She's got her! She's got her!"

Noah Jackson: "This is robbery! Eve was just trying to... accessorise!"

The referee counts.

One... two... three!

The crowd erupts in cheers as Emily's music hits.

Kimi Smith: "Here is your winner, and advancing to the Elimination Chamber... Emily Carter!"

Emily quickly rolls out of the ring, raising her hands in victory as Eve fumes in the ring, arguing with the referee. Emily grins, backing up the ramp as the fans cheer her on.

Cassie North: "What a win for Emily Carter! She overcame Eve's dirty tricks and proved why she belongs in the Elimination Chamber!"

Noah Jackson: "Belongs? Eve was robbed, plain and simple. If anything, this proves she's got a future in politics!"

Emily celebrates on the stage, soaking in the applause as Eve seethes in the ring, the image of a victorious babyface against a frustrated heel lingering as the scene fades.

"The Return Of..."

"We understand that a former Mayhem champion here in Valiant Wrestling has an announcement they would like to share..."

That was the last line of commentary before transitioning to the backstage area. There we see Tiff, fresh from her surprise appearance at Saints and Sinners, standing in front of the camera. She's in an empty corridor, similar to where she would frequent back when she used to wrestle for Valiant. Although she wasn't in her ring gear, her casual gear appeared much more untidy as the outfits she'd wear as Jessica Carter's manager in recent weeks. She still had her thick frame glasses on at least, but her plain black hoodie was far from her regular look in a managerial role.

Regardless, as Tiff stood in front of the camera, she seemed a little hesitant at first...

Tiff: Thank you for the time. Hey, Tiff here...

That was a rather awkward intro from the former champion, but you can chalk that up to nerves...

Tiff: So I know when I first showed up for Valiant's big comeback, I probably threw a few people off with my announcement about becoming a manager. A lot of people were happy for me, a lot of people called me a coward, and a lot of people told me to just leave entirely. But at the time, I thought this decision was for the best. Last year, I barely got to wrestle. Whether it be ongoing injuries, infrequent booking or other personal reasons, I admit that I just...fell off...

You could tell some of these comments are hard for the former champion to say...

Tiff: Having all that time off, and with all the big changes in my personal life, I found that staying away from the ring made me...happy. Like a huge weight went off my shoulders, it felt nice to, for the first time in my life, just not have to try...

A brief pause as she tries to get back on track...

Tiff: But I couldn't just walk away completely. As happy as I was, I couldn't just turn my back on the world of wrestling. Without it, I never would have experienced that period in my life. So I thought becoming a manager would be my way of giving something back to the industry. To help younger stars overcome the same odds that I had to. To make sure my friends don't suffer the same injustices that I have. And for those first few weeks, I thought that's exactly what I was doing. But knowing how capable my clients are, how much they've already accomplished, and how much they could do without me, I could at least be a part of that in some way. I just wanted to give something back...

A sigh of disappointment followed.

Tiff: But the truth is all I did was hold them all back. I was nothing more than a burden. I was only a weakness for others to exploit. And exploit they did...

She briefly winces as she holds her hand on one side of her ribs; a reminder of her last appearance before Saints and Sinners. After that, a moment of solace...

Tiff: My entire career. Hell, my entire life, has been an uphill battle. Every time I pick myself up, there's always someone there to knock me back down. Every time I think I've finally found peace, there's always something to make things worse. I had so much pushback as a

wrestler, I thought becoming a manager would at least fan some of those flames. As a manager, I thought I wouldn't be seen as a threat or a target anymore. But all that did was make people push me down even more. I wasn't a threat or a target anymore. I was just a weakness...

Tiff visibly clenches her fists.

Tiff: You know what? The people who called me a coward? You're right. I stayed away for my health, and when the opportunity came for me to dive back in, I became a manager so that I wouldn't hit the water so hard. And the people who told me to leave entirely? You're right. I should have stayed away, because now that I've had a taste? Well...

She clutches at her ribs again, but this time with a little bit more intensity to her...

