

East Coast Invasion: Brooklyn, NY

October 24, 2025 | Barclays Center - Brooklyn, NY

Introduction

The screen fades in from black. The skyline of Brooklyn glows in the distance, bathed in orange and red from the setting sun. Traffic hums along Atlantic Avenue. The camera swoops toward the massive Barclays Center, where the words "UNITED TOUGHNESS ALLIANCE -- EAST COAST INVASION: BROOKLYN" flash across the arena marquee.

The low thrum of the crowd grows louder until the inside of the arena bursts onto the screen -- a sea of fans, camera flashes, and handmade signs. The UTA logo spins across the video wall in fiery red and gold as pyrotechnics erupt across the stage, booming like cannon fire. The Barclays Center is shaking with noise.

John Phillips: "Brooklyn, New York -- welcome to the United Toughness Alliance!"

Mark Bravo: "Oh, man, you can feel it, Phillips! The East Coast Invasion has taken over the boroughs, and tonight -- it's a Brooklyn beat down!"

The camera pans across the front rows -- kids on their parents' shoulders, fans waving "AGE OF AMY" and "ROSS AIN'T DONE" signs. The commentators stand ringside, lit by the pulsing red light of the entrance ramp. The crowd chants 'U-TA! U-TA!' until the sound shakes the rafters.

John Phillips: "We are live, and we are sold out here inside the Barclays Center -- fifteen thousand strong -- and after the chaos we witnessed last week in Orlando, the landscape of the UTA has never looked more unpredictable!"

Mark Bravo: "Chaos, Phillips? That was total anarchy! Emily Hightower stole the show, taking down Angela Hall to become the undisputed United States Champion -- Maxx Mayhem turned his back on Chris Ross just seconds after winning tag team gold -- and the women's division? It's pure combustion waiting to blow!"

On the arena screen, highlights from the last East Coast Invasion roll: Emily Hightower landing her finishing strike on Angela Hall; Maxx Mayhem swinging a chair into Chris Ross's back; Valkyrie Knox staring across the ring at Marie Van Claudio under flashing red lights.

John Phillips: "The ripple effects of that night have brought us right here -- to Brooklyn, where everyone's got something to prove and someone to fight!"

Mark Bravo: "And they picked the right city to do it, partner. Brooklyn doesn't back down, and neither does the UTA roster. Just look at this lineup!"

Camera cuts to the digital graphic on the tron: "Aaron Shaffer vs. Silas Grimm - Tonight!" followed by the tag

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team feature: "Susanita Ybanez & Valkyrie Knox vs. Rosa Delgado & Selena Vex," then the main event spotlight: "Women's Champion Amy Harrison vs. Troy Lindz."

John Phillips: "Aaron Shaffer gets his biggest test yet against the sinister Silas Grimm. Valkyrie Knox and Susanita Ybanez -- two proud warriors -- team up against the dangerous Rosa Delgado and Selena Vex, and in our main event, the UTA Women's Champion, Amy Harrison, faces Troy Lindz in non-title action!"

Mark Bravo: "And you know Amy -- she's been walking around with that title like she's untouchable. She calls it 'The Age of Amy,' and frankly, who's gonna tell her otherwise? She's at the top of her game!"

The crowd roars again as pyro bursts in arcs across the stage, bathing the entrance ramp in gold light. A sweeping crane shot captures the electric crowd, the UTA logo glowing above the ring like a beacon.

John Phillips: "Every stop on this East Coast Invasion has gotten bigger, louder, and more intense -- and tonight, the UTA proves once again why it's the standard in professional wrestling!"

Mark Bravo: "Brooklyn's got attitude, and so do the superstars in that locker room. I've been hearing rumors, Phillips -- tensions are about to boil over before the first bell even rings!"

John Phillips: "Well, speaking of that locker room, word is there's already some commotion backstage. Let's head to the back and see what's happening -- right now!"

The crowd noise fades into the background as the camera transitions through the curtain, following a cameraman rushing down the concrete hallway. Voices echo from around the corner -- heated, angry -- as the first backstage segment begins...

The Empire Arrives

The camera bursts through the curtain and into the backstage corridor, where a black luxury SUV idles beside the loading dock. The sound of its engine cuts as the driver's door opens. A figure steps out -- it's the UTA Women's Champion, Amy Harrison, title draped proudly over her shoulder, the Brooklyn crowd audibly reacting as her presence hits the screen.

Behind her, three figures emerge from the shadows: the cold-eyed powerhouse Selena Vex, the fiery Rosa Delgado, and the ever-intense Hardcore Sandy. The four women move as one -- not a group, but an empire in motion.

John Phillips: "That's the Women's Champion, Amy Harrison -- and she didn't come alone!"

Mark Bravo: "You see this, Phillips? That's what a champion looks like! Surrounded by the best, walking in like she owns the place -- because frankly, she does!"

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The camera follows the group as they stride confidently down the hallway. Amy pauses for a moment under the flickering backstage light, glancing at her reflection in the gold plate of her championship belt. A smirk creeps across her face.

Amy Harrison: "Brooklyn... you're about to witness something special tonight."

Selena Vex folds her arms, cracking her neck with a grin.

Selena Vex: "You mean the part where Troy Lindz learns what happens when you step up to royalty?"

Amy smirks again, nodding slightly.

Amy Harrison: "No... the part where everyone learns that the Age of Amy isn't just a catchphrase -- it's a reality. You either stand beside me... or you fall beneath me. We ARE The Empire!"

Rosa Delgado, ever the loud spark of the group, lets out a laugh and slaps the UTA logo sticker off a passing equipment crate.

Rosa Delgado: "She's not wrong. Every woman in this division is just chasing her shadow. The Empress' already crowned!"

Hardcore Sandy lingers at the back, her knuckles taped, eyes flicking around as if daring someone to step in their path. Amy turns toward her and raises an eyebrow.

Amy Harrison: "Problem, Sandy?"

Hardcore Sandy: "Only if somebody tries to make one."

The four women share a silent, knowing look -- a unity forged by dominance and fear. Amy adjusts her title on her shoulder and starts walking again toward the locker room corridor, the camera trailing just behind her heels.

Amy Harrison: "Tonight, Brooklyn gets a reminder... that I'm not the face of this division because I say so -- I'm the face because no one's good enough to take it from me."

She stops in front of a door marked "WOMEN'S LOCKER ROOM." She turns slightly, catching the camera's lens in her gaze.

Amy Harrison: "Now, if you'll excuse us -- the champs have business to handle."

She pushes open the door, leading her entourage inside. The camera lingers on the nameplate -- "Amy Harrison" taped boldly over the door -- before the scene fades back to ringside.

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John Phillips: "A commanding arrival from the Women's Champion and her new... entourage? If there was any doubt that Amy Harrison runs this division, she just erased it."

Mark Bravo: "Entourage? Try dynasty, Phillips. That's power walking. And I have a feeling Brooklyn's about to see just how dangerous The Empire really is."

The camera cuts back to the roaring crowd, the lights dimming as the music for the first match of the night begins to play.

Aaron Shaffer. vs. Silas Grimm

The Barclays Center hums under dim light as the crowd's anticipation builds. A low wind begins to swirl through the arena -- the speakers crackle with the sound of gusting air. Suddenly, a beat drops -- hard percussion, layered with electronic wind chimes -- and the screens flash like a strobe storm.

John Phillips: "Listen to this crowd, Mark! The storm's rolling into Brooklyn -- here comes Aaron Shaffer!"

Wind machines roar to life at the top of the ramp as blue and silver light floods the stage. The LED boards display rapid, sweeping motion graphics of clouds spinning in a vortex. Then -- with a burst of white smoke -- Aaron Shaffer races out from behind the curtain, hair whipping like a cyclone in motion.

Mark Bravo: "This guy never walks anywhere, Phillips -- he flies, he spins, he defies gravity! I've seen roller coasters with fewer twists than an Aaron Shaffer entrance!"

Shaffer dashes to the edge of the stage, pumping his fist to the crowd. He spins into a half-cartwheel, landing perfectly upright as camera flashes pop from the lower bowl. He slaps hands with fans along the ramp, pausing briefly to hop up onto the guardrail -- walking its narrow edge like a skateboard rail. The crowd gasps, but he balances easily, grinning before flipping backward onto the ramp.

John Phillips: "The confidence of this young man is infectious. You can see the freestyle roots in every step -- he's not just entering an arena, he's performing a work of art."

As he reaches ringside, Shaffer vaults up to the apron in one fluid jump, planting both feet square on the edge before flipping over the top rope in a smooth rotation. He lands center-ring and drops into a low crouch, his eyes sweeping the crowd, soaking in the cheers of the Brooklyn faithful.

Wind continues to whip around the ring from the entrance fans, giving his hair and gear a storm-like life of its own. He pops to his feet, ascending the nearest turnbuckle, and extends his arms outward like he's summoning the air itself. The Barclays Center lights dance across his body as the camera circles upward from his boots to his face -- confidence and adrenaline radiating from every pore.

John Phillips: "Shaffer says every match is about rhythm -- motion and counter-motion -- like a dance

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between risk and reward."

Mark Bravo: "He calls it rhythm; I call it insanity. But hey, Brooklyn loves insanity, and this kid's got the city on its feet!"

The crowd breaks into chants -- "SHAF-FER! SHAF-FER!" -- as he hops down from the ropes and begins loosening up in the corner, shadowboxing and testing the ropes with his trademark energy.

John Phillips: "Aaron Shaffer, Chicago-born stormbringer, ready to kick off the night here in Brooklyn. But, Mark -- there's a shadow waiting behind that curtain."

Mark Bravo: "Yeah, and if you thought Shaffer brought the wind... Silas Grimm brings the chill."

The lights in the arena flicker once, then go black.

Darkness swallows the Barclays Center. The noise of the crowd drops into an uneasy murmur. For a few seconds, only silence -- then, a single bell tolls. Low. Resonant. It echoes through the rafters and across fifteen thousand hushed fans.

John Phillips: "And now... Brooklyn meets the other side of the storm."

On the big screen, static flickers. The UTA logo briefly distorts into a monochrome sigil -- a circle of black and white lines resembling a ritual mark. A slow, rolling fog creeps from the entranceway as pale light seeps through it like moonlight through a crypt.

"Judith" by A Perfect Circle begins -- the haunting guitar riffs slicing through the silence. From behind the smoke steps Silas Grimm. He's cloaked in darkness, hood drawn low, a half-mask glinting across his scarred features. His body language is deliberate, ritualistic -- every movement feels like it carries weight from another world.

Mark Bravo: "There he is. The ghost of New Orleans himself. Silas Grimm gives me goosebumps every single time, Phillips."

John Phillips: "He's not your typical showman. Grimm calls this his 'process.' He doesn't wrestle -- he performs rites. Every motion, every hold, it all means something to him... even if no one else understands it."

Grimm stops halfway down the ramp, standing perfectly still as fog curls around his boots. He slowly raises his head toward the ceiling, tilting it at a strange angle -- unblinking. The spotlight isolates him as he removes his mask, sliding it from his face with chilling reverence. Beneath, his expression is blank except for that faint sneer of contempt.

He walks the rest of the way down with slow precision, trailing his fingers across the barricade as if absorbing the crowd's unease. Fans recoil slightly as his gaze passes over them, some holding up phones

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but lowering them as he moves closer.

John Phillips: "You can feel it. The atmosphere changes when Grimm walks out. He doesn't need pyro or smoke -- though he's got plenty -- he just brings... dread."

Mark Bravo: "It's that theater of the macabre thing, Phillips. He doesn't just want to win -- he wants to make you remember how it felt to lose."

Reaching ringside, Silas steps onto the steel steps, pausing to trace a symbol across his chest. He whispers something no one can quite make out -- a prayer, a curse, or maybe both -- before stepping through the ropes.

Once inside, he slowly circles the ring, eyes fixed on Aaron Shaffer the entire time. He reaches into the corner, takes hold of the top rope, and wipes it down methodically as though purging it of impurity. Then he stops dead center, head tilted again, staring through Shaffer without expression.

John Phillips: "That's a thousand-yard stare if I've ever seen one. Shaffer looks fired up -- but Grimm looks... like he's already written the ending."

Mark Bravo: "It's like two storms colliding, Phillips -- one's pure energy, the other's pure malice. And Brooklyn's about to get caught in the middle."

Grimm unhooks his hooded coat, folds it carefully, and sets it down in the corner -- almost ceremonially. The referee checks both men. The lights return to full brightness, the crowd rising as the bell is about to sound.

John Phillips: "The storm and the shadow, ready to collide. Brooklyn... let's get it on!"

The referee calls for the bell, and the sound echoes sharp through the Barclays Center -- a crisp signal that breaks the tension hanging in the air.

John Phillips: "And here we go! Aaron Shaffer versus Silas Grimm -- live from Brooklyn, New York -- and you can feel the electricity in this building!"

Both men circle cautiously at first. Grimm's expression remains unreadable, his posture stoic and deliberate. Shaffer, on the other hand, moves with constant rhythm -- light on his feet, shifting weight from toe to heel like a dancer waiting for the right beat to drop.

Mark Bravo: "Look at Grimm's eyes, Phillips. That man isn't here to wrestle -- he's here to dissect. And Shaffer better hope the dissection doesn't start with one of those elbows to the jaw."

They tie up -- a quick collar-and-elbow lock. Grimm transitions instantly, twisting into a standing arm wringer. Shaffer winces but rolls forward into a smooth kip-up reversal, snapping Grimm's wrist into a counter-twist that earns an appreciative pop from the Brooklyn crowd.

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John Phillips: "Beautiful escape by Shaffer! That's the speed and control we were talking about!"

Grimm doesn't react, only blinks once -- then jerks Shaffer forward by the arm and smashes an elbow into his shoulder. The crack of impact echoes like a gunshot. Shaffer staggers, and Grimm sweeps his legs out, sending him down hard to the mat.

Mark Bravo: "And there it is -- that's the switch! Grimm's got a way of turning finesse into brutality in a heartbeat!"

Grimm presses a knee across Shaffer's forearm and grinds down slowly, twisting the wrist with surgical focus. The referee leans in, checking for a submission, but Shaffer shakes his head, teeth gritted. The crowd claps rhythmically, trying to rally him back.

Using his free hand, Shaffer plants against the mat, rolls backward, and flips himself up into a bridge -- then twists his hips, dragging Grimm off balance and breaking free with a quick arm drag that sends Grimm tumbling across the canvas.

John Phillips: "Unreal counter! Shaffer's agility might be the only thing keeping him in control here!"

Grimm rises, his face blank except for a faint smirk. Shaffer hits the ropes, building speed -- leapfrog, drop down, and then launches with a flying forearm that connects square across Grimm's jaw! The impact sends Grimm reeling backward into the corner.

Mark Bravo: "Momentum swing! The human whirlwind is cooking now!"

Shaffer doesn't let up -- he charges in, hits a crisp Gale Force Dropkick right to the chest, the sound snapping through the arena. Grimm slumps into the corner, winded. Shaffer backs up, raising one arm, feeding off the roar of the crowd.

John Phillips: "He's got the Barclays Center behind him -- listen to this place!"

Shaffer takes off again, sprinting into a handspring corner splash -- but Grimm ducks out at the last second! Shaffer collides chest-first with the turnbuckles, gasping. Grimm slides behind him and drives an elbow between his shoulder blades, then a quick Dragon Screw that sends Shaffer flipping to the mat clutching his leg.

Mark Bravo: "Ohh, there's the difference maker right there! Grimm doesn't just survive the storm -- he redirects it!"

Grimm seizes the leg and drops his weight into a twisting ankle lock variation, wrenching at Shaffer's knee. Shaffer thrashes, reaching for the ropes, finally dragging himself across the mat to hook the bottom strand. The ref orders the break. Grimm obeys -- barely -- giving one last torque before releasing the hold at the count of four.

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John Phillips: "Silas Grimm walking that fine line -- almost risking disqualification early on!"

Shaffer clutches his leg, trying to stand. Grimm watches him coldly, head tilted again, before raising his arms slightly and stepping forward, daring Shaffer to get up. The crowd begins clapping, chanting Shaffer's name again.

Mark Bravo: "Grimm's not taunting, Phillips -- he's studying. Like a scientist waiting to see if his experiment survives the first phase."

Shaffer uses the ropes to pull himself upright, shaking out his leg, eyes burning with defiance. Grimm nods once, almost respectfully, before lunging forward again -- and the crowd roars as Shaffer meets him mid-ring with a sharp counter kick to the gut, swinging the momentum once more.

John Phillips: "Shaffer's not backing down! The storm is still alive!"

The two men square off again in the center of the ring -- one breathing heavy, one barely breathing at all -- as the energy in the Barclays Center surges, setting the stage for the next phase of the battle.

The crowd claps in rhythm as both men reset near center ring. Shaffer wipes sweat from his brow, shaking life back into his left leg, while Grimm adjusts his gloves with eerie calm -- no hurry, no emotion, just that faint tilt of the head again.

John Phillips: "Grimm's trying to draw Shaffer into his pace -- slower, tighter, where he can control the limbs and smother that aerial game."

Mark Bravo: "And Shaffer? He needs chaos, Phillips! The longer this match stays in motion, the better his odds get!"

They lock up again. Grimm drops low, snapping a quick waistlock into a takedown, rolling through into a grounded headlock. He grinds his forearm across Shaffer's jaw, pressing the point of his elbow just enough to make the ref bark a warning. Shaffer twists, legs kicking, and pops his hips -- reversing into a side head-scissors. Grimm kips out with unsettling grace, landing on his knees -- and smirks.

The two men spring back up. Shaffer feints a grapple, ducks low, and fires a lightning-fast arm drag that sends Grimm skidding across the mat. The crowd pops! Grimm rises, only to eat another -- then a third, Shaffer spinning into it with dance-like precision.

John Phillips: "That's vintage Aaron Shaffer -- rhythm and repetition! Each drag a little faster, a little sharper!"

Grimm rolls to his knees, snarling now. Shaffer doesn't give him space -- he sprints to the ropes, rebounds, and hits a textbook running Hurricanrana! Grimm is flung halfway across the ring, flipping to his back as the arena erupts!

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Mark Bravo: "Did you see that height?! Shaffer just turned the Barclays Center into a wind tunnel!"

Shaffer lands light, pops back to his feet, and runs the opposite ropes. He leaps -- springboards off the middle strand -- twists in mid-air and connects with a spinning back elbow that catches Grimm clean on the jaw! The impact drops Grimm flat.

John Phillips: "Cyclone precision from Shaffer! Every rotation tighter than the last!"

Shaffer covers -- one! ... two! -- Grimm kicks out with a jolt, immediately rolling to the apron. Shaffer, full of adrenaline, doesn't hesitate. He sprints, leaps onto the top rope, balances for a breath -- and dives outward with a Storm Surge Moonsault!

But Grimm moves! Shaffer crashes to the ringside mats with a thunderous thud, rolling onto his back clutching his ribs as the referee leans through the ropes to check him.

Mark Bravo: "Nobody home! You can't fly forever, Phillips -- gravity always wins!"

Grimm slides out of the ring, expression still void of joy or anger, and grabs Shaffer by the hair. He whispers something inaudible and then drives a sharp palm strike to the ribs -- once, twice, three times -- each impact sounding like a gunshot in the concrete arena floor.

John Phillips: "Those strikes are surgical -- targeting those ribs that took the brunt of that moonsault miss!"

*Grimm rolls Shaffer back under the bottom rope and follows. He lifts Shaffer into a hammerlock position -- then drops him violently with the **Last Rites** hammerlock backdrop driver! Shaffer bounces off the mat, folding up from the impact. Grimm covers, hooking the leg.*

One! ... Two! ... Shaffer kicks out, gasping, hand clutched around his ribs.

Mark Bravo: "How did he kick out of that?! That's pure instinct!"

John Phillips: "Instinct and guts, Bravo! Shaffer's not about to let this storm end in Brooklyn!"

Grimm stays on him -- no wasted motion. He drags Shaffer up by the wrist, pulling him into a short-arm rolling elbow. Shaffer stumbles back, dazed. Grimm hits the ropes -- but Shaffer suddenly springs to life, leaping with a rebound knee to the jaw that cuts Grimm off mid-stride!

The crowd explodes! Shaffer lands awkwardly but keeps his footing, limping on the sore leg, adrenaline carrying him through. He points to the top rope and roars to the fans, who answer in kind.

John Phillips: "He's going for it again! Shaffer looking to finish this in spectacular fashion!"

He climbs the turnbuckles, every step drawing cheers. Grimm stirs beneath him, staggering upright. Shaffer

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*steadies, eyes locked -- then leaps, twisting through the air for the **Eye of the Storm** cutter!*

*Grimm ducks under! Shaffer crashes to the mat, but rolls through on instinct -- popping to his feet. Grimm spins, firing a brutal spinning back kick to the ribs, folding Shaffer in half. He grabs the arm -- another Dragon Screw -- and then transitions straight into the **Funeral Lock**!*

The crowd gasps as Grimm wrenches back on the hold, bending Shaffer's neck and shoulder at an unnatural angle!

