


# CONVERGENCE -Night 1

## Monday, May 26th 2025

## LIVE FROM THE ORACLE PARK in SAN FRANCISCO, CA

**Match One: Battle Royal**

***Winner will receive a title shot***

**Open to everyone who took part in Convergence**

The lights in Oracle Park blaze at full tilt, the crowd still buzzing with anticipation as Convergence Night One officially kicks off. The ring is empty — for now — but that changes in a heartbeat as the sound of “Nowhere Generation” by Rise Against booms through the speakers. Leanne Jones steps out to a rumble of recognition, her eyes sharp and expression unreadable.

Skylar Rayner: “And there she is. Southie’s heart and spine. But tonight? She’s drawn the shortest straw — number one in a forty-six person battle royal.”

Kace Matthews: “Forty-five people to outlast, Sky. That’s not a match — that’s a survival horror game. Leanne better have all her save points maxed out.”

Leanne strides to the ring like she owns it anyway, not a shred of hesitation in her step. The former Lionheart Champion, co-leader of Southie, and no stranger to war — she knows the odds. But she’s never backed down from long odds. She stretches her shoulders as the next theme hits.

“Dead Asleep” by Bad Omens.

Rick Victore struts out, Cloak Of Genius Champion draped over his shoulder like a designer scarf. The grin on his face is pure theatre, all arrogance and energy as he saunters down the ramp.

Skylar Rayner: “Rick Victore, a rising star in Crucible — flashy, unpredictable, and convinced he’s smarter than the rest of us.”

Kace Matthews: “Because he is. Well, second smartest. He’s just gotta survive more than, oh, everyone else in this match.”

The bell rings and Rick wastes no time. He charges full steam, trying to surprise Leanne with a diving forearm. But she steps to the side, sending him into the turnbuckles shoulder-first. He turns around and eats a sharp dropkick that rattles him back into the corner. She unloads with fast, clean strikes — a front kick to the thigh, elbow to the jaw, a spinning backfist to the chest — all sharp and efficient.

Rick stumbles forward trying to create distance and lands a glancing uppercut that barely phases Leanne. She snaps his head back with a stiff forearm, ducks under a desperate clothesline, and plants him with the Cross The Lan — that corkscrew neckbreaker snapping him down like a whip.

Skylar Rayner: “And just like that, the experience gap shows. Leanne’s timing is razor-sharp.”

Kace Matthews: “Rick’s not used to being outfoxed this early. He usually waits till round three before he starts losing.”

The countdown clock buzzes to life. Ten seconds. Leanne doesn't wait. She grabs Rick by the scruff, trying to haul him toward the ropes, aiming to eliminate him early and set the tone. Rick clings to the middle rope with both arms, legs flailing like a cartoon cat.

3… 2… 1…

BUZZ.

The sharp guitar riff of "Breathe Again" by Pop Evil hits — and the crowd shifts.

It's Liam Callaghan.

The Southie co-leader steps out onto the stage, and the camera catches a smirk on his face. He walks to the ring with purpose, not sprinting, but coolly striding in like he already knows how this plays out.

Leanne glances toward the ramp as Liam slides under the bottom rope. Rick lies dazed in the opposite corner. Liam rises and opens his arms wide.

"I came to rescue you," he says, just loud enough for the ringside mic to pick up.

Leanne eyes Rick, recovering slowly on the mat. Then back to Liam. A smirk curls onto her lips.

She steps back and raises her fists.

"Then earn it."

Skylar Rayner: "Oh, I love this. No strategy meeting. No scheming. Just two partners who know each other too well to fake a fight."

Kace Matthews: "This is couple's therapy — Southie style."

Liam and Leanne engage in a fluid sequence of technical holds, each one countered as soon as it's applied. Wristlock, reversal, go-behind, standing switch — it's smooth, rhythmic, almost choreographed in its precision. They know each other's habits, strengths, and tells. No strike lands clean, no hold lasts more than a second.

They reset and go again — this time with quick jabs and attempted kicks, neither fully committing, both feeling the edge of the moment.

Then Rick returns — shoving Leanne forward. She collides into Liam, their heads smacking together with an audible thud. Leanne stumbles backward, dazed, and Rick tries to lift her up and over the ropes. She clings to the top rope, her feet dangling for a moment before swinging back in and cracking Rick across the jaw with a desperate forearm.

Skylar Rayner: "She stays in! Leanne Jones doesn't fall that easily — and Rick's gonna feel that shot in his fillings."

The buzzer sounds again.

BUZZ.

Fourth entrant — Beto Rodriguez.

One half of the Ignition Tag Champions and Rick's teammate in Renegades, Beto storms the ring with youthful energy and purpose. He slides in, locks eyes with Rick. There's a flicker of understanding. They don't need to say anything. Not yet.

Across from them, Leanne is already back to her feet. Liam shakes out the cobwebs.

Four competitors. But now, it's two-on-two.

And all four know it.

Skylar Rayner: "We've got ourselves a tag match inside a battle royal. Renegades versus Southie. Let's go."

Rick and Beto rush first, working in sync. Rick sends Liam into the ropes — Beto drops to the mat, Liam hops over — Rick leapfrogs and Beto pops up with a top rope arm drag that whips Liam into the canvas. Leanne charges Rick — he sidesteps and Beto hits a slingshot dropkick that drives her back into the turnbuckles.

Rick follows up with a springboard moonsault — the Belly Buster — catching Leanne flush and knocking her flat. He pulls her up for a toss over the top, but Liam barrels through with a basement lariat, flattening Beto and saving Leanne.

Southie recharges fast. Liam launches Beto with a deadlift German suplex, and Leanne hits the ropes for a springboard back elbow to Rick, dropping him again. She hits the corner, measuring him — goes for the Botox Breaker — but Rick shoves her away and Beto dives in, breaking the rhythm.

Kace Matthews: "This isn't just high stakes — this is family business now. And everyone's throwing receipts."

The four clash again, and the ring turns into chaos — but there's no eliminations yet. Just alliances strained and tested, and four names clawing to be the last one standing among forty-six.

And we're only just getting started.

The crowd grows louder with each second as the ring begins to swell with bodies. Leanne, Liam, Rick, and Beto have already turned this into a warzone, and the match barely feels like it's begun. Now, with four in the ring, the buzzer sounds again—flashing numbers counting down from ten—and the next phase of the battle royal is about to explode.

BUZZ.

“I Dream of Chrome” by $uicideboy$ pulses through Oracle Park and the mood shifts instantly. Out strolls SAINT, cocky, composed, and already calculating.

Skylar Rayner: “Here comes SAINT, the so-called Heir of Heartache… and if his family history’s any indication, he’s gonna be just as insufferable as advertised.”

Kace Matthews: “He’s eighteen, Sky. He still thinks almond milk is edgy. But hey, I’ll give him this — smart move hanging back. Pick your spots, let the brawlers bleed.”

SAINT steps through the ropes without a single wasted movement, nodding to Rick and Beto — the Renegade trio now in full formation. Or at least, that’s how it looks. SAINT throws a couple of lazy jabs toward Liam, but never commits. He’s conserving energy, hovering just outside the real danger zones, barely touching the ropes. His eyes scan the chaos like he’s already thinking three moves ahead.

Rick and Beto double-team Liam in the corner, a barrage of forearms and stomps, while Leanne keeps SAINT in her peripheral vision as she battles Beto again near the ropes. SAINT does just enough to stay relevant without truly investing. And that’s when the buzzer sounds once more.

BUZZ.

The screen flashes again as “Teeth” by 5 Seconds of Summer hits, and the audience erupts with curiosity and surprise. Paizlee is here.

She darts down the ramp like a storm surge, hits the ring at full speed, and immediately launches herself into the fray. A springboard dropkick to Rick, a spinning heel kick to SAINT before he even knows what’s happening. Beto tries to grab her — snapmare and a double foot stomp to his back.

Skylar Rayner: “Paizlee just hit the ring like a caffeine grenade. No hesitation, no alliances — she’s here to fight everyone!”

Kace Matthews: “She’s a pinball made of steel and spite, and SAINT looks like he just walked into a wind tunnel.”

The Southie duo takes a breath. For the first time in the match, someone besides them is doing the disrupting. Paizlee flies between corners like a chaos gremlin — elbow to Beto, enzuigiri to Liam, even Leanne takes a stiff kick to the ribs before Paizlee rolls through and grins like she’s only just warming up.

But the pace doesn’t slow.

BUZZ.

Seventh entrant — Dani Morrow.

“Heavy Is the Crown” echoes through the arena as Dani marches with determination, her focus locked dead ahead. She rolls under the bottom rope and immediately makes a beeline for Paizlee. The two meet in the middle of the ring and the crowd loves it. Paizlee spins for a knee, but Dani ducks and catches her in a waistlock. Paizlee flips out, Dani snaps back with a spinning back elbow, and it’s on.

Paizlee counters with a wristlock, but Dani drops into a snapmare into a headlock, grounding her.

Skylar Rayner: “This is perfect. Paizlee’s chaos met by Dani’s control. If anyone could slow her down, it’s someone built to grind you out.”

While the two young standouts clash, the Renegades are regrouping. Rick and Beto rally on Liam again, throwing stiff forearms, while SAINT tries to sneak behind Leanne — but she senses it, spins, and catches him with a spinning heel kick that drops him to his knees. She goes for the Zoned In, but SAINT rolls under the ropes, keeping himself legal while stalling for time.

Rick grabs Leanne by the tights, trying to hurl her over, but Liam clobbers him with a running European uppercut that sends Rick bouncing off the ropes. Beto leaps with a springboard hurricanrana — Liam staggers, nearly topples — but lands on the apron, hanging on by sheer instinct.

Kace Matthews: “They can’t get rid of him! Liam’s still hanging in there like gum on a school desk.”

The buzzer hits again.

BUZZ.

It’s time for number eight — and the crowd pops.

“Now or Never” hits — Cassie North appears at the top of the ramp. The Southie student, and longtime ally to Leanne and Liam, sprints down the ramp like she’s got something to prove.

Skylar Rayner: “Here comes Cassie! This is about more than backing up her trainers — this is her chance to prove she belongs in that ring!”

Cassie slides in and goes straight for SAINT. She doesn’t even hesitate. Shotgun dropkick into the corner, raining down fists as the crowd cheers. SAINT tries to cover up, but Cassie yanks him out and hits a Blackout — the Claymore-style kick dropping him to the mat hard. Leanne nods in approval from across the ring.

The ring now holds eight competitors, each battling in separate pockets — every corner a storm of fists and fury.

One: Leanne vs Beto.

Two: Rick vs Liam.

Three: Paizlee vs Dani.

Four: Cassie vs SAINT.

The camera switches to an aerial view, showcasing the organised chaos like a battlefield map. Each corner pulses with energy and grit, alliances hanging on by threads, and every single competitor fighting for space, for breath, for survival.

Then, the lights dim slightly.

The screen above the stage flickers.

Ten.

Nine.

Eight.

Another entrant is coming.

And the chaos isn't slowing down — it's only escalating.

The countdown clock winds down once again, tension pulsing through the crowd, already reeling from the non-stop chaos inside the ring. Eight competitors battle in their corners — alliances flickering, desperation rising — and then the buzzer hits.

BUZZ.

The bass-heavy grind of "Rebel Yell" (Remix) floods the speakers and the audience rises. Out storms Sidd Vicious, chewing gum like she's about to punch someone just for fun. There's a swagger to her walk, defiance in every step. And she doesn't hesitate for a second.

Skylar Rayner: "Well, Southie just keeps drawing the short end tonight. That's three of them in the first nine entries."

Kace Matthews: "But I'll say this — they don't look lost in there. And Sidd's not here for moral support, she's here for blood. Specifically Rick Victore's."

Sidd slides in under the bottom rope and instantly beelines toward the corner where Liam Callaghan is hammering elbows into Rick. With zero hesitation, she joins in — stomping Rick down with malicious glee, grinning through each shot like it's personal. Because it is. She's next in line for the Cloak Of Genius championship, and Rick's the one standing between her and that title.

Rick tries to bail out under the bottom rope, but Liam yanks him up and throws him toward the ropes. Rick rebounds — and Sidd explodes off the ropes with a running clothesline that sends him up and over. He grabs at the top rope in desperation, but Sidd follows through with another clothesline to the back and Rick crashes to the floor.

ELIMINATED: Rick Victore by Sidd Vicious [1]

Skylar Rayner: “Sidd just put an exclamation mark on her title aspirations! That’s a statement win inside a battle royal.”

Kace Matthews: “Rick’s out and he looks pissed. That triple threat at Livewire just got a whole lot nastier.”

Sidd leans over the ropes, laughing in Rick’s face as he rages on the floor. She’s too busy gloating to notice Paizlee creeping up behind her. The crowd stirs as Paizlee grabs Sidd by the waist and heaves, trying to toss her from behind. Sidd flips up and over — but her instincts kick in just in time and she lands on the apron, one hand on the rope.

Paizlee charges — Sidd ducks the forearm and slides back under the bottom rope, brushing her hair back with a wink. She's still in.

Skylar Rayner: “Close call! Paizlee almost cashed in big, but Sidd’s ring awareness saved her.”

The tension barely has time to reset before another countdown starts. Ten seconds flash again. The crowd joins in.

Three… two… one…

BUZZ.

The sound of “Icon” by Jaden Smith hits and the crowd reacts with a mix of curiosity and heat. The Valiant Lionheart Champion, Kendrick Kross, steps out, all swagger and arrogance, his newly-won title glinting around his waist.

Kace Matthews: “Speaking of titles — here comes the Lionheart champ. And guess who’s waiting for him?”

Skylar Rayner: “The woman he took that title from. Leanne Jones. This is about to get spicy.”

Kendrick struts to the ring like he owns it, and as he rolls in, he doesn’t get the chance to posture. Leanne greets him with a stiff kick to the ribs that folds him forward. She follows up with a spinning back elbow and a sharp knee lift, sending Kendrick sprawling into the corner. No hesitation. No forgiveness.

Across the ring, Cassie North has Beto Rodriguez teetering on the apron. She has her shoulder under his leg, trying to dump him out — but Beto clings to the top rope with everything he's got, legs swinging to avoid elimination.

Skylar Rayner: "Cassie's been laser-focused on Beto since the start. She came in with a plan."

Kace Matthews: "Yeah, but Beto's got nine lives. And right now, I think he's on number seven."

The buzzer hits again.

BUZZ.

"Venenosa" by Thousand Below sends the fans into another surge of noise — the stakes just keep rising. Out walks Megan Monroe, former Intercontinental Champion, the longest-reigning one in MWE history. Her eyes lock on the ring with cold focus. There's no smirk. No pomp. Just intent.

Megan slides into the ring and instantly goes after the thickest part of the fight — throwing a sharp elbow into Liam's jaw, then a spinning heel kick that cracks Cassie across the face and drops her to the canvas. She whirls and meets SAINT head-on, who goes for a clothesline — Megan ducks and fires off a Mega Kick that sends him stumbling back into the corner.

Skylar Rayner: "Megan Monroe just walked in and took control like she never left. She's always been dangerous — tonight's no different."

Kace Matthews: "She's not here to play nice. She's here to remind people that MWE gold belongs to her lineage."

Now eleven wrestlers crowd the ring. The battlelines shift constantly, alliances fleeting and fragile. Leanne and Kendrick trade knife-edge chops in one corner, Liam's battling Dani now in a straight-up slugfest. Megan drops Paizlee with a flowing DDT and gets to her feet just in time to meet Sidd with a hard forearm. Beto's still clinging to the ropes with Cassie stalking him again.

All eight corners of the ring are alive with motion — fists, feet, desperation.

And as the dust refuses to settle, the countdown begins again.

Ten.

Nine.

Eight.

This ring is filling fast.

And someone is about to tip the scales.

BUZZ.

The crowd's noise swells as the next entrant bursts through the curtain — it's Gemma Marchand, the high-flying prodigy from the Valiant roster. With her eyes locked straight ahead, there's no pause, no showboating. She hits the ring at a dead sprint, and everyone can see her target from the moment her boots hit the ramp.

Kendrick Kross.

Skylar Rayner: "Gemma Marchand, a name on the rise, and from the look on her face, she wants to make a mark tonight."

Kace Matthews: "And what better way than going after the Lionheart Champion himself? You want to be in contention? You start by putting a target on Kendrick's back."

Kendrick has Leanne backed into a corner, trading brutal body shots. But when Gemma rushes in with a spinning heel kick that cracks him across the back of the head, the crowd roars. Leanne slips aside, giving her a split-second glance of appreciation as Gemma springboards off the middle rope and nails Kendrick with a crossbody that sends him stumbling.

He tries to fight back, but Gemma snaps into a Clear Cut hurricanrana, flinging the champion across the ring. The Valiant star is stunned.

Before the momentum can shift again, the countdown hits zero.

BUZZ.

The pop isn't huge — more a blend of surprise and curiosity — as Trinity, the bratty Legion trainer, makes her entrance. But instead of sliding straight into the ring, she starts circling it like a shark. One, two, nearly three full rotations.

Skylar Rayner: "Looks like Trinity's buying herself some time. Can't say I blame her, it's chaos in there."

Kace Matthews: "Sure… but Sky, you see that? Look at the other side. That's SAINT — and he never came back in after slipping under the ropes."

SAINT, forgotten in the madness, crouches by the timekeeper's table, sipping from a water bottle and watching the carnage unfold. He doesn't even see Trinity coming until she grabs him by the hair and rams his head into the steel post with a sickening clang. He crumples, and she throws him under the bottom rope like a bag of trash.

Skylar Rayner: "Well! So much for staying out of the fight."

Kace Matthews: “You don’t turn your back on your old trainer, especially not one from Legion. SAINT might’ve defected to the Renegades, but Trinity didn’t forget.”

Inside the ring, there’s barely room to breathe. Leanne is back at war with Megan Monroe now. Dani Morrow and Liam Callaghan hammer away at each other in a stand-up brawl that echoes across the building. Cassie North nearly gets tossed by Kendrick but claws her way back in with a missile dropkick to his chest.

Then—

BUZZ.

The mood changes. The crowd erupts with a mix of cheers and laughs as “The Bellend” Jackie Fowler struts onto the stage with zero urgency. In a sea of chaos, he’s a calm storm — eyes scanning the ring like a predator choosing who to devour first.

He rolls under the bottom rope with a grin and immediately goes to work.

First up — Sidd Vicious.

She turns around just in time to see him sprint forward. A vicious European uppercut rocks her back against the ropes, and before she can reset, Jackie grabs her legs, lifts her with terrifying ease, and throws her over the top rope like she’s nothing.

ELIMINATED: SIDD VICIOUS BY JACKIE FOWLER [1]

Jackie leans over the ropes, waving cheekily.

“Gone like a fart in the wind, love!”

Skylar Rayner: “Oh, come on…”

Kace Matthews: “You knew this was going to happen the minute his number came up.”

Jackie doesn’t pause. He turns his focus to Beto Rodriguez, who’s trying to help SAINT back to his feet. Jackie grabs the luchador by the scruff, lifts him in one motion, and flings him over the top rope.

ELIMINATED: BETO RODRIGUEZ BY JACKIE FOWLER [2]

“Don’t worry lad,” Jackie bellows in his thick Lancashire accent, “You’ll thank me one day!”

The crowd’s too stunned to respond before Jackie turns again — this time into a flying Paizlee, launching herself off the top with a crossbody.

He catches her mid-air, turns on a dime, and drops her over the top rope with the momentum still carrying her.

ELIMINATED: PAIZLEE BY JACKIE FOWLER [3]

Jackie watches her hit the floor and smirks.

“Cheerio, darling! Tell your nan I said hi!”

Skylar Rayner: “Three straight eliminations — Jackie just cleared more space in thirty seconds than anyone else all night.”

Kace Matthews: “And he’s still smiling. That’s the scariest part.”

With the chaos briefly thinned to a manageable level, Jackie brushes off his jacket, strolling toward the centre of the ring. Every eye turns to him — Megan, Trinity, Kendrick, Leanne — all sizing him up now that he’s declared himself the threat.

Twelve still remain. The numbers are dropping. But Jackie Fowler just put everyone on notice.

And the next countdown has already begun.

The atmosphere inside the ring is electric — a perfect storm of rising tension, crisscrossing histories, and chaos barely held together by the ropes themselves. The ring is brimming with talent, but the countdown clock restarts the madness once again.

The countdown fades and the crowd perks up at the arrival of Ricky Rodriguez, bounding out to cheers as he races toward the ring with a confident energy. His eyes lock onto Trinity Locke almost immediately.

Skylar Rayner: “Ricky Rodriguez didn’t come here to play the numbers game—he’s going straight for Trinity!”

Kace Matthews: “There’s a whole heap of baggage between those two—and he’s unpacking it right now with that roundhouse!”

Ricky dives into the ring and comes up swinging. He throws a spinning backfist that whips Trinity around, then grabs her for a lightning-fast Armbreaker DDT. Trinity kicks out of his grasp, both rolling to their feet, tension thick between them as the ring continues to boil over with chaos.

Suddenly, the lights dip for just a moment—then pulse back to life as “Noir” by Shandon hits. The reaction is instant and loud.

Helena Noir steps through the curtain with cold purpose. The Liberty Pro Hall of Famer, MWE Academy trainer and one of the most dangerous women in the business steps into the fray—and immediately, Cassie North and Dani Morrow square up.

Skylar Rayner: “Helena Noir has trained many of these kids. Some of them want to test themselves. Others want to test her.”

Kace Matthews: “Cassie and Dani are about to get that test… and they’re failing.”

Helena ducks a running knee from Dani, answers with a sling blade that flattens her. Cassie throws a dropkick, but Helena absorbs it and yanks her into a Stay Gold shiranui. Both students are down—and Helena’s eyes snap across the ring to SAINT.

Sky reminds the audience of the history: SAINT is Hjalmar’s cousin. And Hjalmar is Helena’s partner.

The young Renegade, just recovering from Trinity’s beatdown, stumbles up and pleads for a moment. “Help me,” he begins—

—and then Trinity superkicks him across the jaw.

Helena exhales sharply. She doesn’t even look at SAINT, stepping instead into a violent exchange with her fellow trainer. They trade forearms. They trade kicks. It’s technical and personal, and Helena has clearly been waiting for this.

Meanwhile, something odd happens: the ring freezes. Figuratively, of course.

Leanne Jones and Jackie Fowler stand face to face.

Skylar Rayner: “Leanne and Jackie… now there’s a pairing. Both critical of Valiant management. Both loners by nature. But tonight?”

Kace Matthews: “Opposite goals, Sky. Different reasons for throwing bombs. But right now, they’re just standing there—until Leanne blinks first!”

Leanne charges—but not at Jackie. Her foot sails past him and smacks Gemma Marchand in the head, stopping the high-flyer cold just as she’s about to leap at Fowler from behind.

Gemma crumples, and Jackie raises an eyebrow as Leanne simply shrugs.

BUZZ.

The energy spikes again as Adelita Castro bursts out, spinning into action like a firecracker. Supremacy’s newest signee immediately flattens Liam Callaghan with a spinning backfist. Ricky Rodriguez steps up—Adelita ducks his grapple, Muay Thai clinch into rapid knees!

Then a snap German suplex flattens him.

Skylar Rayner: “Adelita’s a hybrid, and right now? Nobody’s blending styles better!”

Kace Matthews: “She’s a one-woman purge! Supremacy’s out here to make a damn statement!”

On the apron, Trinity and Cassie North are locked in a precarious battle. Trinity rakes Cassie's eyes and pulls her in for a boot—but Cassie swings blindly, connects with a low kick to Trinity's knee and—

Trinity stumbles, flips, and crashes to the outside!

ELIMINATED: TRINITY LOCKE BY CASSIE NORTH [1]

Skylar Rayner: "That's a massive elimination for Cassie North!"

Kace Matthews: "And Trinity is furious! She's not leaving without a tantrum."