Tiff: When that bitch injured me with that pipe, I thought I hit rock bottom again. I thought I was about to relive 2020 again. And if it ain't for my friends, if it ain't for Jessica or Alex, if it ain't for my wife, if it ain't for the people who told me to get back up...well...I probably wouldn't have. But guess what?

She lets go of her ribs, showing no more signs of weakness.

Tiff: I got back up, I trained like I've never trained before, and believe me, with my wife's cooking, you won't believe how hard that was. But I fought hard, and you saw me come back at Saints and Sinners, where me, Jess and Mimi kicked those bitches' asses. And man did that feel good or what?

A brief smirk appears on her face.

Tiff: I've been away from that ring for so long, I forgot how it felt to wrestle like that. I realized a lot of things that night, and I've done a lot of thinking since. Being a wrestler takes its toll, both physically and mentally. It hurts. But it hurt just as much being a manager. I thought being Jessica's manager would help us both, but as it turns out, I was more helpful to her as a partner instead. I thought I would be content on the sidelines, and I was at first, but all the people who told me to leave entirely? You just had to kick me while I was down. Well too bad, because like I said, I got back up and I have you to thank for that.

A slight beat of the chest as she hypes herself up.

Tiff: I don't care how many injuries I have. I don't care how hard it is to keep training. I don't care how many people call me a coward. I don't care how many of you wanna push me back. I don't even care if I do get pushed back down again, it wouldn't be the first time. But right now? I just wanna fight again. I wanna fight until my body gives up for real this time. I wanna fight for all the people who told me to get back up. I wanna fight to get payback on all the bitches who tried to end me. I just wanna fight, because after everything, that's what makes me happy.

After that last comment, she's about to leave the camera view, but before she does, she gives one last whispered statement...

Tiff: I got your back Jessica...

And with that, she storms off camera as we fade to the next scene.

Match Six - Singles

Owen Traeger vs WYM Greco

Kimi Smith: "The following contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first, from Costa Mesa, California, weighing in at 250 pounds... OWEN TRAEGER!"

Owen Traeger makes his entrance to "The Great Divide" by Light the Torch, the crowd giving a mixed reaction. He walks with a determined stride, adjusting his wrist tape and glaring at the ring, ready for the upcoming challenge.

Kimi Smith: "And his opponent, from El Paso, Texas, weighing in at 170 pounds... WYM GRECO!"

As "FE!N" by Travis Scott ft. Playboi Carti plays, Greco steps out onto the stage. He takes a moment to hype himself up, pointing to the crowd and gesturing toward his wrist tape as if checking the time. He confidently walks to the ring, showing no signs of intimidation despite the size difference.

The bell rings, and the action explodes.

Greco, the faster of the two, darts in and out of Owen's reach, landing quick strikes and targeting the knees of the larger man. Owen responds with a thunderous big boot, flooring Greco and sending shockwaves through the ring.

Cassie North: "Did you see the impact on that big boot? Owen Traeger just turned WYM Greco inside out!"

Noah Jackson: "That's what happens when a backyard wrestler steps into a ring with a real powerhouse. Greco's in over his head!"

Owen presses his advantage with a spinebuster that rattles the ring, but Greco shows his resilience, kicking out at two. The match spills to the outside, where Greco uses the barricades and steps to his advantage, delivering a missile dropkick off the apron that sends Owen sprawling.

Cassie North: "Greco's innovative offence is keeping him in this match! He's using every trick in the book to chop down the giant!"

Noah Jackson: "That's desperation, not strategy. He's one bad landing away from disaster."

Back in the ring, Greco hits a high-risk corner-to-corner cannonball senton, earning a close two-count. Frustration sets in, and he signals for his Six Shooter DDT. But before he can connect, Gemma Marchand limps onto the stage, clutching her ribs and shouting at Greco.

Greco freezes, his attention drawn to the woman he attacked earlier in the night. Owen recovers behind him, a predatory gleam in his eye.