Mark Bravo: "Funeral Lock! He's got it! He's got it cinched in!"

John Phillips: "Shaffer's in serious trouble here -- nowhere to go!"

Shaffer claws at the mat, dragging himself inch by inch toward the ropes. The crowd claps in rhythm again, willing him on. His fingers stretch -- just short -- Grimm yanks back, eyes wide with intensity.

Mark Bravo: "He's fading, Phillips!"

At the last second, Shaffer twists his hips, rolling into a desperate reversal -- trapping Grimm's shoulders in a surprise pin!

One! ... Two! ... Grimm releases the hold and kicks free!

John Phillips: "He escaped! What resilience by Aaron Shaffer!"

Both men collapse in opposite corners, breathing heavy, the crowd rising to their feet as Brooklyn's energy surges again. Shaffer's chest heaves, Grimm's expression hardens -- neither willing to yield an inch as the battle reaches its next crescendo.

Both men pull themselves upright in opposite corners. Sweat glistens on Shaffer's shoulders; his chest rises and falls in rapid bursts. Grimm wipes a trickle of blood from his lip, never breaking that cold, ritualistic stare.

John Phillips: "This crowd is on its feet in Brooklyn! These two have taken each other to the limit -- speed against spite -- art against anatomy!"

Mark Bravo: "Shaffer's fighting on fumes, Phillips, but he's got heart for miles. Grimm's just waiting for one mistake -- one slip -- and it's curtain call."

They meet mid-ring again -- Grimm swings a brutal rolling elbow -- Shaffer ducks! He explodes forward with a high-impact clothesline that sends Grimm spinning. The crowd erupts!

John Phillips: "Cyclone Clothesline! He caught all of it!"

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*Shaffer pumps his fist to the crowd, the Barclays Center roaring behind him. He hits the ropes -- springboards -- **Gale Force Dropkick!** Grimm staggers backward, barely keeping his footing. Shaffer charges again, leapfrogs, plants, and spins -- **Twister Slam!***

Grimm hits hard, rolling toward the corner in a daze. Shaffer staggers, gripping his ribs but feeling the surge of adrenaline. The crowd chants his name: "SHAF-FER! SHAF-FER!"

Mark Bravo: "He's got Grimm dizzy in the corner -- that's the setup, Phillips! You know what's next!"

Shaffer points to the top rope and shouts something indistinct over the roar. He climbs, each step deliberate, the lights flashing with the rhythm of the crowd's cheers. He reaches the top, steadies himself -- wind machines kick on again, his hair whipping like a storm at sea.

John Phillips: "He's calling for the Stormbreaker!"

Shaffer leaps -- full rotation through the air -- catching Grimm around the neck mid-fall and driving him down with thunderous force! The ring shakes under the impact as Shaffer crashes on top for the cover!

One! ... Two! ... Thr-- No! Grimm kicks out!

Mark Bravo: "What?! He kicked out of the Stormbreaker! How in the world did he do that?!"

John Phillips: "The resilience -- or the madness -- of Silas Grimm! Most men don't get up from that!"

*Shaffer looks stunned but doesn't stop. He drags Grimm up, trying to hook him again. Grimm suddenly rakes the eyes -- a flash of desperation. The referee warns him, but Grimm ignores it, spinning into a sudden **Witchhook** neck-snap DDT out of nowhere!*

The crowd gasps as Shaffer folds in half, dropping motionless to the mat. Grimm crawls over, draping an arm across the chest.

One! ... Two! ... Shaffer kicks out at the very last heartbeat! The arena explodes in disbelief!

Mark Bravo: "Are you kidding me?! Nobody survives the Witchhook!"

John Phillips: "He just did! Aaron Shaffer refusing to die here in Brooklyn!"

*Grimm's mask of calm cracks -- his breathing quickens. He rises slowly, dragging Shaffer up by the hair, whispering something into his ear that the camera can't catch. He spins him for another Witchhook -- but Shaffer shoves him off, ducks low, and lifts Grimm high with a sudden **Tempest Suplex!***

The crowd roars again! Shaffer crawls to the corner, uses the ropes to climb the turnbuckles -- every fan in the Barclays Center on their feet now. Grimm is flat on his back, eyes glazed.

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John Phillips: "He's got one last shot left in him -- can he connect?"

*Shaffer stands tall, arms outstretched -- then leaps into a blinding rotation through the air. **Eye of the Storm!** He catches Grimm mid-rise and plants him with the top-rope cutter perfectly!*

Shaffer covers, both hands hooked tight around Grimm's leg.

One! ... Two! ... Three!

The bell rings. The arena erupts in thunderous applause as Shaffer rolls off, clutching his ribs, every breath a mix of exhaustion and exhilaration.

John Phillips: "He did it! Aaron Shaffer pulls off a statement victory here in Brooklyn!"

Mark Bravo: "What a battle! You could feel every second of that -- the storm met the grave and somehow the wind came out alive!"

The referee raises Shaffer's hand as "his theme" hits over the PA. Wind machines fire once more, this time softer, blowing across him like a victory breeze. He climbs the turnbuckle, pounding his chest, shouting to the crowd who respond with rhythmic chants.

At ringside, Grimm rolls onto his knees, face blank, staring up at Shaffer in silence. He tilts his head slightly... then nods once before slipping under the ropes and disappearing up the ramp into the smoke.

John Phillips: "A rare nod of respect from Silas Grimm -- maybe the only language he speaks."

Mark Bravo: "Respect or recognition, Phillips -- either way, Aaron Shaffer just earned it the hard way. What a way to kick off the night!"

Shaffer stands on the ropes, arms raised, the storm victoriously calm at last as the cameras pan the roaring Barclays Center crowd -- energy still crackling through the air as the scene fades to commercial.

You Rang?

The camera cuts from the celebration in the arena to the quiet hum of the backstage hallway. The golden glow of the UTA Championship belt is the first thing seen as Jarvis Valentine steps into frame, title slung proudly over his shoulder. He adjusts the cuff of his jacket, eyes sharp and calm, before stopping outside an office door marked "Scott Stevens -- General Manager."

Jarvis smirks slightly, knocks once, then pushes the door open without waiting for a reply.

Jarvis Valentine: "You rang? You wanted to see me?"

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Inside, Scott Stevens looks up from his desk -- crisp suit, smirk of satisfaction -- the UTA logo glowing faintly on the wall-mounted monitor behind him. He gestures toward the chair across from him but Jarvis doesn't sit; he stands tall, confidence in every movement.

Scott Stevens: "I did, Jarvis. I wanted to talk about last week... and about you."

Stevens leans back, lacing his fingers together, studying the champion for a long moment before continuing.

Scott Stevens: "That defense against Michael Owens -- incredible. What a way for Michael to sunset a long and storied career. And you... congratulations. You're building something here. A reign people will remember. A reign... that legacies are built on."

Jarvis raises an eyebrow, a modest smile tugging at his lips.

Jarvis Valentine: "A true prodigy, right?"

Stevens grins, pointing at him like a man acknowledging a reflection of his own ambition.

Scott Stevens: "Exactly. Speaking of true prodigies... I've got a special surprise for you tonight."

Jarvis tilts his head, intrigued but silent. The faint sound of the crowd can be heard outside the office -- muffled but growing louder with each second, like an approaching storm.

Scott Stevens: "You've beaten the best of this generation -- Brick Bronson, Michael Owens -- but tonight, Jarvis, you're going to test yourself against another UTA legacy. A former Prodigy Champion."

Stevens stands from his desk, his tone shifting from congratulatory to commanding.

Scott Stevens: "Tonight, Jarvis... you'll defend the UTA Championship... against Zhalia Fears."

The crowd outside the office can be heard screaming through the walls -- a wall of noise rising instantly. The camera pans to Jarvis' face -- his confident grin widening as the reality of the announcement sinks in.

John Phillips (from commentary): "WHAT?! Did I just hear that right?! Zhalia Fears -- the former Prodigy Champion -- is here tonight?!"

Mark Bravo: "You heard it, Phillips! That video last week... the mysterious figure... it must've been Zhalia! And she's walking straight into a UTA Championship match?!"

Back in the office, Jarvis straightens his jacket and gives Stevens a slow nod -- the kind that says he relishes the challenge.

Jarvis Valentine: "Zhalia Fears, huh? I was wondering when she'd show her face again."

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He taps the gold faceplate of his championship belt, eyes gleaming with confidence.

Jarvis Valentine: "Looking forward to it."

He turns, leaving the office with the title glinting in the overhead lights. The crowd's cheers are now deafening as the camera lingers on Stevens' smirk -- satisfied, scheming -- before fading back to ringside.

John Phillips: "Zhalia Fears is back, and she's challenging for the UTA Championship tonight! The landscape just changed in Brooklyn!"

Mark Bravo: "I don't even think Jarvis is worried, Phillips -- that man looks like he lives for this. Legacy versus legacy, right here on East Coast Invasion!"

Story Time

The arena lights cut out without warning. The crowd murmurs in confusion, a low buzz swelling through the Barclays Center. Then -- an explosion of white strobes flares to life as "Black Flame" by Bury Tomorrow hits the speakers. The opening scream rattles the air as smoke begins pouring from the stage.

John Phillips: "Oh boy... this can't be good. You know that music -- and you know what it means. The Keystone State Killa is here."

Mark Bravo: "Chris Ross -- and if you believe the rumors, he's still got stitches in his head from that attack last week. But if I know Ross, that won't stop him -- it'll just piss him off."

The camera cuts to the entrance ramp. Through the haze steps Chris Ross -- head down, face shadowed beneath the arena lights. He's in a torn leather jacket, black jeans, boots caked with dried blood and arena dust. Around his forehead, a line of black sutures gleams beneath the spotlight -- proof of last week's violence. His right hand grips a steel chair. His left? The infamous screwdriver -- tucked into his waistband like a ghost of his past.

Ross doesn't pose. He doesn't shout. He just walks -- slow, methodical -- dragging the chair beside him. The scraping sound of steel on the metal ramp shrieks with every step. The crowd begins to stir, a mix of boos and awe, the sound rolling like thunder over the Barclays Center.

John Phillips: "Just look at him, Bravo. He's not storming to the ring tonight -- he's dragging his rage behind him."

Mark Bravo: "He looks like a man walking back into a crime scene, Phillips. You can almost smell the gasoline and the blood on that chair."

Ross stops halfway down the ramp and raises his head for the first time. The camera zooms in -- his face a

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portrait of controlled fury, lips pressed tight, eyes hollow but burning. He looks left and right, scanning the Brooklyn crowd like he's memorizing every face, every noise. Then, with one sharp kick, he folds the chair up, slings it over his shoulder, and continues toward the ring.

The boos begin to shift into chants -- not for him, but because they can feel something dangerous coming. "ROSS! ROSS! ROSS!" mixes with "YOU GOT SCREWED!"

John Phillips: "He hears it, Bravo. These people remember what went down -- Maxx Mayhem's chair shot, Kaine's boot, that final stomp to the skull that opened him up like a crime scene."

Mark Bravo: "Yeah, Kaine -- the East Coast Devil himself -- made his statement on Chris Ross last week. Ross may never forget that name."

Ross reaches the ring. He doesn't rush -- he climbs the steps, slow and deliberate, then steps between the ropes with purpose. The chair still in hand, he walks to the center of the ring and sets it down. He doesn't unfold it right away -- he stares at it. The camera circles him, the crowd murmuring, sensing something raw about to erupt.

Finally, Ross opens the chair, sits, and lowers his head. The lights dim slightly, the spotlight centering on him as the music fades out. For a few seconds, there's silence -- nothing but the faint hum of the crowd and Ross's quiet breathing through the house mic.

Chris Ross: "Alright, Maxx... ya had your fun."

The crowd reacts immediately -- some cheer, some boo, all waiting for what's coming next.

Chris Ross: "I went along with this whole tag team thing like a god damn hostage against my will! And surprise, surprise -- look what happened! I called it! I **knew** something absolutely stupid would f***n' happen -- and here we are!"

He laughs. Not joyfully -- a broken, bitter laugh. The sound cuts through the tension like a knife. He shakes his head, brushing a hand through his hair, then winces as his fingers graze the stitches.

Chris Ross: "Ya know what, Maxx? I gotta hand it to ya! I figured you were dumb -- like the kind of idiot who'd get set on fire for laughs on an episode of Jackass -- but I see now, I was wrong. There's nothin' goin' on in that head of yours. You ain't dumb, you're empty!"

The crowd laughs nervously as Ross smirks, pacing now around the chair like a predator stalking his cage.

Chris Ross: "You know, I actually started to think maybe, just maybe, you were the kinda guy I could work with. Maybe I could control the chaos for once. But you... you decided to bite the hand that tried to guide you. You busted me open, Maxx. You put me in the hospital. Twenty stitches in my head. You left me there -- bleeding, broken -- while Kaine stood over me and put his damn boot through my skull."

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John Phillips: "That's right -- it was Kaine who put the final exclamation point on that attack last week!"

Mark Bravo: "Yeah, that double stomp -- the 'Grave Digger.' Ross was motionless when they cut to black. He's lucky he's even walking tonight."

Ross glares up toward the stage, voice lowering to a growl.

Chris Ross: "Kaine... you listen to me real close. You might think you made an impression, but all you did was write your name on the same bullet I've got marked for Maxx."

The crowd pops -- the threat landing heavy. Ross turns back to the camera, eyes blazing.

Chris Ross: "As I laid there in that hospital bed, watching blood drip from my hair into my eyes, I had myself a little epiphany. I realized something. After years of fights, fines, suspensions, and violence... after every bridge I burned and every person I hurt just to feel alive... I realized one simple thing."

He pauses. The arena is dead silent.

Chris Ross: "I'm a damn good wrestler."

The crowd erupts, some in disbelief, some in support. Ross chuckles again, shaking his head.

Chris Ross: "Crazy, right? After all these years of violence, all this blood, I figured out what I should've known all along -- I don't need to be the monster anymore. I can out-wrestle every bastard that steps foot in that ring."

Mark Bravo: "This is surreal, Phillips. I don't think I've ever heard Chris Ross talk about himself like this."

Ross's tone hardens, his eyes locking on the hard cam again.

Chris Ross: "See, Maxx -- I didn't cause chaos for fun. I didn't swing chairs and break bones because it made me smile. I did it because it was all I had left. You? You do it for laughs. You do it for the reaction. I did it because I lost everything -- my family, my friends, my life -- and pain was the only thing that reminded me I was still alive."

He picks up the screwdriver from his waistband and holds it up, letting the lights glint across its sharp edge. The crowd buzzes nervously, some booing, some chanting "NO! NO! NO!"

Chris Ross: "See this, Maxx? This has been my life. My answer to everything. Every time I was angry, every time I was broken, every time the world kicked me down -- I picked this up."

He stares at it -- long, silent seconds of tension -- then suddenly throws it over the top rope into the crowd. It bounces off the barricade, clattering onto the mats. The fans explode in cheers.

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Chris Ross: "I don't need this anymore. I don't need **you**, I don't need your chaos, and I don't need this screwdriver. You took my blood last week -- now I'm taking my life back."

Ross kicks the chair aside, the sound echoing through the arena as he stalks toward the ropes.

Chris Ross: "You think you're Mayhem? You haven't seen mayhem yet. You think Kaine's your muscle? I'll send him back to Salem in a body bag. You two wanted to make a statement -- congratulations. You woke up something that doesn't sleep anymore."

He grips the top rope, leaning over it, veins bulging in his neck as his voice rises to a roar.

Chris Ross: "You want war?! You got it! No more teams! No more smiles! No more cheap shots! You wanted The Boss -- well, now you've got him!"

He pauses.

Chris Ross: "By the way.... Scott Stevens... Next time I see you I'm kicking your god damn ass! As far as I'm concerned THIS IS ALL YOUR FAULT YOU DUMB SON OF A BITCH!"

He slams the mic down, the sound echoing like a gunshot. "Black Flame" hits again as the crowd explodes. Ross stands center-ring, breathing hard, chest heaving -- blood from his reopened stitches trickling down the side of his face. The camera zooms tight on his eyes -- pure fury, pure focus.

John Phillips: "That's not just a man speaking his mind -- that's a man reborn through rage! Chris Ross has just declared war on Maxx Mayhem and Kaine!"

Mark Bravo: "And after what we've seen from Ross before, Phillips -- if he means it, if that version of him is really back -- God help anybody standing in his way!"

Ross exits the ring, wiping the blood from his brow, jaw tight. The fans chant his name again -- "R-O-S-S! R-O-S-S!" -- as he marches up the ramp, leaving behind the empty chair in the ring -- a symbol of what he's given up and what's coming next.

Dance Circles

The camera finds Melissa Cartwright in the interview zone, UTA mic in hand as the crowd noise hums beyond the curtain. Beside her, Troy Lindz steps into frame in full ring gear -- sequined jacket catching every stray light, red curls bouncing with every subtle head tilt. The Barclays Center pops just from their presence.

Melissa Cartwright: "Troy, later tonight you challenge Amy Harrison for the Women's Championship. You asked Scott Stevens for this match after defeating former champion Valkyrie Knoxx last week. The Empire is here in full force. How ready are you for what's coming?"

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Troy slides their sunglasses down the bridge of their nose and smirks at the lens, one hand resting on their hip.

Troy Lindz: "Melissa, "ready" is what you are for a meeting. I'm not ready -- I'm born for this. I said it last week and I'll say it again: I pinned a former champion. I looked Scott Stevens in the eye and said, "Give me the empress." And tonight? The crown meets the spotlight."

They tap the UTA logo on the mic, then flick a glance toward the hallway where the arena rumble grows.

Melissa Cartwright: "Amy Harrison hasn't been shy about using The Empire to keep that title. Rosa Delgado, Selena Vex, Hardcore Sandy -- that's a lot of moving parts. How do you plan to deal with the numbers?"

Troy laughs softly, head tilted.

Troy Lindz: "Darling, I've dealt with numbers my whole life -- one spotlight, one me, ten thousand of them. Rosa wants to wrestle cute? I'll out-chain her. Selena wants to chirp? I've got a whole choir. Sandy wants to swing? I'll make her miss and pose on the follow-through. Amy can bring the entire royal court -- I'll still dance circles around the throne."

They step a half pace closer to the camera, voice dropping, playful edge hardening.

Troy Lindz: "Amy, you love gold -- I love moments. And tonight, Brooklyn's mine. You try to slither out with that chain, that laugh, that little wink to the camera? I'll catch your wrist, dip you, and drop you Center Stage. If you somehow survive that, I'll take your head off with the Final Bow... and if you're still breathing, I'll bend you 'til you see stars in the Spotlight Stretch."

Melissa Cartwright: "Strong words. Final thought for The Empire?"

Troy slides the sunglasses back up and blows a kiss toward the lens.

Troy Lindz: "To the empress and her courtiers -- shine up that belt, babes. The spotlight's not moving... it's mine. See you out there."

Troy turns on their heel and struts down the corridor toward the curtain, the crowd swell growing louder with each step. Melissa watches them go, then faces the camera.

Melissa Cartwright: "Troy Lindz, confident and locked in, ahead of tonight's Women's Championship clash with Amy Harrison. Back to you."

Susanita Ybanez/Valkyrie Knox vs. Rosa Delgado/Selena Vex

The arena lights dim until the Barclays Center is washed in a low, crimson haze. For a few tense seconds, all

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that can be heard is the hum of the crowd -- a restless murmur of anticipation. Then, like a blade slicing through the dark, a single spotlight cuts to the entrance stage as the first haunting notes of "Sanctify Me" by In This Moment echo through the speakers. A deep, ominous heartbeat thunders beneath the vocals. The boos start immediately -- a wave of hostility rolling through the stands before a single member of The Empire even appears.

John Phillips: "Well, here we go, folks. The air just changed in Brooklyn. That sound... those lights... there's only one group this could be."

Mark Bravo: "Yeah, the ones running the women's division -- The Empire. Rosa Delgado and Selena Vex -- the enforcers Amy Harrison! And judging by that ovation -- or lack of one -- the crowd knows exactly what kind of power is walking through that curtain."

"Sanctify Me" hits its first heavy guitar riff, and the stage erupts in gold sparks. Two silhouettes emerge through the fog -- side by side, their presence commanding even in stillness. As the haze clears, the cameras capture them in full: Rosa Delgado, stoic and sharp as steel, every step deliberate; Selena Vex, head high and lips curled into that signature smirk that drives every fan in the building crazy. The synchronization between them is perfect -- one heartbeat, one agenda, one empire.

John Phillips: "Look at them -- unified, confident, dangerous. And let's not forget, this is the first time we've seen them since last week's post-match ambush on Valkyrie Knox and Susanita Ybanez. Scott Stevens granted this match at Valkyrie and Susanita's request -- they demanded a chance to fight back tonight!"

Mark Bravo: "And that's where they messed up, Phillips! You don't demand anything from Amy Harrison's inner circle. You ask permission, and you hope they're feeling generous. These two don't fight for respect -- they fight to maintain dominance. They're here to remind everyone who really runs this division."