True to form, Trinity snatches Cassie's leg from outside and yanks her half-down. Referees swarm, trying to drag her off, but the damage is done—Kendrick Kross rushes in, hits a running Brainwashed DDT, and then boots Cassie's body off the apron.

ELIMINATED: CASSIE NORTH BY KENDRICK KROSS [1]

Skylar Rayner: "Oh come on! Trinity set that up perfectly!"

Kace Matthews: "It's a rough welcome to this world, Cassie—but you went down swinging."

The bodies thin again… but only momentarily.

The next name is already on the screen.

BUZZ.

Jayson Kross enters—and this match just got even more loaded.

Kendrick Kross lingers a second too long, his eyes narrowing as Jayson charges down the ramp. That moment of distraction proves almost costly—Gemma Marchand seizes her chance and shoves Kendrick over the ropes! He hangs by his fingertips, feet mere inches from disaster.

Skylar Rayner: "That was almost a huge elimination! Gemma had Kendrick teetering—"

Kace Matthews: "But look at Jayson! That's the brotherly assist right there!"

Jayson hops up onto the apron and grabs Kendrick's arm, helping steady him. Together, they both throw stiff forearms that rock Gemma backward. Then, in perfect sync, the half-brothers lift her from the apron with a double suplex—and dump her to the floor!

ELIMINATED: GEMMA MARCHAND BY KENDRICK KROSS [2] & JAYSON KROSS [1]

Skylar Rayner: "Gemma is out, and the Kross boys are standing tall!"

Kace Matthews: "Someone cue the family reunion barbecue—these two are cookin'."

They roll back into the ring side by side and immediately square up with Jackie Fowler and Adelita Castro, trading punches in opposite corners. Jackie and Jayson go nose to nose, two bruisers colliding with wild haymakers, while Kendrick tries to slow Adelita's pace with a sharp ankle lock attempt, only to be rolled off and hit with a spinning backfist.

Across the ring, Leanne Jones and Liam Callaghan stand back-to-back, fending off a wild assault from Ricky Rodriguez and Megan Monroe. Ricky eats a forearm from Liam, Megan slips around with a slingblade, but Leanne drills her with a superkick before she can follow up.

Skylar Rayner: "Southie couple working as a unit tonight. That's cohesion, that's chemistry!"

Kace Matthews: "And a little sass, too. Leanne's got words for Liam—says she's the one doing the saving tonight!"

BUZZ.

Mackenzie hits the stage, bouncing with kinetic energy as she sprints into the ring. Just in time to see Helena Noir wrap Dani Morrow into a Fondu Au Noir—the cradle into guillotine drops her to the mat, and Helena muscles her former student up and over the top rope.

ELIMINATED: DANI MORROW BY HELENA NOIR [1]

Skylar Rayner: "That's Helena showing why she's still one of the best. Experience meets execution."

Kace Matthews: "And that's a graduation Dani's not gonna enjoy."

Mackenzie hops straight into a heated exchange with Adelita, the two throwing lightning-quick kicks and ducking each other's strikes. Adelita scores with a low calf kick, but Mackenzie bounces back with a spinning roundhouse that catches Adelita off guard.

BUZZ.

The crowd surges again as Molly Reid bursts out. She slides under the bottom rope and explodes into action, catching Ricky with a flying lariat, then spinning into a rolling thunder to knock Jackie off balance.

Meanwhile, Megan Monroe tries to lift Liam over the top rope—but Leanne is there again, pulling Monroe off him and planting her with a stiff European uppercut. Liam nods at her—Leanne shrugs, then they double-team Megan with a tandem shove, sending her flying.

ELIMINATED: MEGAN MONROE BY LEANNE JONES [1] & LIAM CALLAGHAN [1]

Skylar Rayner: "That's a huge elimination for Southie!"

Kace Matthews: "And Megan's not gonna be happy about it. But hey, couple goals, right?"

BUZZ.

The crowd buzzes with unease as Camila Abrines steps onto the stage.

Skylar Rayner: “Uh-oh. Business is about to get… sneaky.”

Kace Matthews: “Camila’s a Renegade, Sky—and a ruthless one. There’s loyalty, and then there’s Camila.”

She glides to the ring with calculated steps, eyes scanning the chaos. And just like that, the next chapter in this war begins.

The crowd roars as Ricky Rodriguez rallies in the corner, exchanging wild punches with Camila Abrines. He ducks a spin kick and catches her with a leaping calf kick—Camila stumbles—but SAINT slides in, low bridging the ropes as Camila yanks Ricky forward. The sudden momentum carries him over.

RICKY RODRIGUEZ ELIMINATED BY CAMILA ABRINES [1] & SAINT [1]

Skylar Rayner: “That's two-on-one at its ugliest. Ricky never saw SAINT coming!”

Kace Matthews: “Renegade synergy. You can’t teach that—well, unless you’re them.”

BUZZ.

The crowd shifts again as Claire Kross steps onto the stage. All eyes go to her—especially her siblings, Kendrick and Jayson, who call her forward. But before she can even climb in…

Molly Reid grits her teeth and hauls back on Helena Noir’s arm, using all her speed to whip her toward the ropes. Helena stumbles—and a hard lariat from Molly sends the Liberty Pro legend tumbling to the outside!

HELENA NOIR ELIMINATED BY MOLLY REID [1]

Skylar Rayner: “OH MY GOD. MOLLY JUST DUMPED HELENA!”

Kace Matthews: “She just eliminated a Hall of Famer! That’s a career moment right there!”

Claire finally steps in, flanking her brothers as the Kross siblings square off against Liam Callaghan and Leanne Jones. Kendrick grabs Leanne by the arm, trying to heave her over. She dangles—but Liam charges, punching a desperate path through Jayson and Claire. He dives to his girlfriend’s rescue and in the chaos, lifts Kendrick over the top rope with a running shove!

KENDRICK KROSS ELIMINATED BY LIAM CALLAGHAN [2]

Skylar Rayner: “Callaghan sacrifices the position for protection—and gets a huge elimination on top of it!”

Kace Matthews: “Kendrick Kross is out?! He was a frontrunner! Leanne better bake Liam a cake for that one.”

Jayson and Claire are stunned. Jayson clenches his fists, Claire’s face falls. But Kendrick looks back at them from the floor and nods, mouthing something inaudible through the chaos. It’s enough. The mission continues.

BUZZ.

Eerie energy floods the building as Evelyn "Malice" Voss walks out with fire in her eyes.

Skylar Rayner: “There’s a storm coming. And its name is Malice.”

Kace Matthews: “She’s not here for fun, Sky. She’s here for blood.”

Evelyn slides in and makes a beeline for SAINT. The moment her eyes meet his, he backpedals. Camila tries to step between them—BIG EVIL! Evelyn crushes the Renegades’ trainer with the running senton. SAINT scrambles, but Evelyn gives chase, hurling him shoulder-first into the turnbuckles and pummeling him with rapid fists.

Elsewhere, Adelita Castro overwhelms Mackenzie in the corner. A spinning back kick doubles the Nightfall student over—roundhouse to the temple sends her flying over.

MACKENZIE ELIMINATED BY ADELITA CASTRO [1]

But Jackie Fowler is waiting. The moment Adelita turns—DONKEY PUNCH! The vicious blow sends her crumbling over the top rope.

ADELITA CASTRO ELIMINATED BY JACKIE FOWLER [4]

Skylar Rayner: “That’s another one for The Bellend!”

Kace Matthews: “Jackie’s racking them up like pints at happy hour.”

BUZZ.

Chloe Night bursts out at number 23, sprinting to the ring with purpose. The crowd lights up as she slides under the ropes and leaps into the fray with a spinning heel kick that cracks Jackie in the jaw.

And in the corner, Evelyn has had enough. She grabs SAINT by the hair, yanks him to his feet, and with no ceremony at all—hurls him over the ropes like a sack of trash.

SAINT ELIMINATED BY EVELYN VOSS [1]

Skylar Rayner: “That’s justice delivered by Voss. SAINT is out!”

Kace Matthews: “She wanted vengeance, and she got it. Now that’s what I call malicious compliance.”

The ring is packed, and Chloe Night is moving like a pinball, bouncing from target to target with wild energy. A standing shooting star press floors Jackie, and she’s up already with a hurricanrana driver to Jaxon, catching everyone by surprise.

Skylar Rayner: “Chloe is lightning in a bottle right now!”

Kace Matthews: “Good luck keeping up with her. She’s like if sugar and chaos had a baby.”

The Siren Vyzz hits the speakers and Alice Wagner-Hardy makes her way to the ring. Her eyes scan the chaos, but Chloe Night is already diving at her—Alice sidesteps, grabs Chloe mid-air and drills her into the mat with a snap DDT. Claire Kross tries a springboard attack, but Alice catches her too with a roaring elbow to the jaw. Every move is scouted—Alice knows their blueprints.

Skylar Rayner: “That’s the Hardy-Wagner tape study paying off. Alice is shutting down the next gen.”

Meanwhile, after throwing out SAINT, Evelyn Voss has set her sights on the next Renegade: Camila Abrines. The two collide violently, the Legion-Renegades war spilling out in brutal form. Evelyn goes for the Malicious Intent, but Camila spins out into a wheelbarrow spike DDT!

Across the ring, Leanne and Liam catch a breath in the corner, momentarily untouched. Jackie Fowler lounges nearby, smirking, keeping one eye open.

BUZZ.

The crowd erupts as Melissa Reeves walks in at number 25.

Skylar Rayner: “A game-changer has entered.”

Kace Matthews: “And look who’s getting up... Leanne Jones is ready to go.”

Bruised and clearly running low on energy, Leanne doesn’t flinch. She steps up to her mentor and raises her fists. Melissa nods. Game on. A stiff elbow from Reeves. A reply from Leanne. The two trade heavy strikes, and the entire ring gives them space.

Meanwhile, Claire Kross tries to avenge her brother, targeting Liam Callaghan. She goes for the Flight 323, but Liam ducks and sends her sailing over the top rope with a lariat.

CLAIRE KROSS ELIMINATED BY LIAM CALLAGHAN [3]

Skylar Rayner: “The Callaghan is on fire!”

Kace Matthews: “He just eliminated both Kross kids! Someone buy that man a Guinness.”

Jayson Kross charges back at Liam, fists flying. The two brawl viciously, and Liam is teetering on the ropes when—

“Crowbar” by Frank Carter & The Rattlesnakes kicks in.

Jade Callaghan storms down the ramp, eyes on fire. She jumps into the ring, sprints across—and dropkicks Jayson clean off the apron.

JAYSON KROSS ELIMINATED BY JADE CALLAGHAN [1]

Skylar Rayner: “Whoa! She just took out her Southie teammate!”

Kace Matthews: “She mouthed ‘Sorry Jay.’ That’s the coldest apology I’ve ever seen.”

Jade helps Liam up. He’s thankful, nods—BAM! A sudden kick to the chest, and he’s over.

LIAM CALLAGHAN ELIMINATED BY JADE CALLAGHAN [2]

Stunned silence.

Skylar Rayner: “What the hell?!”

Kace Matthews: “That’s... that’s revenge! The match against Aiden, remember? Liam never tagged her in!”

Liam and Leanne look up in disbelief. Jade shrugs. “For the Aiden match,” she mouths. Leanne bursts out laughing. Liam does too, shaking his head. “I’ll get you back,” he warns.

Meanwhile, Melissa and Alice are putting on a masterclass. Chain wrestling, counters, and a sudden Faithless bridging suplex gets a gasp—but Melissa kicks out and answers with a Reaver Slam.

Skylar Rayner: “This is something special between those two.”

BUZZ.

It’s Angun Chen, and her entrance changes everything. The Muay Thai striker explodes into the ring with blistering kicks, slicing through the worn-down competition. A ripcord knee drops Jackie to a knee. Leanne avoids a kick by inches.

Jade, fresh and fiery, throws herself into the fray, protecting Leanne the same way Liam did for her earlier. Southie stays standing.

BUZZ.

Jaxon Fowler storms in, and immediately eyes his brother Jackie—but doesn't engage. Instead, he clocks Molly Reid, helping Jackie seize the moment and throw her out.

MOLLY REID ELIMINATED BY JACKIE FOWLER [5]

Skylar Rayner: "That's FIVE for Fowler! He's climbing the leaderboard!"

Kace Matthews: "Family business, baby."

Jaxon turns to Evelyn, nods once—and together they throw Camila Abrines to the floor.

CAMILA ABRINES ELIMINATED BY EVELYN VOSS [2] & JAXON FOWLER [1]

Skylar Rayner: "Renegades are out. Legion reigns."

BUZZ.

Jaime Idol is next. He struts through the smoke, grinning from ear to ear, ready to shake the foundations.

Skylar Rayner: "And here comes chaos wrapped in Liverpool leather."

Kace Matthews: "Jaime Idol might be the most unpredictable man in this match. Brace yourselves."

Melyssa Locke storms into the match with laser focus. She spots Leanne Jones trying to dump Melissa Reeves over the top rope, and just as Jade Callaghan rushes to help her Southie leader, Blyss cracks Leanne across the spine with a brutal Muay Thai elbow combo. Leanne stumbles forward, and before Jade can intervene, Evelyn Voss joins the fray, launching herself at Jade with a flurry of strikes.

Skylar Rayner: "Legion's pulling rank now! Blyss, Evelyn, Reeves—Leanne and Jade are in serious trouble!"

Kace Matthews: "Three relatively fresh Legion versus two battered Southies—this is a mugging in slow motion."

Melissa Reeves is back on her feet and safe behind her fellow Legion members. The three of them now stand tall in front of Leanne and Jade, backs literally against the ropes.

But suddenly—Jackie Fowler joins the Southie side, stepping between Blyss and Leanne. He glares at Melissa Locke, his past with her boiling to the surface.

Then all eyes turn to Jaxon Fowler, standing between the two factions. Melyssa, his trainer, calls to him. Jackie, his brother, gives a subtle nod. The young Fowler seems torn. The ring holds its breath.

“Nah, fuck this,” Jaxon mutters, spins around, and levels Angun Chen with a hellacious lariat.

Skylar Rayner: “What?! Jaxon just took the third option!”

Kace Matthews: “He picked Team Chaos! And he just floored Angun!”

The brawl explodes—Blyss and Jackie, Reeves and Leanne, Evelyn and Jade—a six-way melee erupts in the middle of the ring. No more lines, just fists and fury.

Eliza Valentine makes her way to the ring, slow and deliberate, her gaze flickering from target to target. She rolls inside, her focus quickly drawn to Chloe Night.

They lock eyes. Chloe charges. Eliza ducks a clothesline and sweeps the legs out. No animosity between them, just the thrill of battle.

Blyss nails Jackie with a ripcord northern lights suplex. Reeves boots Leanne into the corner, Evelyn hurls Jade onto the apron—until Jade grabs Voss by the wrist and yanks her over too. They crash to the floor in a twisted heap.

EVELYN VOSS ELIMINATED BY JADE CALLAGHAN [3]
JADE CALLAGHAN ELIMINATED BY EVELYN VOSS [3]

Skylar Rayner: “They took each other out! The Legion-Southie rivalry just hit mutual destruction!”

Kace Matthews: “And that leaves the ring no less chaotic than before.”

Lilah G enters hot, swinging for everything in reach. She targets Alice Wagner-Hardy, stomping her into the corner and trying to push her over the top rope. Alice fights back with a shotgun dropkick, knocking Lilah back.

Ana Valentine slides into the ring with confidence, eyes narrowing on Jackie Fowler. She joins forces with Eliza, trying to muscle him out of the ring. Jackie clings on, throwing wild elbows. The vet's not going out easy.

Not far from them, Angun Chen is back up and furious. She drives a Tiger Kick right into Jaxon Fowler’s face, sending him flipping backwards and over the ropes.

JAXON FOWLER ELIMINATED BY ANGUN CHEN [1]

Skylar Rayner: “Angun returns the favour! Jaxon picked chaos, and chaos bit back.”

Kace Matthews: “That’s what you get when you take a swing at Angun Chen.”

Raylynn Casey hits the ring like a firecracker. No flash, no finesse, but she throws herself into the battle without hesitation, charging right at Ana Valentine with a barrage of strikes. A scoop slam flattens Ana and draws cheers from the crowd.

Skylar Rayner: “Raylynn may be the least experienced here, but she’s swinging like a damn wrecking ball!”

Kace Matthews: “Wrestling is in her blood. That punch she just threw had Chase Hunter’s name all over it.”

Angun Chen rushes at Jaime Idol, a preview of their coming trios clash, but the brash Scouser sees her coming and uses her momentum against her—back body drop over the top rope!

ANGUN CHEN ELIMINATED BY JAIME IDOL [1]

Before Jaime can even turn to gloat, Ana Valentine strikes with a snap Savate kick to the side of his head, dazing him long enough to hook the arm and send him tumbling out over the top!

JAIME IDOL ELIMINATED BY ANA VALENTINE [1]

Skylar Rayner: “Ana picks her moment perfectly, and just like that, Jaime’s gone!”

Kace Matthews: “That’s what happens when you celebrate too soon—this isn’t karaoke night, it’s war!”

Ana joins Eliza Valentine, and the duo zeroes in on Alice Wagner-Hardy. But Alice is ready. She ducks Ana’s swinging arm, sidesteps Eliza’s leg sweep, and counters with a dragon screw into a dropkick, keeping both Valentines at bay.

Skylar Rayner: “Alice is moving like she’s reading the script a page early!”

Kace Matthews: “She’s studied everyone in this ring. There’s no catching her cold.”

But even genius can’t outlast numbers forever. Alice starts to take damage, a Chick Kick from Eliza, a snapmare roundhouse combo from Ana. Luckily for her, the cavalry arrives in the form of Clarissa LaCroix, who storms the ring as entrant 35 and barrels straight into the Valentines, knocking Ana flat with a Firecracker Strike and dumping Eliza into the corner.

Meanwhile, Chloe Night is trying to eliminate Lilah G, forcing her up over the ropes. Just as Celia Rodriguez hits the ring at number 36 and sprints to the aid of her Renegade partner—

LILAH G ELIMINATED BY CHLOE NIGHT [1]

—But she’s a second too late. Celia’s fury ignites, and she launches herself at Chloe, hitting a flying spinning leg lariat and following it up with vicious stomps.

Alice seizes a chance—kicks Ana Valentine in the ribs, hooks her head and throws her over the top rope!

ANA VALENTINE ELIMINATED BY ALICE WAGNER-HARDY [1]

But revenge comes instantly. As Clarissa tangles with Eliza, the Supremacy trainer rakes Clarissa's eyes, causing Alice to step in again. Eliza uses the distraction to throw Alice over the top!

ALICE WAGNER-HARDY ELIMINATED BY ELIZA VALENTINE [1]

Skylar Rayner: "A brutal exchange! Alice eliminates Ana and gets got within seconds!"

Kace Matthews: "Nothing stays still in there for long—not in this cauldron!"

Kiana Masters enters next, sprinting into the fray and immediately siding with Celia. They double-team Chloe Night, Celia with the spring monkey flip, Kiana with a vicious chick kick, and finally, they force her out of the ring.

CHLOE NIGHT ELIMINATED BY CELIA RODRIGUEZ [1] AND KIANA MASTERS [1]

Still in the ring, somehow—Leanne Jones, the iron woman of the match. She's breathing hard, slumped into the corner, when Raylynn Casey barrels toward her looking for a big impact. But Leanne sees it coming, ducks low, and pulls the top rope down—

RAYLYNN CASEY ELIMINATED BY LEANNE JONES [2]

Skylar Rayner: "How?! HOW is Leanne still in this?!"

Kace Matthews: "Pure instinct, Sky. That's all she's running on now."

Thais Empristiki, entrant 38, enters to a storm of noise and immediately locks up with Jackie Fowler. It's the brawler vs. the technician, heavy strikes traded for dirty tactics, Jackie biting, clawing, slapping, and Thais with a lariat to the jaw that nearly folds him.

Nearby, Clarissa gets a huge pop as she belly-to-belly suplexes Eliza into the turnbuckle, knocking the wind from the Supremacy trainer.

Blyss and Kiana Masters—once mentor and mentee—meet centre ring. Their eyes burn with history, and then they explode into a flurry of fists. Blyss with her Muay Thai combos, Kiana with shoot kicks to the chest and a spinning heel kick to the temple.

Celia tries to save Kiana, but Melissa Reeves intercepts her and drops her with a facebreaker knee smash, flattening the Renegade.

And the next competitor hits the ring—Sia van der Hoek.

She wastes no time, charging at Leanne, still struggling for air in the corner. Running splash! Sia tries to hoist her up and over, but the Southie veteran fights back, sharp elbow to the temple, dropping Sia to her knees.

Elsewhere, Jackie Fowler is fighting off elimination as Thais continues their onslaught. Jackie flails, barely keeping his feet from touching the floor, growling and muttering something about taxes and bollocks.

Kace Matthews: “He’s hangin’ like his life depends on it—and knowing Jackie, maybe it does!”

And then comes chaos in the form of Bob Vyllain. The MWE Academy striker hits the ring and immediately starts chopping people down with bone-rattling taekwondo kicks. Clarissa takes one to the ribs. Eliza eats a roundhouse to the shoulder. Sia gets clipped in the thigh and drops.

Bob Vyllain is here—and he’s clearing a path.

Bob Vyllain is in pure strike-mode now, kicking through the battlefield like a hurricane in combat boots. Jackie Fowler, already staggering, takes a stiff roundhouse to the jaw and collapses into the ropes. Leanne Jones, the eternal survivor, eats a spinning heel kick to the ribs and folds to her knees.

The ring is littered with fallen bodies, most of them groaning and gasping from Bob's relentless onslaught. He finds Celia Rodriguez, hauls her to her feet by the shoulder, and in one motion tries to launch her over the top rope—but before she even reaches the edge, a superkick cracks Bob across the chin!

Kiana Masters saves her student at the last second, stepping between Bob and Celia. But the act of heroism leaves her wide open—Melissa Reeves sneaks in behind, grabs Kiana and drives her down with the Reaver Slam, before muscling her over the ropes.

KIANA MASTERS ELIMINATED BY MELISSA REEVES [1]

Skylar Rayner: “That was brutal! Kiki went out defending her student!”

Kace Matthews: “And it cost her everything. Renegade loyalty can be a strength… or a weakness.”

Celia looks horrified—but that hesitation is her undoing. Bob spins through with a hook kick, catching her flush on the jaw, then powers forward and shoves her over the top.

CELIA RODRIGUEZ ELIMINATED BY BOB VYLLAIN [1]

Vali Guevara hits the ring next and instantly launches herself off the ropes with a springboard dropkick, hitting Clarissa in the side and sending her sprawling. The high-flying entertainer then turns her attention to the nearby skirmish between Melyssa Locke and Sia van der Hoek, diving in with reckless enthusiasm.

Jackie and Leanne, bruised and exhausted, team up again to deal with the relentless pressure from Thais Empristiki, who’s laying in stiff forearms and spinning kicks. But it's

Blyss who ends it, catching Thais with a ripcord Northern Lights suplex and then clotheslining them over the top with uncharacteristic aggression.

THAIS EMPRISTIKI ELIMINATED BY MELYSSA LOCKE [1]

Skylar Rayner: “The trainer side of Blyss Lockhart showing up in force tonight!”

Kace Matthews: “Sometimes to lead, you have to eliminate your equals. Or your students.”

And just as the chaos starts to reset, Helena York bursts onto the scene. The look in her eyes screams vengeance, and with her new love for violence, she gets right in the thick of it, immediately targeting Bob Vyllain with a flurry of strikes that leaves even him momentarily stunned.

Sia, who had been going toe to toe with Blyss moments before, tries to regroup—but Melissa Reeves is lying in wait. She catches Sia mid-turn, delivers a crisp Facial Deconstructor and shoves her over.

SIA VAN DER HOEK ELIMINATED BY MELISSA REEVES [2]

Baby Monroe is stalking Leanne Jones, and Bob joins in. The duo hammer the Southie captain, but Leanne, ever resilient, grits her teeth and holds the ropes when they try to dump her out. She drops low, grabbing the middle rope and saving herself yet again.