Cassie North: "It's Gemma Marchand! She's here for payback!"

Noah Jackson: "And Greco's falling for it! Turn around, kid!"

Gemma backs up the ramp, smirking despite her clear pain. Greco abandons the match, sliding out of the ring to give chase. He shouts threats as he follows her up the ramp, but she disappears backstage before he reaches her.

Meanwhile, the referee continues the count. Owen rolls back into the ring at nine, leaving Greco stunned on the stage as the referee calls for the bell.

Kimi Smith: "Here is your winner... OWEN TRAEGER!"

Cassie North: "Owen Traeger picks up the win, but Greco's obsession with the spotlight just cost him the match!"

Noah Jackson: "Gemma played him like a fiddle, Cassie. Greco's got talent, but tonight, he let his ego get the better of him."

In the ring, Owen celebrates, raising his arms as "*The Great Divide*" plays again. On the ramp, Greco seethes, his frustration evident as he glares at the ring before turning to head backstage in pursuit of Gemma.

"I Feel Accomplished."

The camera cuts to the backstage area as we focus upon the face of Brielle Gregory. She is standing there dressed in her ring gear in preparation for her Elimination Chamber qualifying match later in the evening. It is the beginning of a brand new year and season here in Valiant which means there is a lot on the line for every single member of the roster to prove. Brielle knows this better than anyone as she takes in a deep breath, fully aware of what tonight holds, what she needs to accomplish in order to walk away with the victory.

Brielle Gregory: "I have to say that the end of 2024 for myself here in Valiant did not end on the worst note. I was able to push Molly Reid to her limits inside of the ring, give her a taste of what this new generation of wrestlers can do when you've forced them up against the wall. Most of the time ending a match in a draw is considered a bad thing, a black spot on your record, as if you still need to prove yourself. However this time around? I feel accomplished."

Brielle takes a moment to pause, the confident smirk growing on her face, taking a moment to square her shoulders while drawing out a deep breath.

Brielle Gregory: "I'm also not one to keep lingering on the past, it's a new year, with brand new opportunities waiting for me. Tonight being one of the biggest, which is a very good way to kick off the year, don't you think? A match where the winner will qualify for the elimination chamber and who else will be standing across from me inside of the ring, but my very best friend in the entire world? Jenna Sharpe. Oh, I'm sorry Missus, Jenna Kash!"

Brielle giggles slightly, winking for the camera, throwing an extra little congratulations towards her best friend regarding her recent nuptials. Now they were both married women.

Brielle Gregory: "It's hardly the first time that Jenna and myself have faced off inside of the ring, considering we've been a tag team for years, I do believe we know each other very well. Add in all of the time we trained together on top of it. We know each other inside out which

always makes for an exciting match. A chance for us to demonstrate our skills. I know Jenna has quite the chip on her shoulder after everything that happened in her pursuit of the Valiant title. She's going to be hungry to get back on the hunt and I want to put myself in the title picture as well. Coming back to active competition after having a baby, it's a different kind of hunger."

There is another pause as Brielle picks up her jacket that she likes to wear over her ring gear when she's walking down the ramp. She holds it up for the benefit of the camera, showing the audience that she is going to be wearing her Canadian Gems jacket. It's fitting for tonight.

Brielle Gregory: "One thing that we both know for certain is that tonight we will have one clear winner without any bullshit getting in the way. Whether it's Jenna or myself that gets the win, it will be well earned, and with the full support of our best friend, we will keep moving forward. I'm no stranger to this, I experienced this recently going up against Emily, and I fell short of being able to accomplish my goal that time. I want things to work out differently this time, this takes nothing away from Jenna, I want her to shine just as much as I do. And I truly do believe in my heart that her day is coming soon, her reign that should have happened, but I don't want it to begin at my expense either. Just a little friendly competition, right? Makes things fun."

Brielle slips the jacket over her shoulders, using both hands to adjust it quickly, before giving the camera another playful wink.