As the chorus of "Sanctify Me" hits, a burst of pyro rains from the rafters, cascading behind the two women as they begin their slow walk down the ramp. Rosa stays laser-focused, eyes locked on the ring like it's prey. Selena trails half a step behind, her gaze darting to the crowd -- jawing at the front row, mouthing "You wish you could" to a heckler waving a "VALKYRIE WILL BREAK YOU" sign. The fans respond with venomous boos, but The Empire doesn't flinch.

John Phillips: "These fans letting them hear it tonight, and rightfully so! That attack last week wasn't a message -- it was an ambush. Valkyrie and Susanita had already won their match when Rosa and Selena stormed the ring, using the numbers to lay them both out. You could feel the frustration through the screen."

Mark Bravo: "Call it what you want, Phillips, but that's called strategy where I come from. The Empire doesn't wait for opportunities -- they make them. Amy Harrison said she was building something bigger than herself -- this is it. Rosa Delgado is the backbone, Selena Vex is the bite, and Amy... well, she's the crown jewel."

Rosa reaches ringside first, stopping at the base of the ramp. She looks left and right, taking in the noise, the hostility, and smirks faintly as if savoring the chaos. She taps her left elbow pad twice -- her pre-fight ritual --

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before turning to Selena. Selena, leaning against the apron, blows a mocking kiss toward a group of fans flipping her off. Together, they ascend the steel steps -- Rosa steady and composed, Selena swiveling her hips with theatrical flair.

Inside the ring, the red lighting intensifies. Rosa enters through the ropes and walks straight to center ring, while Selena takes the corner, climbing the second turnbuckle. She raises her arms and closes her eyes, soaking in the jeers like fuel. Rosa folds her arms, head tilted slightly, eyes sharp as blades. The Empire stands back-to-back as the chorus hits one final time -- smoke billowing around them, the gold light shimmering across the mat.

John Phillips: "Every movement deliberate. Every expression cold. Rosa Delgado and Selena Vex don't just represent Amy Harrison -- they embody her dominance. This is a power structure built on fear, precision, and ego -- and right now, they're daring anyone to challenge it."

Mark Bravo: "Fear? No, no, Phillips. This is control. Rosa's got that old-school backbone -- a throwback technician who could stretch you six ways before you blink. And Selena? She's the perfect opportunist. Together, they've turned this division into a chessboard, and everyone else are just pawns."

Selena hops down from the ropes, circling Rosa before the two meet again at the center. The camera zooms in tight -- Rosa staring down the ramp with cold intensity, Selena smirking right beside her. The UTA logo flashes behind them on the big screen, forming a crimson crown graphic that hovers above their heads. The symbolism is unmistakable -- The Empire stands in full control.

John Phillips: "But control is exactly what Valkyrie Knox and Susanita Ybanez intend to rip away tonight. They've been waiting all week for this -- and from what we've heard backstage, they're not coming out to wrestle. They're coming out to fight."

Mark Bravo: "Then they better hope they can swing harder than The Empire can bite, because Rosa and Selena don't do mercy. And you can bet Amy Harrison's watching closely -- ready to collect the pieces when this is over."

The music fades slowly, leaving the heavy hum of the crowd and the crimson light hanging over the ring. The Empire doesn't move -- statues of superiority waiting for war. The crowd begins to stir again, shifting from boos to anticipation as the house lights dim once more.

John Phillips: "The Empire stands tall, but the storm's about to arrive. The challengers are next -- and if you thought the streets of Brooklyn were rough, wait until you see what happens when Valkyrie Knox and Susanita Ybanez step through that curtain!"

The lights flicker to black. The final echoes of "Sanctify Me" fade beneath a deep bass rumble. The crowd buzzes in anticipation, their boos for The Empire morphing into restless cheers as the house lights begin to shimmer red. A sharp drumbeat cuts through the silence -- the opening of "Ignite" by Dead Legacy. The sound is thunderous, primal, urgent. As the violins rise in the mix, pillars of flame ignite on both sides of the

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stage, bathing the entrance in a searing crimson glow.

John Phillips: "Here we go! You can feel it in the air, Bravo -- business is about to pick up! This match was demanded by Valkyrie Knox and Susanita Ybanez after last week's brutal ambush by The Empire!"

Mark Bravo: "Yeah, yeah, they demanded it -- but demanding and surviving are two different things, Phillips. Rosa Delgado and Selena Vex made it clear last week that no one in this division gets to walk tall without Amy Harrison's permission!"

The drums intensify. Then -- a blast of fire erupts across the stage as the piano line swells. Out from the inferno steps Susanita Ybanez, the Paraguayan powerhouse of pride and perseverance. She stops center stage, the flames crackling around her as the crowd comes alive. Her eyes are locked dead ahead on The Empire in the ring -- no smile, no hesitation, just pure determination etched into her face.

John Phillips: "Listen to this crowd for Susanita Ybanez! From the streets of Lambaré to the bright lights of Brooklyn -- she's walked through hardship her whole life to get here! And tonight, she's not just fighting for herself -- she's fighting for respect!"

Mark Bravo: "She's got guts, Phillips, I'll give her that. But guts don't win fights against people like Rosa and Selena. You can't out-heart precision and deception."

As the growl section of "Ignite" kicks in, Susanita begins her march to the ring. The flames behind her surge higher with each step. She slaps the hands of fans reaching over the barricade, their cheers swelling louder with every stride. Camera flashes illuminate her face as the light of the fire glints against the sweat on her brow. Every ounce of her body language screams focus and defiance.

She reaches ringside and pauses, staring up at Rosa and Selena -- The Empire -- who stand shoulder-to-shoulder in the center of the ring. Rosa's jaw is tight, expression unflinching. Selena smirks, mockingly clapping as Susanita circles the ring.

John Phillips: "Oh, look at that -- The Empire not even giving her the courtesy of space. That's intimidation right there, but I don't think Susanita's buying any of it!"

Mark Bravo: "She better, because those two will tear her apart if she makes one wrong step!"

Susanita climbs the apron, turning to face the crowd. She raises her hands, palms out, then slowly brings them down as a wall of red pyro explodes from each corner post. The crowd erupts in cheers, chanting her name -- "SUSA! SUSA! SUSA!"

John Phillips: "What a reception for Ybanez! You talk about fighting spirit -- this woman's entire life has been one long uphill battle. She's turned every setback into fuel. From street fights in Lambaré to signing that historic UTA contract -- she's the definition of grit!"

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She steps through the ropes, keeping her eyes locked on Rosa Delgado the entire time. The fire in her gaze never wavers. The Empire takes a step closer -- Selena's grin widening -- but the referee quickly steps between them, creating a buffer zone as Susanita points straight at them, shouting something in Spanish that draws a huge pop from the Brooklyn crowd.

John Phillips: "Susanita Ybanez isn't backing down an inch! She came here to fight, and The Empire better believe she's bringing that Lambaré fury with her tonight!"

Mark Bravo: "Alright, alright -- but let's not forget, she's still one half of this equation. And the other half? She's got ice in her veins and thunder in her hands. You know who I mean, Phillips."

The lights flicker again as the first notes of a war horn echo through the arena -- signaling that the Icelandic storm is about to arrive.

John Phillips: "Oh, I know exactly who you mean, Bravo... Here comes the hammer of justice herself -- Valkyrie Knox!"

The red haze fades to black once again. A beat of silence follows -- tense, expectant. Then, from the rafters, a low rumble of thunder rolls through the Barclays Center. The crowd turns toward the stage as cold, violet light begins to pulse in time with a deep drum rhythm. A war horn blares across the arena -- slow and ancient -- echoing like the sound of something awakening deep beneath the earth.

John Phillips: "There it is! That sound can only mean one thing, Bravo -- the storm has come to Brooklyn!"

Mark Bravo: "And not just any storm. That's Valkyrie Knox -- the reigning UTA Women's Champion. The same woman who fought through blood and fire to defend that title at WrestleUTA: 25. The same woman The Empire tried to erase last week."

"You Should See Me in a Crown" by Billie Eilish cuts through the thunder, the haunting vocals gliding over the arena as the lights flare back to life in flashes of purple and icy white. From the fog at the top of the ramp, a figure emerges -- tall, broad-shouldered, commanding. Valkyrie Knox steps into view wearing a heavy black trench coat draped over her ring gear, her steel-spiked gauntlet gleaming under the strobe lights. Her expression is pure frost. The crowd roars -- the kind of deep, sustained cheer reserved only for legends in the making.

John Phillips: "Listen to this ovation! The champion's presence is unreal! The energy in this arena just shifted!"

Mark Bravo: "She's not here to talk, Phillips. Valkyrie doesn't do speeches. She delivers violence. That's her language."

Valkyrie stops halfway down the ramp, thunder still rumbling through the speakers. She raises her left arm, the spiked gauntlet glinting, and clenches her fist. In perfect timing, a flash of lightning streaks across the

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LED screen behind her -- a digital storm forming her rune-like symbol in electric blue. The fans erupt in another wave of cheers. Cameras catch children standing on chairs, fists raised, chanting her name.

John Phillips: "That right there is what dominance looks like. You talk about Amy Harrison's empire, Bravo? This -- this is the rebellion. The Warrior Queen herself -- the one they couldn't keep down!"

Mark Bravo: "Yeah, yeah, rebellion -- but remember, The Empire is playing chess while Valkyrie's swinging a warhammer. Strategy beats brute force nine times out of ten."

Valkyrie begins her slow, deliberate march toward the ring. Every step is precise -- no wasted movement. The fog parts around her boots as she reaches the bottom of the ramp. Inside the ring, Rosa Delgado and Selena Vex watch closely. Rosa's jaw tightens. Selena lowers her grin just slightly, a flash of unease betraying the mask of arrogance. They've felt that power before -- and they remember it.

Valkyrie stops just short of the apron and looks up at them -- expression blank, cold, measured. She reaches up, grabs the middle rope, and pulls herself onto the apron with one smooth motion. The camera zooms close on her eyes -- sharp, glacial blue, unblinking. She glances back at the crowd, then slams her spiked gauntlet against her chest twice, letting out a low, primal roar that sends the fans into a frenzy.

John Phillips: "Every time she steps into that ring, it feels like a battlefield waiting to happen! Valkyrie Knox isn't just a competitor -- she's an event all by herself!"

Mark Bravo: "And now she's got a reason to swing for heads. After what happened last week, The Empire's about to find out why she's called the Shieldmaiden of the UTA!"

Valkyrie steps between the ropes, joining Susanita Ybanez in the ring. The two women share a brief nod -- a moment of silent solidarity. No words, no smiles -- just mutual fire. The camera circles around them as they turn to face Rosa Delgado and Selena Vex, who stand side-by-side on the opposite side of the ring, draped in arrogance and disdain.

The atmosphere thickens -- Brooklyn alive with tension. The Empire sneers, whispering between themselves. Rosa points at Susanita, saying something inaudible but dripping with venom. Selena smirks at Valkyrie, mouthing the words "You're next." The crowd immediately reacts with a furious mix of boos and chants of "VAL-KY-RIE! VAL-KY-RIE!" echoing across the arena.

John Phillips: "This is what it's all about -- two worlds colliding. The Empire's ego against Valkyrie's pride. Rosa Delgado and Selena Vex think they run this division -- but they're about to meet two women who aren't afraid to burn it down!"

Mark Bravo: "And remember, this is tag team action. Valkyrie and Susanita are a brand-new unit, while Rosa and Selena have the chemistry -- the experience -- and the backing of Amy Harrison herself. The Empire always has a plan, Phillips. Always."

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The referee steps in, checking with all four competitors as the lights settle back into normal tone. The Empire huddles briefly in their corner, Rosa whispering tactical cues, Selena stretching her neck with that ever-present smirk. Across the ring, Valkyrie adjusts her gauntlet while Susanita bounces on her heels, eyes burning with anticipation. The crowd builds to a fever pitch.

John Phillips: "You can feel it, folks -- the temperature just spiked in Brooklyn! The Empire versus Ybanez and Knox -- revenge, pride, and power all on the line!"

Mark Bravo: "No alliances, no talking, no mind games now. The time for that's over. This is about pain and dominance -- and which team wants it more!"

The bell rings.

John Phillips: "Here we go!"

The bell rings -- and the roar of the Brooklyn crowd crashes against the steel and lights of the Barclays Center. For a moment, no one moves. Four women -- two alliances, two rivalries -- stand in a perfect standoff. The camera pans across each face: Valkyrie Knox, towering, stoic, unreadable; Susanita Ybanez, her eyes blazing like twin embers; Rosa Delgado, posture rigid and defiant; and Selena Vex, her smile wicked, lips mouthing something cruel to the fans in the front row.

John Phillips: "And listen to this crowd! You can feel the electricity surging through this building! Four of the fiercest competitors in the UTA women's division about to explode here in Brooklyn!"

Mark Bravo: "This isn't just a match, Phillips. This is a turf war! You've got The Empire -- Amy Harrison's chosen soldiers -- against Valkyrie Knox and Susanita Ybanez, two women who decided they weren't going to kneel to the queen. Somebody's about to get humbled tonight!"

After a tense moment, the referee motions for one member from each team to start. Rosa and Valkyrie stare each other down across the ring, neither budging. But Selena Vex smirks and taps Rosa's shoulder, stepping through the ropes with an exaggerated stretch of her arms. Across from her, Susanita steps forward instantly, slapping her own chest as if to say, "I've got this."

John Phillips: "And it looks like we're starting with the women who have the most unfinished business -- Susanita Ybanez and Selena Vex!"

Mark Bravo: "You mean the two who can't stand each other. Last week, Selena blindsided Susanita with a chair and cost her that post-match momentum. You don't forget something like that overnight!"

Selena struts to the center of the ring, pointing toward Susanita and saying something that doesn't need to be translated -- the tone alone gets the crowd booing. Susanita smirks, nodding her head, and raises her fists into a ready stance. The referee signals, and the two circle like predators testing the distance between their fangs.

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Selena lunges first with a collar-and-elbow tie-up, wrenching Susanita's arm into a hammerlock. But Susanita rolls through, flips backward, and counters with a standing wristlock that snaps Selena down to one knee. The crowd pops as Selena slaps the mat in frustration.

John Phillips: "Susanita with that quick counter! That's that street-bred instinct -- she's not going to let Vex control her pace tonight!"

Mark Bravo: "Sure, she got one move in, but Selena's a snake, Phillips -- she's just waiting for the opening to strike!"

Selena twists free and slaps Susanita across the face, hard enough to echo. The crowd gasps, a mix of boos and shock. Susanita's head snaps sideways -- then back again, eyes blazing. She charges forward, tackling Selena to the mat, raining down forearms. The fans erupt as the referee dives between them, shouting for separation.

John Phillips: "Whoa! Susanita exploding out of the gate! She's unloading on Vex -- weeks of frustration coming out all at once!"

Mark Bravo: "She's losing control! That's what Selena wants -- she's pulling her right into the trap!"

Selena scrambles under the bottom rope, clutching her jaw and shrieking at the referee to keep Susanita back. Rosa Delgado reaches down from the apron, whispering something to her partner. Selena smirks again, wiping her lip, then slides back into the ring. She gestures dramatically for Susanita to "bring it."

They lock up again. Selena tries to trip her, but Susanita reverses -- arm drag! Another arm drag! Susanita springs to her feet and nails a dropkick right to the chest, sending Selena sprawling into the corner. The crowd erupts in chants of "SUSA! SUSA! SUSA!" as the fiery Paraguayan rushes forward and nails a running knee strike to the ribs!

John Phillips: "That's the fire we've come to expect from Ybanez! She's taking the fight straight to Selena Vex, and Brooklyn loves it!"

Mark Bravo: "Yeah, but she better watch her back -- she's in there with one half of The Empire! The moment she turns around, Rosa's going to--"

Rosa does exactly that -- lunging from the apron with a cheap shot to the back of Susanita's head. The referee instantly jumps between them, warning Rosa, but the distraction is all Selena needs. She grabs Susanita by the hair and slams her face-first into the middle turnbuckle.

Mark Bravo: "See?! What'd I tell you, Phillips? That's called playing smart!"

John Phillips: "That's called cheating, Bravo! But The Empire doesn't care how they win -- as long as they control the story!"

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Selena drags Susanita by the arm into The Empire's corner, tagging in Rosa Delgado. The technician from San Antonio steps through the ropes, her focus icy and exact. Together, Rosa and Selena whip Susanita into the ropes -- Selena drops low, Rosa hits a running knee lift straight to the jaw! Susanita crumples to the mat, holding her chin as Rosa drops down into a cover!

One! Two! -- Kickout!

John Phillips: "Near fall! Rosa Delgado almost stole one right there!"

Rosa stays composed, smoothly transitioning into a front facelock and grounding Susanita. She grinds her forearm across Ybanez's jaw, wrenching tight and talking trash in her ear. The referee warns her, but Rosa doesn't care -- she's trying to humiliate her opponent as much as hurt her.

Mark Bravo: "That's the difference between Rosa and the rest of this division -- she doesn't waste movement. Everything she does hurts twice -- once physically, once psychologically!"

Susanita twists, fighting to her knees. Rosa tries to tighten the hold -- but Susanita fires a forearm to the ribs! Another! The crowd claps in rhythm, rallying her. Rosa switches to a side headlock -- Susanita shoves her off into the ropes -- and Rosa rebounds straight into a spinning heel kick!

John Phillips: "Beautiful counter by Ybanez! Rosa's down, and this could be the moment she's been waiting for!"

Rosa stumbles backward into The Empire's corner, clutching her jaw. Susanita dives forward and tags in Valkyrie Knox. The Barclays Center erupts -- a wall of sound roaring like a thunderclap as the Shieldmaiden steps through the ropes, eyes locked on Rosa Delgado.

John Phillips: "Here comes the champion! The powerhouse from Reykjavik is in, and she's looking right at Rosa Delgado -- the same woman who blindsided her last week!"

Mark Bravo: "You can feel that tension. This isn't about wins and losses anymore -- this is pride, this is dominance!"

Rosa squares up, meeting Valkyrie in the center of the ring. The noise from the fans swells to a fever pitch as they go face-to-face -- the technician versus the titan. Rosa doesn't blink. Valkyrie doesn't move. The camera pans tight between their eyes -- the sparks of war flashing in silence.

John Phillips: "Oh, this is going to blow, Bravo! We've got a storm brewing in Brooklyn!"

The chants of "VAL-KY-RIE! VAL-KY-RIE!" thunder through the Barclays Center as the two women circle. The crowd quiets just enough for the sound of their boots scraping the canvas to echo. Rosa Delgado lowers her stance, eyes locked, every muscle coiled for the opening. Valkyrie Knox simply stands tall, shoulders squared, breathing slow -- a glacier daring the storm to strike first.

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John Phillips: "We're looking at two completely different philosophies in motion here. Rosa Delgado is a surgeon -- she breaks you down piece by piece. Valkyrie Knox? She breaks the whole table!"

Mark Bravo: "Yeah, but Rosa's been studying her, Phillips. You can see it -- the footwork, the spacing. She wants that left arm early. If she can isolate it, she'll chop the champion down to size."

They lock up -- collar and elbow. Rosa instantly slides under, catching Valkyrie's wrist and twisting it into a standing arm-wrench. The smaller technician drives a sharp knee into the champion's bicep, then transitions into a hammerlock. Valkyrie grits her teeth but doesn't flinch. She straightens up, sheer power lifting Rosa off the mat with her trapped arm, then slings her forward with a brutal standing throw that sends her tumbling halfway across the ring.

John Phillips: "That's the difference right there! Power trumps precision when it's coming from a woman like Valkyrie Knox!"

Rosa rolls through and lands on her feet, surprised but still composed. She nods once, acknowledging the impact, and circles again. They tie up a second time -- this time Rosa shoots low, ducking under a lariat, snatching the left leg and sweeping it out from under Valkyrie. The champion crashes to one knee. Rosa instantly spins behind, driving a stiff forearm across the spine and trying to torque a grounded armbar. Valkyrie's face twists, but she muscled through it, dragging both women to the ropes with pure willpower.

Mark Bravo: "See that? That's Rosa's brilliance -- turn every opening into leverage! You don't fight Valkyrie's strength head-on, you cut the roots out from under her!"

The referee calls for a break. Rosa steps back slowly, hands raised -- but just before Valkyrie rises fully, Rosa snaps forward with a quick elbow strike right to the jaw. The crowd boos violently as Valkyrie stumbles into the corner.

John Phillips: "Cheap shot! That's vintage Empire tactics!"

Mark Bravo: "That's called staying on offense, Phillips. Don't give the monster time to breathe!"

Rosa rushes in with a flurry -- knife-edge chop, forearm, short-arm uppercut -- but Valkyrie explodes out of the corner with a thunderous short-arm lariat that turns Rosa inside out. The sound of the impact echoes like a gunshot. The crowd erupts as Rosa rolls out under the ropes, clutching her chest, gasping for air.