Skylar Rayner: “She’s still in! Leanne Jones will not die!”

Kace Matthews: “She’s like that cockroach at 3AM you can’t squash—unbreakable, unpredictable, and somehow still kickin’.”

Jackie Fowler, meanwhile, is squaring up with Baby Monroe, delivering headbutts between sarcastic grumbles about “brats with trust funds” and “kids today having no respect.” The two are brawling viciously, while behind them Helena York turns her eyes toward Clarissa LaCroix, cracking her knuckles with malicious intent.

Trinity Thompson explodes into the ring like a lightning strike with a grudge. Her speed, her sharpness, her sheer refusal to slow down makes her a blur across the canvas. In a matter of seconds, she spins into a Nap Kick, her boot cracking the side of Bob Vyllain’s jaw. The MMA striker reels back and topples over the ropes, crumpling on the outside.

BOB VYLLAIN ELIMINATED BY TRINITY THOMPSON [1]

Skylar Rayner: “That kick had GPS coordinates and a kill switch—Trinity took Bob clean out!”

Kace Matthews: “Vyllain got Nap’d! You love to see it.”

But Clarissa LaCroix isn’t as lucky. Trying to pick her moment to strike, she gets surrounded by the Legion duo of Melissa Reeves and Melyssa Locke. The two veterans trade glances

and move like a well-oiled machine—Locke sweeps the legs, Reeves with a facebreaker knee, and together they heave Clarissa over the top.

CLARISSA LACROIX ELIMINATED BY MELYSSA LOCKE [2] AND MELISSA REEVES [3]

The moment Clarissa hits the floor, the buzzer sounds, and her replacement is a familiar face—Oakley Deveraux, the Nightfall student who's spent months waiting for this shot.

Oakley hits the ring, quickly making his presence known with a springboard knee to Helena, and a sharp elbow strike to Locke, proving his worth even amidst the chaos.

Meanwhile, in a moment of almost poetic justice, Leanne Jones, the first entrant and still breathing heavy but fighting hard, faces off against her former protégé, Vali Guevara. Vali tries a quick spin kick, but Leanne ducks it, muscles her toward the ropes and with one final surge of effort, tosses her over the top.

VALI GUEVARA ELIMINATED BY LEANNE JONES [3]

Skylar Rayner: "That's three for Leanne! And that one had some emotion behind it!"

Kace Matthews: "She trained her… and she just trained her out of the match."

And then it happens.

The final buzzer. Entrant Number 47.

Ray Dougie.

He enters with zero hesitation, stepping to Helena York, his partner in life and in destruction. They share a brief look, a quiet nod—and then turn their focus on the swirling war around them.

Opposite them? The Mel Duo—Locke and Reeves, two Legion trainers united by grit and glory. And flanking them, still standing like battered titans: Jackie Fowler and Leanne Jones.

In the dead centre, standing alone—Oakley.

He fights like a soul possessed, landing a dropkick to Jackie, a spinning elbow to Reeves, and even scores a cradle DDT on Blyss, leaving her momentarily stunned. But his run comes to a halt when Helena York grabs him in a waistlock and launches him over the ropes with a German suplex-style toss.

OAKLEY DEVERAUX ELIMINATED BY HELENA YORK [1]

The final group now finds its shape. The alliances are drawn in blood and history.

Jackie vs. Reeves.

Leanne vs. Ray.

Blyss vs. Locke.

The crowd is at a fever pitch as the ring becomes the arena for a war forged over the last ninety minutes.

The end is near. The battlefield is set.

The ring is war-torn—sweat-slick, stained with blood, and echoing with the ghosts of forty-three fallen bodies.

Helena York nearly becomes the surprise final four story, hoisting her own leader over the top rope, but Melyssa Locke digs into her well of veteran instinct. She twists her hips at the last moment, catching York off balance and launching her clean to the outside.

HELENA YORK ELIMINATED BY MELYSSA LOCKE [3]

Locke slumps in the corner, chest heaving, face tight with exhaustion. She watches, calculating, as the final skirmishes unfold.

Across the ring, Jackie Fowler and Melissa Reeves are locked in a brutal, years-deep blood feud, throwing fists like it's personal—because it is. Each forearm smashes with history. Every DDT, every knee strike echoes from MWE arenas to Convergence.

On the other side, the heart of Southie, Leanne Jones, is fending off her own: Ray Dougie, her student, her fighter, the man who has spent weeks trying to prove he belongs. But Leanne digs deep, deeper than she ever has. A sharp elbow to the temple. A hook of the tights. A surge of strength. And Ray is flung over the top rope, crashing to the floor.

RAY DOUGIE ELIMINATED BY LEANNE JONES [4]

Skylar Rayner: “Leanne Jones just eliminated her student! Four eliminations, and she’s been in since number one!”

Kace Matthews: “I don’t care if she wins or not—Leanne just proved she belongs in this final four.”

The crowd erupts as the bell doesn’t ring. Because we’re not done.

Not yet.

Four figures stand, one in each corner. Jackie Fowler. Melyssa Locke. Melissa Reeves. Leanne Jones. Their faces tell stories too long for any commentary table. Their bodies shake, some from pain, some from adrenaline.

The air in Oracle Park feels heavier now.

Then Jackie speaks, voice low but somehow cutting through the hum of anticipation.

“Everything is gonna change now, and us four have been marked.”

Melyssa and Reeves barely shift, eyes narrowed, visibly irritated by Jackie’s typical theatrics. Melissa sneers slightly. Blyss rolls her shoulders.

But Leanne?

She nods.

And it’s not casual. Not indulgent. It's serious—measured. Her eyes aren’t on Jackie. They’re on something beyond her, as if she sees the threads connecting all of them, pulling tighter with every breath.

And Melissa Reeves notices.

The dismissive smirk slips away from Reeves’ face like a mask melting in the heat. She looks at Jones—not with contempt or competitiveness—but with a flicker of doubt. Of worry.

Skylar Rayner lets the silence hang.
Skylar Rayner: “…Did Leanne just cosign Jackie Fowler?”

Kace Matthews, deadpan and low.
Kace Matthews: “Reeves just realised this ain’t a Jackie moment. This is an omen.”

The final four take one collective breath. Whatever happens next will shape the future.

It’s on.

The silence shatters like glass as the final four lunge into action. The chaos of the match gives way to precision, to blood-and-fire wrestling. There’s space to move, to strike, to breathe—if they can. No more clutter, no more crowd. Just four warriors left with one goal: survive.

Jackie Fowler and Melissa Reeves pick up where they left off, two titans in an endless war. They’re not wrestling anymore—they’re scrapping, clawing, brawling, fury pouring out in every blow. History weighs on every stomp and suplex, every right hand. Melissa lands a snap DDT, Jackie pops up with a spinning back elbow, and they both stumble, both exhausted, both too stubborn to quit.

Across the ring, Leanne Jones, battered, bruised, burning on fumes, parries Blyss Lockhart’s educated strikes. She’s defensive, measured, waiting for her moment, and when it comes—a gap in the timing—she fires off a sharp forearm, catching Blyss flush. The crowd roars. It’s not just survival. It’s a statement.

Then it happens.

Melissa and Jackie, tangled together near the ropes, throw hands in a frenzy. Jackie lifts Melissa, but Reeves counters with a Codebreaker—barely. They collapse, both catch the ropes—but it's too late.

MELISSA REEVES ELIMINATED BY JACKIE FOWLER [8]
JACKIE FOWLER ELIMINATED BY MELISSA REEVES [5]

Skylar Rayner: "They took each other out! That rivalry might've just written its most painful chapter!"

Kace Matthews: "That's poetic. That's brutal. That's Jackie and Melissa."

It's down to two.

Leanne Jones. Melyssa Locke.

From opposite ends of the Crucible's wrestling spectrum. The unyielding Southie fighter, first in and still standing. And the cold, composed architect of Legion's dominance.

They meet in the centre.

A flurry of strikes. Melyssa drives a knee into Leanne's ribs, but the veteran answers with a jumping knee to the jaw, staggering Locke. The crowd rises to its feet. Leanne backs into the ropes, screams through her fatigue, and charges—

KINKAKU-JI!
The step-up double foot stomp drives Blyss face first into the canvas. But it takes everything. Leanne collapses too, face-down beside the Legion general.

Skylar Rayner: "Leanne Jones just flattened Locke! But she's got nothing left in the tank!"

Kace Matthews: "She's going to finish it. She's about to pull off the impossible!"

Slowly, painfully, Leanne claws her way up. The crowd is deafening. She grabs Melyssa, drags her dead weight toward the ropes. She's about to do it—to win it all from number ONE.

But Melyssa Locke isn't done.

With one last twist of her hips, she spins around, lifts Leanne, and sends her over the top!

Leanne catches the top rope. She dangles. Her boots swing just inches above the floor. The crowd is on its feet, screaming.

Jones tries to pull herself up. Tries.

She doesn't have it.

Locke walks forward. Calm. No anger. No rage. Just resolution. She looks at Leanne—truly looks at her.

And then she lifts her boot… and pushes.

Not a stomp. Not a kick. Just enough.

Leanne's fingers slip.

LEANNE JONES ELIMINATED BY MELYSSA LOCKE [4]

She falls. Face first. Onto the floor.

It's over.

Skylar Rayner: "She did it. Melyssa Locke… wins the battle royal!"

Kace Matthews: "From chaos to control. From mentor to conqueror. Locke closes the door on this war and walks away with everything."

The bell rings.

Melyssa leans on the ropes, chest heaving, staring out at the sea of stunned faces.

She doesn't smile. Doesn't celebrate. Just watches.

Because this wasn't just victory.

It was survival.

It was finality.

**WINNER:** Melyssa Locke
**TIME:**1h 38m 51s

---

**Kace Matthews:** What a victory for Melyssa Locke!

**Skylar Rayner:** That was one heck of an opening contest! The final four especially went for it. Melissa Reeves and Jackie Fowler have quite the rivalry brewing now, and it's heating up hotter than hell. Leanne Jones almost overcame all the odds with the bad luck of the draw, what a performance from her, but it's the Artist Formerly Known as Blyss that wins it all and gets the prize!

**Kace Matthews:** Yeah, but what is the prize? We know it's a title shot, but which title? This is a multi-company event under the Nexus Stream banner. Could it be in Valiant? Could it be in the new look MWE? Is it for the vacant Midwest Title? Who knows?

At ringside, things are boiling over between the eliminated Jackie and Melissa, Fowler mouthing something off to Reeves but she isn't having any of it, clearly sick of his recent antics. Lan Jones gives a curt nod to Locke in the ring who is celebrating a hard earned victory, the crowd on their feet after an amazing opening contest. It was at this point that there was quite a commotion coming from the back, as a number of figures in army camo uniforms came marching down to the ring. Most of them were wearing sunglasses, though some were wearing bandanas shrouding their features. There was quite a hushed silence around the crowd as they emerged, Lan looking on, cautious but concerned, Jackie looking like he was going to explode, Mel and Melyssa looking seriously confused.

**Skylar Rayner:** W-what is going on here?

**Kace Matthews:** I have absolutely no idea. I saw some of these guys backstage. Nexus representatives?

**Skylar Rayner:** But in military gear? I have a bad feeling about this.

As the group marches down, the largest of them shoves Fowler out of the way, but before The Bastard can retaliate, Lan yanks the exhausted Brit back by the arm, The group encircle the ring, blocking off the entranceway as Reeves, Fowler and Jones find themselves on the other side, with Locke still stuck in the ring as an ocean of camo surrounded her lonely island. The crowd became increasingly confused by this display, as one figure then stood up amongst the group. Tall, slim, face covered by a hood and seemingly wearing what looked to be a general's uniform.

**Director General:** San Francisco… I am The Director General of Nexus Stream.

There was a little bit of a mixed reaction to this. There was some polite applause from some, but those especially who watched Crucible let out a number of boos, especially given the recent treatment of one of their number in particular. Melyssa Locke stared a hole in the mysterious figure, whilst Fowler looked like he was ready to let loose. The guards then bared what looked like nightsticks, taking a step forward, making the three finalists take a step back.

**Director General:** I would like to welcome you all to the very first official Nexus supershow, Convergence. For many weeks, across MWE, Valiant, The Academy, Crucible and MWCW, teams made up of the biggest names in the wrestling world have been fighting alongside the stars of the future, all to be crowned the finest unit across these great companies.

The Director General spoke with that robotic voice once more, clearly using a voice manipulator to hide their true voice. As the camera panned around, it looked like Fowler was trying to find a way through the security, but seeing no such luck, threw up his hands and stormed off to the back, showing great disrespect to all those involved.

**Director General:** Nexus Stream is so proud to broadcast the very finest in the world of professional wrestling and combat sports. We scoured the entirety of the nation to personally offer long term, highly lucrative television streaming deals to only the companies that we

deemed to be the best of the best. And we have aligned with the best of the best, along with the upcoming Foundry, to bring you, the wrestling fans of the world, the greatest combat entertainment this planet has ever seen.

There was applause for this, how could there not be, as the static director took a pause. There was even a mild Nexus Stream chant breaking out amongst some fans in attendance as they said this, before they slowly raised their gloved hand for silence, a silence that was strangely given.

**Director General:** With the union of all these great companies, the opportunity for their most fierce and dedicated performers to cross platforms and face one another, break through the forbidden door, as they say, is there for the taking. Dream matches that fans have drooled over for some time. What would the world say to seeing the Valiant Champion, Kim WIlliams, face off against MWE Champion, Billy Danielson? What if MWCW Plains Champion Vanessa Page went one on one with Cloud Gate Champion Scott Martell?. What would happen if Gold Star Nathan Maddox went up against Apex Crown Charli Rozzi? And if Crossover Champion Mars did battle with Lionheart Champion, Kendrick Kross? These questions can all now possibly be answered. But we don't want this to be all gang warfare between brands. We are united under one network.

The Director General took a little step towards a table that had been set up at ringside, one that had been covered by a silver cloth.

**Director General:** So while competition is encouraged, war between them will not be. It would be a disaster for one federation to potentially lose a marque championship and see it taken to another promotion. So a solution had to be made. To encourage these warriors, to give them something to fight for under the Nexus Stream banner. And this is where you come in, Melyssa Locke.

The Director's hand gently caressed the silver cloth, looking up at the battle victor, though their face was still very clearly shrouded.

**Director General:** In light of this, it has been decided that you will not challenge for the Valiant Championship. Nor the MWE World Title. And the currently vacant MWCW Championship is not in your future either. Instead, the championship you will compete for will be a title that is exclusive to these special Nexus Stream events. One that will help unite all promotions together under our streaming banner. A title that one and all can aspire to one day compete for. A title with history, with legacy, filled with glory.

And with that, they pulled back the cloth, and the championship was revealed, causing the entire audience to gasp in shock.




**Skylar Rayner:** Oh my God…

**Kace Matthews:** Skylar! Do you see that? Do you recognise that title?

**Skylar Rayner:** Of course I do! That's the HKW Underworld Championship. I was a competitor in UG for years, and when I was there that was the biggest prize in the world!

**Kace Matthews:** How is this possible?

Back in the ring, Blyss was in shock, covering her mouth for a moment. The rest of the audience gave a massive roar of approval, seeing the world famous Underworld Championship for the first time in four years.

**Director General:** I am proud to announce that Nexus Stream has acquired the rights to Hard Knox Wrestling Limited, as well as Underground Incorporated, thus now owning streaming rights for their long back catalogue of shows for the public's viewing pleasure. Along with this, we have claimed the rights to the Underground's championships, lineages and marque shows and events. And due to this, after discussions with company owners and the board of directors for Nexus Stream, a number of the once thought dead championships of the Underground will be reborn under the Nexus Stream banner, to be fought for by the great competitors of all of our affiliated companies. And you, you Melyssa Locke, having won tonight's opening contest, have earned the right to call yourself the very first Number One Contender for the newly reinstated Underworld Championship.

There was a huge roar from the crowd as all watched on, Locke nodding her head, until a strange realisation washed over her, as if something had clicked that nobody else had noticed.

**Director General:** And in honour of what came before, as well as reinstating the Underworld Championship, I would also like to honour their last title holder, the person who never lost that championship, the one who never had the chance to defend it before the company's closure. And in doing so, I am proud to reinstate them as the official champion. So you,

Melyssa Locke, you will go one on one for the Underworld Championship against her champion… Fallon Lockhart!

There was a deafening scream from the crowd for this, a high pitched roar of approval as Locke stood in the ring dumbfounded.

**Kace Matthews:** Mentor vs. Student! Underworld Championship! Nexus Stream's new marquee prize! What an announcement.

**Skylar Rayner:** This is unexpected, and huge. Not only that elements of Underground are back, maybe even UG itself is back… But Fallon against Blyss? For the title? They are part of the same team in Convergence. They have such a close bond that Fallon took on her surname. Fallon is one of my closest friends, and I can only imagine what is going through her mind right now.

**Kace Matthews:** The first thing should be that she is Underworld Champion again. The star in the crown. She has the title she never lost back, and now she has her second chance at what she fought for and earned years ago.

As the chants and roars go on, the camera pans around the audience, then back to Melyssa in the ring, then finally to the Director General, who pulls back their hood… To reveal the infamous Guy Fawkes mask.

**Director General:** This is just the beginning. Welcome to the greatest television streaming service in the history of combat sports. Welcome one and all, as Nexus Stream goes Underground!

---

## Match Two:

***Submission Match***

## Team EMRR (Riley Savell & Emma) vs Legion Strong (Aiden Morrow & Haven West-Jaa)

The bell rings, and Oracle Park is electric. There's a moment of hesitation—respect, tension, uncertainty—before Haven West-Jaa steps forward, facing down Emma across the ring. The two lock up, and Haven instantly shows her athletic pedigree, using her footwork to pivot out of Emma's grasp and sweep the leg cleanly. Emma hits the mat and rolls back to her feet, nodding once with an impressed smile. They circle again.

This time, Emma fakes high and dives low, catching Haven with a sharp double leg takedown. She transitions quickly, riding high and looking to trap the arm for a Fujiwara, but Haven scrambles free and creates distance. The crowd gives a warm applause—Haven is

clearly raw, but the natural instincts are there. Emma gestures for her to come on, the competitor in her awakened.

Skylar Rayner: “You can already see the contrast—Emma’s surgical precision and Haven’s raw athleticism. It’s like watching potential versus polish.”

Kace Matthews: “Yeah, and sometimes potential gets you killed in the deep end. Emma’s not here to teach—she’s here to win.”

They reset, but this time Haven moves with more caution. She throws a low kick that Emma narrowly avoids, only to eat a crisp crane kick to the shoulder. The impact spins Emma slightly, and Haven follows with a springboard forearm—but Emma ducks under it and counters with a brutal snap German suplex, folding Haven in half. She doesn’t go for a pin—it’s submissions only—but floats over and traps Haven’s leg in a modified heel hook.

Haven winces, hand twitching above the mat, but she stays calm. She uses her flexibility and leverage to twist her upper body, eventually reaching Emma’s head and firing short elbows until Emma is forced to release the hold.

Skylar Rayner: “Look at that grit! Haven’s got zero ring time and still finds the right escape route—there’s something scary natural about her.”

Emma gives a quick nod of respect before tagging in Riley Savell. The temperature in the stadium shifts—colder, sharper. Riley steps through the ropes like she’s stalking prey. Across the ring, Aiden tags himself in, eyes locked on Savell.

They circle slowly. Riley offers her hand sarcastically, then pulls it back before Aiden can reach. The crowd boos, and Aiden smirks before launching forward, initiating a lightning-fast exchange. Riley slips a clothesline, Aiden ducks a roundhouse, and they both rebound—Aiden strikes first with a shotgun dropkick that sends Riley staggering into the corner.

He charges in—corner shining wizard—but Riley pivots out of the way and catches him with a slingshot DDT off the ropes, planting him hard.

Kace Matthews: “Vintage Riley. Trap ‘em, twist ‘em, drop ‘em. That move was surgical.”

She presses her knee into Aiden’s spine and yanks back on a modified surfboard, her fingers digging into his wrists. Aiden bites down on the pain, shakes his head. Riley adjusts her grip, shifting it into a dragon sleeper variation, but Aiden rolls through, reversing into a crucifix pin out of instinct before remembering—no pins. He uses the movement to get back to vertical and immediately hits a snap DDT that levels Riley.

He doesn’t waste time—he floats into the Morrow Lock, and suddenly Riley’s eyes narrow. A high-angle LeBell Lock, torqued back and deep. Riley grits her teeth, dragging her body toward the ropes inch by inch. Aiden cranks back, but Savell finally finds the rope. The hold doesn’t have to be broken in a submission match—but Aiden shows sportsmanship and lets go.

Skylar Rayner: “You can say what you want about Aiden Morrow—but he wrestles with honour. And that hold? That was close.”

Kace Matthews: “Yeah, well, kindness doesn’t win submission matches, Sky.”

Aiden tries to stay on her, but Riley explodes up, catching him flush with a rolling elbow that staggers him. She follows with the Spine Etching—low leg sweep, then a violent basement knee to the spine. The crowd gasps at the sick thud. Riley immediately transitions into a Koji Clutch, legs cinched tight around Aiden’s arm and neck. He struggles, the pain visible across his face. Emma shouts from the corner, and Haven stretches a hand out toward her partner.

Aiden fights, turning red, and finally musters the strength to hoist himself up just enough to power out. It’s not clean, and Riley’s boots rake across his ribs as she’s dislodged, but he breaks free and rolls toward Haven.

Tag.

Haven enters again, and Riley doesn't look impressed. She beckons her in with a smile. Haven storms forward with a crooked arm lariat that catches Riley flush. The impact knocks Riley sideways, but she rebounds with a spinning wheel kick that catches Haven off balance. Haven drops to one knee. Riley aims a Bazusō Kick—but Haven rolls under it, springs up behind her, and pulls Riley down into a surprise Koji Clutch of her own!

Skylar Rayner: “She’s got it locked! Haven’s got it locked in!”

Kace Matthews: “Where the hell did she learn to chain submissions like that?! This girl didn’t know what a turnbuckle was last month!”

Riley flails, stunned by the precision, but years of experience click in. She stacks her body back, forcing Haven’s shoulders into an awkward tilt, and throws repeated elbows into her side until the hold weakens. She escapes—but just barely.

Riley retreats to her corner and tags in Emma, breathing heavily. Emma leaps over the top rope and runs straight at Haven, blasting her with the High Rise Kick in the corner. Haven collapses forward. Emma drags her out, snaps off a Skystrike DDT, and floats seamlessly into a judo hip toss.

And just like that—the Legacy Lock is on.

Emma wrenches back on the Fujiwara armbar, her eyes laser-focused. Haven’s arm is stretched dangerously, her face twisted in pain. She tries to roll—but Emma traps the wrist tighter, shifting her body to block the escape route.

Aiden is ready to dive in—but Haven shakes her head.

She claws, scratches, twists her torso and somehow—miraculously—gets the tip of her foot under the rope. There's no break in this match, but Emma senses the danger of pushing too far and releases, frustration in her eyes.

Skylar Rayner: "That's twice now Haven's survived some of the nastiest submission specialists in this company. I don't care how green she is—that's guts."

Kace Matthews: "And how long before guts run out and the limbs snap? This match is a chessboard, and right now Team EMRR is three moves ahead."

Emma steps back, eyes narrowing as Haven rises again, one arm dangling. The next phase looms…

The crowd at Oracle Park hums with rising energy as Haven West-Jaa squares up with Emma once again, her stance low and controlled. Emma circles cautiously, visibly shaken from the last exchange. Haven surges forward, feinting a crane kick before snapping into a lightning-quick takedown, catching Emma behind the knees and dragging her to the mat. She flows into side control with stunning smoothness, driving her forearm across Emma's face to keep her grounded.