Brielle Gregory: "Loser buys lunch, see you out there Jenna."

Brielle brings the palm of her hand up to her lips, blows a big kiss to the camera, before turning on her heels as she makes her way further down the hall as the scene cuts back to the ring.

Match Seven - Singles
Elimination Chamber Qualifier
Brielle Gregory vs Jenna Sharpe

The lights dim, and the crowd buzzes with anticipation as Kimi Smith takes the centre of the ring, microphone in hand.

Kimi Smith: "The following contest is an Elimination Chamber Qualifying Match, scheduled for one fall! Introducing first..."

“Future Nostalgia” by Dua Lipa blares through the arena, and Brielle Gregory emerges, her signature determination etched on her face. The crowd erupts in cheers as she high-fives fans on her way to the ring, dressed in her sleek navy-and-gold gear. Brielle climbs the turnbuckle, raising her fist high as the audience continues to cheer.

Kimi Smith: “From Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, weighing in at 130 pounds... Brielle Gregory!”

The cheers shift to excitement as “Missile” by Dorothy hits, and Jenna Sharpe steps onto the stage, her intensity radiating. Jenna wears black-and-red gear emblazoned with her family crest. She pauses, soaking in the reaction, before heading to the ring with purpose.

Kimi Smith: “And her opponent, from Calgary, Alberta, Canada, weighing in at 130 pounds... Jenna Sharpe!”

Both women meet in the centre of the ring, exchanging a firm handshake that draws applause from the crowd. As the bell rings, there’s a moment of mutual respect before they lock up.

Brielle takes the early advantage, using her technical prowess to take Jenna down with a quick arm drag. Jenna responds with a wrist lock, transitioning seamlessly into a hammerlock. The back-and-forth grappling showcases the chemistry between the two as teammates-turned-rivals.

Cassie North: “What a technical display! These two are so evenly matched—it’s like watching a wrestling masterclass.”

Noah Jackson: “Masterclass? More like a friendly sparring session. Let’s see some fire, ladies!”

Brielle scores with a cartwheel arm drag, followed by a perfectly executed snap suplex that sends Jenna to the mat. Jenna rolls to her feet and counters with a hip toss, quickly locking Brielle in a sharp armbar. Brielle struggles but eventually rolls through, countering into a pin attempt for a two-count.

The intensity builds as Brielle plants Jenna with a backbreaker. Clutching her back, Jenna slides out of the ring for a breather. Brielle, refusing to let up, dives through the ropes with a suicide dive that sends both women crashing into the barricade.

Cassie North: “Brielle Gregory is throwing caution to the wind! She’s fighting with everything she’s got!”

Noah Jackson: “Everything she’s got? She just got smashed into the barricade. Maybe she should try keeping it in the ring next time.”

The match returns to the ring, where Brielle attempts her “Go Flying!” super belly-to-belly suplex, but Jenna blocks it. Jenna counters with a Michinoku Driver, nearly getting the three-count. Frustrated but determined, Jenna pulls Brielle into the centre of the ring and applies the Devil’s Trap. Brielle writhes in pain but claws her way to the ropes to force a break.

The crowd is firmly behind both competitors as they exchange strikes in the centre of the ring. Brielle lands a stiff forearm, but Jenna responds with a spinning backfist that staggers her. Jenna capitalises with a devastating Downfall Michinoku Driver, but Brielle kicks out at the last second.

Cassie North: “How did Brielle survive that? She’s showing the heart of a champion!”

Noah Jackson: “Or the stubbornness of someone who doesn’t know when to quit. Pick your poison.”

As both women struggle to their feet, Jenna transitions seamlessly into her “Look Sharpe!” flying triangle choke. Brielle fights valiantly, but the exhaustion from the gruelling match takes its toll. She taps out after a valiant effort.

The bell rings, and Jenna releases the hold, collapsing beside her friend. The referee raises Jenna’s hand as the crowd erupts.

Kimi Smith: “Here is your winner and advancing to the Elimination Chamber… Jenna Sharpe!”