John Phillips: "What a clothesline! Rosa Delgado just got decapitated!"

Mark Bravo: "That's what happens when you poke the bear! Valkyrie's awake now!"

Selena Vex immediately hops down from the apron, rushing to check on her partner. She helps Rosa to her feet -- but the referee warns her to stay out. Inside the ring, Valkyrie paces like a caged wolf, chest heaving. Susanita Ybanez slaps the top rope, hyping up the crowd and shouting for Rosa to get back in.

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Rosa slides back under the ropes, clearly rattled but far from done. She feints left, ducks a big boot, rebounds off the ropes -- and drives both knees into Valkyrie's arm! The champion howls in pain as Rosa transitions seamlessly into a cross arm-breaker attempt. The crowd gasps as Rosa extends the limb, arching her back.

John Phillips: "Rosa Delgado going right back to the arm -- she's dissecting Valkyrie here!"

Mark Bravo: "That's the game plan! Take away the power, take away the fight!"

Valkyrie fights through it, planting her boots and lifting Rosa clean off the mat with one arm. She stands, grimacing, and slams Rosa back down with a modified powerbomb to break the hold. Both women roll to opposite corners, clutching their limbs as the fans rise to their feet, applauding the exchange.

John Phillips: "What a battle! Rosa Delgado showing she can hang with the champion -- but every time she starts to control the pace, Valkyrie finds a way to turn physics against her!"

Rosa crawls toward her corner and tags in Selena Vex, who slaps Rosa's hand and struts back into the ring like she's already won. She saunters straight up to Valkyrie, flicks invisible dust off the champion's shoulder, and smirks.

Mark Bravo: "Oh boy... that's not smart."

Valkyrie doesn't blink. In one motion, she grabs Selena by the throat, forcing her backward into the neutral corner. The referee shouts for separation -- and Valkyrie obliges, but only long enough to tag in Susanita Ybanez. The arena erupts again as the fiery Paraguayan leaps over the top rope, landing squarely in front of Selena.

John Phillips: "Tag to Susanita! This crowd is on fire, and look who she's standing across from -- Selena Vex! The woman who ambushed her last week!"

Selena's eyes widen for just a heartbeat before she masks it with her trademark smirk. Susanita steps forward, nose-to-nose, the tension snapping like a live wire. The crowd can feel it -- this isn't just tag-team wrestling anymore. This is payback waiting to be served.

John Phillips: "It's all breaking down now in Brooklyn!"

The tension finally snaps. Susanita explodes forward, ducking a wild swing from Selena and driving a forearm across her jaw. The crowd roars as the Paraguayan hammerfists follow -- left, right, left again -- forcing Selena into the corner. Susanita grabs a handful of hair and fires a rapid series of forearms that echo through the arena.

John Phillips: "Here we go! Susanita Ybanez unloading on Selena Vex like she's been waiting all week for this -- because she has!"

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Mark Bravo: "Careful, kid -- you burn too hot, you flame out. Selena's still one of the smartest, dirtiest players in this division."

Selena throws up her hands, yelling for the referee. The official wedges between them, forcing Susanita to back off. Selena takes the opening, drives a knee into the midsection, and yanks Susanita down by the hair. The crowd boos hard. Selena stands over her, sneering, and wipes her hands as if to say "Too easy."

John Phillips: "And just like that, Vex turns the tables again! You can call her whatever you want, but she's got ring awareness in her bones."

Selena drags Susanita to her feet by the chin, talking down to her in a mocking tone before slapping her across the face. The crowd gasps. Susanita's head snaps to the side -- but then she looks back with fire in her eyes. Selena's smirk falters.

Mark Bravo: "Uh oh..."

Another slap from Selena -- but Susanita blocks it! The crowd erupts! She traps the wrist, spins under, and blasts Selena with a ripcord knee strike that echoes through the building! Selena crumples backward, stunned! Susanita hits the ropes -- snap DDT! The impact spikes Vex head-first into the canvas, and Brooklyn comes unglued!

John Phillips: "What a shot! Susanita just rocked Selena's world! That's what fighting spirit looks like!"

Susanita doesn't stop there -- she scales the ropes, her face lit by the flash of cameras. The crowd chants her name as she points skyward, channeling every ounce of adrenaline running through her veins. She launches -- 450 Splash! -- but Selena rolls out at the last possible second! Susanita crashes and burns, clutching her ribs as she writhes in pain.

Mark Bravo: "Told you, Phillips! Selena's got that veteran's sense of timing -- she might be arrogant, but she's not stupid!"

Selena crawls across the mat and drapes an arm over Susanita's chest.

One! ... Two! ... Kickout!

John Phillips: "Two and a half! Susanita Ybanez is still in this fight!"

Selena pounds the mat in frustration, then drives a forearm across Susanita's face. She sits on her back and starts choking her over the second rope. The referee counts, shouting, but Selena only releases at four -- smirking as she does.

Mark Bravo: "That's what separates The Empire from everyone else. They live on that line -- they know exactly how far to push before they get caught."

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Selena tags Rosa back in. Rosa enters, dropping a knee across Susanita's spine before locking in a tight rear chinlock. The technical precision is flawless; Rosa shifts her weight perfectly to grind Susanita down. The crowd claps, willing the Paraguayan to fight up. She twists one knee underneath, throwing elbows into Rosa's ribs -- one connects, then another. Rosa tightens the hold -- but Susanita uses momentum to roll backward, flipping Rosa over her shoulder to break the grip!

Both women pop up -- Rosa swings a rolling elbow -- Susanita ducks under and counters with a running hurricanrana! The crowd erupts again as Rosa tumbles across the ring. She scrambles back toward her corner -- but Susanita dives, tagging Valkyrie Knox!

John Phillips: "Here comes the Shieldmaiden again! The roof's about to blow off this place!"

Valkyrie storms in like a force of nature -- big boot to Rosa! Clothesline to Selena, knocking her off the apron! The champion grabs Rosa by the hair, deadlifts her clean off the mat, and hurls her backward with a German suplex that shakes the ring! The fans roar as Valkyrie lets out a primal shout, the sound echoing through the rafters.

Mark Bravo: "That's raw power, Phillips! Rosa's out here taking flight without wings!"

Valkyrie stalks Rosa, pulling her up by the wrist. Rosa throws a desperate forearm -- but it barely fazes her. Another -- nothing. Valkyrie spins, lifts, Gorilla-Press Powerslam! She covers!

One! ... Two! ... Selena slides in and breaks it up with a stomp to the back of the neck!

John Phillips: "And there's Selena again! The Empire playing the numbers -- it's never one-on-one with them!"

Selena starts hammering away at Valkyrie, but Susanita is right there -- she grabs Selena by the hair and tosses her through the ropes! The crowd explodes as Susanita climbs to the apron, takes a running start -- and launches herself into a Suicide Dive that sends both women crashing into the barricade!

John Phillips: "Susanita Ybanez throwing her body on the line! That's what this match means to her -- it's not about glory, it's about retribution!"

Back inside the ring, Valkyrie grabs Rosa again, setting her up between her legs. The crowd senses it -- she's calling for the Valknut Driver! She spins Rosa into the lift, but Rosa twists free mid-motion, landing behind her and locking in a hammerlock! Rosa rolls forward, driving Valkyrie's arm into the mat and transitions into the Magnolia Lock!

Mark Bravo: "She's got it! Magnolia Lock locked in dead center! Rosa Delgado might actually have the champion trapped!"

Valkyrie roars in pain, trying to roll her weight toward the ropes. Rosa cranks the arm harder, screaming at

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her to tap. The crowd is deafening -- half cheering, half begging the champion not to give in. Susanita scrambles back into the ring, diving on top of them to break the hold!

John Phillips: "Susanita with the save! What a battle this has turned into!"

All four women are down now -- Valkyrie clutching her arm, Rosa holding her ribs, Selena and Susanita stirring near the apron. The referee starts a count as the arena buzzes with electricity. The camera pans over the wreckage -- four competitors, each refusing to quit.

John Phillips: "This is what East Coast Invasion is all about! Heart, pride, vengeance, and dominance colliding all in one ring!"

Mark Bravo: "And if this is what the division looks like now, Phillips, imagine what it'll look like when Amy Harrison decides to get involved again!"

The camera closes on the four women, all struggling back to their feet as the crowd chants "THIS IS AWESOME!" The war rages on as the broadcast cuts to break.

When the show returns from break, all four women are back on their feet -- bruised, gasping, defiant. The crowd hasn't stopped chanting. The referee is doing everything he can to restore order, but the lines have already blurred.

John Phillips: "It's chaos in Brooklyn! Nobody knows who the legal competitor is right now, and the referee's just trying to hold this match together with duct tape!"

Mark Bravo: "You can't blame him! Four world-class athletes beating the life out of each other -- I'd lose track too!"

Valkyrie Knox and Rosa Delgado lock eyes once again -- the crowd sensing the impending clash. Susanita Ybanez and Selena Vex tumble to the outside, throwing desperate punches as they crash into the guardrail. Inside the ring, Rosa and Valkyrie begin trading heavy forearms, every strike echoing through the Barclays Center like thunderclaps. The fans count along with each shot -- "ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR!"

Valkyrie gains momentum, pushing Rosa back against the ropes and leveling her with a huge clothesline. Rosa pops up -- another! And another! The crowd is roaring as Valkyrie lifts Rosa for the Ragnarok Bomb -- she hoists her high -- but Selena slides back into the ring and dives at Valkyrie's knee!

John Phillips: "Selena Vex clipping the leg! The Empire stealing the moment again!"

The referee turns just in time to see Valkyrie stumbling but not the interference. He rushes to check on Rosa, who's down, clutching her neck. While the official's attention is on her, Selena slides something under the ropes -- a gleaming gold belt. Amy Harrison's Women's Championship.

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Mark Bravo: "Wait a minute, that's Amy Harrison's title belt! What's it doing out here?"

Selena distracts the referee, screaming that Susanita's cheating outside. The official rushes to the ropes to deal with the chaos, missing the real crime inside. Rosa crawls to the belt, smirking, and as Valkyrie rises -- WHAM! Rosa blasts her across the face with the championship! The metallic crack draws a collective gasp from the crowd.

John Phillips: "Oh come on! Not like this!"

The belt clatters out of the ring just as Selena drops to the floor, acting innocent. Rosa shakes the cobwebs, drags Valkyrie's limp body toward the center of the ring, and signals to the referee that she's ready. The official turns around -- hasn't seen a thing -- and Rosa lifts Valkyrie for the Steel Magnolia powerbomb! She slams the champion down with venom and hooks the leg.

One! ... Two! ... Three!

John Phillips: "No way! No way! The Empire just stole it!"

Mark Bravo: "Like it or not, Phillips -- a win's a win. Rosa Delgado just pinned the former United Toughness Alliance Women's Champion!"

The bell rings and "Sanctify Me" by In This Moment blasts through the speakers. The Brooklyn crowd erupts -- not in celebration, but in rage. Boos rain down as Selena slides into the ring, hugging Rosa while the referee raises their hands. Both women laugh, pointing at Valkyrie's fallen form like predators circling prey.

John Phillips: "That's sickening! Rosa Delgado didn't just win -- she stole one from the champion! And look at them, Bravo -- they're proud of it!"

Mark Bravo: "Proud? They just sent a message! The Empire doesn't need Amy Harrison ringside to dominate this division. They just beat the champ at her own game!"

Outside the ring, Susanita Ybanez slides back in, throwing herself over Valkyrie's body to shield her from further attack. The Empire bails out, grinning ear-to-ear, walking backward up the ramp. Rosa clutches the stolen title belt tight to her chest, holding it high for the cameras as fans hurl boos and debris toward the stage.

John Phillips: "What a travesty! Valkyrie Knox had this match won -- and thanks to Selena Vex and that damn belt, Rosa Delgado just pinned the Women's Champion!"

Mark Bravo: "Call it what you want, Phillips -- history books don't mention how. They just remember who did it."

Rosa kisses the title plate before tossing it casually to the floor. Selena blows a mocking kiss toward the ring

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as the two retreat up the ramp, laughing. The camera cuts back to Valkyrie, blood trickling from her lip, staring daggers through them from one knee. Susanita crouches beside her, whispering something -- a vow for revenge. The shot lingers on Valkyrie's furious glare, the roar of the crowd swelling around her.

John Phillips: "You can feel it, Bravo -- this isn't over. Valkyrie Knox and Susanita Ybanez are going to make The Empire pay for this!"

Mark Bravo: "If I were them, I'd start planning -- because The Empire just declared war on the rest of the women's locker room!"

The camera fades on The Empire standing tall at the top of the ramp -- Rosa's hand raised, Selena's laughter echoing through the arena -- while the Brooklyn crowd rains down pure fury. The Empire has triumphed ... for now.

Stay Out of Her Yard

The camera cuts from the roar of the Barclays Center to the backstage interview area. The familiar logo of the UTA spins on the screen behind Melissa Cartwright, microphone in hand, as the sound of distant crowd noise hums in the background. Standing beside her is the UTA Women's United States Champion, Emily Hightower -- denim jacket draped over her shoulder, title belt gleaming across her chest, a faint smudge of engine grease still on her knuckles like war paint.

Melissa Cartwright: "Ladies and gentlemen, I'm here with the reigning Women's United States Champion, Emily Hightower. Emily -- first off, congratulations on your successful title defense against Shannon Ray earlier this week on In The Zone. Your run as champion has been off to a strong start."

Emily Hightower: (nodding, voice low and firm) "Thank you, Melissa. Ya know, where I come from, we don't get to take much for granted. My daddy -- David Hightower -- taught me that if you want somethin' in this world, you don't ask for it. You earn it. So every time I step in that ring, it's like clockin' in at the yard back home. You put in the work, you sweat, you grind, and when that whistle blows, you can hold your head high knowin' you did it the right way."

Melissa Cartwright: "And that hard work certainly shows, Emily. But if we can shift gears for a moment -- last week on In The Zone, your match with Susanita Ybanez ended in a double count-out after interference from Selena Vex. There's been a lot of talk about The Empire's recent dominance and their ties to Amy Harrison. What are your thoughts on that situation?"

Emily Hightower: (snorts, shaking her head) "Melissa, I'll tell ya straight up -- I want no part of that nonsense. All that schemin', all that backstabbin', all that high school drama? That ain't me. I'm here to clock in, put the work in, and clock out. Whatever Amy Harrison and her little goon squad are cookin' up, they can keep it far away from me. I'm not in the gossip business -- I'm in the fightin' business."

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The crowd watching on the big screen pops at her blunt tone. Emily adjusts the belt on her shoulder and leans closer to the camera, voice rising just enough to cut through the noise of the arena.

Emily Hightower: "You know what? As far as I'm concerned, my belt's worth more than Amy Harrison's. I actually earned this one. I didn't politic for it. I didn't sneak behind anyone's back for it. I went out there, threw down, and proved I belong at the top. That five-foot-nothin' Amy -- she hasn't put in a day's work in her life!"

Melissa Cartwright: (raising an eyebrow) "Strong words from the champion tonight."

Emily Hightower: (grinning slightly) "They ain't words, Melissa -- they're facts. You can shine up all the gold you want, you can call yourself the queen of this division, but sooner or later, you're gonna have to step in there with someone like me. Someone who doesn't flinch, doesn't play games, and damn sure doesn't bow down. When that day comes? The only thing Amy Harrison's gonna be sanctifyin' is the mat I leave her layin' on."

The crowd in the arena reacts with a huge pop as Emily hoists her championship high. She gives Melissa a respectful nod before turning and walking off -- boots heavy against the concrete, denim jacket swinging behind her like a banner of defiance. Melissa looks back to the camera with a faint smile.

Melissa Cartwright: "You heard it right there, folks -- Emily Hightower isn't here for the politics, she's here for the work. The U.S. Champion sending a clear message to The Empire -- stay out of her yard."

The shot fades to black as Emily disappears around the corner, the UTA Women's United States Championship catching the light one last time before the feed cuts back to the arena.

Put it All on Black

The broadcast transitions to a grainy live feed -- flickering slightly like a cell phone stream. A bright neon overlay appears: "Live - Atlantic City, New Jersey". The camera pans across flashing casino lights and the sound of slot machines chiming in the background. Seated at a roulette table is Maxx Mayhem, leather jacket over his shoulders, grin carved across his face like he's in on a joke only he understands.

Next to him stands Kaine -- tall, silent, bandana covering his usually painted face. His dark eyes flick toward the camera under the low glow of the casino floor. The band of his shirt reads clearly: "The Devil Made Me Do It."

Maxx Mayhem: (slapping the table) "Put it all on black, gov'nah!"

The dealer gives a polite nod, spins the wheel. The ball rattles, bounces, and lands.

Casino Worker: "Red twenty-three!"

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Maxx bursts out laughing, throwing his head back, the sound manic and unbothered.

Maxx Mayhem: "HA! Story of my bloody life, mate -- always a spin away from greatness!"

He turns toward the camera now, sliding his phone -- or rather, Kaine's phone -- into view. On screen, paused, is footage of Chris Ross' earlier in ring story time. Maxx taps it, unpausing just long enough to hear Ross shouting about betrayal before grinning again.

Maxx Mayhem: "Been watchin' ol' Crybaby Time with Chris Ross on the telly here..."

Kaine slowly turns his head, one brow raising. Maxx glances his way, mock defensive.

Maxx Mayhem: "Alright, alright -- on Kaine's phone, jeez! Don't get your knickers in a twist!"

Kaine just stares, silent as ever, before adjusting his gloves. Maxx leans closer to the camera, his smirk widening, tone shifting darker.

Maxx Mayhem: "Anyway, Ross -- you win some, you lose some. You better keep that ol' screwdriver handy, pal, 'cause next week, Maxx is bringin' a lil' more Mayhem to Boston!"

He slaps the roulette table for emphasis, chips scattering as the wheel spins again behind him.

Maxx Mayhem: "We'll be excited to see ya, Chrissy-baby!"

Kaine's muffled chuckle breaks through under his bandana -- low, unsettling -- as Maxx gives a mock salute toward the camera. The feed flickers once more before cutting back to the broadcast desk.

John Phillips: "There's your message, folks -- Maxx Mayhem sending another warning to Chris Ross ahead of next week's East Coast stop in Boston."

Mark Bravo: "Warning? Phillips, that man's a walking declaration of war -- and now he's got Kaine riding shotgun! Boston might need to brace itself."

In The Zone

The screen bursts to life with a high-energy montage -- rapid cuts of flying elbows, crowd roars, and the bright lights of Universal Studios Orlando. The words "LAST WEEK -- IN THE ZONE" flash across the screen in bold gold letters as the signature UTA theme blares beneath the narration.

Voice-Over: "Last week, the superstars of the United Toughness Alliance made a special stop inside Universal Studios Orlando for another unforgettable edition of IN THE ZONE!"

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The WrestleZone glows in vivid blue and gold as fans fill every inch of the studio, their chants echoing through the theme park. The camera pans over the ring where the energy is electric and anticipation crackles in the air.

Voice-Over: "With championships on the line, rivalries heating up, and the East Coast Invasion looming large -- the atmosphere inside The WrestleZone was absolutely electric!"

Footage shows Dante Rivera darting across the ring, springboarding into a knee strike -- only to be caught mid-air by Graham Keel. The veteran powerhouse drives him down with the Keelhaul Driver as the crowd gasps.

Voice-Over: "Dante Rivera brought the fire, but Graham Keel showed why experience wins battles, planting Rivera with the Keelhaul Driver for a decisive victory!"

Keel raises his arm, the referee holding it high as the crowd applauds the veteran's triumph.

The scene shifts to Emily Hightower, calm and confident as she locks up with Shannon Ray. Every movement is sharp, calculated -- the definition of technical mastery. Shannon swings for a cutter, but Emily reverses it in one fluid motion, grounding her and flowing straight into a takedown.

Voice-Over: "Women's United States Champion Emily Hightower once again proved why she's among the best in the division, turning away Shannon Ray with pinpoint precision and sealing the win with Ode to My Father."

Emily stands tall under the spotlight, the title raised high, her expression stoic and proud as the fans cheer.

Chaos fills the screen -- Velocity Vanguard hitting tandem dropkicks, Madman Szalinski pounding the apron, laughing hysterically as El Fantasma slithers back into control. A perfectly timed distraction opens the door for the spinning heel kick and the Phantom Finish. The referee counts the three as Madman howls in triumph.

Voice-Over: "Tag team turmoil erupted as El Fantasma, flanked by the unpredictable Madman Szalinski, stole a victory from Velocity Vanguard after a phantom finish that left the audience stunned!"

El Fantasma raises their arms, the eerie grin of Madman beside them freezing on the screen like a fever dream.

The energy surges again as Eric Dane Jr. locks eyes with Silas Grimm in the main event. A slow-motion replay captures Grimm hoisting Dane for the Night Terror Chokeslam -- only for the champion to twist free and drive a leaping knee into Grimm's jaw. The follow-up Star Driver II lands perfectly, and the crowd erupts as the referee counts three.