Skylar Rayner: "You can see the DNA kicking in now, Kace. Haven's moving like she was born on a mat."

Kace Matthews: "You'd think she was the black belt in this match. This is terrifying."

Emma tries to shrimp out, but Haven immediately adjusts—catching Emma's wrist and rolling into an arm triangle choke. The transition is clean, surgical even. Emma struggles, legs kicking for leverage, but Haven grapevines the legs and bridges her hips to lock the pressure in deeper. Emma's face contorts as the blood supply tightens.

She twists—fights—reaches. Somehow, through sheer stubborn will, she worms one foot just close enough to drape it over the bottom rope. There's no automatic break, but the official moves in to check. Haven doesn't hold long—she releases cleanly, respecting the rope even if she didn't have to. The fans applaud the sportsmanship, and even Riley can be seen nodding faintly on the apron.

Emma coughs and rolls to her corner, tagging Riley with urgency.

Aiden's already stepping in. There's no hesitation.

Riley and Aiden meet in the centre of the ring and waste no time. Aiden swings first—springboard forearm attempt—but Riley drops low and evades. She fires back with a bicycle kick, but Aiden sidesteps and hits the ropes for momentum. Riley ducks the clothesline and rebounds on the opposite end, both wrestlers colliding in a blur of footwork and precision.

Riley catches Aiden with a feint roundhouse—only to roll through into a spinning wheel kick that just grazes his temple. Aiden staggers, but catches himself and leaps into a hurricanrana driver. Riley lands hard—but bridges up immediately.

They charge again, adrenaline drowning out the pain.

Riley fakes high and tries for the Icon Elbow—but Aiden swats her out of the air and goes for the Flying Morrow Smash. It's barely avoided. They're going for killshots, but neither can land the blow.

Skylar Rayner: "It's like they've read each other's playbook cover to cover. Counter after counter!"

Kace Matthews: "They're not trying to wear each other down anymore—they're trying to end it."

Riley suddenly shifts gears—she sweeps Aiden's legs and drives both knees into his spine, the Spine Etching ringing out again. The whiplash sends Aiden reeling, and Riley pounces, locking in the Villain Lock in a blink. The torque on the LeBell Lock is wicked—Riley's eyes shut, and her teeth clench as she pours every ounce of malice into the hold.

Aiden's hand hovers, shaking. His face is twisted in agony.

From the corner—Haven bursts into the ring, sprinting to break the hold.

But Emma intercepts.

She launches off the ropes with the Zero Kick—springboard claymore out of nowhere—and wipes Haven off her feet. The crowd explodes as Haven crashes to the mat, arms flailing as she rolls toward the apron, dazed and stunned.

Skylar Rayner: "Emma just sacrificed herself to save that lock—Haven never saw it coming!"

Kace Matthews: "That's team synergy. That's cold, calculated execution. Riley's got the noose wrapped around Morrow's neck and Emma made sure there's no one left to cut it loose."

Back in the centre, Aiden claws at the mat, teeth bared, legs kicking—but it's fading. His limbs go limp. The ref leans in—checks.

TAP.

Aiden Morrow taps out.

The bell sounds and the stadium surges with noise—shock, awe, admiration. Riley doesn't let go right away, holding on for one extra breath before releasing him and rolling to her back, chest heaving.

Emma kneels beside Haven on the outside, making sure she's alright, before sliding into the ring to check on Riley.

Skylar Rayner: "That was brutal. That was clinical. That was Riley Savell and Emma making a statement loud enough to echo through the whole Academy."

Kace Matthews: "And don't ignore Haven West-Jaa either—she woke up tonight. There's a beast in there, and the next time she steps in that ring? Everyone better be ready."

Team EMRR stand tall, not with smug grins, but with quiet satisfaction. There's no arrogance—only the kind of silence that follows a storm.

And they were the storm.

**WINNER:** Team EMRR

## Match Three:
### Tornado Match
### Supa Galactic  Glittah Girls (Tobie Vaccaro & Mars) vs Nightfall (Izzi Grimes & Levi Hall)

There is no waiting for tags, no pause in the action—this tornado tag kicks off in chaos as all four competitors explode out of their corners, colliding in the centre of the ring. Izzi Grimes and Mars immediately tangle in a blur of speed and innovation, while Levi Hall and Tobie Vaccaro lock up in a more grounded, methodical battle.

Mars ducks under Izzi's lariat attempt, hits the ropes and launches herself back with a springboard crossbody that Izzi rolls through into a pin attempt, which Mars flips into a headscissors. Izzi cartwheels out of it, both wrestlers popping up at the same time with matching grins. The crowd pops.

Skylar Rayner: "This is going to be a match with zero brakes, Kace. We've got two of the wildest high-flyers on the planet and two technicians who don't play games."

Kace Matthews: "And if Mars doesn't bite someone before this is over, I'll personally eat my hat. That girl's an alien on roller skates."

On the opposite side, Tobie slips out of Levi's grip and hits a standing enziguri, but Levi absorbs the hit and responds with a sharp hip toss into a rear chin lock, immediately grounding the smaller wrestler. Tobie bridges and rolls back, kicking free and hitting the ropes—only to run straight into a hard gut knee from Levi. A second follows, then a spinning backfist that drops Tobie to one knee.

Mars intercepts, leaping off the second rope with a diving mushroom stomp that forces Levi to release her hold. Izzi is right behind her, catching Mars mid-turn with a snap suplex that

shakes the mat. She holds on, rolls through, and hits a second suplex before looking for a third—Mars reverses mid-lift into a wild Alien Autopsy, spiking Izzi with the somersault neckbreaker.

Tobie springboards in with a frog splash to Izzi's back. Mars follows with a shotgun basement dropkick to Levi's ribs, sending her tumbling through the ropes.

Skylar Rayner: "The Glittah Girls are pure chaos wrapped in sparkle and danger! They're using every inch of that ring—and their bodies!"

Kace Matthews: "It's like fighting inside a glitter bomb with heat-seeking limbs. And Mars hasn't even pulled out Pusslee yet."

Izzi rolls to her feet, clutching her lower back. Tobie grabs her wrist, looking for a whip, but Izzi reverses it—then sprints back and nails the corner shining wizard! Tobie slumps and Izzi follows with a leg trap sunset flip powerbomb, rolling her over and hooking deep. No pins in a tornado match, but the impact stuns Tobie enough for Izzi to roll away and catch her breath.

On the other side, Levi counters Mars' handspring back elbow with a perfectly timed bridging dragon suplex. Mars kicks out of the bridge immediately but gets dragged back up and punished with a double underhook backbreaker. Levi wastes no motion, targeting the spine with crisp precision.

Izzi and Levi regroup near the corner, dragging Mars up. Izzi springboards—hits a missile dropkick that launches Mars into Levi's arms—who spins and plants her with a vertical suplex. Tobie breaks the follow-up with a running DDT to Levi, but Izzi grabs her by the wrist and sends her flying out of the ring with a hurricanrana over the top rope.

Izzi builds speed and dives—suicide dive to the outside, landing flush on Tobie. The crowd roars as both women crash into the barricade. Levi turns toward the noise but eats a spinning backfist from Mars, followed by a headbutt for good measure. Mars bounces off the ropes—Entropy Crash! But there's no chair this time—just pure impact, as the double knees crush Levi's face and chest.

Skylar Rayner: "That's got to knock the oxygen out of Levi Hall! Mars is fighting like she's already orbiting Earth!"

Kace Matthews: "This is where it gets dangerous—because when Mars starts feeling it? She goes places. Scary, glitter-drenched places."

Tobie is back up and on the apron. She launches into a plancha that catches Levi square. Mars throws Izzi back into the ring, where the highflyer springs back to life with a sudden Sac-Town Explosion—claymore-style boot that nearly flips Mars inside out.

Tobie scrambles in to help but gets intercepted by a Sac-Town Kick to the jaw. Izzi is running red hot, feeding off the chaos and adrenaline, but her momentum is cut short when Tobie

twists into a triangle choke from the mat. Izzi flails, trying to escape, until Levi yanks Tobie off and locks in an elevated Boston Crab.

Mars blasts Levi with a running shining wizard, and all four are down again, tangled, breathless, brilliant.

Skylar Rayner: “You want a clinic? You want a circus? You want a brawl? These four are delivering everything.”

Kace Matthews: “And they’re not even close to finished. Buckle in, Sky—we’re going interstellar.”

All four wrestlers are slow to rise, sweat pouring, bodies bruised and battered from the constant storm of motion. But Mars is first to stir—of course she is. Her head tilts at an odd angle, that wild-eyed grin splitting across her face as if she’s only just started having fun. She skips toward Levi, who’s trying to steady herself against the ropes. There’s a flash of concern in Levi’s eyes, not fear—but something close. Mars barrels in and nails a cartwheel evasion into a sudden Pele kick, and Levi drops to a knee, clearly slower than before.

Skylar Rayner: “Levi’s running on borrowed time, Kace. That match against Maya Hardy on Ignition yesterday went forty minutes—her body’s screaming now.”

Kace Matthews: “She’s tough as hell, Sky, but this? This is where even machines start glitching. And Mars is the one person you don’t want chasing you when your gears are slowing down.”

Mars cackles as she grabs Levi’s face, leaning in and yelling something unintelligible before biting her shoulder—Xeno Bite in full force. The ref shouts at her, but Mars just throws her arms up in mock innocence before dragging Levi to the centre and launching her with a slingshot DDT through the ropes. Levi’s head bounces off the canvas and she rolls onto her back, gasping for air.

On the opposite side, Izzi and Tobie exchange forearms, both digging deep. Izzi swings with a step-over spinning kick, Tobie ducks and rebounds—but Izzi catches her in the ribs with a knee and lifts her into position for a sitout jawbreaker. Tobie stumbles, and Izzi strikes again with the Sac-Town Kick—right to the chin. Tobie crumbles to the mat.

Izzi doesn’t go for the cover yet. She steadies herself, signals to the crowd—then climbs the ropes.

She soars—Light the Way! The Phoenix Splash crashes down across Tobie’s midsection. Izzi clutches her ribs from the impact but pushes herself over for the pin.

One.
Two—
Tobie kicks out.

The crowd erupts, not believing she survived.

Skylar Rayner: “Tobie Vaccaro is still in it! She just took Izzi Grimes’ entire arsenal and said, ‘not today!’”

Kace Matthews: “That’s what passion looks like when it won’t shut up. Kid’s got heart for days.”

Izzi sits up, staring down at Tobie with a mix of admiration and disbelief. She knows what comes next—The Crowning. She pulls Tobie upright, hooking the head, setting the footwork just right.

But Tobie shifts her weight.

She rolls through—

One!
Two!
Three!

The bell rings and the entire stadium erupts. Tobie scrambles away, wide-eyed and shocked herself, but the ref grabs her wrist and raises it high. Mars slides into the ring with a whoop, nearly tackling Tobie with a spinning hug. Izzi sits on her knees, stunned but smiling, nodding in acknowledgement.

Skylar Rayner: “She got her! She caught Izzi Grimes! That’s not a win you luck into, Kace—Tobie earned that one!”

Kace Matthews: “She saw the opening and struck—clean, legal, brilliant. That’s how legends start.”

Levi leans against the ropes, hands on her knees, sweat dripping as she watches on. She fought until the wheels came off, and still almost held it together. But tonight, it’s the Supa Galactic Glittah Girls standing tall—sparkling, chaotic, and somehow more alive than when the bell rang.

Mars throws her arms wide, yelling to the sky like she’s calling a spaceship home. Tobie grins through the exhaustion, waving to the fans, who are chanting both her name and Izzi’s in overlapping rhythm. Respect earned, and stories far from finished.

Convergence continues—but the stars just shifted.

**WINNER:**Supa Galactic Glittah Girls

## *Match Four:*

### *Tables Match*

### Team Motion (WYM Greco & Savannah Kincaid) vs Supremacy (Jack Graves & Charli Rozzi)

The bell rings, and there's no hesitation. With tables already positioned at ringside, the atmosphere is volatile—danger feels moments away. Charli Rozzi and McKena Graves step forward with unified menace, but it's WYM Greco who bursts out of the gate, immediately gunning for Charli. The two collide with a flurry of forearms and palms, Greco's strikes sharp and furious, forcing Rozzi back into the ropes. On the opposite side, Savannah Kincaid ducks a spinning heel kick from McKena and counters with a slick springboard dropkick that sends Graves reeling.

Skylar Rayner: "Savannah said she wasn't doing any favours tonight, and I think McKena just felt every bit of that independence."

Kace Matthews: "She might share a faction, Sky, but that bell turned her into the opposition. And Savannah Kincaid doesn't get paid to hold hands."

Greco whips Charli into the corner and follows with a handspring back elbow, but Rozzi sidesteps and counters with a Russian leg sweep that drops Greco hard on the back of his head. Charli immediately locks in a bridging cobra clutch, trying to wear the wildman down despite there being no submissions in play. It's about control, punishment—making Greco think twice before flying at her again.

McKena, meanwhile, answers Savannah's dropkick with a buzzsaw kick of her own—Jaded—cutting Kincaid's momentum off at the knees. McKena drags her up, snapping into a tilt-a-whirl headscissors that flings her toward the ropes. Savannah rolls to the outside, but Graves is already moving—suicide dive through the ropes that clatters them both into the steel barricade.

Greco claws to the ropes and yells out to the crowd, feeding off their energy. He throws a wild backhand slap into Charli's face, then sprints up the ropes—springboard moonsault into a twisting crossbody, Spin The Block! He pops up and runs the ropes again, building speed. Suicide dive! Greco crashes into McKena on the outside, who's just rising. Savannah follows up with a diving splash off the apron, crushing Charli into the ground.

Skylar Rayner: "It's like they're trying to break the sound barrier out here! Team Motion are flying!"

Kace Matthews: "And I'm telling you right now, that's how Greco works—adrenaline and chaos. You let him hit rhythm, and suddenly you're dodging boots from the clouds."

Greco grabs a table and slides it into the ring. Savannah follows, setting it up while Greco lifts McKena and throws her under the ropes. Together they hoist Graves up, trying to position her for the finish—but McKena fights back with sharp elbows and lands a standing shooting star press to stun Savannah. Greco grabs her arm, tries to hook in the FameMaker 411, but McKena spins out and nails a sit-down jawbreaker. Greco staggers and walks right into Pump The Breaks—STO backbreaker into faceplant. He bounces off the mat.

Savannah tries to recover, but Charli's back—and she's got a steel chair in hand.

One crack to the spine, and Savannah drops. Another shot to the gut, and Kincaid rolls out of the ring in agony. Charli doesn't follow her—she turns to Greco and drags him toward the table, setting up for the Cult Classic. But Greco deadweights, fighting with desperation. He rakes at her arms, spins out, and lands a Bleeding Lone Star—that rebound slingshot lariat bringing him back to life.

Greco yells out, slaps the mat, and climbs the top rope. He's calling for something big—maybe the ASTROWORLD—but McKena is back on her feet. She runs the ropes and leaps, springboard hurricanrana off the top! Greco flies down, crashing hard against the canvas. McKena doesn't waste a second—she pulls the table to the middle of the ring, signalling for Charli.

Skylar Rayner: "Supremacy's instincts are kicking in. They've got the battlefield advantage now—they're picking the pace and the placement."

Kace Matthews: "And if you're Team Motion, you better wake up quick—this is where Charli Rozzi gets mean."

Charli hoists Greco by the hair and positions him on the table, climbing up with him. She hooks the arms, preparing the Cult Classic again—but Savannah Kincaid springboards in, dropkicking Charli off the table and onto the ropes. Greco scrambles down, clutching his ribs.

McKena leaps for a diving foot stomp—but Greco evades, and she lands awkwardly on her ankle. Savannah capitalises with a Kincaid Kick that sends McKena tumbling through the ropes. Charli grabs Savannah from behind, looking for the Bite of the Dragon, but Savannah mule kicks free and lands a springboard elbow across Rozzi's face.

The tide has turned again. Greco eyes the table, eyes the top rope, and the crowd roars in anticipation.

Skylar Rayner: "If he hits this, someone's going home with splinters in places we don't talk about on commentary."

Kace Matthews: "Greco's always one leap away from legend—or the ER."

He climbs, but Charli yanks his foot and sends him crashing into the turnbuckle. Savannah dives in to save him—sliding under and powerbombing Rozzi off the turnbuckle. Charli hits the mat and rolls out in a heap.

Greco steadies himself again. The table stands. McKena stirs on the outside. Savannah helps reset Greco—and Team Motion prepare for the final blow.

Charli Rozzi claws her way to the apron, eyes wild, sweat dripping. McKena slides a second table into the ring as Charli pulls it into position near the ropes. Across the canvas, Savannah stirs, breathing heavy, ribs rising and falling as she slowly gets to one knee. Greco joins her, both battered and bruised, but the will to fight hasn't left either.

McKena climbs the turnbuckles. She's calling for Outcast Splash. Savannah is prone near the table, and Graves takes flight—only for Greco to springboard off the middle rope, catching McKena in mid-air with a twisting crossbody that redirects her just enough. She crashes beside the table instead of through it. A collective gasp pulses through Oracle Park.

Skylar Rayner: "That's a last-second miracle from Greco! Any closer and this one was done!"

Kace Matthews: "If timing's everything, Greco just bought his team another lease on life. That was inches from disaster."

Charli barrels toward him, but Greco grabs the ropes and sends her tumbling with a backdrop to the outside. Savannah scrambles to her feet and grabs McKena, setting her up for the Wildflower Whiplash. The ripcord knee connects—Graves drops like a stone. Savannah sees the opening, sets the table, and starts dragging McKena up.

Savannah balances McKena on the table and climbs the ropes, preparing for the Last Call—split-legged moonsault—but now Charli is the one who makes the save, sliding back in and grabbing Savannah mid-climb. She yanks her down and spikes her with a double knee arm breaker, wrenching the joint with malicious precision. Savannah howls, clutching her arm.

Greco re-enters, going after Charli, hitting a G-Blaster slingshot spear that rocks her to the mat. He turns, sees the setup, and starts dragging Charli toward the table. He lifts her for Motion Personified—that reverse STO into the wood—but McKena dives in from the ropes with a Kill The Reverie, double knees crashing into Greco's face, breaking up the attempt.

Skylar Rayner: "Another save! It's like table Russian roulette—every second, one of these teams is this close to ending it!"

Kace Matthews: "These saves aren't just last-minute—they're surgical. You miss your moment, and it's all splinters and shame."

McKena collapses in the corner, spent. Greco rolls to the apron. Savannah charges for Charli again, throwing wild forearms, but Rozzi absorbs them all. She feeds off the impact, the pain fuelling her. She catches Savannah's arm, twists under, and drives her knee into the elbow again before hoisting her up.

She lifts—Bite of the Dragon connects—and Savannah is stunned.

Charli drags her toward the upright table in the centre of the ring. She points down. There's no hesitation. No wasted movement. She hooks her and drives Savannah through the wood with the Cult Classic.

The table explodes beneath them.

The bell rings immediately.

Skylar Rayner: “It’s over! Charli Rozzi ends it with authority!”

Kace Matthews: “I don’t care how tough you are—you’re not walking through splinters after that.”

McKena rolls into the ring, barely upright, while Charli stays on one knee, breathing heavy beside the wreckage. Savannah lies motionless amidst the shards of the table, her chest rising slowly.

Then, in a rare moment of silent grace, Charli rises and extends her hand down toward her Supremacy sister. The Apex Crown Champion doesn’t say a word, doesn’t grandstand. Just a small nod, a flicker of mutual respect.

Savannah looks up, confused at first, then takes the hand.

Charli pulls her to her feet, steadying her before turning and walking away.

Skylar Rayner: “That was never about favouritism. That was about pride. About proving who belonged.”

Kace Matthews: “And whether you love Supremacy or hate ‘em, tonight? Savannah Kincaid earned her nod. And Charli Rozzi, once again, proved she’s the standard.”

As Supremacy exit together—one battered, one victorious—Greco sits on the floor outside the ring, jaw clenched, shaking his head. He came close, but not close enough.

Tonight, Charli Rozzi reminds everyone exactly why she's Apex.

**WINNER:** Supremacy

## Match Five:

### *2 Out Of 3 Falls Match*

### The Gem Collection (Jessica Carter & Candy Smith) vs Strike Force Four (Ursa Minor & Deyanira Connolly)

There’s a murmur of emotion as Anfisa Kirilenko steps out onto the stage without her mask for the first time. Her transformation from Ursa Minor to her true self still feels fresh, and in the front row, a small cluster of fans hold up hand-painted signs and faded merch. Anfisa notices them, nods once with a faint smile, then gestures with a small, almost apologetic wave. Then her expression hardens. She and Deyanira Connolly stride to the ring with measured confidence. They’ve already shocked the world twice this month. Tonight could be another step.

The bell rings and Candy Smith starts off for The Gem Collection. Deyanira Connolly meets her in the centre, stone-faced and composed, her stance low and poised. Candy bounces side to side, keeping light on her feet, trying to draw Deyanira into an early exchange. She

feints a lunge—Deyanira doesn't move. Candy tries again, this time darting in with a spinning heel kick. Deyanira absorbs it with a shift of her hips, letting the momentum glance off her.

Candy keeps up the pace, snapping off a dropkick that lands clean to the chest. Deyanira stumbles back a step, but doesn't fall. Candy follows with a springboard crossbody, and this time Deyanira is caught flush. The crowd gives a small pop as Candy rolls through and fires up, pointing to the ropes.

Skylar Rayner: "Candy's using her speed here to try and keep Deyanira off balance. If she lets this turn into a strike exchange, it's going to get ugly."

Kace Matthews: "It's like racing a shark. You might get a head start, but if it catches you…"

Candy rebounds off the ropes again and launches for a handspring back elbow—but Deyanira ducks under it and traps the arm mid-rotation. She spins and sweeps Candy's leg out from under her, bringing her to the mat in a flash. A smooth inside trip. Deyanira stays on top, controlling the wrist. Candy kicks free with both legs and scrambles back to vertical, but Deyanira is already closing in.

Candy leaps for another dropkick—Deyanira rolls through.

As Candy pops up—

Crack.

The hook kick lands with perfect placement, Deyanira's heel catching Candy just behind the jawline. Her body stiffens and collapses.

Jessica Carter shouts from the apron but she's too far to reach.

One.
Two.
Three.

Skylar Rayner: "And that's it! Strike Force Four score the first fall in devastating fashion!"

Kace Matthews: "That wasn't just a kick, Sky. That was a statement. Dee's not here to play tag—she's here to take heads."

Anfisa slides into the ring, calm and composed, as Deyanira nods once toward her partner. Jessica drops from the apron to check on Candy, who's blinking back stars, clutching the side of her face. The official signals the one-fall lead to Strike Force Four.

One fall down. The pressure builds.

Candy Smith is still shaken after the crushing hook kick that earned Strike Force Four the opening fall. She staggers in the centre of the ring as Anfisa Kirilenko moves in with

methodical patience, her eyes locked in. Candy tries to keep her distance with a flurry of jabs and a spinning heel kick, but Anfisa catches her leg mid-turn and smoothly transitions into a scissor leg takedown, dragging Candy into a heel hook attempt.

Candy screams and kicks her way to the ropes, grabbing the bottom strand just before Anfisa fully locks it in. The ref orders the break. Anfisa releases immediately, rising with a cool calm, adjusting her wrist tape as Candy tries to crawl toward Jessica.

Anfisa steps in to cut her off and drags Candy to her feet. She whips her hard into the corner, following with a palm strike to the jaw that echoes across the stadium. Candy slumps forward and Anfisa tags in Deyanira, who wastes no time firing off a trio of rapid kicks to the legs, then follows with a spinning back kick that drops Candy again.

Skylar Rayner: “They’ve found the rhythm. Deyanira and Anfisa are controlling the canvas. Every tag, every strike—it’s all measured.”

Kace Matthews: “This is where The Gem Collection need to dig deep. They’re not losing on skill—they’re getting isolated, and that’s a slow death in tag wrestling.”