Jenna helps Brielle to her feet, and the two share a moment of mutual respect, embracing to the sound of the crowd’s cheers. Brielle raises Jenna’s hand, acknowledging her victory, before leaving the ring to let Jenna soak in the moment. The camera focuses on Jenna, her face a mixture of relief and determination as she sets her sights on the Elimination Chamber.

“Later This Season...”



The screen fades in from black, the eerie rumble of chains fills the air as the camera sweeps through the darkened arena. The steel structure of the Elimination Chamber looms ominously in the background, its imposing form casting long shadows across the ring. Flashes of light explode as the scene intensifies.

Voiceover: “Steel City... where only the strongest survive. The Valiant Championship will be on the line next season, but before that... the Elimination Chamber awaits.”

Quick cuts show flashes of the Elimination Chamber's steel pods, chains rattling, and the unforgiving steel floor.

Voiceover: "Six competitors. One chance. Only the last one standing will earn the right to face Juliana Rodriguez for the Valiant Championship."

The screen cuts to highlights of the first three competitors: Jenna Sharpe, Emily Carter, and Kimberly Williams. Each clip shows their signature moves, in-ring prowess, and fiery personalities.

Voiceover: "Three competitors are decided now... but who will join them in the fight for survival? Who will claim their spot in the ultimate showdown?"

The screen cuts to black, the eerie rumbling of the arena filling the void. The silence is followed by a breathless pause.

Voiceover: "The final three will be revealed tomorrow on Inferno..."

The screen cuts to a brief moment of slow-motion shots of the competitors, each one preparing for war, their faces filled with resolve.

Voiceover: "Steel City. Elimination Chamber. Six superstars. One chance. Who will rise to face Juliana Rodriguez for the ultimate prize?"

The screen goes black, the bold text flashing: "Steel City – Elimination Chamber Match."

Voiceover: "Only the strongest survive."

"LeannHeart."

And just like that, another incredible contest is in the books. The commentary team is still talking about the action we have just witnessed when "Nowhere Generation " by Rise Against blares out of the loudspeakers, signaling the arrival of the Lionheart champion Leanne Jones.

It's a mixed reaction, the one that welcomes her, a change up from the one she was used to. Her match against Emily Carter seems to have earned her a few new fans, although the

majority still seems wary of her. Not that she pays it much attention, walking straight toward the ring with long strides, paying little to none attention to the fans.

But once she's inside the ring, she gives up something to that part of the crowd supporting her, raising the title in the air and posing with a big, and rare, smile on her face. She then rests the prestigious belt on her shoulder, bringing the microphone to her lips.

Leanne Jones: I see some of you are not happy to see me standing here tonight as your Lionheart champion...

And those people make their dissent clear with a round of boos, only partially drowned by the other people's cheers.

Leanne Jones: I get it, Emily was Valiant's sweetheart, and seeing her succumb to someone you don't like must have been heartbreaking. And I'm sure some people complained about how I won it. The vicious first fall, the quick surrender in the second one, the handcuffs to win the title...

She smiles, patting the title with her hand.

Leanne Jones: But when you think about it, even though you don't like what I did, even though you don't agree with my methods, what I did was well within the rules. Rules I picked, sure... But that's just how it goes, you have an opportunity, you make the best of it. Which brings me to my opponent tonight. The Valiant champion, Juliana Rodriguez, Jewels... La Demonía.

Another mixed reaction from the sold-out crowd.

Leanne Jones: I see you still feel strongly about her. But just like me, she had an opportunity and took it, and you shouldn't blame her for it. The ability of taking a chance when it presents is what separates good wrestlers and great wrestlers. Valiant is stacked with good wrestlers, but great ones... You can count them on the fingers of one hand. And two of them will go one on one in tonight's main event.

She pauses, letting the fans voice their discordant opinions.

Leanne Jones: Like it or not, I said no lie. The titles we both carry are a testament to my words. I don't need to stand here and say how much I respect Juliana. She knows it and I know it's mutual. And that's all I need.