Voice-Over: "In the night's main event, the next generation of greatness stood tall as Eric Dane Jr. overcame the relentless Silas Grimm to remain the reigning WrestleZone Champion!"

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Dane Jr. raises the championship high as gold confetti rains down, the WrestleZone crowd roaring their approval.

The montage races through the highlights again -- Graham Keel's power slam, Emily Hightower's precision, El Fantasma's eerie victory, and Eric Dane Jr. standing tall in glory. The UTA logo fades in over the closing shot of the Universal globe spinning under bright lights.

Voice-Over: "When the UTA visits Orlando... the action never stops! Come experience the spectacle for yourself inside Universal Studios -- and remember to get..."

Voice-Over (shouted): "IN... THE... ZONE!"

The screen fades out to black as the crowd's roar echoes, transitioning smoothly back to live action in Brooklyn.

Dante Rivera vs. Brick Bronson

The screen fades back in -- a wide pan of the roaring crowd inside the arena, lights flickering in deep crimson. The camera sweeps across signs, chants echoing through the rafters. The UTA logo pulses in the lower corner as the hard-camera settles back on the commentary desk.

John Phillips: "Welcome back, ladies and gentlemen, to United Toughness Alliance! We are live and rolling on what's already been a wild night of action -- and we've still got plenty more coming your way here in Boston!"

Mark Bravo: "Oh, yeah! Buckle up, Philly -- this next one's gonna rattle some ribs. We got Brick Bronson in the house, and when that man shows up, somebody's getting folded like bad laundry!"

The house lights suddenly collapse into black. The crowd hums in anticipation, a low chant starting from the floor seats. Then-- ***BOOM!*** --a thunderous pyro burst cracks above the stage as "Walk With Me in Hell" by Lamb of God detonates through the sound system.

The entire arena bleeds red under the pulsing strobes. Smoke curls from the stage as the first pounding riff hits. From the shadows steps Brick Bronson -- jaw tight, eyes fixed dead ahead. Each step down the ramp lands with a deliberate thud, his boots striking in rhythm with the drums. The fans don't cheer -- they just react with a collective murmur of awe and unease.

John Phillips: "And there he is -- the Concrete Titan himself. Look at the size of this man! Six-four, two-sixty-plus, trained in catch wrestling, MMA... Brick Bronson is a walking avalanche."

Mark Bravo: "Avalanche? He's a one-man demolition crew, Phillips. You don't beat Brick Bronson -- you survive him. And even then, you're probably leaving here with bruises in places you didn't know could bruise!"

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Brick stops midway down the ramp and rolls his shoulders, his head lowering slightly as a crimson mist hovers in the lights. He cracks his knuckles, expression unreadable, then continues toward the ring. A close-up camera trails beside him, catching the faint smirk that creeps across his face as he mutters something under his breath -- unreadable, but chilling.

He climbs the steel steps, pausing on the top one to stare out over the audience -- motionless, cold, deliberate. Then, he steps through the ropes, taking the center of the ring. The lights shimmer against the sweat already building on his arms as he flexes his fists and eyes the entrance ramp like a predator waiting for prey.

John Phillips: "Brick Bronson doesn't waste time, doesn't waste motion. Every step, every strike, it's calculated. He's not here to entertain, he's here to end."

Mark Bravo: "And his opponent tonight, Dante Rivera -- fiery, fast, the complete opposite. But, Phillips, this ain't a comic book. The good guy doesn't always win the fistfight."

The red lights fade to a simmering glow as Bronson paces the ring once before turning toward the stage. The camera lingers on his stoic face, the drums of Lamb of God still echoing through the arena as the crowd prepares for what's next.

The red haze begins to fade as the sound of "Walk With Me in Hell" cuts sharply. For a moment, there's only the noise of the crowd -- restless energy pulsing through the arena. Then, the big screen flickers to life, displaying a burning phoenix logo before cutting to bold white letters: "EL PASO'S PRIDE."

The drums of "Rise Today" by Alter Bridge hit like lightning, and the crowd erupts in approval. Golden lights flash in time with the beat as Dante Rivera bursts through the curtain, chest heaving with adrenaline and passion. His energy is electric -- eyes alive, mouth open in a shout to the fans as he throws both arms wide to embrace the roar of the crowd.

John Phillips: "Listen to this crowd! El Paso's own Dante Rivera bringing that second-generation fire back to the UTA ring tonight!"

Mark Bravo: "He's got guts, I'll give him that -- but guts don't always mean glory when you're staring down a monster like Brick Bronson."

Dante kneels down at the top of the ramp, bowing his head for a quick moment before pointing skyward -- a quiet tribute to his family legacy. A small burst of pyros explodes behind him, showering gold sparks across the stage as he rises to his feet with renewed focus.

Rivera begins his walk down the ramp, slapping hands with fans along the barricades. He stops briefly at a young fan holding a homemade "RIVERA RISES!" sign and grins, tapping his heart before moving on. The camera pans low as he runs the final few steps and leaps onto the apron, his boots slamming down with a sharp echo.

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John Phillips: "This young man's got charisma to spare -- but don't mistake the showmanship for softness. Dante can wrestle with anyone, anywhere."

Mark Bravo: "He'll have to tonight. He's facing a man who doesn't even *blink* when he gets hit. If Dante's gonna win, he's gotta use his speed, his heart, and every ounce of that Rivera fire."

Dante grips the top rope, looking out at the crowd with a deep breath before springing over into the ring in one fluid motion. He lands clean, walks to the nearest turnbuckle, and climbs it with confidence. Raising a single fist to the sky, he mouths the words "For family" before dropping back down to the mat, loosening his shoulders as his theme fades out.

The camera cuts to Brick Bronson, who hasn't moved from his corner. His arms are crossed over his chest, gaze locked on Rivera with quiet menace. Dante meets the look with a slight smirk -- fearless, maybe even taunting -- before stepping toward the center of the ring.

John Phillips: "The referee's in, both men are ready, and you can feel the electricity building! This is the kind of clash that defines eras -- Rivera versus Bronson, coming up right now!"

The referee signals both competitors to the center of the ring. The crowd hums, that deep, buzzing anticipation just before the storm. Dante bounces lightly on his heels, shaking out his arms, eyes locked on the powerhouse across from him. Brick Bronson doesn't move. He just stares -- cold, unreadable, fists tight at his sides.

John Phillips: "You can feel it, Bravo. The energy's thick enough to cut with a knife. Dante Rivera looks ready to run through a wall... but standing in front of him is a man made of brick and bad intentions."

Mark Bravo: "No lies there, partner. Brick's the kind of guy that doesn't blink, doesn't joke, doesn't even breathe heavy. He's a grinder -- and once he gets his hands on you, it's like getting caught in the gears of a machine."

DING DING DING!

The bell rings, and Dante wastes no time. He darts left, then right, circling the bigger man, trying to stay mobile. Brick steps forward, slow and steady, eyes tracking every movement like a predator stalking prey. Dante lunges in for a quick lock-up attempt--but Brick shoves him halfway across the ring.

John Phillips: "Good lord! Brick just tossed Rivera like a gym bag!"

Mark Bravo: "That's the difference in power right there. Dante's quick, sure -- but one wrong move, and that power's gonna plant him straight into the mat."

Dante regains his footing, shaking out his arm, a smirk tugging at the corner of his mouth. He's not backing down. He circles again, feinting in before snapping off a stinging *kick* to Bronson's thigh. The crowd cheers.

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Another kick follows -- then another. Each one lands sharper than the last.

John Phillips: "Smart move by Rivera! Chop the big man down to size! Target that base before he gets his rhythm!"

Mark Bravo: "If you can call that smart -- he's just making him mad! Brick eats hits for breakfast!"

Brick steps forward through the kicks, finally catching Dante's leg mid-swing -- and just *launches* him with a violent capture suplex that sends Rivera crashing to the canvas. The entire ring shudders on impact.

John Phillips: "Huge suplex from Bronson! Rivera might've just bounced a foot off the mat!"

Brick doesn't go for the cover. Instead, he stands over Dante, staring down with that stoic, merciless glare. He reaches down, grabs a handful of Dante's hair, and hauls him up to his feet before slamming a heavy forearm across his back that echoes through the arena.

Mark Bravo: "This is what Brick does -- methodical, cruel, precise. He's not looking for flash, he's looking for dominance."

Dante stumbles toward the ropes, clutching his back. Brick charges -- but Dante drops down, catching the top rope and sending Bronson tumbling over the top and down to the floor!

John Phillips: "Heads-up move by Rivera! Using Brick's momentum against him!"

Bronson hits the floor with a thud, immediately trying to rise. Dante takes a quick look at the crowd -- then hits the ropes, rebounds, and soars through the air with a picture-perfect suicide dive that explodes into Bronson's chest, sending both men crashing into the barricade!

Mark Bravo: "Good grief! Dante just threw his entire body at a brick wall -- literally!"

John Phillips: "That's Rivera's heart on display! That's that second-generation instinct -- take the risk, take the fight to the monster!"

The crowd erupts in chants of "LET'S GO DANTE!" as both men lie on the floor, trying to recover. The referee begins his count as the camera zooms in on Dante, wincing but still defiant. He rolls to his knees, pounding the floor with his fist as he starts to rise again.

John Phillips: "We're just getting started, folks -- Dante Rivera's not backing down, but Brick Bronson's not staying down either! Something's gotta give!"

The crowd claps in rhythm as the referee's count reaches four. Dante Rivera hauls himself to his feet first, clutching his ribs but still firing up. He grabs Brick by the head and rolls him back into the ring, sliding in right after. The audience buzzes -- Dante's got momentum, but everyone knows how fast that can change against

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a man like Bronson.

John Phillips: "Dante Rivera showing no fear tonight -- he's staying right on Brick Bronson, not giving him a second to breathe!"

Mark Bravo: "And he better not, Phillips! You give Bronson one breath, he'll take the air right out of *your* lungs. Ask Jarvis Valentine how that feels."

Dante hits the ropes -- flying forearm smash connects! Brick staggers back a step. Dante hits again -- another forearm! The crowd's on their feet now. A third strike sends Brick to one knee, and Dante roars, pointing to the sky before rebounding again--

--only for Brick to explode upward with a brutal back elbow! The sound of impact snaps through the arena like a gunshot. Dante spins, crumpling to the mat, clutching his jaw as the fans collectively gasp.

Mark Bravo: "Yup! There it is! That's the wall! You hit him three times, he hits you once, and the math doesn't add up for Dante Rivera!"

Brick wipes sweat from his brow, the first trace of emotion creeping into his face -- disdain. He grabs Rivera by the arm and yanks him off the canvas with shocking force before driving a knee deep into his gut. Then another. Then a *third*, doubling him over. Brick hooks him under the arms -- *SNAP SPINEBUSTER!*

The ring practically bounces on impact. Brick hooks the leg for the first cover.

Referee: "ONE!... TWO!..."

Dante kicks out at two-point-nine!

John Phillips: "Rivera just refuses to die! You can't teach that kind of fight -- that's heart, that's heritage!"

Mark Bravo: "That's poor judgment is what it is! Sometimes you stay down and live to fight another day, Phillips!"

Brick shakes his head, a slight snarl forming as he drags Dante up again -- this time hoisting him into the corner. A vicious body avalanche crushes Rivera into the buckles, the crowd wincing in sympathy. Brick steps back, then drives a forearm across his opponent's chest, the sound like thunder. Dante gasps, his chest bright red, but he still throws a defiant forearm back!

John Phillips: "Dante Rivera firing back! He's got no quit in him!"

Mark Bravo: "That's guts, not brains! You're not gonna win a slugfest with Brick Bronson!"

Dante lands another shot! Brick glares -- then blasts him with a short-arm lariat that flips him inside out. The

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crowd collectively groans. Brick steps over Dante's fallen body, leaning against the ropes, breathing heavily through his nose. He motions for the end, drawing his thumb across his throat.

John Phillips: "Bronson's calling for it! He's ready to put Rivera away right here!"

Brick hauls Dante up -- gutwrench position -- but Dante kicks his legs, breaking free! He drops behind, hooks the arm, rolls through -- *springboard cutter!* The crowd explodes!

John Phillips: "Borderline Breaker! Outta nowhere!"

Dante dives for the cover --

Referee: "ONE!... TWO!..."

Brick powers out with pure strength, launching Dante off his chest.

Mark Bravo: "That wasn't a kickout -- that was a *bench press!* This guy's made of rebar and bad moods!"

Both men are down, the crowd divided in chants of "LET'S GO DANTE!" and "BRON-SON!" The camera cuts between them -- Dante clutching his jaw, crawling toward the ropes, and Brick glaring through the pain, rolling one shoulder, flexing his fists.

John Phillips: "This thing's a war of attrition now! Brick Bronson may be the powerhouse, but Dante Rivera's showing he can take everything this man's got and still stand!"

Mark Bravo: "Yeah, but for how long, Phillips? Every time Dante gets up, Brick hits harder. The clock's ticking on El Paso's favorite son!"

Dante rises first, stumbling but refusing to back down. He charges in with a running enzuigiri -- connects flush! Brick wobbles! The crowd's losing it! Dante spins out, hits the ropes again, flying crossbody -- caught midair! Brick turns it into a *gutwrench powerbomb* that rattles the ring and every spine in the first three rows!

John Phillips: "Good God Almighty! Bronson just planted him!"

Brick covers -- but instead of hooking the leg, he presses a forearm across Dante's jaw, glaring straight into the hard cam as the referee slides into position.

Referee: "ONE!... TWO!..."

Dante's shoulder pops up again!

John Phillips: "He got the shoulder up! Dante Rivera's still in it!"

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Mark Bravo: "That's insane! Somebody throw the towel before this kid ends up part of the mat!"

Brick slams the mat with both palms, shaking his head. The frustration's showing now. He gets to his feet slowly, motioning for Dante to rise -- the stoic monster turning into a snarling animal ready to finish the job.

The arena lights flash in rhythm with the fans' clapping. Dante Rivera is somehow back on one knee, sweat dripping from his forehead, chest heaving, eyes glazed but defiant. Across from him, Brick Bronson paces like a caged beast -- methodical, coiled, ready to crush whatever fight remains in front of him.

John Phillips: "How is Dante Rivera even **standing** right now? He's been rag-dolled, driven into the mat, and yet... look at him. Still fighting!"

Mark Bravo: "Call it heart, call it stupidity -- either way, he's one more mistake away from being flattened like a tortilla!"

Brick lunges forward, grabbing Dante by the wrist and yanking him into a short-arm clothesline. Dante ducks under it! Rebounds off the ropes -- flying forearm connects again! Brick stumbles but doesn't go down. Dante hits the ropes once more -- another forearm! Brick staggers backward into the corner this time. The crowd comes alive!

John Phillips: "Rivera's rallying! He's using that speed, those quick bursts of offense to keep the big man off balance!"

Mark Bravo: "Yeah, yeah -- until the big man catches him, and then he's gonna regret every step of this comeback tour!"

Dante charges the corner -- **dropkick!* He hits flush and lands on his feet. He grabs the top rope, leans out to the fans, hyping them with a fierce yell before springboarding back in-- **flying legdrop!* He scrambles for the cover!

Referee: "ONE!... TWO!..."

Brick powers out again!

John Phillips: "Near fall! Rivera almost had him there!"

Mark Bravo: "Almost doesn't pay the bills, Phillips! That's like trying to pin a truck -- it's not gonna stay down unless you shut the engine off first!"

Dante slaps the mat in frustration but stays on him. He hooks Brick's arm and tries to roll into the Rivera Lock -- but Brick shoves him off with both legs, sending him sprawling into the ropes. Dante rebounds-- **caught!** Brick spins him -- **Uranage Slam!** The ring shakes again!

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John Phillips: "Uranage! Brick just about drove him through the ring!"

Brick doesn't cover. He stands over Dante, his chest heaving. He looks to the crowd, his face twisted in something between anger and disgust. He hauls Dante back up by the neck, hoists him effortlessly into position --

Mark Bravo: "Uh-oh... here comes the big one!"

--and with a guttural roar, *Brick drills him with the Concrete Ending!* The crowd gasps, the impact echoing like a shotgun blast. Brick stays on top, pressing both forearms down as the referee slides in.

Referee: "ONE!... TWO!... THREE!"

DING DING DING!

John Phillips: "It's over! Brick Bronson gets the win -- and what a war it was!"

"Walk With Me in Hell" hits the speakers again as Brick slowly rises, towering over Rivera's motionless body. The referee tries to raise his hand, but Brick jerks it away, staring down at his opponent. There's no gloating, no words -- just that quiet, cold stare before he steps through the ropes and exits the ring.

Mark Bravo: "That's all business right there. No celebration, no showboating -- Brick Bronson came in, broke bones, and left. That's what he does."

John Phillips: "And you have to give credit to Dante Rivera -- the kid showed unbelievable fight tonight. He took everything Brick threw at him and kept coming back for more. He didn't win, but he damn sure earned respect!"

Camera cuts to Dante on his knees, holding his ribs but lifting his head as the fans cheer him on. A chant begins to spread -- "DAN-TE! DAN-TE!" -- as he nods, mouthing "Thank you." The broadcast cuts back to the commentary table.

John Phillips: "Dante Rivera might've lost the battle tonight, but that's a heart that won't stop beating. The kid's got something special."

Mark Bravo: "Yeah, special all right -- like a glutton for punishment. But hey, he's still breathing, and that's saying something when Brick Bronson's involved."

The camera pans back up the ramp, following Brick's slow walk into the red haze as the Lamb of God riff fades under the cheers of the Boston crowd.

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Not Tonight

The camera cuts backstage to the dimly lit hallways of the Barclays Center. The air is thick with tension, the low hum of the crowd in the distance barely muffling the heavy footfalls echoing off the concrete floors.

Valkyrie Knoxx storms through the corridor like a thunderclap -- shoulders squared, fists clenched, her jaw tight enough to crack bone. Her long dark hair swings wildly with every stride, the rage radiating off her in waves. Just a few steps behind, Susanita Ybanez rushes after her, pleading in Spanish and English, trying to calm her down.

Susanita Ybanez: "Valkyrie, please! This isn't the way! We will get them -- but not like this, okay?"

Valkyrie doesn't even slow down. Her boots slam the tile as she rounds a corner, eyes darting past crew members who scramble out of her path. The fury in her expression says it all -- she's hunting The Empire after what happened earlier tonight.

Valkyrie Knoxx: "They think they can *steal* a win from me? From us? I'm done talking! They want war-- I'll bring them the kind they don't walk away from!"

Susanita Ybanez: "No! You need to think! We saw what they did, we both know it was dirty -- but this isn't the time! Stevens will handle it!"

Valkyrie spins on her heel, nostrils flaring, eyes burning with that cold Icelandic fury.

Valkyrie Knoxx: "Handle it? While they celebrate and laugh at us? While Amy Harrison parades around like a queen surrounded by her snakes? No, Susanita. They want to play games? Fine. I'll end them."

Before she can storm off again, a sharp, commanding voice echoes down the hallway.

Scott Stevens: "That's enough!"

The General Manager of UTA strides into frame, suit jacket unbuttoned, clipboard in hand. He positions himself directly in front of Valkyrie, who stops short -- though barely. The tension is palpable, the air electric.

Scott Stevens: "I saw what happened out there. I saw the distraction, the interference -- all of it. You're right to be upset."

He glances between the two women, his tone firm but calm.

Scott Stevens: "But this? Marching through my hallways looking for a fight before the night's even over? This is how things spiral out of control. And I'm not letting that happen."

Valkyrie takes a step forward, her breathing heavy, voice low but seething.

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Valkyrie Knoxx: "They embarrassed us, Stevens. Rosa, Selena -- they made a mockery of this division."

Scott Stevens: "And they'll answer for it. But *not tonight.*"

He raises a hand before Valkyrie can cut him off.

Scott Stevens: "Amy Harrison has a match later. I'm sure her little entourage will be with her, which is exactly why I want *you two* to stay right here in the back. I catch either of you out there during that match -- even for a second -- you're suspended. No questions asked."

Susanita quickly nods, eyes pleading with Valkyrie to let it go.

Susanita Ybanez: "You heard him, Valkyrie. This isn't worth it tonight. We'll fight smart, not angry."

Valkyrie glares past Stevens, her jaw twitching. For a moment, it looks like she might argue -- but she exhales sharply, turning away with a bitter sneer.

Valkyrie Knoxx: "Fine. But when the time comes... I'm not asking for permission."

She storms off down another corridor, the camera following her for a moment before panning back to Susanita and Stevens. Susanita looks shaken but relieved. Stevens just shakes his head, muttering under his breath.

Scott Stevens: "If tonight doesn't explode, it'll be a miracle."

The camera fades to black as the scene ends, the faint sound of Valkyrie's boots echoing away down the hall.

Not Again

The camera fades in to the backstage locker room -- the fluorescent light above flickers like it's as stressed as the man sitting beneath it. Madman Szalinski is at the center of the frame, elbows on his knees, palms pressed to his temples. Across from him, sitting in eerie silence, are El Fantasma Oscuro I and El Fantasma Oscuro II -- twin shadows in matching masks, motionless.