Deyanira pulls Candy up for a gutwrench suplex, sending her crashing down with brutal simplicity. She floats into a lateral press.

One.
Two—
Candy kicks out.

Deyanira shifts seamlessly into a kneeling arm snap, bending Candy’s elbow over her knee with vicious intent. Candy yells, flailing until she manages to catch Deyanira in the side with a desperate elbow. Another. She breaks free, spins and connects with a dropkick to the side of the head. Deyanira drops to a knee.

The crowd urges Candy on. She crawls inch by inch. Deyanira grabs her ankle—Candy twists free and dives.

Tag.

Jessica Carter flies into the ring with a springboard dropkick that sends Deyanira rolling. Jess hits the ropes and comes back with a standing senton, then covers.

One.
Two—
Deyanira powers out.

Jessica grabs her arm and twists into a snapmare, following with a hard kick between the shoulder blades. Deyanira snarls and fires back with a punch to the gut. Jessica stumbles—but rebounds off the ropes and connects with a spinning heel kick that drops her again.

Skylar Rayner: “Jessica Carter’s not just hanging in there—she’s pushing the tempo now.”

Kace Matthews: “And smartly keeping Deyanira in. Anfisa might be the less experienced one, but Deyanira’s the problem when she’s got control.”

Jessica calls for Candy. The tag is made. Together, they whip Deyanira into the ropes and meet her with a double hip toss, then a stereo dropkick. The crowd roars as Candy runs the ropes and lands a springboard elbow. She covers.

One.
Two—
Kick out.

Jessica tags herself back in. She drags Deyanira up, but Deyanira strikes back—short elbow to the ribs, followed by a spinning back kick. Jessica stumbles and Deyanira hits a quick arm drag into a wrist lock. Jess fights up to her feet, rotates through, and nails a step-up enziguri.

Deyanira sways. Jessica grabs her from behind and tries for a backslide—Deyanira rolls through and swings wildly, but Jessica ducks, grabs the waist—

Sunset flip!

One.
Two.
Three!

Skylar Rayner: “There it is! Jessica Carter ties it up! Picture-perfect sunset flip!”

Kace Matthews: “All it takes is one miscalculation and Jess capitalised like a veteran. That wasn’t luck—that was timing and survival instincts in a bow.”

Jessica rolls to her corner, breathing heavy but triumphant. Candy drops down to slap the mat in celebration. On the opposite side, Deyanira sits up slowly, stunned, nodding slightly to herself—accepting the result, already recalculating.

It’s all level now.

One fall apiece.

The final fall begins with both teams throwing themselves into the fight with every ounce of grit left in their bodies. All four competitors know what’s at stake. After splitting the first two falls, there’s no room left for mistakes.

Candy Smith is legal, and she circles Anfisa Kirilenko, trying to outpace the Russian technician. Candy darts in with a burst of speed, ducking a palm strike and hitting the ropes. On the rebound, she launches into a running Spanish Fly that sends the entire stadium into a roar.

Skylar Rayner: “What a counter! She planted Anfisa!”

Kace Matthews: “That’s one of the cleanest Spanish Flies I’ve ever seen. That could do it!”

Candy hooks the leg.

One.
Two—
Anfisa kicks out with power, sending Candy rolling off.

There’s no time to recover. Candy tries to rally for another strike, but Anfisa traps her in a standing wristlock. Candy breaks with a backflip, somersaults into her corner, and tags Jessica Carter back in. Across the ring, Anfisa does the same, tagging in Deyanira Connolly.

Jessica and Deyanira step into the centre of the ring with a familiarity earned over the last two falls. They circle. Jessica fires off a low dropkick aimed at the knee, but Deyanira sidesteps and goes for a high kick—Jessica ducks and grabs a waistlock, tries to lift her, but Deyanira throws a sharp back elbow to the jaw. Jessica stumbles.

Deyanira hits the ropes. Jessica snaps around and meets her with a jumping DDT! Both women are down.

Skylar Rayner: “That one came from instinct! Jess saw the opening and pounced.”

Jessica doesn’t go for the pin. She grabs Deyanira’s legs and drops into a knee bar, wrenching back with purpose. The crowd leans in, watching Deyanira struggle, her teeth clenched as the pressure mounts.

Kace Matthews: “Smart call. Those kicks have been deadly all night. Take out the base, take away the weapon.”

Deyanira claws at the canvas, her fingers digging in as she inches toward the corner. Jessica shakes her head, twisting harder. But Connolly grits through it, dragging herself closer. Jessica tries to pull her back, but she can’t stop the inevitable.

Tag.

Anfisa steps through the ropes with an eerie stillness. She looks down at Jessica with unreadable eyes, takes one step forward—and pauses. There’s no rush. No wasted motion.

Jessica lunges at her, trying to force the pace, but Anfisa sidesteps and redirects her with a wristlock takedown. Jessica pops up, only for Anfisa to catch her with a palm strike to the sternum, then a low side kick to the thigh that buckles her leg.

Skylar Rayner: “She’s like a ghost. You try to hit her, and she’s already halfway to making you pay for the attempt.”

Jessica throws a desperate spinning heel kick—Anfisa ducks it and hits the Russian Hook Sweep, sending Jessica crashing to the mat. Jessica scrambles to her feet, only to be met with a pair of stiff palm strikes to the face and a spinning backfist that lands flush on the temple.

Jessica staggers. Anfisa spins again—Final Protocol.

The spinning backfist sets it up. The jumping knee lands flush to the jaw. Jessica crumples.

Anfisa drops down and hooks the leg.

One.
Two.
Three.

Kace Matthews: “Cold. Precise. Clinical. That’s the Final Protocol.”

Skylar Rayner: “And that’s the win. Strike Force Four keeps the momentum going.”

The bell rings. Deyanira slides into the ring, bumping shoulders with Anfisa as they regroup. On the opposite end, Candy kneels beside Jessica, checking on her. Jessica nods, still dazed, but conscious.

Anfisa doesn’t celebrate loudly. She simply raises a hand to the crowd, and a few of those old Ursa Minor shirts go up in silent approval. She gives a single nod in their direction—a quiet thank you for sticking with her.

Strike Force Four exits together. Composed. Victorious.

**WINNER:** Strike Force Four

## Match Six:

***Strap Match (Pro strapped to pro, student to student. Win by pinfall)***

## The Foundation (BROOKFORD & Razor Wolf II) vs Long Kiss Goodnight (Chris Night & Leigh Valentine)

The ring is set. The straps lie coiled in the referee’s hands, waiting to tether four wrestlers together for a brutal contest. On one side, the stoic power of The Foundation—BROOKFORD and Razor Wolf II. On the other, the hybrid of experience and youth in Long Kiss Goodnight—Chris Night and Leigh Valentine. The crowd buzzes with anticipation as the referee calls for the teams to step forward.

But it never begins.

From every side of Oracle Park, bodies rush the ring. Division is here.

The Savell Sisters, Sam and Sadie, slide in first, immediately drawing gasps from the crowd. Behind them, Addi Savell storms toward the timekeeper's area while Freya and Lukas York flank the ring like wolves. It happens fast—surgical and merciless. Razor Wolf turns just in time to see Freya leap at him, the strap in her hands quickly wrapping around his neck and arm, yanking him back and taking him to the mat.

Skylar Rayner: "What the hell is going on?! This match hasn't even started yet!"

Kace Matthews: "This is Division. This is how they work. They swarm and suffocate before you even know they're in the building."

BROOKFORD fights to his feet, but Lukas York is on him with the other strap. He snaps it tight around BROOKFORD's torso, pinning one arm to his side and wrenching the big man against the ropes. BROOKFORD roars, straining against the binds, but he's stuck. Razor is kicking, trying to free himself, but Freya digs a knee into his back, keeping him down.

Chris Night stands his ground, already moving to shield Leigh—until he realises she's not the target.

They are.

Addi, Sam, and Sadie converge on him, fists and knees flying. Chris tries to fend them off, his instincts sharp, his body still dangerous. But the numbers overwhelm him. Knees to the ribs, a shot to the back of the head—Chris slumps to his knees, dazed.

Leigh Valentine hasn't moved. Not toward Division. Not toward Chris.

She watches.

Chris is on all fours now, barely conscious, his eyes searching. He looks up at Leigh.

"Leigh," he murmurs, the camera catching the movement of his lips. "What are you doing?"

And then—

CJ Night vaults the barricade.

The younger Night shoves past security, dives into the ring. His eyes lock on Leigh's. Desperation, confusion, heartbreak. He reaches out to her, voice cracking under the weight of emotion.

"Leigh—hey, it's me. Look at me, please. You don't have to do this."

The chaos quiets for just a moment. Division steps back, watching like hawks circling prey. Leigh stares at CJ, eyes wet, lips trembling. Her hand lifts, for a second, almost reaching for his.

The crowd holds its breath.

Skylar Rayner: “Come on… come on, Leigh. Don’t do this.”

Kace Matthews: “She’s listening to him. She’s going to stand down.”

CJ smiles—hope blooming in his chest. He turns to kneel beside Chris, gently pulling his father’s arm around his shoulder, trying to help him up.

And that’s when she strikes.

A brutal forearm to the back of CJ’s neck sends him crashing forward. The stadium erupts in shock. Leigh follows it with a savage kick to his ribs, then stomps him flat with zero hesitation.

Skylar Rayner: “Oh my god… She… She just took him out.”

Kace Matthews: “She was never torn, Sky. She was playing us all. She’s Division now.”

Chris crawls, barely managing to lift his head—just in time to see his son laid out and Leigh standing over him, completely unmoved. She turns away. Division opens ranks. Freya yanks Razor one last time into the ropes. Lukas releases BROOKFORD with a final shove that sends him collapsing to the floor.

And Leigh walks between them, without a glance back, joining Division as they retreat from the scene of their ambush.

The camera lingers on the wreckage left behind—Razor Wolf tangled in straps, BROOKFORD gasping for breath, Chris Night clutching his ribs, and CJ unmoving, betrayed and broken.

Skylar Rayner: “That wasn’t just a match interruption. That was a declaration.”

Kace Matthews: “Chris Night married Leigh’s mum. CJ was her boyfriend. BROOKFORD and Razor were ready to fight with honour. None of it mattered. Division’s got their claws in deep… and they just tore this family apart.”

**WINNER:** //

## Match Seven:

### *No Ropes Tornado Tag Team Match*

### Team Tubbs (Jenson Idol & Marshall RozzI) vs The Callaghans (Ryan Callaghan & Ruby Callaghan)

There are no ropes. Just the void of the ring’s edges staring into hard concrete below, the canvas now a battleground with no barriers and no boundaries. The Callaghans look at one

another in unison, nodding with mutual understanding. This isn't about winning the tournament anymore—it's about walking out with pride.

Jenson Idol, bouncing on the balls of his feet, throws a wink toward Perry the Parrot perched nearby. Marshall Rozzi stays statuesque, observing the chaos yet to unfold. The bell rings—and it doesn't take long before all four competitors tear into one another with wild ferocity.

Ruby Callaghan aims low with a dragon screw to Jenson's planted leg, whipping him down with precision. Ryan wastes no time, slamming a stiff uppercut into Marshall's jaw. The ring is a storm of motion, fists, boots, and bodies all tangled. Without ropes, there's no reprieve—no ropes to grab, no corners to retreat to. Just survival.

Marshall re-centres fast, snatching Ryan into a tight clinch and driving a knee up into his ribs, following it with a snap powerslam that sends a shudder through the mat. Ruby attempts a diving uppercut off the apron toward Jenson, but he ducks beneath, scoops her up and plants her with a back body drop onto the ring's edge—spine clapping hard against the frame.

Skylar Rayner: "Ouch! That's the thing about no ropes, Kace—suddenly the ring isn't your ally. It's your enemy."

Kace Matthews: "That wasn't a ring apron. That was a guillotine dressed in canvas."

Ryan storms toward Jenson but gets intercepted by Marshall, who slaps on a half-nelson clutch, yanking the older Callaghan down and raking a forearm across his face. Jenson joins in, leaping into a double foot stomp that lands flush on Ryan's back, forcing a howl out of him. The Team Tubbs chemistry is immediate and unrelenting.

Ruby rolls back in, catching Jenson with a bridging fisherman suplex out of nowhere—Jenson's shoulders bounce on the mat, and there's no count, but the message is clear: don't sleep on her. Ruby kips up, turns—just in time to eat a roaring lariat from Marshall that folds her inside out.

Ryan regains vertical base and hurls himself at Marshall with a spinning back fist, then a snap double arm DDT that stuns Rozzi long enough to allow Ruby to pull herself up. She latches onto Marshall's arm and torques it into an armbar from standing position, wrenching back violently while Ryan aims low with a heart punch to Rozzi's ribs.

Skylar Rayner: "See that synchronisation? That's the Callaghans in sync. No ropes? No problem—they're still running this like a well-oiled machine."

Kace Matthews: "That was the rib cage equivalent of a car crash."

Jenson dives from the apron, catching Ryan with a tornado DDT that plants him square. He scampers up and flies again—no top rope needed—launching off the turnbuckle post into a missile-like elbow that knocks Ruby clear from Rozzi's trapped arm. He lands, clutches his shoulder, but grins wide.

The match spills outward as Marshall tosses Ryan through the ropes—or where ropes would've been—and follows him with a shoulder block that sends both men crashing into the barricade. Ruby and Jenson remain in-ring, circling with wary tension. Ruby feints low, then fires off a snap dragon suplex that rattles Jenson's spine. She bridges into a pin instinctively, then slaps the mat when she remembers—no ref's counting unless it's the finish.

Ryan re-enters the fray with fire, dragging Rozzi into a double underhook powerbomb that thunders through the canvas. Marshall writhes in pain but claws up with grit in his eyes. Ruby leaps off the apron, catching Jenson outside with a rolling senton that flattens him on the floor.

Skylar Rayner: "This is what I mean! They know there's no ropes to hold them back—so they're not holding anything back either."

Kace Matthews: "Every throw, every bump, every leap—there's no margin for error, and that's exactly why I love it."

Jenson finds his way back to his feet, bleeding from the lip but smiling like a lunatic. He sprints around the corner of the ring and launches into a suicide dive—through the void where ropes should be—right into Ryan Callaghan. Both men topple into the timekeeper's area. Ruby grabs at Jenson's arm to yank him off her brother but finds herself intercepted by Marshall, who latches on with a swinging neckbreaker, slowing the pace just like he wants.

He plants Ruby in the centre of the ring and stomps repeatedly on her limbs—grounded brutality, cold and methodical. The stomps are calculated. There's nothing wild in Rozzi's body language—just focused dissection. He grabs her wrist and floats into a Fujiwara armbar.

Ryan dives back in and boots Marshall square in the ribs, breaking the hold. Jenson follows with a crescent kick that knocks Ryan into Ruby. It's an instant mess again—momentum ricocheting between all four like a pinball.

The match builds toward a crescendo as the four begin to slowly rise once more, bruised, battered, sweat-drenched. All eyes flick between the others, breath short, bodies aching, but there's no thought of slowing. Just strategy. Just war.

Skylar Rayner: "It's a full-on chess match now—every move, every decision could decide who walks out with their heads held high."

Kace Matthews: "This isn't wrestling anymore. This is war without ropes. Without rules. Just grit."

The atmosphere inside Oracle Park is electric as all four competitors stand, forming a jagged square across the ring. Each one bloodied, battered, and breathing hard. The absence of ropes is no longer novel—it's lethal. Every strike lands harder, every fall stings deeper. There's no safety net now. Only survival.

Marshall Rozzi throws the first shot, a heavy forearm into Ruby's jaw that staggers her to the edge of the ring. She fires back with a knee to the gut, spinning into a Celtic Bind attempt. Rozzi blocks the suplex portion, instead muscling her upward with a belly-to-belly that slams her into the apron back-first. Ruby arches in pain, her shoulder blades cracking against the wooden frame beneath the canvas.

Jenson Idol and Ryan Callaghan are trading bombs in the centre. Jenson ducks under a clothesline and snaps back with a pele kick that rocks Ryan, sending him stumbling. Idol doesn't stop—he charges toward the corner, jumps off the middle turnbuckle post and lands a tornado DDT that spikes Ryan into the mat. Jenson covers. The referee slides in—one… two… kickout!

Skylar Rayner: "That was so close! Jenson's eyes were already lit up!"

Kace Matthews: "That's why they say he's the sneakiest man in the game. But Ryan Callaghan's not done."

Outside, Ruby drives a forearm into Marshall's face and throws him shoulder-first into the ring frame. She follows up by grabbing his head and slamming it three times against the edge. But Rozzi catches the fourth, twisting her wrist, dropping low, and yanking her face-first onto the apron with a sickening thud. Ruby rolls to the floor, dazed.

Back inside, Jenson goes for the FC Cutter—but Ryan pushes him off, letting Idol crash and burn onto the unforgiving mat. The older Callaghan stalks, teeth bared, and drills Jenson with a pop-up European uppercut that sends him flying into the air before crashing onto the mat in a heap. Ryan lifts him up immediately—double underhook powerbomb! Jenson bounces on impact, his back arching.

Skylar Rayner: "Every time you think Jenson's got the edge, Ryan just throws him around like a chew toy."

Kace Matthews: "That ring apron's got more bodies on it than a crime scene in Southie."

Rozzi and Ruby rise again, circling each other just outside the ring. Marshall swings wide with a lariat, but Ruby ducks and dropkicks his knee out from under him. She grabs a handful of his hair and launches him skull-first into the post. Marshall stumbles, glassy-eyed, but grabs Ruby and slams her down with a uranage against the ring apron—spine to steel again.

In the ring, Jenson pulls himself up on the post, barely able to stand. Ryan charges. Jenson sidesteps at the last second, sending Ryan shoulder-first into the turnbuckle post. Jenson grabs Ryan's wrist and pulls him in—Break Bread! Sliced Bread #2 connects! Jenson hooks the leg! One… two… NO!

Ryan powers out, barely lifting his shoulder off the mat.

Skylar Rayner: "How?! That would've finished anyone else. That's just pride keeping Ryan going!"

Kace Matthews: “Or maybe it’s just spite. He did just get eliminated from the tournament hours ago.”

Jenson can barely believe it. He points to Perry the Parrot, who flutters up onto the apron with shrill squawks. But Ryan grabs Jenson’s leg and yanks him into a hard elbow, then a gutwrench lift. He doesn’t just drop him—he LAUNCHES him spine-first into the apron.

Jenson screams.

Ryan isn’t done. He pulls Jenson back into the ring, cradles him with cold eyes, and lets out a single breath before popping him into the air—

BOSTON BOMBER. The pop-up powerbomb drills Jenson flat. The crowd gasps. Ryan drops into the cover, deep hook.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

It’s over.

Skylar Rayner: “That’s it! Callaghan puts Idol away with the Boston Bomber!”

Kace Matthews: “I felt that through the commentary desk.”

Outside, Marshall stumbles forward, reaching to drag Ryan off—but Ruby throws herself into him, clutching his leg and holding on until the bell sounds. The referee quickly separates the two.

Ryan stands slowly, breathing heavily, sweat dripping from his jaw as he looks down at Jenson’s crumpled body. Ruby joins her brother, nursing her ribs, but nodding with pride. The Callaghans didn’t win the tournament—but they walked out of this brutal no-rope war with a victory that mattered.

Jenson doesn’t move for several moments. Marshall finally pulls him up, and Perry flaps nervously around their heads.

This wasn’t about points. This was about legacy.

And tonight, Boston stood tall.

**WINNER:** The Callaghans

---

Backstage, in the hallway where there's lower human traffic, the camera catches Bea Torres and FERAL in the middle of a heated argument in a mix of English and Spanish. The sharp voice of the MWE commentator cuts through the stillness, loud and angry.

**Bea Torres:**: "You had no damn right showing your face here. None. Not after what happened."

**FERAL:** "I just came here to wrestle, Bea. Same as you raised your boy to do. And I'm here with my family."

**Bea Torres:** "Your family? Are you going to run away again if and when you hurt them? Or leave them to die?"

It's not clear what his expression is behind the mask but he visibly tenses up as he squares his shoulders and grits his teeth.

**FERAL:** "You think I haven't lived with that every goddamn day? And now I have to face Noah tonight, knowing that. And I know you never told him because we met earlier when I came in and he just said hi, nothing else. He has no idea, does he?"

Bea takes a step closer, fuming even more.

**Bea Torres:** "You will NOT go anywhere near him again before and after the match. I mean it, Zeke! You never even bothered to come to his funeral so just continue to stay away from Noah. From us!"

At the sound of his real name along with the accusation, FERAL shouts back this time.

**FERAL:** "Because I couldn't! You think I could look a kid in the eye knowing I let his father die?!"

**??:** "…Let him what?"

Both freeze. The sound comes from just around the corner.

Noah.

He stands stiffly at the mouth of the hallway, holding a bottle of energy drink, his brows furrowed in disbelief. His breath catches halfway in his throat as his eyes dart between his mother and FERAL. He had only heard the last few lines but it was enough.

**Noah Torres:** "You were there when he died?"

Bea immediately turns to her son, panic on her face.

**Bea Torres:** "Mijo, I didn't mean for you to hear that. I—I was going to tell you, I just—"

**Noah Torres**: “When? When were you gonna tell me, Ma? After the match? After Convergence? Or never, like always?”

Bea reaches out instinctively, her hand brushing his shoulder, but he recoils. FERAL just stands there in grim silence. Noah starts walking backwards to leave, his voice now cracking as he speaks.

**Noah Torres:** “You knew… This whole time, you knew he could’ve been saved. And you just had this whole history you kept buried like it was nothing… I met you just now, we talked, and you said nothing…”

FERAL tries to respond, his voice low and guilty.

**FERAL:** “Noah, I—”

**Noah Torres:** “Don’t talk to me.”

Noah cuts him off immediately. The silence that follows is tense, suffocating. Noah shakes his head, swallows hard, and storms off down the corridor, footsteps echoing behind him.

**Bea Torres:** “Noah! Noah, wait!”

She rushes after him before disappearing around the corner. FERAL is left standing alone, shoulders slumped and eyes fixed on the space where they’d just been. He doesn’t move. Doesn’t speak. Just stares after them with a hollow expression, the weight of the past pressing down harder than ever.

---

## Match Eight:

***No Count Outs***

## Demonio Clan (Juliana Rodriguez & Feral) vs 5 Foot Death Squad (Tiff Reed & Noah Torres)

The moment the bell rings, Noah Torres bolts across the ring like a missile, crashing into Feral with a wild takedown. There's no collar-and-elbow, no feeling-out process—just raw, explosive rage. Feral stumbles back but catches himself, momentarily stunned by the sheer ferocity. Noah doesn’t let up, mounting him and hammering down with forearm after forearm, the mask beneath him seemingly fuelling every strike.

Skylar Rayner: “Noah’s snapped! There’s no holding back, and honestly, I can’t blame him after what we saw backstage earlier tonight.”

Kace Matthews: “You don’t see many therapy sessions kick off with a double-leg takedown, but here we are.”

Tiff Reed looks startled at first, watching from the corner as her partner unleashes months—maybe years—of bottled-up anger. Feral doesn’t fight back at first. He absorbs the blows, his arms barely rising to shield his head. But then instinct kicks in. He bucks Noah off and rises quickly, the old brawler still alive under that heavy guilt.

Feral catches Noah mid-charge with a snap powerslam onto the canvas. No ropes mean there’s nowhere for Noah to bounce from or retreat to—it’s all impact, and it thuds hard. Feral stays on one knee after the slam, breathing heavy. His masked face turns toward the younger Torres, a storm behind the eyes that no one else can see. He hesitates before going back in.

That hesitation gives Noah the window. A blistering kick to the back of Feral’s knee sends him reeling, and the young high-flier follows with a low dropkick that plants Feral chest-first to the mat. Noah rolls to his feet, springboards off the middle of the apron, and nails a moonsault right across Feral’s back.