A smile appears on her lips as she glances at the championship on her shoulder.

Leanne Jones: Lionheart, or perhaps I should say Leannheart, versus Demonina. It doesn't get any better than this. May the best wrestler win.

Definitely a change of tone from her usual promos. There was no venom, no sniping, no subtext or underlying meaning in her words. A change of heart or just an exception to the rule? Time will tell.

Match Eight - Singles

Kasey Kash vs Marissa Kane

The lights dim slightly as the crowd buzzes in anticipation. Kimi Smith steps into the ring, microphone in hand, ready to introduce the competitors.

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

The arena erupts into a mix of cheers and applause as "*Don't Lean On Me*" by The Amity Affliction plays through the speakers. Kasey Kash emerges from the back, his usual smirk plastered on his face as he strides confidently toward the ring.

Kimi Smith: "From Canberra, Australia, weighing in at 165 pounds, he is 'The Last Outlaw'... Kasey Kash!"

Kasey slaps hands with a few fans at ringside before sliding under the bottom rope. He climbs a turnbuckle, raising his arms to the crowd's approval.

Moments later, the atmosphere shifts dramatically. The haunting opening of "*Bad Reputation*" by Joan Jett blasts from the speakers, and a cold, focused Marissa Kane steps onto the stage. Her expression is unreadable, but the intensity radiates from her every movement.

Kimi Smith: "And his opponent, from Toronto, Ontario, Canada, weighing in at 146 pounds, she is 'The Murder Queen'... Marissa Kane!"

Marissa marches to the ring, her eyes never leaving Kasey. Ignoring the crowd's boos, she climbs the steel steps, entering the ring with a calm, lethal demeanour. The referee calls for the bell.

The two lock up immediately, Kasey using his speed to evade Marissa's attempts to control the pace. He ducks under her grasp and lands a sharp kick to her thigh, but Marissa absorbs it, responding with a stiff overhand chop that echoes through the arena.

Cassie North: "Marissa isn't here to mess around tonight! Did you see the force behind that chop?"

Noah Jackson: "Kasey might want to rethink his strategy unless he fancies having his chest caved in."

Kasey fires back with a series of quick strikes, but Marissa blocks a forearm and counters with a spinning back fist, sending him stumbling into the corner. She charges forward, driving her knee into Kasey's midsection with brutal precision.

Cassie North: "Kasey's speed is his biggest weapon, but Marissa's striking is shutting him down!"

Noah Jackson: "She's like a heat-seeking missile tonight, and poor Kasey's the target!"

Marissa pulls Kasey into the centre of the ring and delivers a picture-perfect snap suplex. Without letting go, she transitions into a deadlift Kimura lock, wrenching his arm as the crowd winces.

Kasey struggles, rolling to his side to break the hold, and manages to scramble to his feet. He surprises Marissa with a dropkick to her chest, giving himself some breathing room. Climbing to the top rope, he leaps off with a crossbody, but Marissa catches him mid-air, turning it into a spinning sidewalk slam.

Cassie North: "What strength from Marissa Kane! She's just dominating this match."

Noah Jackson: "Domination's an understatement, Cassie. Kasey's probably regretting even waking up today."

Marissa methodically picks Kasey apart, grounding him with her grappling expertise. Kasey manages brief flurries of offence, hitting a step-up enzuigiri that dazes Marissa

momentarily. He attempts to capitalise with *Don't You Feel Amazing?*, but Marissa counters, spinning him around and driving a knee into his ribs.

Sensing the end, Marissa signals to the crowd, dragging Kasey to his feet. She hooks his arm and hoists him up for Malmö '98, planting him with authority.

Cassie North: "That has to be it! Marissa Kane is absolutely on fire tonight!"

Noah Jackson: "I'd say she's not just on fire; she's scorching the earth Kasey's walking on!"