Madman Szalinski: "Look, guys... this is serious."

He rubs his temples harder, muttering under his breath before snapping upright with a wild expression.

Madman Szalinski: "I've said it time and time again... and no matter how many times I've said it, you keep doing it -- and it's gotta stop!"

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The camera pans slowly to reveal the source of his agony -- a greasy, half-eaten pizza with one glaring problem. Bright yellow chunks of pineapple glisten mockingly under the locker room light.

Madman Szalinski: "PINEAPPLE does NOT go on pizza!"

The Oscuros turn their masked faces toward each other at the exact same speed -- slow, robotic, synchronized. They don't say a word. Just... stare. Then, in unison, they turn back toward Madman, expressionless as ever.

Madman Szalinski: "I can't eat this, guys! I just can't! And this--"

He points down at the box like it's a crime scene photo.

Madman Szalinski: "This cost me twenty-two bucks!"

El Fantasma Oscuro I raises a single hand -- five fingers extended. Madman's eyes widen, his jaw dropping.

Madman Szalinski: "And you gave a *five-dollar tip*?!"

He stands up so fast the chair skids back and nearly topples over. His voice cracks in outrage.

Madman Szalinski: "I'm never going to financially recover from this!"

He stares at the pizza like it's personally betrayed him, then throws his hands in the air with a sigh that could shake the rafters.

Madman Szalinski: "Did you at least get the wings?"

The Oscuros slowly -- painfully slowly -- turn their heads toward each other again. One blinks. The other doesn't. A long beat of silence. Then they turn back to face him in perfect synchronization.

Nothing.

Madman Szalinski: "...No freaking wings either?! Unbelievable! I can't work under these conditions!"

He grabs his jacket and storms toward the door, muttering every step of the way. The Oscuros just sit, motionless, heads slowly tilting in opposite directions as if confused.

Madman Szalinski (off-camera): "STEVENS! THEY DID IT AGAIN! I SWEAR TO GOD--"

The camera pans back to the pizza box as his voice trails off down the hallway.

Madman Szalinski (distant): "PINEAPPLE ON THE DAMN PIZZA!"

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El Fantasma Oscuro I quietly reaches forward, lifts a slice of the pineapple pizza, and takes a slow, deliberate bite. El Fantasma Oscuro II turns his head toward the camera... and simply nods once.

Fade to black.

Troy Lindz vs. Amy Harrison

The lights inside the Barclays Center drop to black. For a moment, only the faint rumble of the crowd can be heard -- restless, expectant. Then, a single golden beam cuts through the darkness, sweeping across the arena like a searchlight. The sound system rumbles, deep and guttural, before the soft voice of Amy Harrison echoes through the speakers.

Amy Harrison (voice-over): "You can hate me all you want... but you'll never be me."

The boos hit instantly -- a tidal wave of venom. Golden pyros explode from the stage as "Sanctify Me" by In This Moment roars to life. The drums hit like thunder, the guitars snarl, and through the haze of smoke step four figures draped in gold light. At the center, the UTA Women's Champion herself, Amy Harrison. The crowd drowns the sound system in pure hostility.

John Phillips: "And here she comes, Brooklyn -- the most despised woman in the United Toughness Alliance!"

Mark Bravo: "Despised? Try undeniable, Phillips! Look at this. This is dominance, this is power, this is control. That's the UTA Women's Champion -- and she's not coming alone."

Behind Amy, the rest of The Empire follows like a royal procession: Rosa Delgado on her right -- cold, composed, precise. Selena Vex on her left -- sneering, smirking, waving mockingly at the fans. And looming just behind them both, Hardcore Sandy -- a walking wall of muscle, cracking her neck as she stares out toward the ring. The four stop at the top of the ramp as the spotlight widens, bathing them in shimmering gold.

John Phillips: "The Empire has arrived -- Rosa Delgado, Selena Vex, Hardcore Sandy, and their empress -- the UTA Women's Champion, Amy Harrison. Listen to this reaction!"

Mark Bravo: "It's not a reaction -- it's reverence disguised as hate. Every boo in this building just feeds her. Amy Harrison is walking proof that confidence is currency, and business is booming."

Amy turns her head slowly, eyes tracing over the jeering audience. She smirks, clutching the title plate against her chest, then raises it high into the golden light. Cameras flash like lightning, capturing the moment as her smile widens. Rosa leans in close, whispering something. Amy chuckles -- just loud enough for the front row to hear.

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John Phillips: "You can see it all over her face -- she's enjoying this. Every ounce of hate from this Brooklyn crowd fuels her ego like gasoline."

Mark Bravo: "Wouldn't you? She's the best in the business, Phillips! She's got the gold, the entourage, and the power to make this whole division dance to her tune!"

The Empire begins their slow descent down the ramp. Their pacing is deliberate -- synchronized. Amy leads with unflinching poise, every step measured and dripping with arrogance. Rosa marches just behind her right shoulder, calm and calculating. Selena waves mockingly to a fan holding a "VEX SUCKS" sign and then blows a kiss toward the camera. Sandy glares at a heckler and smirks when he sits down immediately.

John Phillips: "The arrogance. The swagger. The confidence -- all of it earned, whether you like her or not. Amy Harrison has turned this women's division upside down since her return!"

Mark Bravo: "And she's not even done! The Empire is rewriting the pecking order -- and tonight, they're all here to remind Brooklyn who runs this place!"

They reach ringside. Amy stops at the foot of the ramp, turning to face her allies. The camera zooms in as she mouths, "Watch and learn." She runs a hand through her hair, glances toward the ceiling, and then, with a tilt of her head, starts up the steel steps. The championship glints in the light as she wipes her feet on the apron and steps between the ropes, slow and deliberate, every motion deliberate and regal.

John Phillips: "She's savoring the moment, Bravo -- look at that posture. This is more than an entrance; it's a coronation."

Mark Bravo: "It's a statement, Phillips. You don't just walk into Amy Harrison's ring -- you're invited. And when you're invited, it's already too late."

Inside the ring, Amy circles once, the championship still draped over her shoulder. Rosa, Selena, and Sandy fan out around the ring on the outside, forming a triangle of intimidation. Amy steps to the center, slowly raising the Women's Championship high above her head. The lights shift to pure gold, and pyro detonates from every corner in synchronized bursts. The crowd's boos rise to a roar that nearly drowns the music out entirely.

John Phillips: "She's loving every second of it! Amy Harrison -- standing tall with The Empire -- flaunting that championship like it's untouchable!"

Mark Bravo: "And it is untouchable, Phillips! She's taken out Valkyrie Knox, humiliated Marie Van Claudio, and turned this entire roster inside out. That's not arrogance -- that's results!"

The music fades into a single sustained note as Amy lowers her title, eyes locked straight down the camera lens. She raises the mic to her lips with a smirk that sends a shiver through the crowd.

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Amy Harrison: "You're not booing me because I'm evil... you're booing me because I'm right."

The crowd erupts in deafening hatred. Amy laughs -- genuinely laughs -- and tosses her hair back. Rosa applauds from ringside. Selena grins and shouts "Long live the empress!" while Sandy pounds her fist into her palm in rhythm with the crowd's noise.

Amy lowers her mic, tilts her chin toward the stage, and mouths just two words, dripping with confidence.

Amy Harrison: "Bring them out."

"Sanctify Me" cuts abruptly, the lights flicker from gold to red, and the camera zooms tight on Amy's smirk as she paces like a queen awaiting her next challenger. The Empire stands ready at ringside -- the trap already set.

The golden haze fades from the arena as Amy Harrison stands tall in the center of the ring, her championship draped over her shoulder, The Empire stationed at ringside like sentinels. The boos continue to echo until the lights flicker -- once, twice -- before cutting completely to black.

John Phillips: "Wait a second-- I think we're about to get our answer!"

A single red spotlight hits the stage. The crowd comes to life as a pulse of bass rumbles through the Barclays Center, rhythmic and fierce. Then, the unmistakable opening line of Lady Gaga's "Born This Way" hits -- and the building *erupts*.

Mark Bravo: "Oh, here we go! Here comes the self-proclaimed showstopper!"

John Phillips: "And the challenger who demanded this match after knocking off Valkyrie Knox last week -- Troy Lindz!"

Red-and-black pyros explode upward as Troy Lindz bursts through the curtain, bathed in a storm of confetti and flashing lights. Their curly crimson hair bounces under the glare as they step into the spotlight and strike an immediate pose -- one leg forward, chin tilted skyward, arms outstretched like a Broadway finale. The crowd roars its approval as the camera pans tight on Troy's confident smirk.

John Phillips: "Listen to this place! Brooklyn loves Troy Lindz!"

Mark Bravo: "They're flamboyant, fearless, and just a little bit unpredictable, Phillips. But tonight? They're stepping into Amy Harrison's kingdom -- and that's a dangerous place to be."

Troy throws back their head and laughs, mouthing along with the lyrics as they begin their strut down the ramp. Each step hits perfectly on the beat, hips swaying, jacket shimmering with every movement. They pause halfway, running their hand through their hair before spinning dramatically and pointing toward the ring -- right at Amy Harrison.

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John Phillips: "Troy said they wanted the best -- and tonight, they've got her. The UTA Women's Champion herself, surrounded by The Empire, and not a shred of fear in those eyes."

Mark Bravo: "Fear? No. Ego? Absolutely. But I'll give them this -- they know how to make an entrance."

The crowd continues singing along with the chorus -- the energy infectious. Troy stops at the bottom of the ramp and looks up toward the ring where Amy stands smirking. Rosa Delgado, Selena Vex, and Hardcore Sandy step forward in unison, forming a wall between Troy and the apron.

John Phillips: "Uh-oh... look at this. The Empire's drawing the line -- they're not about to let Troy just stroll into Amy's ring!"

Mark Bravo: "That's what a united front looks like, Phillips. The Empire doesn't do courtesy -- they do control!"

The three women stand shoulder-to-shoulder, their gazes locked on Troy. Rosa crosses her arms with that familiar smirk, Selena flips her hair and blows an exaggerated kiss, and Sandy just cracks her knuckles with a grin that could shatter glass. The crowd boos, chanting "LET THEM FIGHT!"

Troy stops, hands on their hips, then flips their hair back dramatically. A smirk forms across their face as they lift one hand slowly and gesture -- palm out -- like a diva dismissing a bad audition.

Troy Lindz: "Bitch, please."

The crowd *erupts*. Rosa's smirk falters. Selena scoffs. Sandy steps forward, but Troy doesn't even flinch. They simply circle around them -- strutting to the right, all eyes on the champion in the ring -- and climb onto the apron with confidence dripping from every move. The Empire glares, but none make a move.

John Phillips: "Ohhh! Troy Lindz just walked right past The Empire like they didn't even exist! That's bold, Bravo -- that's dangerously bold!"

Mark Bravo: "That's ego, Phillips! It's one thing to be brave -- it's another to be suicidal!"

Troy steps through the ropes, running their hand down the middle rope and spinning into the center of the ring. They strike a pose under the spotlight -- back arched, arms wide, head thrown back. Red and black confetti falls from above, the music booming through the arena. The fans chant their name as they slowly lower their head, locking eyes with Amy Harrison.

The two stand motionless for several seconds -- champion versus challenger -- the crowd buzzing with anticipation. Amy tilts her head, smirking. Troy smirks right back, brushing imaginary dust off their shoulder.

John Phillips: "You can feel the tension radiating between these two. Troy Lindz has walked into enemy territory -- and they're not backing down an inch."

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Mark Bravo: "You can feel something else too, Phillips -- danger. Amy Harrison doesn't lose her cool, but she doesn't forgive disrespect either. And Troy just disrespected her, her court, and her crown!"

The music fades. The crowd's chants continue as the referee steps in to separate the two. Amy leans forward slightly, whispering something inaudible, and Troy just grins wider, mouthing back, "You'll see." The bell hasn't even rung yet, and Brooklyn is already on fire.

John Phillips: "What an atmosphere inside the Barclays Center! Amy Harrison. Troy Lindz. The Queen and The Showstopper. This one's going to be something special."

Mark Bravo: "And something violent, Phillips -- don't forget who's standing outside that ring."

The camera zooms tight on The Empire at ringside -- Rosa's eyes narrow, Selena whispers something to Sandy -- before cutting back to the ring as the referee signals for the bell.

The Barclays Center rises to its feet. The bell rings once. Then twice.

DING DING DING!

The bell rings -- but Troy Lindz doesn't move. Instead, they twirl in place, running their hands through their hair as the crowd cheers them on. The red and black confetti is still drifting down, clinging to their gear. Across the ring, Amy Harrison stands motionless, the Women's Championship now passed to the timekeeper. Her arms are crossed, chin high, that icy Belfast stare locked straight on Troy.

John Phillips: "We're officially underway here in Brooklyn, but I'm not sure Troy Lindz is ready to wrestle just yet -- they look like they're getting ready for a photo shoot!"

Mark Bravo: "Oh come on, Phillips! That's part of the game -- the performance before the punishment. Troy's got personality for days, but Amy Harrison doesn't do sequins and sass -- she does violence."

Troy struts toward the ropes nearest the hard cam and points down toward the crowd, shouting something inaudible over the noise -- then pantomimes fanning themselves with their hand as the audience roars back. They turn sharply, facing Amy with a devilish grin.

Troy Lindz: "Oh honey, I've seen fiercer faces at a Sephora sale!"

The crowd explodes in laughter and cheers. Amy doesn't move -- just tilts her head slightly, jaw tightening. The camera catches the twitch in her expression before she exhales, calm but clearly irritated. Rosa Delgado smirks from the outside, whispering something to Selena Vex, who rolls her eyes and mouths, "This clown."

John Phillips: "Troy Lindz is getting under the champion's skin -- and doing it with a smile!"

Mark Bravo: "That smile's gonna get slapped off real quick, Phillips. You don't mock Amy Harrison and live to

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brag about it!"

Troy moves closer, their steps exaggerated, shoulders swaying with attitude. They circle Amy, pretending to "inspect" her like a runway critic -- tapping their chin, nodding sarcastically.

Troy Lindz: "Okay, okay... cute belt, babe. Does it come in 'actually earned'? Asking for a friend."

The crowd lets out an audible "OHHHH!" Amy's lips curl into a thin smirk as she takes one slow step forward, closing the distance. The referee steps in between them, hand up, reminding both to keep it clean. Troy takes one more exaggerated step back and throws their arms wide, yelling to the crowd.

Troy Lindz: "You see that? Even the ref knows -- I'm too fabulous to fight dirty!"

John Phillips: "Troy's playing mind games early -- every bit of this is psychological warfare. They know Amy wants to wrestle, not banter!"

Mark Bravo: "Yeah, but Amy doesn't bite easy. She's been in the game too long for that. She's letting Troy burn their own clock!"

Outside the ring, The Empire circles slowly. Rosa Delgado leans on the apron near Amy's corner, calm and confident, while Selena Vex paces the opposite side like a caged animal. Hardcore Sandy stands by the timekeeper, arms folded, eyes locked on Troy like a predator studying prey.

Troy notices them and waves mockingly to each in turn, blowing a kiss to Selena, wagging a finger at Rosa, and pretending to flex toward Sandy before spinning back toward Amy.

Troy Lindz: "What's the matter, Your Majesty? Need your royal court to hold your hair back when things get messy?"

The crowd pops again. Amy's smirk fades. She lowers her head slightly, her shoulders squaring -- that calm, dangerous posture she's known for. The boos mix with cheers as the tension rises like a wire about to snap.

John Phillips: "That might've done it -- Amy Harrison's composure just cracked, Bravo! Look at those eyes!"

Mark Bravo: "That's not anger, Phillips -- that's focus. The champ just decided playtime's over."

Troy takes a playful step forward, twirls once, and leans in close enough that the cameras barely catch it.

Troy Lindz: "You ready for your encore, sweetheart?"

And then Amy strikes -- a quick palm strike to the shoulder, not enough to drop Troy but sharp enough to end the banter. Troy stumbles back a step, laughing it off and clapping their hands.

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Troy Lindz: "Oh! Okay! She's spicy!"

John Phillips: "And just like that, the tone has changed! Troy's been playing games, but Amy Harrison's done smiling!"

Mark Bravo: "It's about time -- let's see if Troy can back up that spotlight swagger when the lights start to burn!"

Amy gestures for Troy to come at her. The crowd roars in anticipation as Troy's smirk returns -- one eyebrow raised, hand flipping their hair back. The Empire leans in around the ring like a pride ready to pounce as the two circle. The air feels electric. The next move will break the tension wide open.

The two circle, eyes locked. Amy Harrison stays low, predatory, testing her angles. Troy Lindz bounces on their heels -- loose, flamboyant, smiling -- but their stance is tighter now. The joking fades just a little. The crowd starts a chant of "TROY! TROY! TROY!" as the two finally lock up.

John Phillips: "Collar-and-elbow tie-up -- and Troy's holding their own here!"

Amy tries to muscle them back, but Troy shifts their hips and rolls into a quick go-behind, transitioning into a waist lock. Amy elbows backward, trying to break free -- but Troy rolls through, floats over, and lands behind her again, grinning like it's all part of the act. Amy turns, annoyed, and goes for another tie-up. Troy ducks it clean and struts back to the ropes, blowing a kiss to the camera as the crowd roars.

Mark Bravo: "Oh, you've gotta be kidding me! This isn't Cirque du Soleil -- this is a title match!"

John Phillips: "I don't think Amy Harrison expected this! Troy Lindz isn't just showboating -- they're outwrestling her right now!"

Amy exhales sharply, shaking her hands loose as she circles again. They lock up once more, but this time she slips behind with a side headlock. Troy tries to shove free, but Amy tightens it, grinding the hold in and talking trash the entire time. The referee leans in for a check -- Amy yanks Troy's hair just enough to draw a warning. She smirks.

Amy Harrison: "You wanted the best, sweetheart -- you got her."

Troy drops to one knee, slips an arm under, and suddenly lifts Amy up and over with a surprising back suplex counter! Amy hits the mat and rolls through, popping to her feet quickly -- but her eyes go wide. The crowd gasps, then cheers wildly.

John Phillips: "Whoa! Where did that come from? What a counter by Troy Lindz!"

Mark Bravo: "Okay, I'll admit it -- that was slick. But the champ's not rattled yet... right?"

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Amy brushes the hair from her face, glancing to the outside. Rosa Delgado shouts, "You've got her!" while Selena Vex slams her hand on the apron, yelling for Amy to "end the dance and fight!" Amy nods -- but her jaw tightens again.

They circle once more. Troy feints high, then snaps in with a deep arm drag. Amy hits the mat again -- and Troy doesn't waste time. They kip up, land on their feet, and sweep in for a second arm drag, this time holding it through into an armbar! Amy grits her teeth as Troy wrenches the wrist. The crowd claps along, impressed by the control.

John Phillips: "Troy Lindz is chaining these holds together like a veteran! Look at that transition!"

Mark Bravo: "No -- no, no, no, this isn't supposed to happen. Amy Harrison's a strategist, not a punching bag!"

Amy manages to twist out and drive a knee into Troy's midsection, breaking the hold. She snaps them down by the hair, then delivers a sharp kick between the shoulders. The crowd boos loudly. Amy grins, leaning down close to Troy's ear.

Amy Harrison: "You done dancing now?"

Troy smirks through the pain and fires a forearm up into Amy's jaw, knocking her back a step. The crowd comes alive again. Troy pushes to their feet, whips Amy into the ropes, and leapfrogs over her return -- then nails a running dropkick that sends the champion rolling to the outside right at Rosa Delgado's feet!

John Phillips: "Dropkick connects! Amy's on the floor -- and she looks... stunned!"

Mark Bravo: "Stunned, not shaken! She's regrouping! Every great champion does it!"

Amy slaps the barricade, visibly frustrated. Rosa crouches beside her, whispering instructions. Selena Vex steps in front of the referee's view, shouting at Troy, "Watch yourself, glitter bomb!" Troy laughs, blows her a kiss, and yells back:

Troy Lindz: "You want next, sweetheart? Get in line!"

The crowd cheers again. Amy slides back into the ring, glaring. She motions for Troy to "come on." Troy obliges -- only to duck a wild clothesline and hit a slick backslide!

Referee: "ONE! TWO--"

Amy kicks out at two, rolling immediately to her feet, furious now. Troy springs up, winking, and mouths "Almost got you!" Amy's teeth grit; she charges, and Troy sidesteps again, sending her shoulder-first into the turnbuckle!

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John Phillips: "Amy Harrison's off her rhythm! Troy's speed and unpredictability are throwing her completely off her game!"

Mark Bravo: "Yeah, but all it takes is one mistake -- one slip -- and Amy will make them pay for it."

Inside the ring, Amy leans on the ropes, shaking her head, muttering to herself. Troy circles her like a cat, clapping with the crowd. Every near miss, every dodge, every reversal chips a little more at the champion's composure.