Kace Matthews: “If guilt had a body count, Feral would be six feet deep by now. Noah’s landing every move with intent.”

Jewels tags herself in with a slap to Feral’s back, hopping the apron and flinging herself into action. Tiff, seeing Noah crash and burn emotionally, steps up now, throwing herself between him and the Luchadora.

Juliana flies with a springboard clothesline that Tiff ducks. Tiff fires back with a stiff leg kick to the thigh, then another, chopping Juliana’s base down. She shoots in for a quick single-leg and hits a twisting takedown, landing in mount. A few grounded punches catch Jewels off guard before she slithers free with a slick escape, kipping up and blasting Tiff with a spinning heel kick.

Tiff stumbles but counters the follow-up with a surprise swinging DDT. Jewels’ head bounces off the mat and the crowd gasps. Tiff scrambles for a cover, but it’s broken by Feral with a firm stomp to the back.

Skylar Rayner: “That stomp didn’t feel like mercy, Kace.”

Kace Matthews: “Old habits die hard. Even if you're trying to be gentle, a stomp is still a stomp.”

Noah rushes the ring again, dragging Feral outside with a double-leg to the floor. The two spill out and Noah instantly slams Feral back-first into the barricade. The thud is sickening, the kind that silences an arena for a second. He grabs Feral by the mask and shouts something no mic can catch before tossing him sideways, shoulder-first into the apron.

Tiff and Juliana are back to their feet, exchanging hard strikes mid-ring. Jewels catches a leg and snaps a dragon screw that spins Tiff to the mat. She hits the ropes for momentum—well,

she would have, but there aren't any. Instead, she bounds off the turnbuckle with a springboard meteora, knees crashing into Tiff's chest.

On the outside, Feral tries to regroup, leaning against the commentary table. But Noah isn't finished. He leaps from the apron with a wild diving forearm that sends both men sprawling into the announce team.

Skylar Rayner: "Oh my God! They just hit the desk!"

Kace Matthews: "I swear, if one more emotionally scarred teenager tries to kill someone at my workspace tonight, I'm filing a complaint."

Juliana rolls out and helps Feral up, but she's clearly annoyed. She mutters something to him—her tone sharp—before dragging Tiff out next and trying to get her back in the ring. But the brawl never stops. Tiff explodes with a surprise Peacemaker knee right to Jewels' jaw. Both women collapse, rolling opposite directions.

Noah finds a steel chair tucked beside the timekeeper and lifts it with both hands, glaring at Feral like he's about to execute a war criminal. Feral is on his knees now, arms down. He doesn't move. Doesn't flinch. Almost like he's inviting it.

But Tiff sees him.

She dives out of the ring and grabs Noah's arm just before he swings. The chair hovers mid-air. Tiff's voice isn't loud, but it's stern. She whispers to him, eyes wide, reminding him this isn't a hardcore match.

Skylar Rayner: "That could've ended everything—not just the match."

Kace Matthews: "Yeah, well… turns out unresolved trauma isn't covered under the rules of engagement."

That second of delay is all Jewels needs. She sprints across the apron, launches herself off the top turnbuckle with stunning elevation, and lands a textbook tope con hilo, wiping out both opponents in one elegant explosion.

The crowd roars as all three bodies hit the floor.

The aftermath of Juliana's breathtaking tope con hilo leaves the ringside in disarray. Tiff, groaning from the impact, is the first to stir. She pulls herself up with the barricade while Juliana pushes off the floor with a snarl, brushing hair and glitter from her eyes. Noah is slower to rise, glaring across at Feral, who sits against the apron, still dazed. The chair lays forgotten behind them—but Noah's rage is not.

Back inside, Tiff throws Juliana under the bottom rope and climbs in after her. She wastes no time, catching Jewels mid-rise with a sharp kick to the ribs. Another one follows, and then a third for good measure, driving Juliana into the corner. Tiff steps back and charges—leaping with picture-perfect form and cracking Juliana across the jaw with the Peacemaker.

Skylar Rayner: “That knee could’ve knocked her all the way back to Valiant!”

Kace Matthews: “Only thing heavier than that knee is the chip Juliana’s carrying on her shoulder since losing the title.”

Tiff drops for the cover, pressing her weight down on Juliana’s shoulders. The referee slides in. One… two… but Juliana kicks out with venom. Tiff slaps the mat and sits back, visibly frustrated but determined.

Outside, Noah crawls toward Feral. Not with purpose—with obsession. He doesn’t strike this time. He grabs Feral by the head and begins clawing at the edges of the mask. It’s awkward, erratic. Feral grips Noah’s wrists, trying to shove him off gently, but the younger Torres won’t relent. He yells something unintelligible and finally manages to peel the edge of the mask up past the nose.

That’s when Feral snaps.

He surges forward and shoves Noah back with both hands, hard enough to send him tumbling over onto the floor. The guilt is gone. The past doesn’t matter. This is survival now. Feral launches into him with punches, not wild but calculated, brutal body shots that land with surgical precision. The audience gasps as Noah gets overwhelmed for the first time tonight.

Skylar Rayner: “Feral’s finally firing back! That switch just flipped.”

Kace Matthews: “And I think Noah found the button when he tried to unmask a demon.”

Feral hauls Noah up and rams him spine-first into the apron. He doesn’t let go. A snap brainbuster plants Noah on the floor. It’s stiff, ugly, and utterly effective. Noah groans, holding the back of his head, but Feral doesn’t follow up. He just stands there—heaving, torn—watching the kid writhe at his feet.

Back in the ring, Tiff tries to capitalise. She grabs Juliana from behind, setting up for a German suplex. But Jewels fights it, elbowing free. Tiff spins her around—only to eat a standing enziguri. The sound echoes like a gunshot. Tiff drops to her knees, dazed.

Juliana backs into the corner, measuring her opponent. She takes off with a running start, leaps into a front flip mid-air and plants Tiff with the Dripping in Jewels.

Skylar Rayner: “That’s it! Right on the money!”

Kace Matthews: “Death Kick, meet Jewel Drop. Advantage: sparkle demon.”

Juliana hooks both legs, snarling down at Tiff with all the venom she’s bottled since Valiant. The referee counts—one, two, three.

The bell rings.

Juliana throws her arms up immediately, rolling off Tiff with a triumphant scream. Feral slides back into the ring slowly, wiping blood from his lip, mask slightly askew but intact. He doesn't celebrate—just sits in the corner, breathing hard, watching Noah still down on the floor outside.

Skylar Rayner: "Demonio Clan are going to the semis, but that was so much more than a match, Kace."

Kace Matthews: "Yeah. Tiff tried to hold the line, Noah went nuclear, Feral had to face the kid… and Juliana got what she wanted. A win. No matter the cost."

Juliana rolls out of the ring and raises her arms, strutting up the ramp with the fire of a woman who's back in control. In the ring, Feral finally lowers his head, the moment catching up to him. Down on the outside, Noah stares up with hollow eyes, fists clenched.

**WINNER:** Demonio Clan

## Match Nine:

***Steel Cage Match***

## The Bright Side (Nadia Allen & Pia Fuentes) vs Your Team Names Are Shit...(Andreas Lasiewicz & Jacqui Fowler)

The cage shakes before the bell even rings. Lasiewicz stands still, eyes fixed like crosshairs on the two women across from him. Jacqui bounces in place, teeth gritted, hands clenched into fists. The Bright Side huddle momentarily in their corner—Nadia and Pia exchanging a wordless glance. They know who the threat is. And they're going to hit it first.

The second the bell sounds, Nadia charges like a battering ram into Jacqui, flooring her with a brutal big boot that echoes off the steel. Pia follows close behind, springing off the ropes for a dropkick that sends Andreas staggering a step back. But that's all they get.

Skylar Rayner: "They're smart to go for Lasiewicz early, but they've got no idea what kind of monster they just poked."

Kace Matthews: "You poke The Polish Spirit, you get annihilated. That's the rule."

Andreas absorbs their blows like a slab of concrete, then blasts them both with a double clothesline that spins Pia inside out and nearly decapitates Nadia. As Pia stumbles to her feet, Andreas barrels into her with a running facewash, his boot grinding across her jaw and pinning her against the mesh.

On the other side, Jacqui drags herself up using the ropes. She's shaking off the boot she took to the jaw, wiping blood from her lip with a twisted grin. And when Nadia turns around—Jacqui's on her like a woman possessed. Punches fly in rapid-fire succession,

boxing combinations that target the jaw, temple, and ribs, Jacqui unleashing weeks of frustration.

Kace Matthews: “She’s not here to finesse her way to a duck, Sky. She’s gonna bludgeon her way there.”

Skylar Rayner: “You say that like she’s not enjoying every second of it.”

Nadia grabs the top of Jacqui’s head and headbutts her square on the bridge of the nose, stunning her long enough to catch a swinging neckbreaker. Pia tries to capitalise, flying off the ropes with a moonsault senton to Jacqui’s midsection. But Andreas reappears—ripping Pia clean off the canvas by her hair and hurling her full-force into the side of the cage.

The steel rattles violently as Pia crumples down. Andreas steps over her like she’s nothing more than a stray bag of trash.

Skylar Rayner: “That man’s not wrestling. He’s exorcising something.”

Kace Matthews: “And right now, it’s the Bright Side that’s getting damned.”

Jacqui pulls herself up in the corner just in time to catch Nadia charging in for a running elbow. She ducks under it, slips behind, and yanks Nadia down with a judo-style trip. Nadia’s head whiplashes off the bottom turnbuckle. Jacqui follows up with a standing double foot stomp right across the chest, pinning her in place for a two-count before Nadia kicks out.

Andreas stalks Pia again, hauling her upright and blasting her with a Polish Hammer that echoes through the cage. He doesn’t even look at the crowd as he drags her up again and whips her across the ring—straight into Jacqui, who launches into Pia with a running European uppercut that drops the younger Fuentes like a bag of bricks.

Skylar Rayner: “There’s zero room to breathe. This is pressure cooker wrestling.”

Kace Matthews: “No tags. No reprieve. Just violence.”

Nadia fights her way up to her feet and lunges at Jacqui with a knee lift to the gut, then a rising back elbow that catches her in the jaw. Nadia follows with a scoop brainbuster that plants Jacqui in the centre of the ring. Pia, dazed but still in this, uses the ropes to launch herself for a springboard meteora that crashes down on Jacqui’s chest. Andreas steps forward—and catches a simultaneous enziguri from Pia and a rolling elbow from Nadia. It rocks him. Not enough to drop him. But it buys a second.

Pia wraps her arms around Lasiewicz’s waist, trying to lift him—trying for a suplex, anything. He just smirks. With almost no effort, he reverses her grip and hurls her backwards with a Lunatic High that leaves her flat on her back, staring at the lights.

Jacqui crawls back to her feet and sees Nadia waiting. The two collide centre-ring—strikes traded like debts owed. Jacqui lands a right hook. Nadia answers with a knife-edge chop.

Jacqui responds with a forearm. Nadia fires back with a rolling elbow. Neither gives. Neither backs down.

Skylar Rayner: “You can’t teach this kind of grit. They’re both trying to prove a point.”

Kace Matthews: “Well, Nadia’s about to get punctuation marked with a Glock 17!”

Jacqui cuts under Nadia’s next shot and drives her face-first into the mat with the Single Leg Facebuster. She covers—

One.

Two.

Nadia kicks out with a scream.

The match devolves again. Andreas is methodical brutality, targeting Pia’s legs with stomps and a rope-hung figure four armlock that nearly dislocates her shoulder. Jacqui keeps hounding Nadia, dragging her into the corner and slamming her face against the middle turnbuckle repeatedly before biting her ear and laughing through it.

Skylar Rayner: “There’s something deeply wrong with Jacqui Fowler, and I mean that lovingly.”

Kace Matthews: “Wrong? No. Focused. She wants the duck. She needs the duck. She will maim for the duck.”

Pia’s back in, limping, holding her shoulder. But when Jacqui turns—Pia leaps into the Octopus Stretch, twisting and torquing with all her might. Jacqui screams in frustration, flailing. Andreas comes to break it—but Nadia throws herself into his path with a penalty kick that catches the Polish Spirit clean across the face.

Pia nearly has Jacqui locked in—but Lasiewicz recovers fast, grabs Pia by the waist, and German suplexes her out of the hold with terrifying force.

Bodies are everywhere. The cage reeks of sweat, steel, and violence.

Pia stirs from the mat, clutching her shoulder, her face a twisted mask of pain and defiance. She’s taken a hellacious beating, but there’s no quit in her. Not tonight. Not in front of this crowd. Not with Nadia still fighting and hope still alive.

Jacqui stalks her like a predator smelling blood, but Pia fires up, catching her off guard with a spinning back kick to the ribs. Jacqui reels, and Pia follows with an enziguri that snaps the Aussie’s head sideways. She doesn’t stop there—springboarding off the middle rope for a hurricanrana driver that spikes Jacqui on the top of her head.

Skylar Rayner: “Where is she finding this energy? Pia is running on sheer heart right now!”

Kace Matthews: “Someone get that girl a cape, she’s doing superhero numbers in there.”

But as Pia tries to push to her feet, Andreas intercepts. The Polish Spirit grabs her by the hair and slings her across the ring like a ragdoll. He moves in—but Pia kicks up from the mat with both legs, catching him flush in the jaw. Andreas stumbles. Pia scrambles to her feet and hits a leaping roundhouse that turns his head. Still he stays up. Pia takes a breath, charges, and nails a second kick—this one to the side of the head.

Andreas drops to one knee.

Skylar Rayner: “She got him down! Pia Fuentes just knocked Andreas Lasiewicz down!”

Kace Matthews: “Cover him! Before he regenerates or morphs into a final boss!”

She dives into the cover, hooking both legs.

ONE.

Lasiewicz kicks out at one.

Skylar Rayner: “Oh come on!”

Kace Matthews: “He kicked out like she just rolled him up in training. That’s disturbing.”

The expression on Pia’s face is disbelief—pain, fatigue, and frustration bleeding together. Andreas sits up slowly, his lip bleeding, his eyes calm. Too calm.

Nadia re-engages Jacqui, throwing vicious elbows that drive the Aussie veteran back. She spins around and plants Fowler with a discus elbow, follows with a scoop brainbuster, and then wraps her up in the Crossface Chickenwing—Oroboros locked in.

Jacqui screams, thrashing.

Skylar Rayner: “She’s got her! Nadia’s got Jacqui dead centre of the ring!”

Kace Matthews: “This duck is about to waddle away...”

But just as Jacqui starts to fade, Andreas barrels in, crushing Nadia with a diving Polish Hammer to the spine. The hold breaks. Nadia rolls away clutching her back. Pia dives back in, this time leaping onto Andreas’ back, locking in an Octopus Stretch as best as she can despite the size difference. It buys time—Nadia crawls to her knees, gasping—but Andreas rips Pia off with brute strength and flings her into the steel cage wall like a weapon.

Skylar Rayner: “That man is indestructible. Pia just bounced like a pinball.”

Kace Matthews: “The cage might need medical attention after this.”

Jacqui claws to her feet, face bruised, spitting blood, and charges Nadia. But the Bright Side's bruiser catches her coming in and turns it into a Northern Lights suplex that folds Fowler in half.

One.

Two.

Kickout.

Nadia drags Jacqui up again, eyes darting to where Pia still stirs, trying to rise. She looks back—Andreas is looming. She swings for him, trying to meet the moment head-on, landing a forearm. Then another. A rolling elbow snaps his jaw, and the crowd roars. She bounces off the ropes for a running lariat—

And he catches her.

A roar erupts as Lasiewicz hoists her up across his shoulders, twisting into position. The air seems to suck out of the arena as he drives her down with The Unforgettable Fire—Argentine backbreaker into the falling reverse DDT, hitting with such brutal grace that even Jacqui freezes watching it land.

Skylar Rayner: "No no no! That's it!"

Kace Matthews: "He just ended her night—and maybe the Bright Side's whole tournament!"

Andreas covers, pressing down hard.

One.

Two.

Three.

The bell rings. The cage door opens. Jacqui stares at the referee—waiting. Hoping. The official reaches into their shirt and pulls it out… a duck plushie. Jacqui snatches it mid-air and raises it above her head like it's a championship belt.

Skylar Rayner: "There it is! The duck is real! She did it!"

Kace Matthews: "This is why we fight, Sky. Not for trophies. Not for glory. For ducks."

Andreas stands beside her, not celebrating—just watching Pia help Nadia sit up, both women groaning in pain. Lasiewicz gives them one last look before exiting the cage. Jacqui follows, duck in hand, a wicked smile on her face. Their job is done.

And now… all eyes turn to the Blyssful Family.

**WINNER:** Your Team Names Are Shit And Nobody Will Remember You When You're Gone

## Match Ten:

### Backstage Brawl

## Violent Criminals (Rhys Morrow & Cas Morrow) vs Air Force Southie (Sean Callaghan & Kenny Dougie)

The camera cuts backstage where the tension is already thick in the air, and so is the bloodlust. A steel equipment crate goes skidding across the corridor, crashing into a stack of chairs as Rhys Morrow storms into frame with murder in his eyes. Sean Callaghan barrels into him and they collide with a sickening thud, fists already flying, no bell needed.

Skylar Rayner: "We're not wasting time with entrances here, are we?"

Kace Matthews: "The only thing these four are entering is a world of pain. And possibly a lawsuit."

The camera whips around just in time to catch Harper Morrow dropkicking Kenny Dougie into a wall plastered with promotional posters. She grabs a metal dustbin lid and slams it against his back, sending Kenny sprawling over a production table.

Rhys drills Sean with a headbutt that leaves the Southie brawler staggering. He grabs him by the collar and throws him shoulder-first into a doorway, the Irishman bouncing off it and landing in a heap. Rhys stalks after him, fury etched into every movement.

Skylar Rayner: "Let's not forget, Kace—this isn't just any match for the Violent Criminals. They're battered from the war with Supremacy. Cas and Hope are out. If Rhys and Harper win tonight, they've got to fight again tomorrow, no rest."

Kace Matthews: "And that means Rhys is fighting for more than a win. He's fighting to keep the whole thing alive. You don't bet against a desperate Morrow."

Sean fights back with wild, desperate strikes, managing to duck a short-arm elbow and hoisting Rhys up into a spinebuster onto the concrete. Rhys groans, arching his back, but Sean doesn't let up—he drops down with mounted punches, hammering at Rhys' head until Harper flies in from the side, smashing a road case into his ribs and knocking him clean off.

Kenny, bleeding from a cut on his brow, uses a handrail to climb up the corridor's short staircase. Harper turns just in time to catch a diving crossbody from the top step that takes them both down.

Skylar Rayner: "That was three steps and Kenny made it feel like Everest."

Kace Matthews: "I don't care if he wins, I just want to watch this man jump off things for the rest of my life."

The action rolls further down into the catering area. Sean stumbles in, dragging Rhys by the collar. He whips him into a metal table, sending plastic trays flying. Rhys crashes onto his side but immediately lashes out with a leg sweep that drops Sean to the floor next to him. Without missing a beat, Rhys traps the leg and twists into a rolling kneebar.

Sean screams, flailing on the tiles. Kenny tries to intervene, but Harper's already intercepted him, grabbing a nearby tray and smashing it over his head. Kenny fires back with a forearm, and the two crash through a stack of folding chairs, locked in a savage brawl.

Skylar Rayner: "We said they'd make the most of the setting. And now we've got chair avalanches and kitchen warfare!"

Kace Matthews: "Somewhere, a very confused stadium manager is updating their insurance policy."

Sean manages to claw his way to the edge of a cart and pull it into Rhys' head, breaking the hold. He stumbles up and shoves the cart straight into Rhys' midsection, doubling him over. Then, with no hesitation, Sean charges and leaps—Lou Thesz Press from the catering table, raining fists down on Rhys again.

Kenny slams Harper onto the floor with a judo-style takedown that's surprisingly crisp. He grabs a water cooler jug and tries to tip it over her, but Harper kicks out his knee and spins him into a Gory Special, holding it just long enough to send a message before letting him crash face-first into a countertop.

Skylar Rayner: "That's the danger with Harper. You forget how strong she actually is until she's folding you like laundry."

Rhys gets to his feet, face slick with sweat and fury, and grabs Sean by the arm, whipping him into a stack of storage bins. Sean stumbles, but Rhys follows with a short-arm elbow strike that sends him down again. Rhys then stomps on his hand with venom, gritting his teeth as he drives his boot in.

"Stay down," he growls—barely audible through gritted teeth—but Sean answers with a headbutt from the floor that stuns both of them.

Harper and Kenny crash through a doorway into the locker room, knocking open a set of lockers. Harper pulls Kenny to his feet, only for Kenny to shove her back into a bench. She snarls and rakes his face, then throws him over the bench with a dragonscrew.

Skylar Rayner: "It's a demolition derby in here and Harper's behind the wheel."

Kace Matthews: "And Rhys is the wrecking ball. That's a family reunion I wouldn't RSVP to."

Back in the corridor, Sean tries to lift Rhys for the Southie Driver, but Rhys counters with a backdrop driver, slamming him on the concrete. Sean rolls away clutching his neck as Rhys breathes heavily, looking every bit the war-torn soldier.

Harper drags Kenny out into the hallway again, but this time she stops short as she hears the thud of Sean's body hitting the floor. The twins share a look across the carnage—wordless communication that speaks of a bond forged in violence.

And then Harper drops Kenny with a spinning heel kick, letting him fall as she joins her brother in surrounding Sean.

The Southie scrapper tries to rise, defiant, blood at the corner of his mouth.

But the Morrows are closing in.

The chaos carries them down another corridor, battered bodies clashing against the walls as Harper Morrow swings wildly at Kenny Dougie, trying to buy herself space. Sean Callaghan shoves Rhys into a door and kicks it open—it's the equipment room. He hauls Rhys inside and Kenny drags Harper in by the hair, the whole quartet stumbling into a room cluttered with gear bags, bats, gloves, and enough memorabilia to make a collector cry.

Skylar Rayner: "Oh no. This is sacred ground, Kace. The San Francisco Giants are not going to be thrilled about this."

Kace Matthews: "Nexus Stream's about to get a cease and desist from half of Major League Baseball. But Sean—while you're in there, grab me a Logan Webb jersey, would you?"

Sean obliges the spirit of the joke in a much more violent fashion—he grabs a baseball bat instead. Harper shouts to Rhys, but the bat comes swinging hard. Rhys ducks just in time, the metal whooshing over his head. Sean lines up again, but Rhys lunges and the two begin trading wild shots with fists and forearms as gear clatters around them.

Meanwhile, Harper spots a fielder's glove on the bench and slaps it across Kenny's face with a loud crack. The leather-on-skin contact is nasty, but Kenny absorbs it like a madman. He grabs a nearby pitcher's helmet, straps it on, and charges her like a raging bull, slamming the helmet square into Harper's chest and knocking her to the floor, winded and coughing.

Skylar Rayner: "That's not what they mean by leading with your head!"

Kace Matthews: "I think that was technically an inside pitch to the sternum."

Sean sees his moment—Rhys rising, dazed—and swings for the fences, the bat connecting flush to the side of Rhys' head. Rhys drops like a felled tree, crumpling onto a pile of jerseys and practice pads. For a moment, it looks like the Violent Criminals are down and out.

Kenny and Sean seize their opening, dragging Harper out of the room by her arms. She kicks wildly, elbows flailing, clawing at anything she can reach, but she's outnumbered and caught between the wolves. They haul her back into the hallway, ramming her into a concrete pillar.

Skylar Rayner: "They've isolated Harper and Rhys just took a homerun to the skull. This is bad."

Kace Matthews: “Don’t write that obituary yet, Sky. Rhys Morrow’s the type to wake up angrier than he was unconscious.”

As if summoned by prophecy, the door creaks open again—and there stands Rhys. Blood drips from his forehead. His eyes are wild. And he’s pushing a full-sized pitching machine down the hallway.

Sean and Kenny freeze mid-beatdown.