Rather than going for the pin, Marissa pulls Kasey into position and delivers her finisher, *Soulkiller*, the spinning back kick connecting flush with his jaw. Kasey collapses to the mat, and Marissa covers him for the decisive three-count.

Kimi Smith: "Here is your winner... Marissa Kane!"

Marissa rises to her feet, her expression unchanged as the referee raises her hand in victory. She glares down at Kasey's motionless body before exiting the ring, her dominance on full display as she marches back up the ramp.

Cassie North: "What a statement from Marissa Kane tonight. She was unstoppable!"

Noah Jackson: "Yeah, unstoppable and downright terrifying. Someone check on Kasey Kash before she decides round two sounds fun!"

"Polished Gold."

The scene flickers backstage to a wall with beautiful crystal beading lined in long rows, before much can be said we see the Valiant Champion herself, Juliana Rodriguez waltzing in with the title hoisted up onto her shoulder. She's dressed in a sparkling back mini dress so that she can contrast with the extravagant silver beading of the wall as she places her Valiant Championship onto a pedestal befitting of it. Looking to someone off camera for a moment she points to the belt.

Juliana Rodriguez: "Yes lets have it polished again in ten, right after I finish this."

From behind the lens you can hear someone clearing their throat before the voice of Corey Grimes comes in.

Corey Grimes: “Hey Babe, we’re rolling.”

Jewels looks to where he must be standing behind the camera before she looks to the lens itself and she quickly goes into action mode, like any good starlet would on command.

Juliana Rodriguez: “Thanks babe.”

She said with a grin before speaking again.

Juliana Rodriguez: “My oh my oh my, Valiant Wrestling here we are again and I did exactly what I said I would do. Your Savior, your supposed movement towards a new age, has sadly been halted in her tracks, just like I said she would be. All that hate talk and vitriol, all that she could never be as good as me bullshit cut to a crisp when we went flying off the top of that cage and I retained my Valiant Championship.”

Jewels offered a beaming grin.

Juliana Rodriguez: “Its so nice to say I told you so, but its even better to see all of your faces when I do it so I’ll save that for another time, because tonight on the Return Show, the Start of Season 3, I go against not only a friend but someone I respect fully. She’s someone I didn’t always see eye-to-eye with in this business but in the years that we’ve gotten to know each other we have cultivated a friendship that can’t really be defined. I’ve learned a lot about her and lets just say while many people have tried to paint her as cryptic or a conspiracy theorist, She is finally getting the fucking respect she deserves and she’s shown you all exactly what she is capable of and that is your new Lion Heart Champion Leanne Jones.”

Jewels offers a nod of respect as she says it, which is something fans haven’t come to expect from her considering her recent changes in behavior.

Juliana Rodriguez: “Now Lan and I both know the stakes, we both know what to expect, and. . . most importantly we know that anytime anything good is scheduled to happen in Valiant Wrestling . . . viewer beware. I told the world that I planned to make changes for this company’s future while I was at the helm and I’ve been a big proponent in the bringing

back of the Chamber Match that you all will see at Steel City. Prove you're cut from the cloth that it takes to hold this strap."

Jewels gave a little tap on her championship before continuing.

Juliana Rodriguez: "There will be other changes too. Since I'm in a good mood because I am fighting one of my good Judy's I'm also going to extend an open invitation to anyone Outside of Valiant Wrestling as well. I saw a lot of people chiming in about the situation with Jenna and I, and all I have to say about it now is. . . Bitch, What's good?"

Jewels tilted her head to the side.

Juliana Rodriguez: "So I'm giving one person, whoever wants it, a chance to take it off my hands. You want to talk shit, then back it up, or you can simply understand the reasons I am Valiant Wrestling's Champion is because I am that bitch."

She offered a hair flip before taking her title and placing it on her shoulders.

Juliana Rodriguez: "Lan already knows what I bring and I ain't talking a good sis down. As John Cage would say: "I have nothing to say, and I'm saying it, and that's poetry". Lets give them a show Leanne."