John Phillips: "You can feel it building, Bravo -- Amy Harrison's getting frustrated, and Troy Lindz knows exactly what they're doing."

Mark Bravo: "She's a veteran, Phillips. She's not cracking -- she's calculating."

Amy glares across the ring, exhaling slow. The Empire on the outside begins to rally her, clapping rhythmically against the apron. Rosa's calling for her to slow it down, to pick her spot. Amy straightens up, fixes her gear, and points across the ring at Troy.

Amy Harrison: "Alright, enough games."

Troy grins, giving a little bow and waving her forward, taunting her to try again. The crowd buzzes -- the tension ready to boil over as the champion starts to lose her patience, and the challenger's confidence continues to rise.

Amy Harrison paces her corner, shaking her head, jaw clenched tight. The chants of "TROY! TROY! TROY!" echo through the Barclays Center, stoking the fire behind her eyes. She steps forward -- no more smirk, no more swagger. The Empress is done entertaining the jester.

John Phillips: "There's a change in her body language, Bravo -- Amy Harrison's patience just ran out!"

Mark Bravo: "And that's bad news for Troy Lindz. Amy's about to remind everyone why she's the Women's Champion -- and why The Empire runs this division."

Troy blows one more kiss, laughing, as the two circle again. Amy suddenly surges forward, faster than expected -- grabbing a handful of Troy's hair and driving them back-first into the corner! The crowd boos loud as Amy unloads with short, stiff forearms to the jaw. Each shot lands with a thud. The referee steps in to break it up, but Amy's already got a knee driven into Troy's midsection.

Referee: "Break it up, Harrison! One! Two!"

Amy steps back at four, smirking as the referee warns her. She shrugs -- then grabs Troy again, yanking them out of the corner by the arm and drilling a snap suplex dead center of the ring! She floats over into a cover.

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Referee: "ONE! TWO--"

Troy kicks out! The crowd roars again. Amy sits up slowly, brushing her hair from her face with an irritated sigh.

John Phillips: "Troy's still in this! But the champion's found her rhythm -- and her temper!"

Mark Bravo: "That's called veteran composure, Phillips. She let Troy dance, she let them play -- now she's making them pay!"

Amy grabs Troy by the head and shoves them into the corner again, this time choking them with her forearm against the ropes. The referee counts, the crowd boos -- and Amy lets go just before the five-count, turning away like nothing happened. She dusts off her hands theatrically.

John Phillips: "Amy Harrison's bending the rules again -- but she's making it look effortless!"

Mark Bravo: "It's called ring awareness, Phillips. She knows exactly how long she's got -- and exactly how to hurt you without getting caught."

Troy stumbles out of the corner, coughing. Amy grabs them by the wrist and whips them hard into the ropes -- but Troy ducks the clothesline, rebounds, and lands a jumping knee strike to the chest! Amy staggers! The crowd explodes again as Troy kips up, firing off a spinning heel kick that drops the champion to one knee!

John Phillips: "Troy Lindz is still in it! That athleticism, that agility -- you can't count them out for a second!"

Mark Bravo: "Yeah, but that second's all Amy needs to change the story!"

Amy rises, wiping her lip where a bit of blood forms. Her expression changes -- not anger, not arrogance -- *cold focus.* She rushes forward and buries a knee into Troy's midsection, doubling them over. Without hesitation, she hooks the arm and spikes Troy with a swinging neckbreaker! The crowd groans as Amy sits up, eyes blazing.

John Phillips: "Oh, and that one turned things around fast! The champ just snapped the momentum in half!"

Mark Bravo: "That's the difference, Phillips! Troy might be fast -- but Amy's *smart*. She knew when to pull the trigger!"

Amy stands, glaring down at Troy. She wipes her lip again, looks to the outside, and points. Rosa Delgado slaps the mat rhythmically, rallying her. Selena Vex shouts, "Break them down, Empress!" while Hardcore Sandy pounds her fist into her open palm, her grin wide and wicked.

The Empire's presence grows heavier, more deliberate. The boos fill the building, but Amy thrives in it. She pulls Troy up by the hair, sneering.

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Amy Harrison: "You done playing superstar, sweetheart?"

Troy fires a right hand out of instinct -- but Amy ducks it and lands a sharp back elbow to the mouth. Troy hits the mat hard. Amy immediately transitions, locking in a tight rear chinlock, wrenching the hold back while talking trash to the hard cam.

Amy Harrison: "Look at this, huh? THIS is your star?"

John Phillips: "And now she's mocking them -- Amy Harrison is dismantling Troy Lindz piece by piece!"

Mark Bravo: "This is what happens when you try to outshine royalty, Phillips. Amy doesn't share the spotlight -- she takes it back!"

Troy fights to their knees, the crowd clapping in rhythm. They throw an elbow. Then another. Finally, they rise, spin out, and shove Amy off -- but Amy rebounds off the ropes and blasts Troy with a running clothesline that nearly takes their head off! The crowd gasps as Troy flips backward onto the mat, dazed.

John Phillips: "Oh my God! What a clothesline!"

Mark Bravo: "That's the difference between flair and ferocity, Phillips -- one looks good, the other wins championships!"

Amy drags Troy toward the ropes, leaning on the middle rope with her forearm pressed across their neck. The referee counts -- but on the outside, Rosa and Selena both reach up, pretending to "fix" Amy's balance, effectively choking Troy even tighter! The crowd erupts in boos as the referee yells at them both. They throw their hands up innocently as Amy steps away, feigning ignorance.

John Phillips: "Come on! The Empire's already getting involved!"

Mark Bravo: "It's called teamwork, Phillips. You wouldn't understand!"

Troy gasps for breath, holding their throat, as Amy waves to the crowd with a sarcastic smile. She looks down at Rosa and mouths, "Now we finish this."

John Phillips: "Amy Harrison's in full control -- and that frustration she had earlier? It's gone. Now she's enjoying it!"

Mark Bravo: "And that's when she's at her most dangerous. The champ doesn't get angry -- she gets even."

The crowd starts clapping again for Troy. Amy turns, yelling at them to shut up -- a rare sign of agitation breaking through the champion's mask. That tiny crack is all it takes for Troy to crawl toward the corner, using the ropes to pull themselves up. The camera zooms tight on Amy's glare -- her patience may be back, but her cool is thinning again.

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Troy clutches the middle rope, chest heaving. Amy Harrison stalks across the ring, her smile thin and wicked. The boos are rising again, and Brooklyn is loud -- clapping, chanting, trying to will Troy back to life.

John Phillips: "This crowd's behind Troy Lindz one hundred percent -- they're refusing to let this story end the way The Empire wants!"

Mark Bravo: "They can chant all they want, Phillips -- noise doesn't beat experience!"

Amy steps in and grabs Troy by the hair again -- but this time Troy explodes upward, firing a right forearm! Amy stumbles! Another forearm! Then a European uppercut that snaps her head back! The crowd erupts as Troy finds rhythm again, feeding off the energy around them.

John Phillips: "Troy's fighting back! That fire, that fight -- they're not done yet!"

Troy hits the ropes, ducks under a wild lariat from Amy, and comes back with a spinning wheel kick that catches the champion flush in the jaw! Amy collapses to the mat, clutching her mouth. The crowd goes ballistic!

Mark Bravo: "Whoa, whoa, whoa! Where did that come from?!"

John Phillips: "That's the Standing Ovation -- Troy Lindz just turned this thing around in one move!"

The camera pans to The Empire at ringside. Rosa Delgado slaps the mat, shouting for Amy to get up. Selena Vex paces furiously, barking orders. Hardcore Sandy growls something under her breath, stepping closer to the apron.

Troy grabs the ropes, pulling themselves up, and starts firing the crowd up -- waving their arms, shouting, "Come on, Brooklyn!" The entire Barclays Center roars. Amy crawls to her knees, shaking her head, dazed.

John Phillips: "Troy Lindz is feeling it now -- momentum's shifted and the champ's rocked!"

Mark Bravo: "Momentum's a mirage, Phillips! One mistake and Amy will make them regret every bit of this little Broadway comeback!"

Amy swings wildly -- but Troy catches her arm and snaps her down with a quick arm drag, rolls through, and hits a crisp dropkick! Amy stumbles back again, and Troy pops up with another -- this one sending Amy over the top rope to the floor!

John Phillips: "Amy Harrison just got launched to the outside! The champ's on the ropes -- literally!"

The Empire immediately swarms around their leader -- Rosa kneeling to check on her, Selena screaming at the referee, Sandy standing guard like a tank. Inside the ring, Troy paces, smirking. The fans begin chanting "DIVE! DIVE! DIVE!"

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Troy points to the sky, winds up the crowd, and charges the ropes -- leaping over the top with a soaring plancha onto all three members of The Empire! The collision sends everyone crashing to the floor! The crowd erupts, chanting "HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!"

John Phillips: "Troy Lindz took out The Empire! All of them! Listen to this crowd -- Brooklyn's losing their minds!"

Mark Bravo: "Yeah, but you can't win a title on the floor, Phillips! You've gotta pin the champ -- and she's still moving!"

Amy's crawling, holding her shoulder, while Troy gets to their feet first, adrenaline surging. They toss Amy back into the ring, sliding in after her, firing up the crowd again. The energy is electric.

John Phillips: "This could be it! Troy Lindz might actually have the Women's Champion on the brink!"

Troy grabs Amy by the arm, whips her into the ropes, and spins into the Center Stage discus lariat -- but Amy ducks! Troy spins around -- Amy goes for a kick -- Troy catches it! Troy sweeps her leg and drops into a leg hook -- one knee on the champion's chest!

Referee: "ONE! TWO--"

Selena Vex grabs Amy's ankle and yanks it onto the bottom rope! The referee catches it a split second too late and stops the count. The crowd boos furiously, raining hate down on The Empire.

John Phillips: "Come on! Selena Vex just robbed Troy of the three count!"

Mark Bravo: "No, no, no -- that was pure ring awareness, Phillips! She was just making sure her empress wasn't cheated!"

Troy slaps the mat, furious. They point outside the ring, shouting at Selena to back off. The referee leans through the ropes, yelling for order. Rosa Delgado creeps up the other side, grabbing Troy's boot from behind! Troy shakes her off and turns--

--and Amy explodes with a Superkick right to the jaw!

John Phillips: "Superkick outta nowhere! Amy Harrison just turned the lights off!"

Troy hits the mat hard. Amy collapses too, both wrestlers down. The referee starts a ten count as the crowd stomps their feet in rhythm, split between support and hatred.

Referee: "One! ... Two!"

Outside, The Empire begins to regroup. Rosa's yelling for Amy to crawl. Selena's pounding the apron, and

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Sandy -- towering, dangerous -- slides something under the bottom rope: a small length of chain wrapped in tape.

John Phillips: "Hey! What was that? Hardcore Sandy just slid something in the ring!"

Mark Bravo: "I didn't see anything, Phillips. Maybe it was a friendship bracelet!"

The referee's back is turned, still counting. Amy drags herself toward the chain as Troy starts to rise on the opposite side. The fans scream for the ref to turn around.

Amy grabs the chain -- hides it under her wrist tape -- and slowly gets to her feet, the frustration, the pain, the ego all mixing into a lethal calm. Troy shakes off the cobwebs and turns--

--Amy lunges!

Amy lunges -- chain wrapped around her wrist -- but Troy ducks! The crowd explodes as Amy stumbles past and nearly collides with the referee! Troy spins her around, hooks her for the Encore Slam -- but Amy rakes the eyes mid-lift! The crowd rains boos as the referee never sees it.

John Phillips: "Come on! That was blatant! Amy Harrison just raked the eyes!"

Mark Bravo: "You call it cheating, I call it resourceful -- she's defending her empire!"

Troy stumbles blindly, clutching their face. Amy winds up, her fist still wrapped in steel. She swings -- but Troy ducks again, kicks her in the gut, and hits the Encore Slam clean this time! The ring shakes! The crowd explodes into a frenzy!

John Phillips: "Encore Slam! Troy Lindz nailed it! We're about to have a new champion!"

Troy collapses on top for the cover. The referee slides in.

Referee: "ONE! ... TWO! ... THR--"

Rosa Delgado grabs Amy's boot and shoves it under the bottom rope! The referee spots it at the last second and stops the count. The arena nearly comes apart with boos!

John Phillips: "No! Not again! Rosa Delgado just saved the championship!"

Mark Bravo: "Saved? She ensured justice was served -- the ropes were right there!"

Troy slams their hands on the mat, furious. They rise to their knees, shouting at the official, who's now arguing with Rosa. Selena Vex hops onto the apron, screaming at Troy. The referee turns toward her -- distracted -- as Troy walks over to confront her.

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That's when Amy Harrison strikes.

She winds up and blasts Troy Lindz across the jaw with the chain-wrapped fist! The crowd gasps in horror as the sound echoes through the Barclays Center like a gunshot. Troy drops instantly, limp on the canvas. Amy tosses the chain out of the ring, straight to Rosa, who hides it under the timekeeper's table.

John Phillips: "Oh my God! Amy Harrison just used that chain! She knocked Troy Lindz out cold!"

Mark Bravo: "That's championship instinct, Phillips! You do what it takes to keep the gold -- that's the difference between great and legendary!"

The referee turns back around just as Amy dives on top for the pin, feigning exhaustion. The crowd counts along in protest.

Referee: "ONE! ... TWO! ... THREE!"

DING DING DING!

"Sanctify Me" blasts over the sound system again as the boos reach deafening levels. Amy rolls to the ropes, clutching her title tight against her chest, laughing through exhaustion. The Empire immediately floods the ring -- Selena raising Amy's arm, Rosa applauding, Sandy glaring at the fallen Troy Lindz with a grin.

Announcer: "Here is your winner... and STILL the UTA Women's Champion... AMYYYYY HARRISONNNN!"

The crowd unleashes a chorus of jeers. The camera pans over the chaos -- Troy Lindz still motionless, the referee checking on them -- while Amy sits cross-legged in the center of the ring, her title in her lap, smiling like the cat that got the cream.

John Phillips: "That's disgusting! The Empire stole it again! Amy Harrison could've proven herself tonight, but she chose to cheat her way out of a fight she was losing!"

Mark Bravo: "Phillips, that's why she's the empress -- she doesn't lose, she adapts! Champions don't play fair; they play smart!"

Rosa Delgado kneels beside Amy, whispering something in her ear as Selena poses behind them, flashing the Empire's signature hand sign to the camera. Sandy stands over the ropes, jawing with the fans, daring anyone to step up.

The camera catches Troy finally rolling to their side, dazed, a small trickle of blood on their lip. The crowd starts chanting "BULLSHIT! BULLSHIT!" as Amy blows a kiss to them, stands, and hoists the Women's Championship high once again.

John Phillips: "She's basking in it, Bravo -- reveling in every ounce of hate from this Brooklyn crowd!"

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Mark Bravo: "She's not basking -- she's confirming it. Amy Harrison runs this division, and The Empire makes sure it stays that way!"

The camera zooms in tight on Amy's face as gold light floods the ring again. Her smirk grows wider. She mouths toward the camera, clear as day:

Amy Harrison: "Long live the Empire."

The scene fades to black on the image of Amy Harrison standing tall, championship raised, her loyal court behind her -- a golden tyrant ruling over a kingdom of boos.

Of Wolf and Man

The backstage hallway is narrow, lit by flickering fluorescents that buzz like dying hornets. Footsteps echo--heavy, deliberate. Magnus Wolfe and Gideon Graves, Iron Dominion, cut through the corridor mid-conversation, heading straight for Scott Stevens's office. Their intent is clear: demand a title shot, and make it loud enough that no one forgets it. Graves moves like a wrecking ball in waiting, shoulders squared, fists flexing. Wolfe glides beside him, composed and clinical, his gaze dissecting everything it touches.

Gideon Graves: "We've waited long enough. Time to start breakin' bodies and collectin' some gold."

Magnus Wolfe: "Let them polish their titles. Fear makes men clumsy."

They round a corner--and nearly collide with Gunnar Van Patton. He's mid-stride, chewing tobacco with slow menace, his lone eye locked on Wolfe like he's sizing up a carcass. At his side, Avril Selene Kinkade, dressed in immaculate black, posture regal, gaze carved from disdain. Van Patton doesn't move. Doesn't blink. Just stands there like the hallway belongs to him.

Avril's eyes sweep over Iron Dominion with quiet contempt. Her voice is soft, deliberate, and venomous--like silk soaked in poison.

Avril Selene Kinkade: "This arena is positively infested with cretins. And here we have two specimens so perfectly crude, I daresay the infestation has begun to breed."

Graves scowls, jaw tightening. Wolfe's smirk is faint, almost polite.

Gideon Graves: "You talk a lot for someone hidin' behind her guard dog."

Magnus Wolfe: "He looks rabid. Might need to be put down before he bites the wrong person."

Van Patton spits a thick line of tobacco onto the concrete between them. The sound is wet. Final. His voice rolls out low, coarse, and mean. Knowing her client's attitude towards some people, Avril can barely contain

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her excitement over the mere thought of what bloodshed could happen.

Gunnar Van Patton: "Ya know, Ah make it a point to know every asshole who dares to dub himself 'wolf.' Ain't many left. Most got culled. You? Maybe it was just dumb luck you landed on that name, 'cause you ain't shown me a damn thing that proves you're worth it. You're nothin' but a stray dog. A poser wearin' pelts he didn't earn."

Wolfe's smirk twitches. His voice remains calm, but the chill deepens.

Magnus Wolfe: "You mistake legacy for relevance. Unlike some, I was born into it and surely, don't need your blessing to carry it."

Van Patton steps forward, invading Wolfe's space, boots grinding against the floor. His grin fades to something cruel.

Gunnar Van Patton: "You don't carry that name--you desecrate it. Each loss another example of why yer ass doesn't deserve the honor. You ain't a wolf. You're a mutt hopin' and prayin' someone calls you dangerous before you piss yourself."

Graves shifts his weight and slides up next to Wolfe, shoulders squared, fists flexing. He looms beside him, eyes locked on Van Patton with intent--hoping the numbers game will rattle the Texan.

Van Patton never breaks eye contact.

Gunnar Van Patton: "Next week. My dance card is nice and open, ain't it Avril? How's about this stray shows me just how much of a wolf he is?"

He leans in closer, voice dropping to a low, vicious drawl. Out of the corner of his eye, he can see the other half of Iron Dominion nearly frothing at the mouth at the chance this might get physical.

Gunnar Van Patton: "Ya know what? Yer goon likes to think that Ah'm gonna piss myself at the thought of being outnumbered. Ain't the first time Ah'm doing battle alone. Ain't gonna be the last either. So, make sure to bring that fat bastard with ya, so Ah can whoop his ass too."

A light bulb turns on in the mind of Van Patton.

Gunnar Van Patton: "Now, that's a mighty fine idea. A little two on one action. Handicap match. What do ya think, boys? Reckon yer up for it?"

Wolfe's voice cuts through the silence--low, clinical, and final.

Magnus Wolfe: "Challenge accepted. I'll bring the autopsy kit."

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Gideon Graves: "I'm going to enjoy stomping you into the ground, soldier boy."

Van Patton holds his stare for a beat longer, then finally turns to leave--slow, deliberate, unbothered. His voice rolls out over his shoulder, calm and commanding.

Gunnar Van Patton: "Avril. Get started on the paperwork."

She doesn't miss a beat, quickly following behind her client.

Avril Selene Kinkade: "Immediately, Sergeant."

She glances back once, lips curled in quiet yet downright vile satisfaction.

Avril Selene Kinkade: "Do try to be punctual, darlings. It's frightfully rude to keep one's executioner waiting."

The camera lingers on Iron Dominion--rage and calculation, muscle and malice--before cutting to another happening in the arena.

The War Brews

The feed cuts from replays of Amy Harrison's victory to a live shot backstage. The camera finds Valkyrie Knox standing before a monitor, arms crossed, jaw tight, her eyes narrowing at the sight of The Empire celebrating in the ring. Her chest heaves -- every breath audible over the hum of the production area around her.

Valkyrie Knox: "This is rubbish!"

Her voice echoes off the concrete walls, raw with fury. She shoves a nearby chair, sending it clattering against the floor. Crew members glance her way, then scatter quickly out of frame. The monitor replays Amy Harrison raising her championship, surrounded by Rosa Delgado, Selena Vex, and Hardcore Sandy.

From the hallway's edge steps Susanita Ybanez -- calm, poised, hands raised slightly in a measured gesture.

Susanita Ybanez: "Valkyrie... breathe, por favor. We need to look at this with calm eyes."

Valkyrie Knox: (snarling) "Calm eyes?! They're running this division like it's a damn empire, Susanita! They cheat, they maim, they blind -- and you want calm?!"

She turns sharply, the camera following as her boots scrape across the concrete. Her fury feels volcanic -- tightly coiled, ready to erupt. Susanita keeps her distance but doesn't back down.

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Susanita Ybanez: "We cannot strike blind. Look what happened to Marie! She is still in the hospital -- she can't even see right now. If we rush in like this, we end up the same way!"