Skylar Rayner: “Oh my god. What is he doing?!”

Kace Matthews: “That’s a JUGS ProStyle BP3 pitching machine. It’s got variable speed control, ball feeder timing, and it can fire a baseball every five seconds at speeds of up to one hundred miles per hour. And Rhys Morrow is about to turn it into a weapon of mass destruction.”

“Harper! Get down!” Rhys bellows. Without hesitation, Harper dives into an empty gear crate, slamming the lid down behind her. The machine clicks. The barrel spins up.

WHUMP.

The first baseball rockets out of the machine and slams into the wall just inches from Kenny’s head.

They scatter like panicked deer. Another ball fires, missing Sean by a breath.

WHUMP. WHUMP. WHUMP.

He’s firing on all cylinders now, eyes locked on his targets, adjusting his aim with deadly calm. Another pitch leaves the machine—and drills Sean Callaghan right between the legs. The Irishman folds instantly, his eyes rolling back as he lets out a sound not fit for television.

Kace Matthews: “OH MY GOD—NOOOO! MY GRANDCHILDREN FELT THAT!”

Skylar Rayner: “I think Sean just lost custody of a future he didn’t even have yet!”

Kenny turns to check on his partner and catches a baseball to the side of the head, snapping his neck to the side—and then another straight to the shoulder, knocking him to the ground in a heap.

The machine hisses. Silence.

The lid of the crate creaks open. Harper rises from it like a horror villain, her chest still heaving from the earlier headbutt. She sees Kenny down, dazed. Blood from her lip drips onto the floor.

She grabs him by the collar, pulls him up halfway—then leaps—driving both knees into his chest with a codebreaker.

Skylar Rayner: “No mist needed. That’s the Kiss of Death all the same.”

Kace Matthews: “And that’s Southie knocked into next baseball season.”

Kenny crumples. Sean is still down. The hallway is littered with baseballs, broken gear, and bruised dreams.

And the Violent Criminals rise from the carnage, side by side.

**WINNER;** Violent Criminals

## Match Eleven:

***Extreme Rules***

## Hotter Than Hell (Brendan Callaghan & Tony DeStefano) vs Murder Dolls (Maeve Clarke & Valerie Lacroix)

The atmosphere inside Oracle Park grows tense as weapons are strewn around the ring and the crowd buzzes with anticipation. Hotter Than Hell stand in one corner, Brendan Callaghan already cracking jokes with the front row while Tony DeStefano wraps tape tighter around his fists. Across from them, the Murder Dolls radiate menace—Maeve Clarke with that cold intensity in her eyes, and Valerie LaCroix dressed to kill and clearly not rattled, no matter what she’s been through this weekend.

Skylar Rayner: “You’d think Valerie might be a little shaken after last night—Abel Grimes came at her with a knife! If Clarissa hadn’t been there...”

Kace Matthews: “She’d be picking new ring gear based on bandage colours. But Sky, I think it lit a fire under her. That woman looks like she’s got blood in her eyes and glitter in her veins.”

As the bell rings, chaos erupts instantly. Brendan and Tony charge, Valerie slides out of harm’s way, but Maeve meets them head on. She ducks under Tony’s wild swing and drops him with a slingblade, popping back to her feet in one fluid motion. Brendan tries to level her with a corner forearm but gets caught with a Pendulum Clothesline instead, the whiplash snapping his head back against the canvas.

Valerie returns to the ring wielding a pink-painted steel chair adorned with stickers, cracking it across Tony’s back as he tries to get up. He grunts, arching in pain, and she twirls the chair before smashing it once more—this time into his gut.

Skylar Rayner: “Valerie LaCroix does not play fair, but she plays fabulously.”

Kace Matthews: “That chair is the cutest weapon of the night. And probably the deadliest.”

Maeve brings Brendan up to his feet and traps his head, snapping him down with a snap DDT that spikes him onto the mat. She doesn't go for the pin, though—this is about sending a message. On the other side of the ring, Valerie rolls Tony toward the ropes, drapes his head over the middle strand, and runs the ropes, hitting a drop toe hold that slams his neck across it. She follows up with a running hip attack to the back of his head, bouncing off the ropes with a grin.

Hotter Than Hell regroup quickly. Brendan grabs a trash can lid from the floor and clocks Maeve across the spine just as she turns, sending her staggering forward. Tony rises with fury, his eyes locked on Valerie. He lunges, scooping her up and hitting a swinging STO DDT onto the trash can she just introduced. The clang echoes through the stadium.

Skylar Rayner: "Dead End! Tony just shut the lights out with that DDT!"

Kace Matthews: "If this match keeps escalating, we're going to need a medic... and a fashion consultant."

Tony goes for the pin but Maeve stomps him in the back of the head to break it up. Brendan grabs a table from ringside and slides it into the ring, setting it up with a wink to the camera. Maeve sees this and levels him with a baseball slide dropkick before he can finish. Then she climbs the turnbuckle, eyes narrowed.

She leaps—moonsault!—but Brendan rolls clear and she crashes hard onto the canvas, clutching her ribs. Brendan's grin returns and he yells something unintelligible about physics before dropping a 450 splash straight onto Maeve's chest.

Skylar Rayner: "What did we just see? Brendan Callaghan moving like gravity's just a suggestion!"

Kace Matthews: "That man should not be able to do that. But he did. And Maeve felt all of it."

As Brendan stumbles up, Valerie rakes his eyes from behind and grabs him for an arm-caught backslide pin, but Tony breaks it up at two. He hoists Valerie up for a suplex, but she slips behind and hits a snap DDT that plants him face-first into a cookie sheet. She immediately locks in a Lotus Lock, bending Tony's spine with malicious delight.

Maeve is stirring again now. She grabs the discarded trash can and wedges it into the corner, then whips Brendan towards it. But Brendan reverses, sending Maeve crashing into the metal instead. She slumps, dazed, as Brendan backs up and yells, "Boston Full Throttle, baby!"

He rushes forward, scoops her up and swings—one, two, three... seven rotations before letting Maeve spin out in a heap near the ropes.

Skylar Rayner: "He turned her into a top! That was absurd!"

Kace Matthews: "You could power the entire city with that centrifugal force."

Weapons litter the ring. A crutch. A kendo stick. Glitter. Brendan grabs the stick while Tony gets to his feet and together, they corner Valerie. She tries to fight back with kicks and slaps, but they overwhelm her, forcing her into the corner.

Suddenly Maeve is up again. She grabs Tony from behind, spins him around, and Romany Cutter! The handspring cutter drives him down into the mat, the momentum turning him inside out. Brendan rushes at her with the kendo stick but she ducks and plants a boot into his gut—then pulls him in, lifting with every ounce of fury she has left.

Skylar Rayner: “We’re hitting the boiling point now! No one’s holding back!”

Kace Matthews: “They call it Extreme Rules. Tonight it means extreme punishment.”

Bodies are down. Weapons are everywhere. But the Murder Dolls are rising. Hotter Than Hell are reeling.

And it’s only going to get worse.

Valerie LaCroix is down in the corner, clutching her shoulder with a pained grimace, her back against the turnbuckles, eyes squeezed shut in apparent agony. Brendan Callaghan, seeing her prone like that, halts mid-step. His brows knit together as he slowly walks over, shaking his head with exaggerated concern. For a moment, the chaos stills—until Brendan crouches beside her and grins.

He chuckles and leans in. “Come on, Val. I taught you that one. You really think you can fool me with the ol’ injury bluff?”

Skylar Rayner: “Oh my god, Brendan saw right through it!”

Kace Matthews: “Veteran trick. Fake the limp, bait the soft-hearted sucker. Too bad Brendan invented that playbook.”

Valerie’s eyes snap open and narrow, the performance vanishing in an instant. She springs to her feet, charging at Brendan with a scream—only for Callaghan to shove her away at the last second, sending her stumbling forward and revealing a sinister surprise.

Skylar Rayner: “She was hiding the middle turnbuckle! It’s been stripped—steel exposed!”

Kace Matthews: “She would’ve driven his skull into it if he bought that act for a second. But nope! Not on Brendan’s watch.”

Brendan shakes his head with a smirk, but the brief distraction gives Maeve enough time to re-enter the fray. Tony DeStefano barrels into her with a spear out of nowhere, driving her into the mat. The crowd roars as the Brooklyn brawler mounts her, throwing a series of fists down. Lefts, rights, forearms, knees—he is relentless. Blood trickles from Maeve’s brow, but her expression never wavers.

She shoves Tony off with pure grit, but he's back up in an instant. Brooklyn Blitz connects—left, right, right, and a sledgehammer of an uppercut that rocks Maeve's jaw. She wobbles but doesn't fall.

Skylar Rayner: "She's hurt. She's bleeding. And she's still standing."

Kace Matthews: "That's not just stubbornness. That's obsession. Maeve Clarke wants to win more than she wants to breathe."

Tony lines her up for Bada Boom, roaring as he sprints toward the ropes for the buckshot lariat. He springboards—only for Maeve to collapse under the weight of the weekend and the pain, causing him to overshoot and crash into the canvas hard.

Brendan tries to take advantage, charging her with a steel chair now, but Maeve sidesteps and smashes her boot into his knee, buckling it. She seizes the moment and reaches into her waistband, pulling out a pair of gleaming brass knuckles.

Skylar Rayner: "She's gone to the emergency finish. That's brass, and Brendan's about to eat it!"

Kace Matthews: "You think this is murder? Nah, Sky. This is ART."

Maeve blasts Brendan with a brutal right hook, the brass knuckles catching him right on the temple. Brendan collapses in a heap, the chair clanging beside him. Maeve wastes no time—she hauls herself to the top rope, blood in her eyes, sweat dripping from her arms.

She leaps—Maeven! The Five Star Frog Splash hits dead centre, crushing Brendan beneath her.

She hooks the leg.

One.

Two.

Three.

Skylar Rayner: "The Murder Dolls are going to the semi-finals!"

Kace Matthews: "Call the crime scene photographers, Sky. Clarke and LaCroix just ended Hotter Than Hell's Convergence."

Maeve rolls off Brendan, chest heaving as blood mats her hair and victory settles across her face like smoke. Valerie, back on her feet now, slides into the ring and kneels beside her partner, grinning through the bruises.

Together, the Murder Dolls stand, triumphant amidst the wreckage—chairs bent, canvas stained, egos shattered.

Convergence isn’t over yet. But the Dolls just made damn sure they are still in it.

**WINNER:** Murder Dolls

## Match Twelve

***TLC***

## Blyssful Family (Fallon Lockhart & Dalisay Belmonte) vs Margarita Pitchers (Estrella Rodriguez & Laia Rodriguez)

The lights of Oracle Park shimmer off the steel and gold of the ladders already scattered around ringside, illuminating the glint of the suspended contract high above the ring. It's TLC time, and the stakes couldn’t be higher.

Skylar Rayner: “This one’s going to be special, Kace. But I can’t help feeling a pit in my stomach for one person in particular—Dalisay Belmonte. Just a year ago, she broke her neck falling off a ladder in Liverpool.”

Kace Matthews: “Seventeen years old, and someone who wasn't even in the match pushed her. That’s insane. Most people wouldn’t even walk straight after that, let alone climb again.”

Skylar Rayner: “And yet here she is—because of Blyss Lockhart. Paid for her surgery, mentored her through recovery, and gave her this new chapter.”

Kace Matthews: “But let’s not forget, Sky—Dali had another scare just weeks ago. A bad landing off the top rope. This is a TLC match. Ladders aren’t just props. They’re trauma triggers.”

The camera zooms in on Fallon Lockhart kneeling beside her tag partner. Her hand rests gently on Dalisay’s shoulder, her words unpicked by the mics, but her tone unmistakably soothing. She’s grounding her. Dali nods, eyes fixed on the towering ladder ahead. Her jaw tightens.

The bell rings, and chaos erupts instantly. Laia and Estrella Rodriguez waste no time, Estrella springboarding into Fallon with a crossbody that sends them both tumbling through the ropes. Laia turns on Dalisay, slinging a steel chair like it’s a baseball bat. Dali ducks and counters with a quick Muay Thai low kick to the thigh, then a spinning back elbow to the jaw that stuns the wildcard Rodriguez sister.

Skylar Rayner: “Dalisay looks composed. Not rushing. She’s focusing on the fight, not the ladder.”

Kace Matthews: “She’s gotta do that. If she starts looking up, starts thinking about what’s above her, it’s all over.”

Estrella rolls back into the ring and grabs a chair of her own, but Fallon springboards off the apron with a dropkick that sends the chair bouncing off her chest. Fallon kips up, full of that frantic energy, bouncing from corner to corner. She sprints and lands a running leg lariat on Laia, then hits the ropes for a rebound into a tornado DDT—her small frame spinning like a top before she plants Laia to the mat.

Skylar Rayner: “There’s that Rainbow Warrior energy!”

Kace Matthews: “She’s like if a caffeine crash had feelings.”

On the outside, Dalisay goes to retrieve a ladder. She grips the sides, lifting it carefully, her breath shaky. But Estrella springboards off the middle rope and nails her with a dropkick that slams the ladder into her chest, knocking her backward against the barricade. Estrella follows up with an enziguri to the side of Dali’s head, and the Filipino star crumples.

Inside the ring, Fallon tries to climb an early ladder, but Laia scrambles up the other side. The two meet at the top, exchanging wild shots. Fallon grabs Laia by the wrist and nearly yanks her down with a hurricanrana off the ladder, but Laia holds the rungs. A shove. Fallon teeters—catches herself. But Laia isn’t done. She pulls a handful of Fallon’s top and drives her into the ladder frame with a brutal Superwoman punch.

Skylar Rayner: “Fallon just bounced off that ladder like a pinball!”

Kace Matthews: “And I don’t think that was legal use of the top, either! I think a wardrobe malfunction almost won us a PG-13 rating.”

Fallon drops like a stone, clutching her ribs, and Laia starts her own climb—but she’s too slow. Dalisay is back in, dragging her down by the ankle and transitioning immediately into the Four-Leaf Clover, wrenching the kneeling Texas Cloverleaf with brutal torque.

Estrella slides in with a chair and swings for Dali, but Fallon intercepts it mid-swing with a missile dropkick that sends the steel flying into Estrella’s face. Dali holds the clover a moment longer until Laia claws to the ropes—then realises there are no rope breaks.

Skylar Rayner: “That’s the problem with habit, Kace. You can’t rely on instincts in a TLC match.”

Kace Matthews: “No rules. No relief. Just pain and panic.”

Laia writhes, reaching toward anything until Estrella grabs the chair and drives it into Dali’s spine, forcing the break. The younger Rodriguez sister follows up with Lucky Star, the running somersault neckbreaker driving Dali down hard.

With the Blyssful Family grounded, the Margarita Pitchers regroup. Estrella pulls out a second ladder, sliding it into the ring while Laia retrieves a table from under the apron. She sets it up ominously in one corner.

Fallon recovers enough to duck a chair shot from Estrella and hits an Arm Trap Suplex, folding Estrella up awkwardly near the ropes. She staggers up—but Laia drives her shoulder-first into the table corner. It creaks but doesn't give way.

Dalisay is back on her feet. She throws a chair straight into Laia's face with a calculated toss, then unloads with repeated Drizzle stomps to her leg, forcing the older sister to the mat.

Skylar Rayner: "She's picking that leg apart, and I love the strategy. You can't climb a ladder if your knee won't bend."

Kace Matthews: "You also can't climb a ladder when someone just throws one at your head!"

Estrella proves that point with a leaping wheelbarrow facebuster that flattens Dali against a laid-out chair. She signals to Laia, and together they begin a tandem setup—ladder in the centre, table nearby.

But the Blyssful Family isn't done yet. Fallon is back, leaping to the top rope like it's home. She springboards—corkscrew shooting star press off the top rope, wiping out all three women in the ring and taking herself out too.

The crowd erupts.

Skylar Rayner: "She hit the Blyzzard! Fallon just sacrificed herself for a shot at this!"

Kace Matthews: "All four women are down and ladders are everywhere. This is Convergence. This is chaos."

The wreckage builds as the second act of this TLC war unfolds. Ladders lie twisted on the floor. Chairs are dented and scattered. The arena roars with anticipation as the Margarita Pitchers rise first, showing exactly why they're considered two of the craftiest young talents in the Academy.

Laia grabs a pair of folding chairs and unfolds them side by side. Estrella vaults onto them, using them as a platform to leap into the air and crash down on Fallon with a springboard leg lariat. The Rainbow Warrior gets wiped out as the chairs collapse under Estrella's weight.

Skylar Rayner: "They're not just using the weapons, Kace—they're creating with them."

Kace Matthews: "We've officially crossed into 'chaotic art installation' territory. I wouldn't be surprised if Estrella painted this match into her memoir."

Laia, never one to be outdone, stacks three chairs in a pyramid shape in one corner of the ring. With a devilish grin, she lifts Dalisay up for a scoop slam—but Dali elbows her way out of it. She lands behind Laia and shoves her forward. Laia manages to plant her feet on the top of the chair stack and springboard backward into a cannonball senton—except Dali catches her mid-air with a spine-jarring powerslam!

Dali staggers up, and Fallon is right beside her now. The two regroup, nodding to one another. There's no need for words—they've drilled this. Fallon climbs to the top rope while Dalisay hoists Estrella into a vertical suplex position. She holds—then Fallon launches off the top and connects with a missile dropkick to Estrella's ribs while Dali drops her into a butterfly suplex.

Skylar Rayner: "That's weeks of teamwork coming together in one brutal combo!"

Kace Matthews: "Dalisay does the heavy lifting and Fallon delivers the fireworks. I can get behind that division of labour."

Laia is slow to rise, gripping her ribs. Fallon and Dali catch her between them and whip her into the ropes—then catch her on the rebound with a double team flapjack onto a steel chair laid flat in the centre of the ring. Laia bounces and curls in pain, clutching her abdomen.

Estrella tries to intervene, but Dalisay cuts her off with a snap powerslam, then transitions immediately into the Figure Four, trying to ground the high-flying Rodriguez. Fallon keeps Laia down with repeated shin kicks while Dali tightens the hold.

But Estrella, teeth gritted, reaches for the chair she landed on earlier. She grips it tightly and swings it backwards into Dali's leg once, twice—forcing the break.

Skylar Rayner: "That's the danger of submissions in this match. No ropes. No rules. Just pure will and whatever's in reach."

Estrella stumbles away, limping heavily. Laia pulls herself to the outside and begins dragging tables out from under the ring, snarling through every breath. She sets one up on the outside, then another leaning in a corner inside the ring. Estrella, still nursing her leg, pulls out a third and begins propping it horizontally across the top ropes, bridging it over two ladders at the apron and barricade like a suspended walkway.

Kace Matthews: "We're now entering the part of the evening I like to call, 'structural engineering with malicious intent.'"

Skylar Rayner: "They're not just trying to win this match. They're trying to leave a message."

Fallon attempts a springboard crossbody onto Estrella on the apron, but Estrella steps aside and Fallon crashes across the bottom ropes, landing on the ring edge hard. Estrella wastes no time, dragging Fallon up and throwing her toward the ladder bridge. Fallon flips—but clings to the side, legs wrapped around the steel, avoiding a horrible fall.

Dalisay joins her trainer on the apron, intercepting Estrella with a back elbow, then lifts her in position for a hammerlock DDT—right onto the edge of the ladder bridge. Estrella's head snaps back and she crumples to the apron as Dali collapses beside her, gasping for air.

Inside the ring, Laia is back on her feet. She charges Fallon, who barely rolls away in time, and Laia slams herself through the table in the corner. The crash is sickening, but it doesn't count—she went through it on her own.

Skylar Rayner: “Laia just blew up her own offence. That’s desperation. That’s chaos.”

Kace Matthews: “I call it the L-Train. Straight to hell and zero survivors.”

Fallon and Dalisay begin climbing again, each heading to opposite corners. Fallon grabs a chair mid-climb, throws it with pinpoint precision, and knocks Estrella off the apron just as she was about to grab Dali’s boot. Estrella tumbles backward and lands hard on the outside floor, her arm smashing into the steel steps.

Dalisay halts, halfway up, looking down at the carnage around her. Her breathing quickens. Her hand reaches for the top rung—but her body freezes.

Skylar Rayner: “You can see it. Right there. That hesitation. That memory of the fall that almost ended it all.”

Kace Matthews: “This is what makes her dangerous to herself. If she can’t fight through this moment, the match is over. She knows it.”

Fallon drops down beside her, placing a hand on Dali’s shoulder. With no words exchanged, she simply nods, giving her partner permission. Dalisay exhales, closes her eyes for half a second—and then climbs one rung higher.

But the Pitchers aren’t done yet.

Laia, bruised and furious, climbs a second ladder set beside the table bridge, and Estrella throws a chair into Fallon’s spine, sending her back down. Dalisay and Laia are now eye-level on neighbouring ladders, staring across the makeshift battlefield, both battered, both wild-eyed.

And the next move could decide everything.

The wreckage only grows. Every second adds another bruise, another welt, another splinter in the skin of this already shattered war. None of these women are walking out of this the same. But only one team will have to do it all again tomorrow.

Outside the ring, Fallon Lockhart fights like she’s just heard her destiny calling. Earlier tonight, she found out that the title she never lost—the Underworld Championship—is officially reinstated. And she’s set to defend it against her own mentor, Blyss Lockhart. That realisation has lit a fire in the Rainbow Warrior, and Estrella Rodriguez is the one feeling the heat. They scrap near the barricade, each woman swinging, kicking, driving knees and forearms into the other’s ribs. Estrella tries to leap off the ring steps, but Fallon catches her mid-air with a dropkick that sends both of them sprawling into a ladder that had been forgotten on the outside floor.

Skylar Rayner: “Fallon’s found something tonight, Kace. It’s like someone reminded her who the hell she is.”

Kace Matthews: “Oh, she remembers. And Estrella’s learning it the hard way.”

Meanwhile, inside the ring, Laia and Dalisay continue a brutal exchange of strikes. Laia lands a heavy bicycle kick to the shoulder, but Dalisay roars back with a spinning back elbow. She dodges the Superwoman Punch, ducks under a wild clothesline, and comes back with a short-arm lariat that nearly folds Laia in half. The crowd rises as Dali drags Laia back to her feet, muscles straining from exhaustion and adrenaline, and hoists her into position.

Then she hits it. Dali Say RIP.

Laia hits the mat like a meteor. Dalisay takes a moment—just a moment—to steady herself, then drags the dazed Rodriguez onto the table they’d set up earlier. Her eyes scan the ring. They land on the ladder they used earlier—the same one Estrella tried to use as a bridge. It’s unsteady, slightly bent, and definitely not safe. But Dalisay doesn’t hesitate. She sets it up.

Skylar Rayner: “She’s going up. I can’t believe she’s going up.”

Kace Matthews: “That’s the ladder. That’s the ladder. Sky, if this girl climbs it, it’s not just a win—it’s a resurrection.”

Dalisay starts to climb.

Each step wobbles under her weight. The ladder creaks dangerously, the metal joints warped from earlier abuse. Her hands grip tight, knuckles white. She’s shaking. With fear. With adrenaline. With memory.

It all comes flooding back—the fall in Liverpool, the cold of the mat, the way her neck wouldn’t move, the silence in the crowd. Her heart pounds loud in her ears. Halfway up, she looks down.

And that’s when she sees her.

Fallon Lockhart, bruised and scraped, her back arched over the mangled remains of a ladder from the earlier Spanish Fly. Estrella is laid out beside her, unmoving. But Fallon’s head turns. Their eyes lock.

And Fallon smiles.

A nod. Just a little one. But it’s all Dalisay needs.

She climbs to the top.

The arena holds its breath.

Skylar Rayner: “You’ve got this, Dali…”

Kace Matthews: “Don’t look down. Just fly.”

Dalisay breathes in. Deep. The ladder trembles. She steadies herself… then she leaps.

She twists.

A perfect Sky Twister Press. Mersey Twister.