Main Event - Singles

Leanne Jones vs Juliana Rodriguez

The crowd buzzes in anticipation as Kimi Smith steps into the centre of the ring, microphone in hand, to announce the main event of the evening. The tension is palpable, with two champions set to collide in a battle of pride and prestige.

Kimi Smith: "The following contest is your main event of the evening and is a champion versus champion match scheduled for one fall! Introducing first..."

The opening chords of "Nowhere Generation" by Rise Against roar through the speakers as the lights dim, casting the arena in shades of red and black. Leanne Jones steps onto the stage, her Lionheart Championship draped over her shoulder. She strides down the ramp with determination, her eyes fixed on the ring.

Kimi Smith: "Making her way to the ring, from Los Angeles, California, she is the Lionheart Champion... Leanne Jones!"

Leanne slides under the bottom rope and holds her championship high, drawing cheers from the crowd. She paces the ring, her intense focus unshaken.

The arena lights shift to a dazzling gold as "Heavy is the Crown" by Daughtry begins to play. Juliana Rodriguez emerges, her Valiant Championship gleaming around her waist. The Chaos Queen exudes confidence, taking a moment to acknowledge the fans as they cheer wildly.*

Kimi Smith: "And her opponent, from San Diego, California, she is the Valiant Champion... the Chaos Queen, Juliana Rodriguez!"

Juliana climbs into the ring and removes her title, holding it high to mirror Leanne's earlier display. The two champions face off, exchanging a tense nod of respect before handing their belts to the referee. The crowd roars as the bell rings to start the match.

The opening moments are a technical showcase, both competitors testing each other with quick exchanges of holds and counters. Leanne uses her height advantage to maintain control with a series of arm drags and a sharp standing dropkick. Juliana responds with a lightning-fast rope bounce arm drag, followed by a springboard clothesline that floors Leanne.

Cassie North: "Juliana's speed is just incredible! She's moving like she's got springs in her boots!"

Noah Jackson: "True, but Leanne's got the striking power to ground her if she gets the chance. It's a classic clash of styles."

Leanne shifts the momentum with a corner senton, followed by a corkscrew neckbreaker that earns a near fall. Juliana kicks out and counters with a flawless handstand headscissors takedown, transitioning seamlessly into a springboard meteora for her own near fall.

Cassie North: "Neither one is giving an inch here! This is the kind of match that shows why they're both champions."

Noah Jackson: "I'm not picking a favourite, but if I were, I'd go with Juliana. She's got that extra bit of chaos you need in these situations."

The crowd erupts as Juliana connects with her Demonio cannonball senton in the corner, setting Leanne up for Bejeweled. She climbs to the top rope, but Leanne rolls out of range, countering with a snap satellite DDT as Juliana lands. The impact leaves both women down, and the referee begins a count.

At the count of six, both competitors struggle to their feet, exchanging forearm strikes in the centre of the ring. Leanne gets the upper hand with a well-placed kick combination, setting up for Kinkaku-ji. Juliana narrowly avoids it, hitting a desperation enziguri to stagger Leanne.

In the final moments, Juliana counters a superkick attempt with a fluid transition into Dripping in Jewels, driving Leanne's head into the mat. Juliana wastes no time climbing to the top rope, connecting with Bejeweled to secure the pinfall victory.

Kimi Smith: "Here is your winner... the Chaos Queen, Juliana Rodriguez!"

The crowd erupts in applause as Juliana rises to her feet, her hand raised in victory. Leanne sits in the corner, disappointment etched on her face, but she nods respectfully toward Juliana. The Chaos Queen helps Leanne to her feet, and the two exchange a brief handshake before Juliana is handed her championship.

Cassie North: "What an incredible match! Both champions gave it everything they had, but Juliana just had that little extra tonight."

Noah Jackson: "I'll give it to Leanne, she held her own. But Juliana proved why she's at the top of the mountain in Valiant Wrestling."

The camera focuses on Juliana holding her title high as she celebrates her hard-fought victory, leaving the audience in awe as the show comes to a close.