Dalisay crashes down through Laia and the table beneath her explodes into pieces. The impact echoes through the arena. Bodies are strewn in splinters. But Dalisay fights through the pain. She reaches out.

Hooks the leg.

The referee drops beside them.

It’s over.

The bell rings, and the sound is almost drowned out by the roar of the crowd. Fallon, still down outside, lifts her head with a weak grin. Dalisay lies on her back, eyes wide with disbelief, chest heaving. The fear is still there. But it’s underneath her now. She beat it.

Skylar Rayner: “She did it. She did it. Dalisay Belmonte just conquered her biggest demon—and won the match doing it.”

Kace Matthews: “Forget the tables, forget the ladders, forget the chaos—this was the moment. That kid just jumped off the thing that broke her. And she stuck the landing.”

Fallon drags herself toward the ring, collapsing beside her partner. The Blyssful Family has won. But more than that… Dalisay has reclaimed her courage. On her terms.

Tomorrow, they wrestle again. But tonight, they celebrate.

**WINNER** Blyssful Family

## Main Event:

### *4 vs 4 Captain’s Fall*

### Team Hardy (Robb Hardy captain) vs Espada (Gavin Grimes captain)

The crowd in Oracle Park is electric as the lights dim, pulsing blue and gold for Team Hardy and deep red and steel for Espada. The energy is palpable for Convergence Night One’s main event — a 4 vs 4 Captain’s Fall Match. Tension is carved into every face at ringside. Only the captains know just how high the stakes are: Gavin Grimes and Robb Hardy, icons in their own right, standing behind the barricade of teammates who will battle first.

Skylar Rayner: “This is the kind of match that makes or breaks a tournament run. Team Hardy came into Convergence red hot, undefeated, and now their backs are against the wall after that loss to Strike Force Four. It’s do or die tonight.”

Kace Matthews: “And of course it’s Espada in their way. Gavin Grimes and company are made for matches like this — high stakes, chaos, unpredictability… And I hear Raphael Dallins irons his tights between spots, so you know he's serious.”

The bell rings and it’s Rayven Hardy starting things off for Team Hardy, face-to-face with Raphael Dallins of Espada. The two circle quickly before locking up, Dallins gaining the initial advantage with a tight waistlock and dragging Rayven down into a grounded position. She rolls through and kips up, catching Raphael with a deep arm drag and transitioning into an armbar. Dallins powers out, rolls through with her and grabs a hold of her wrist, yanking her in for a sharp European uppercut. The sound pops like a firecracker.

Rayven staggers back but fires off a quick forearm. Raphael answers with a shoulder kick, followed by another — this time to the ribs. Rayven doubles over and he hits the ropes. She leapfrogs him on the rebound, then hits the mat for a drop-down, and as Raphael returns again, she nails a picture-perfect standing hurricanrana that sends him flipping.

Skylar Rayner: “Rayven Hardy bringing the speed early! That’s what she does best — use the ring like a jungle gym and never stay still.”

Kace Matthews: “Dallins looks like he just woke up in the middle of a Mortal Kombat round. That hurricanrana twisted his soul.”

Raphael clutches at the back of his head, frustrated already. He swings wildly, Rayven ducks and fires off a dropkick to the chest. She backs into her corner, tags in Xavier Young Jr., and the crowd pops as the OutKast steps in. Dallins scrambles for a tag of his own, bringing in Selena Sharpe.

Selena is agile and instantly meets Xavier in the centre with a running dropkick, catching him flush and knocking him back into the ropes. He springs forward with a flying forearm, but she rolls underneath it, pops up, and hits a snapmare into a somersault neckbreaker. Cover — but only a one count.

Xavier shakes it off, dragging himself up as Selena builds momentum. She springboards off the second rope into a crossbody, but Xavier catches her mid-air, spins, and delivers a beautiful tilt-a-whirl slam. He floats over into a lateral press. Selena kicks out at two.

Skylar Rayner: “Selena Sharpe is fearless, but Xavier just made her pay for getting too fancy with that crossbody.”

Kace Matthews: “This is the matchup I didn’t know I needed. High-octane versus high-precision. Xavier’s not just here to fill a spot — he’s here to own one.”

Selena tries to retreat, but Xavier stays on her, wrenching her into an inverted DDT position — the setup for Kast Out. Selena throws a desperate elbow, catches him, spins around into

a knee strike. That's the setup for Sel-Out. She hits the swinging neckbreaker and dives into the cover.

One!

Two!

Xavier kicks out, bridging up with power and spinning to his feet. The two exchange forearms now, neither backing down. Selena lands a stiff slap — and Xavier grins. He launches forward with a rolling elbow, staggering her. He hoists her — and drills her with Kast Out.

Cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Selena Sharpe is eliminated.

Skylar Rayner: "Xavier Young Jr. just claimed the first elimination and it is huge. Selena's out!"

Kace Matthews: "That's the kind of message you send when the match is about survival. No hesitation. No mercy. Espada's already down a woman — and Grimes is still waiting on the sidelines."

Selena rolls to the outside, clutching her neck as Saffron Anderson glares from the apron. Gavin Grimes exchanges a look with Raphael — the captains aren't moving yet.

Rayven Hardy claps for her teammate, pride on her face. Maya and Robb nod from the corner. But this war has barely begun.

Skylar Rayner: "One down. Seven to go. And remember, the second a captain's shoulders hit the mat, it's over."

Kace Matthews: "Which is why Grimes and Hardy are standing back like chessmasters. They know better than to make the first wrong move. Let the pawns fight first — and right now, Team Hardy's looking like they brought queens."

Saffron Anderson steps into the ring like a switchblade snapped open — sharp, deliberate, and dangerous. The moment Selena Sharpe rolls from the apron, Anderson's eyes lock onto Xavier Young Jr., and the mood inside Oracle Park darkens. The Southie of Heaven charges with no hesitation, battering Young with a sudden flurry of forearms that drives him into the corner. She follows up with stiff European uppercuts and a headbutt that echoes throughout the park.

Xavier stumbles out into her grasp. Anderson hauls him into position, shoulder-to-shoulder, and unleashes her Beantown Beatdown — vicious short-arm lariats, one after another, before she plants him with a thundering discus clothesline.

Skylar Rayner: “Saffron just turned Xavier inside out! That might be it!”

Kace Matthews: “Beantown Beatdown connects clean — and Espada might’ve just evened the score!”

She drops into a hook of the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

Maya Hardy dives in, breaking the count with a forearm between Saffron’s shoulder blades. The crowd erupts.

Skylar Rayner: “Maya saves her boyfriend just in time, and Saffron’s smirking about it!”

Saffron rises slowly, brushing her blonde hair back from her face with one hand, her eyes already on Maya. She steps back, lifts both arms and gestures toward her with a crooked finger — daring her in.

Kace Matthews: “I don’t know if that’s guts, ego, or just unchecked chaos issues, but Saffron Anderson just looked Maya Hardy in the eyes and said ‘come get me.’”

Skylar Rayner: “That’s the number one contender to the Apex Crown! One of the top prospects in the whole Academy! And Saffron called her shot!”

The crowd roars. In the corner, Gavin Grimes stands tall and alert, motioning to his teammates. Raphael Dallins watches carefully, nodding his encouragement toward Saffron like a coach giving the green light. The message is clear: they want this smoke.

Rayven calls to Maya, but the answer’s already written in her eyes. She slaps Xavier’s shoulder and steps through the ropes.

And just like that, Oracle Park erupts.

Two young stars. Two rising pillars of the next generation. And for the moment, the captains stay silent — letting their soldiers wage war.

Maya and Saffron circle, electricity crackling between them. They clash in the centre with a lock-up, but Saffron quickly ducks under and grabs a waistlock. Maya elbows free and hits the ropes, rebounds fast — and Saffron LEVELS her with a stiff running knee to the ribs.

Maya folds over with a gasp, and Anderson isn't done. She yanks her up by the gear, twists, and hits a swinging neckbreaker. She floats into a cover, presses deep.

ONE!

T–Maya kicks out, but she's already clutching her ribs. Saffron stalks her, crouching in the corner. The crowd claps in anticipation.

She sprints — and blasts Maya in the chest with Cupid's Arrow, the shotgun dropkick landing flush. Maya smashes into the turnbuckles with force, and collapses in the corner.

Skylar Rayner: "That was brutal! Saffron just shut Maya down in seconds!"

Kace Matthews: "And now she's making it personal."

Saffron walks up, deliberate and slow, her boot grinding into Maya's cheek as she presses her into the bottom turnbuckle. With a smirk on her face, she leans in.

"You were talking all that undefeated streak nonsense last week," she says, loud enough for the cameras to pick it up. "Where's all that Main Event talk now?"

The crowd boos heavily, and Maya snaps back to life.

She grabs Saffron's ankle, shoves her back hard and surges to her feet. A stinging slap across the face stuns Saffron. Maya unloads with a flurry — forearm, kick to the gut, spinning backfist — and a snap suplex into the centre of the ring. She doesn't wait. She hits the ropes, jumps onto the second, then the top, and launches into a perfect double jump moonsault.

COVER!

ONE!

TWO!

Saffron kicks out.

Skylar Rayner: "What a comeback by Maya! That double-jump moonsault is a thing of beauty."

Kace Matthews: "Hardy doesn't need saving — she is the cavalry."

Maya sits up, breathing hard, fire in her eyes. But Saffron, ever the chaos engine, rakes the canvas and throws a sharp elbow to Maya's knee. It staggers her just long enough for Anderson to slide beneath and crawl desperately toward the corner.

And then, the arena shifts.

Saffron tags out.

And in comes Gavin Grimes.

Skylar Rayner: “Oh boy. Things just changed. The captain is in the ring.”

Kace Matthews: “Grimes is in, and that means the stakes just spiked. One pin on him and it’s all over for Espada. But Gavin doesn’t tag in unless he’s got a plan.”

Maya pauses, still on one knee, her expression hardening as Gavin approaches with calm, lethal precision. The match has just crossed into new territory — and everyone feels it.

Mentor and student. Apex Crown number one contender versus reigning champion. The past and the present of Espada collide in the centre of the ring, and Oracle Park holds its collective breath as Gavin Grimes and Maya Hardy lock eyes.

Maya rushes in with that Hardy fire, throwing sharp jabs and backing Gavin toward the ropes, but he sidesteps with practiced ease, spinning into a leg trap sunset flip powerbomb. Maya crashes into the mat and Gavin transitions instantly into a running shooting star press, hooking the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

Maya kicks out.

Skylar Rayner: “He’s studied her. Trained her. Gavin Grimes knows Maya’s playbook like the back of his hand.”

Kace Matthews: “That’s the problem when your mentor is a tactician like Grimes. He’s not just one step ahead — he’s three chapters in.”

Gavin doesn’t let up. He yanks Maya to her feet and slams a stiff forearm into her chest. She stumbles back, dazed, but finds the ropes and uses them to springboard into a desperate dropkick that buys her space. Crawling toward her corner, she reaches for a tag — not to her captain Robb — but to Rayven Hardy.

The tag slaps, and Rayven vaults in, the crowd roaring at the moment. This isn’t just strategy. It’s personal.

Skylar Rayner: “Ohhhh there’s history here. Gavin and Rayven — they weren’t just training partners back in the day. There’s layers to this one.”

Kace Matthews: “Exes in the ring? Always makes for spicy wrestling. Let’s just hope someone took their Instagram stories down before this started.”

Rayven and Gavin circle, a smile creeping across the latter's face as he nods in acknowledgment. No trash talk. Just mutual respect — and an understanding that neither is holding back.

They explode into motion — chain wrestling at a blistering pace. Arm drag from Rayven. Leg sweep from Gavin. Drop toehold. Wristlock counter. Every movement is fluid, each step baited. Gavin goes for the Sac-Town Kick — Rayven ducks and retaliates with a snap German suplex for a near fall.

ONE!

TWO!

Gavin kicks out.

He responds with a jawbreaker, staggers Rayven, and hits a Pele kick from nowhere. She hits the mat hard. Grimes covers.

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout.

The crowd is riding the momentum wave, and the respect lingers even as Gavin pulls her up. Rayven surprises him with a deep arm drag and traps the arm. Gavin twists out and shoves her back — right into Maya's outstretched hand. Another tag.

Maya sprints across the ring and cuts off Gavin before he can reach Espada's corner. She grabs his wrist and spins him into a knee to the gut, doubling him over. She hits the ropes and soars — spiking him with her Starburst Press, the tribute moonsault variation. Hook of the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

Here come Raphael and Saffron — but so do Rayven, Xavier, and Robb. It's chaos.

Dallins crashes into Maya's cover to break it just in time, while Robb nails Saffron with a low dropkick. The referee tries to restore order but there's no stopping this avalanche now.

Xavier eats a backdrop from Saffron and is thrown over the ropes. Robb spins and dropkicks her off the apron right after, but Dallins returns the favour — he shoves the veteran over the top rope with pure force. Rayven charges with a clothesline — Raphael ducks — and superkicks her out of the ring in one brutal snap.

He sees the pile of bodies forming outside — and launches himself off the ropes with a tope con giro senton, crashing into everyone. The crowd erupts as bodies scatter on the floor.

Skylar Rayner: “This is mayhem! Dallins just wiped out everyone!”

Kace Matthews: “There’s no control left. Just instinct, history, and pure heart.”

Back inside, it’s Maya and Gavin once more, both slightly stunned from the fray. Gavin surges first with a step-over spinning kick, but Maya catches his leg, yanks him forward, and drives a knee into his ribs. He doubles over — the air clearly knocked out of him.

Maya’s eyes shift.

That look.

The crowd reacts immediately — they’ve seen this before. The Hardy girl loads up for the Hard(y) Way, that vicious jumping spin kick. She bounds off the ropes, commits to the rotation—

And Saffron Anderson dives back into the ring.

Shove.

She throws herself into Gavin’s path and takes the full brunt of the kick. Her body snaps with the impact and she crumples to the mat, unmoving.

Oracle Park gasps.

Skylar Rayner: “Oh my God — Saffron just sacrificed herself!”

Kace Matthews: “She took the bullet! That was supposed to end Gavin Grimes’ tournament — and Saffron Anderson stepped in like it was her job!”

Maya freezes, horrified at what just happened. She didn’t pull the kick — she couldn’t. Saffron lies motionless.

Gavin, dazed but aware, grabs Maya from behind and spins her around — plants her with The Crowning.

BOOM.

Face first into the canvas.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Skylar Rayner: “That’s it! Maya’s out!”

Kace Matthews: “Espada just lost their shield, but they saved their captain — and took out the biggest threat on Team Hardy in the process.”

The referee waves it off as Maya is gently rolled out. Robb watches solemnly from the apron. Rayven’s face twists with emotion. Xavier’s fists clench.

We’re down to three-on-three.

And the war rages on.

Inside the ring, Gavin Grimes immediately drops to one knee beside Saffron Anderson, who still lies motionless after taking the full force of Maya Hardy’s devastating spinning kick. His face tightens in concern, his hand hovering over her shoulder before gently helping her to sit up. Saffron blinks hard, clearly rattled, but through the haze and ache, she finds a smile — small but defiant. She gives Gavin a reassuring nod, and with his help, makes it to her feet.

Skylar Rayner: “Say what you want about Saffron Anderson, but that kind of sacrifice? That’s loyalty you can’t teach.”

Kace Matthews: “And maybe a bit of head trauma, but sure, let’s call it loyalty.”

Gavin helps her back onto the apron and pats her shoulder gently before turning to the corner. He exhales and tags out — leaving the next phase of this war in the hands of Raphael Dallins.

Across the ring stands Xavier Young Jr., his expression locked in determination. Xavier’s still relatively fresh, but Dallins comes in like a predator who’s been studying every step. They circle — a brief flicker of mutual respect — then lunge into action.

Xavier opens up fast, leveraging his speed with crisp strikes and a surprise OutKast Driver — that sunset flip powerbomb lands flush, and the crowd rises in anticipation.

ONE!

TWO!

Dallins kicks out, hard.

The Paladin of Espada scowls, grabbing his shoulder, and then grabs Xavier by the wrist the moment he rises — dragging him into a double knee armbreaker. Xavier cries out in pain as Dallins seamlessly transitions into a grounded hammerlock and grinds his forearm across the jaw, wrenching on the limb with surgical cruelty.

Skylar Rayner: “There’s that surgeon-like precision we keep talking about. Raphael is just dissecting Xavier now.”

Xavier fights through, scrambling to his feet and breaking free with a back elbow. He bounces off the ropes — but Dallins cuts him off with a release Gargoyle suplex, planting him square in the middle of the ring. Dallins doesn't hesitate. He traps both arms, rolls through, and spikes him with Chekov's Gun — the double chickenwing facebuster.

Cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE.

Xavier Young Jr. is eliminated.

Kace Matthews: "That's the student out. Raphael Dallins just gave Espada the edge."

Skylar Rayner: "And here comes the professor."

Robb Hardy steps through the ropes with a slow, steady gait. The crowd buzzes. No flash. No grandstanding. Just an air of inevitability.

He meets Raphael Dallins in the centre. No hesitation. Just two men from two different generations, both iron-willed and battle-tested.

They lock up. Dallins transitions into a side headlock, but Robb pushes him off — ducks the rebound and catches him with a tilt-a-whirl slam. He keeps pressure, grounding Raphael with a West Coast Stretch, grinding his boot between the shoulder blades as he stretches the arms behind.

Dallins claws his way to the ropes. The break is clean.

They reset. Robb hits the ropes — springboard reverse cutter connects. The Call Back Cutter. Dallins' head snaps back and the veteran immediately rolls him over for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

T–Gavin Grimes dives in, breaking it up at the last second.

Skylar Rayner: "Robb almost had him! Gavin just saved this match!"

Rayven Hardy storms the ring and goes straight for Gavin, fists flying. The two tumble into a full-on brawl, wild and emotional. They spill through the ropes, crashing to the outside in a heap.

In the ring, Raphael crawls toward his corner. Gavin’s gone. Selena’s out. There’s only one choice.

Saffron Anderson, still holding her side, still blinking through the haze, reaches out.

Tag.

Anderson pulls herself through the ropes like a soldier refusing to die. She’s battered, slower, but the fire in her eyes burns bright as ever.

Robb meets her head-on, and Saffron surprises him with a spinning backfist, followed by a snap powerslam off the ropes. The crowd gasps — she’s still got some venom.

She tries to follow up — stalking for the Widowmaker — but she mistimes it, her steps just off rhythm. The ribs that Maya crushed with that spinning kick flare up, her breath hitching. Robb sees it.

And strikes.

He sidesteps the elbow and grabs her arm, yanking her in with full control and driving her down with Pump The Breaks — STO backbreaker into the faceplant combo. It’s crisp, deliberate, and ends with Saffron’s body flat on the mat.

Cover.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

Skylar Rayner: “That’s it! Saffron’s done. What a fight, but that injury caught up with her.”

Kace Matthews: “And we’re back to even. Two-on-two. Grimes and Dallins. Hardy and Rayven. This just turned into a war of anchors.”

Saffron rolls out slowly, clutching her ribs, her expression one of pain — but also pride. She took the hit for her captain. She gave everything.

And now, only four remain.

The dust settles, and the battlefield narrows. Four remain — the students have all fallen, but not in vain. Xavier, Maya, Selena, and Saffron left everything in the ring, their stories written in bruises, near falls, and sacrifice. Now, it's down to the veterans. The anchors. The captains and their war-torn seconds.

On one side, Robb Hardy and Rayven Hardy, blood-bound and battle-hardened. On the other, Gavin Grimes and Raphael Dallins, the pulse of Espada. Every soul in Oracle Park is on their feet — not just for what comes next, but for what it's already taken to get here.

Skylar Rayner: "You can feel it, can't you? The students lit the fire, but now the teachers have to finish what they started."

Kace Matthews: "This is chess with broken bones, Sky. The pawns are gone. Now it's the kings and queens making the moves."

Rayven and Raphael start things off again, both visibly spent but pushing through sheer will. They trade holds, counters, and desperation suplexes. Rayven rolls through a butterfly suplex and counters with a sleeperhold drop, but she can't follow up. Raphael uses that moment to roll to his corner, tag Gavin.

Rayven, gasping for air, crawls across the mat and tags in Robb.

The captains step through.

And the match resets.

The tempo shifts from desperation to surgical fury. Robb and Gavin trade holds with masterful fluidity, counters chained into counters. Snap suplex from Hardy. Slingblade from Grimes. Robb scores a corner elbow, Gavin replies with a leg-trap powerbomb. It's not just skill — it's anticipation, like they've run these sequences in their heads a thousand times.

Skylar Rayner: "They know each other so well. The tape study, the sparring, the battles — this is high-level chess with boots on."

Quick tags return. Robb brings in Rayven, who flies off the top with a crossbody, only for Dallins to catch her and slam her down with a hammerlock suplex. Gavin tags back in, and the pair of them hit a slick combo — Raphael with the arm stomp, Gavin following up with a running shining wizard for a two-count.

Rayven somehow kicks out. Robb is pacing on the apron, his fists clenched, shouting encouragement.

They continue — tags flying in and out, partners covering for each other, rotating with a desperate rhythm to survive. At one point, Rayven spikes Dallins with a tornado DDT and nearly gets the pin, but Gavin dives in. Then Robb drags Gavin outside and throws him into the barricade.

Every second that passes builds pressure. Every tag stings more.

Finally, Rayven and Raphael collapse in unison — both unable to rise fast enough.

Both teams reach out.

Robb tags in.

Gavin tags in.

One last time.

The two captains meet in the centre of the ring, sweat dripping, breathing heavy, adrenaline overriding exhaustion. Gavin throws the first strike — Robb answers. The crowd roars with every exchange. Robb grabs a wrist — short-arm into a Vee Kick! Superkick lands flush.

Gavin staggers, but doesn't fall.

Robb scoops him — Hardy Drop! He covers.

ONE!

TWO!

THR—Gavin kicks out.

Robb slaps the mat once, calm but focused. He pulls Gavin up — signals to the crowd. It's time.

He sets Gavin in position — backbreaker, then arm hooked. He's going for Pump The Breaks again.

But Gavin slips free, lands behind him, and hits a sitout jawbreaker. Robb reels. Gavin steps back, sizing up—

Robb cuts him off, grabbing the wrist and pulling him into a snap powerslam.

The building shakes. Robb breathes deep — the moment is here.

He heads to the ropes.

Springboards.

He's going for the Call Back Cutter again.

But Gavin sidesteps at the last second, grabs the waist — Robb elbows him back. Another spinning elbow — ducked — Gavin grabs a tight cradle—

ROLL UP OF DOOM.

ONE!

TWO!!

THREE!!!

Skylar Rayner: “HE GOT HIM! OH MY GOD, HE GOT HIM!”

Kace Matthews: “Espada’s in the semifinals! Gavin Grimes just stole it with the most deadly move in his playbook!”

The bell rings and the crowd explodes, half in awe, half in stunned disbelief. Robb sits up immediately, his expression a mixture of fatigue and acceptance. He knows what happened. Gavin outwrestled him, by inches. That’s all it takes at this level.

Gavin rolls off, drained, one arm raised by the referee. Raphael slides in behind him, barely able to stay on his feet, but lifting Gavin’s other hand.

Espada wins.

Skylar Rayner: “What a war. What a match. And what a finish — the veteran guile of Gavin Grimes pulls Espada into the semifinals.”

Kace Matthews: “Hardy gave it everything. Every Hardy did. But tonight… Grimes was just one step quicker.”

Rayven helps Robb to his feet. Father and daughter exchange a glance. No shame. No regret. Just respect for the battlefield they shared.

Espada celebrates — barely — backs against the wall, but still standing.

The road to Convergence continues.

**WINNER:** Espada

---

# NIGHT 2 SEMIFINALS

Blyssful Family vs Strike Force Four

Murder Dolls vs Demonio Clan

Supa Galactic Glittah Girls vs Team EMMR

Espada vs Violent Criminals