Valkyrie's head snaps back toward her. For a second, the tension is electric -- fury versus reason.

Valkyrie Knox: "You think I care about caution? I want violence. I want payback. They made this personal, Susanita -- and I'm not waiting for permission to fight back."

Susanita steps forward, her tone quiet but firm, like trying to calm a storm that refuses to be tamed.

Susanita Ybanez: "And if you swing too early, you miss the kill shot. They want us angry -- they want us reckless. We wait... and when the time is right, we take everything from them."

Valkyrie's nostrils flare, her jaw tightening. She stares at Susanita for a long beat before turning her eyes back to the monitor. Amy Harrison's smirk fills the screen -- the image reflected in Valkyrie's cold glare.

Valkyrie Knox: (low, steady) "Fine. But when the time comes... I'm not holding back."

Susanita nods, her voice a whisper now -- part warning, part promise.

Susanita Ybanez: "Nor should you."

The camera lingers as both women stand shoulder to shoulder, the glow of the monitor lighting their faces -- one calm, one burning. The tension in the air is thick enough to choke on. The image freezes for a moment -- the calm before the inevitable storm -- before fading back to the arena.

John Phillips: "The women's division has turned into a battlefield, Bravo. The Empire might've walked out with the gold tonight, but the fire they've lit... might burn them down."

Mark Bravo: "Yeah, and if Valkyrie Knox gets her way -- there won't be an Empire left standing by the time she's through."

The Truth Stands Tall/Raggedy Ass Bitch

The camera fades in backstage where Melissa Cartwright stands beside the United Toughness Alliance World Champion, Jarvis Valentine. The UTA title rests over his shoulder, gleaming beneath the production lights. He's calm, lacing his wrists, eyes sharp but collected.

Melissa Cartwright: "Jarvis, in just a few minutes, you step into the main event here at East Coast Invasion -- defending your UTA Championship against the returning Zhalia Fears. How are you feeling heading into this matchup?"

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Jarvis pauses, glancing down for a moment before looking directly into the camera.

Jarvis Valentine: "Melissa... I've wrestled champions. I've fought monsters. I've stood across from men who'd sell their souls to wear this belt. But tonight isn't about ego or fear. Tonight's about respect."

He adjusts the title on his shoulder, his tone steady -- a veteran's voice with quiet conviction.

Jarvis Valentine: "Zhalia Fears is one of the most dangerous competitors this company's ever seen. She didn't just wrestle in the UTA -- she haunted it. And now she's back, not asking for anything... just taking her shot. I respect that. But respect doesn't mean surrender."

Jarvis steps closer, the lens tightening on his face as his tone drops lower -- cold, resolute.

Jarvis Valentine: "The truth doesn't flinch. It doesn't back down. And tonight, in Brooklyn... the truth stands tall."

He taps the UTA Championship once, a sharp echo off the gold faceplate, and walks off frame toward the gorilla position. Melissa watches him go, nodding slightly before turning back to the camera.

Melissa Cartwright: "Confident words from the champion -- and that main event is coming up next: Jarvis Valentine defends the UTA Championship against the returning Zhalia Fears!"

The camera follows Jarvis Valentine as he disappears through the gorilla position toward the entrance ramp. The crowd noise from the arena bleeds through the curtain -- a constant roar of energy. As the champion vanishes from sight, the camera pans right -- Troy Lindz bursts through another corridor, still sweating, ring gear half-loosened, breathing hard.

Melissa Cartwright: (rushing over) "Troy--Troy! What can you tell us about what happened out there?"

Troy stops, eyes wide, chest heaving, their voice trembling with anger.

Troy Lindz: "That didn't happen!"

Melissa Cartwright: (confused) "What do you mean?"

Troy Lindz: (snapping) "I MEAN THAT DIDN'T HAPPEN!"

Their voice echoes down the hallway. Crew members freeze mid-step as Troy runs a hand through their hair, pacing back and forth. The frustration is palpable -- part disbelief, part rage.

Troy Lindz: "Raggedy ass bitch and her hoodlums--" (they jab a finger toward the curtain leading back to the ring) "--this ain't the last she's seen of Troy Lindz! That's for damn sure!"

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Troy storms off down the hallway, their boots echoing against the concrete as Melissa looks back toward the camera, uncertain, the noise from the arena still rumbling in the distance.

Melissa Cartwright: "Clearly furious after what went down in the ring -- Troy Lindz promising this isn't over. Back to you at ringside."

The shot fades back to the commentary desk, where John Phillips and Mark Bravo sit amid the buzz of the live crowd.

John Phillips: "Emotions boiling over backstage -- Troy Lindz still reeling after what The Empire pulled earlier tonight."

Mark Bravo: "I can't blame 'em, Phillips! You get cheated like that, humiliated like that, you don't just shake it off -- you make damn sure you get payback!"

Jarvis Valentine vs. Zhalia Fears

The camera pans slowly across the Barclays Center crowd -- 18,000 fans on their feet, roaring, chanting, waving handmade signs that shimmer under the arena lights. The overhead lights dim. The crowd noise dips from chaos to an anxious murmur. Then, one by one, spotlights along the entranceway fade to black.

John Phillips: "You can feel it... every single person in this building just realized something big is about to happen."

The titantron flickers to life -- static, glitching snow, a whisper of sound distortion. The audience falls into silence. The camera zooms on the big screen as faint words begin to emerge through the static.

Voice (distorted): "Follow... the rabbit."

Then -- an explosion of color. A single white spotlight hits the stage. The haunting melody of "White Rabbit" by Jefferson Airplane fills the air. The audience erupts in recognition -- a sonic wall of cheers, screams, disbelief, and nostalgia colliding as one.

Mark Bravo: "No way... NO WAY. Tell me this is real, Phillips!"

The big screen resolves from static into a swirling rabbit mask, its grin painted across in black ink. Through the curtain steps a figure in a long white cloak, the hood drawn low. The crowd's roar becomes an earthquake.

John Phillips: "It's her! The Ghost Flame! ZHALIA FEARS has returned to the United Toughness Alliance!"

She stands motionless at the top of the ramp, head tilted slightly, breathing slowly beneath the glow of the

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spotlight. The rest of the arena is bathed in darkness, the air thick with tension. The song builds -- "When logic and proportion have fallen sloppy dead..." -- and Zhalia raises her head. The hood slides back, revealing her cold stare, her half-smile curving with eerie calm. Her eyes glimmer under the light.

Mark Bravo: "Brooklyn is seeing a ghost -- and she's never looked more alive!"

Zhalia takes her first step down the ramp. Each movement is deliberate, serpentine, her arms swaying loosely by her sides. Smoke floods the walkway, wrapping around her boots as white strobes pulse with each beat of the song. Fans stretch over the barricade, trying to touch her cloak, but she doesn't acknowledge them -- her focus locked dead ahead on the ring.

John Phillips: "Every step she takes feels like an omen. Zhalia Fears hasn't been seen in a UTA ring in years, and tonight -- she's walking straight into the main event of East Coast Invasion!"

She stops halfway down, slowly removes her cloak. Her movements are hypnotic, animalistic. She climbs the steel steps, pauses, and tilts her head toward the camera, whispering something inaudible before sliding between the ropes with unsettling grace.

Once inside, she crawls to the center of the ring, presses her palm flat to the mat, and taps three times -- each tap echoing louder than the last. The lights flash in rhythm, and then the entire arena bursts back to full brightness.

John Phillips: "That right there -- that's a woman who doesn't fear anyone, not even the reigning world champion. Zhalia Fears looks like she's stepped right out of a nightmare, and tonight, she could make one come true for Jarvis Valentine."

As "White Rabbit" fades, Zhalia leans against the ropes, eyes fixed on the stage, waiting -- smiling. The fans continue to chant her name long after her music fades.

The lights shift from pale white to a deep, cinematic red. Then -- BOOM! -- a burst of blue pyros explode along the stage, and the opening chords of "American Flags" by Tom MacDonald shake the building. The crowd roars again, this time with a different kind of energy -- the sound of loyalty, of pride, of battle lines being drawn.

John Phillips: "And here comes the truth seeker himself -- the man who rose from the newsroom to the mountaintop! The United Toughness Alliance World Champion -- JARVIS VALENTINE!"

Jarvis steps through the curtain in a sleek, red-and-blue jacket, the UTA Championship glinting under the lights on his shoulder. Behind him, faintly visible in the entryway, stands Toni -- watching proudly as he marches toward destiny.

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He stops at the top of the ramp, staring down the ring. The camera zooms on his face -- calm, focused, determined. He raises his hand into his signature Q symbol -- the crowd explodes, a sea of phone lights and waving flags throughout the arena.

Mark Bravo: "Say what you want about Jarvis Valentine, but you can't deny his discipline, his control -- his sense of mission. He's not just defending a title, Phillips -- he's defending his entire philosophy of truth and justice against chaos itself!"

Pyrotechnics erupt along the ramp -- red, white, and blue bursts forming a tunnel of light. Jarvis walks through it, every step perfectly measured. The champion of truth walking through the fire -- the symbolism not lost on anyone in attendance.

John Phillips: "This right here, folks, is why the UTA is the greatest stage in professional wrestling! It's champion versus chaos, order versus anarchy -- and it's happening in front of a sold-out Brooklyn crowd!"

Jarvis reaches ringside, takes a deep breath, and climbs the steel steps. He pauses on the apron, staring directly into Zhalia's eyes -- the fire and the frost meeting center frame. For a brief second, neither moves. Then Jarvis steps inside and raises the title high to a thunderous ovation.

The crowd chants "U-TA! U-TA!" as the camera pans wide, capturing both competitors standing opposite each other. The champion lowers the belt, handing it to the referee. Zhalia doesn't flinch -- she just tilts her head, studying him like prey she's already chosen.

John Phillips: "Look at this shot, Bravo -- THIS is UTA! The past reborn, the present defiant, the future uncertain -- all in one frame!"

Mark Bravo: "And that championship right there -- that's more than gold, that's legacy. That's blood, pain, and history rolled into one, and tonight, only one of these two walks out with it."

The referee holds the title high under the lights. The roar of the crowd builds like a storm. Zhalia crouches low, hair falling over her face. Jarvis straightens his shoulders, the veins in his forearms flexing as he nods once to the official. The bell rings.

DING! DING! DING!

John Phillips: "Here we go! The main event of East Coast Invasion -- UTA Championship on the line! Jarvis Valentine versus Zhalia Fears!"

Mark Bravo: "This isn't just a match, Phillips -- this is UTA history breathing in real time!"

The two circle, the chants thunder, and the night feels heavier than ever -- because everyone in the building knows: whatever happens next will be remembered for years to come.

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The bell's echo hasn't even faded before the crowd comes alive -- a wall of sound washing over the ring. Jarvis and Zhalia circle one another slowly, eyes locked. The camera catches every micro-expression -- Jarvis breathing slow and measured, Zhalia's lips curling upward like she's already enjoying the chase.

John Phillips: "Listen to this crowd! You could cut the tension with a knife. Both of them know the first mistake could change everything!"

Mark Bravo: "This is what makes a world title match feel *different*, Phillips -- no wasted motion, no wasted breath. You can feel the stakes in your chest!"

Zhalia strikes first -- darting forward, feinting high, then kicking low to Jarvis's shin. He flinches, but she's already pivoted out of range. She slaps her own cheek twice, smiling wide as the fans start chanting her name again.

John Phillips: "And Zhalia playing her head games early -- she's unpredictable, erratic, and somehow completely in control of her own madness!"

Jarvis adjusts his footing, offering a test of strength. Zhalia raises her hand as if to meet it... then instead swings into a deep arm drag that sends Jarvis across the mat! He rolls through, surprised but steady, standing fast. The fans cheer the quick exchange.

Mark Bravo: "You can't prepare for her. Every feint looks like a fight. Every smile looks like a trap."

Jarvis steps forward again, shooting for a clinch -- this time catching her around the waist. He lifts for a suplex, but she shifts her weight midair and lands behind him -- then drives her elbow into the back of his neck! Jarvis staggers to one knee, blinking. Zhalia crouches down beside him, whispering something only he can hear.

John Phillips: "What is she-- what's she saying to him?!"

Mark Bravo: "She's renting space in that man's head, Phillips. And the longer she stays there, the more dangerous she gets."

Jarvis swings an arm backward, catching her off guard with a back elbow that connects clean. The crowd pops! Zhalia stumbles back, still grinning, wiping her mouth as if tasting blood for the first time in years. Jarvis charges with a shoulder tackle, sending her to the mat -- then follows with a quick cover!

Referee: "ONE!"

Referee: "--TWO!"

Zhalia kicks out with force, twisting her body into a bridge before rolling free. She pops to her feet, springboards off the ropes, and nails a spinning wheel kick that catches Jarvis flush in the jaw! He crashes

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back into the corner, stunned.

John Phillips: "Oh, what a kick! Zhalia Fears just painted his jaw with her boot!"

Mark Bravo: "And she's loving every second of it, Phillips! Look at that smirk -- she's not here to win pretty, she's here to *make art* out of chaos!"

Zhalia rushes forward again -- but Jarvis sidesteps, hooks her waist, and plants her with a snap German suplex! The ring shakes. Jarvis bridges for another quick pin!

Referee: "ONE! TWO!"

Zhalia kicks out again, rolling under the bottom rope to the outside. The crowd buzzes. Jarvis paces the ring, eyes locked on her, breathing heavier now.

John Phillips: "Jarvis Valentine using that veteran awareness -- grounding Zhalia, making her work for every inch she gets!"

Mark Bravo: "He's doing the right thing, Phillips -- keep it controlled, keep it measured -- but the problem is, Zhalia's not playing by his tempo. She's already shifting gears!"

Outside the ring, Zhalia crawls on her hands and knees along the floor, her head tilted again, her grin widening. She slaps the apron twice, then suddenly darts back under the ropes. Jarvis charges -- but she dives between his legs, rolling through, pops up behind him, and locks a waistlock of her own! A quick roll-up!

Referee: "ONE! TWO!"

Kickout! Jarvis powers free, but Zhalia uses the momentum to spin him into the corner -- *BAM!* -- a double knee strike to the chest! The impact echoes. She backflips off the ropes and lands perfectly, her hair falling wild across her face.

John Phillips: "She's not human, Bravo! You can't teach that kind of agility -- that's instinct!"

Mark Bravo: "That's years of chaos, Phillips -- the muscle memory of someone who's lived her whole career one inch from the edge!"

Zhalia stalks him, waiting for him to rise. Jarvis gets to his feet, shaking off the hit, and meets her center ring. They lock eyes -- predator and prey changing roles by the second.

John Phillips: "We've got a fight now, folks -- champion and challenger dead even in the opening minutes, and this Brooklyn crowd knows it!"

Mark Bravo: "It's like watching order and chaos dance, Phillips -- and the music's only just started."

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The camera pans across the roaring fans, the intensity radiating off both competitors. Jarvis wipes the sweat from his brow, sets his stance again -- and the war begins anew.

The camera pans across the roaring crowd -- every fan standing, hands on heads, completely locked into the moment. Jarvis Valentine steadies himself in the corner, rubbing his jaw. Across the ring, Zhalia Fears crouches like a predator, head tilted, smile sharp enough to cut glass.

John Phillips: "Zhalia's confidence is rising, Bravo. You can see it in her eyes -- she's controlling the tempo, she's making the champion react instead of lead!"

Mark Bravo: "And that's the most dangerous version of Zhalia Fears -- when she starts playing the symphony and you're just the instrument, Phillips!"

Zhalia rushes forward -- knife-edge chops to the chest! Each one echoes like a gunshot. Jarvis fires back with a right hand, then another! The crowd roars with each shot. Zhalia ducks a third punch and whips Jarvis into the ropes, meeting him with a spinning backfist! Jarvis drops to one knee -- dazed but not down.

John Phillips: "That backfist caught him clean! Jarvis might not know which borough he's in!"

Zhalia hits the ropes, rebounds, and springboards into a forearm -- but Jarvis explodes upward midair and *catches her!* In one smooth motion, he drives her down with a powerslam! The ring shakes as both lie still for a heartbeat before the crowd erupts again.

Mark Bravo: "You can never count him out! That's the difference -- Jarvis can take a beating, but he always fires back when you think he's spent!"

Jarvis drags himself upright first, gripping the ropes. The crowd begins a slow, building clap. He pulls Zhalia up by her wrist -- she twists into a counter, snatching his arm and dragging him into a short-arm DDT! Jarvis hits hard! Zhalia doesn't cover -- she slaps the mat three times, almost mocking the referee's cadence, then climbs to the top rope.

John Phillips: "Uh oh... this is that look, Bravo! She's about to take flight!"

The arena rises as one. Zhalia looks out across the sea of fans, then up toward the rafters, whispering something to herself. She leaps -- twisting midair in a full corkscrew rotation, flipping forward -- *Down the Rabbit Hole!* The impact crushes Jarvis across the chest! She hooks both legs!

Referee: "ONE! TWO!"

Jarvis kicks out!

John Phillips: "He got the shoulder up! My God, what a landing -- she almost drove the air out of him!"

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Mark Bravo: "Jarvis Valentine is running on instinct right now. Zhalia's throwing herself around like physics doesn't apply, and she's still got gas in the tank!"

Zhalia sits up slowly, her grin fading into something colder -- frustration seeping through her calm. She slaps the mat again, then drags Jarvis up by his head, muttering something inaudible. She drags him to the corner and smashes his face into the turnbuckle three times, screaming the rhythm of her own heartbeat.

John Phillips: "That's the setup, Bravo! That's the Lobotomy!"

She winds up for the short-arm whip headbutt -- but Jarvis ducks! He lifts her in a flash -- **spinebuster!** The crowd explodes!

Mark Bravo: "She got caught mid-swing! That's pure ring IQ from the champion!"

Jarvis staggers to his feet, gasping for air, clutching his ribs. He points to the ropes, firing himself up, then hits a running bulldog that sends Zhalia face-first into the mat. He pops up, raises his fist, and the crowd chants along -- "VAL-EN-TINE! VAL-EN-TINE!"

John Phillips: "Here comes the rally! Jarvis Valentine digging deep -- running on pride, on will, on everything that got him here!"

Jarvis drags Zhalia to her feet, hoists her into a fireman's carry -- but she hammers his temple with elbows! She slips behind, runs for the ropes -- but Jarvis catches her on the rebound -- **SIT-OUT SLAM!** He hooks the leg!

Referee: "ONE! TWO!"

Zhalia kicks out again! The fans groan -- half from shock, half from sheer exhaustion.

Mark Bravo: "Every near fall feels like it's ripping the roof off this place, Phillips!"

John Phillips: "And we're still not done! The UTA Championship hanging in the balance here in Brooklyn -- the champion trying to survive, the Ghost trying to claim another soul!"

Zhalia rolls under the bottom rope, gasping. Jarvis follows her out -- but she suddenly vaults off the barricade -- **corkscrew moonsault to the outside!** They both crash hard onto the floor, the crowd losing its collective mind!

John Phillips: "DOWN THE RABBIT HOLE -- TO THE FLOOR! SHE HIT IT AGAIN! WHAT IN THE WORLD--"

Mark Bravo: "That's insanity! That's Zhalia Fears! She'll destroy herself if it means taking the champion with her!"

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The referee begins the count. 1... 2... 3... Both wrestlers stir. Jarvis pulls himself up using the guardrail, dazed but still standing. Zhalia's crawling, eyes glazed but smiling. By the count of eight, both somehow roll back inside. The crowd gives a standing ovation -- thousands chanting "THIS IS AWESOME!"

John Phillips: "You're damn right it is! This is UTA -- this is the heart, the danger, the artistry -- all of it on display in Brooklyn tonight!"

Both wrestlers crawl toward opposite corners, the sweat pouring, the lights flashing, and the noise deafening. They slowly rise again, glaring across the ring. There's nothing left but respect and war.

Mark Bravo: "And the night's not over yet -- these two are far from done!"

Both competitors stagger upright, leaning into the ropes for support. The Barclays Center feels like it's trembling -- fans stomping, clapping, chanting. The camera zooms in on their faces -- sweat, pain, exhaustion, defiance.

John Phillips: "Thirty minutes in, and they're still standing! How much more can these two give?!"

Mark Bravo: "At this point, it's not about the title -- it's about who blinks first, Phillips! Who gives in to the pain!"

Zhalia moves first -- darting forward with that sudden, snakelike burst of energy. She fires a koppou kick that rocks Jarvis backward into the corner! The crowd gasps. She pounces, dragging him out by the arm -- *snap DDT!* The ring shakes. She doesn't pin -- she drags him to the corner, slamming his head into the top turnbuckle once... twice... three times!

John Phillips: "She's setting up for it! This is the Lobotomy! This is the prelude to The Offering!"

Zhalia backs up, eyes wild, grin sharp. She grips his wrist, whips him forward -- short-arm headbutt to the jaw! Jarvis stumbles -- she grabs him from behind, hoists him up -- *THE OFFERING!* A brutal backpack stunner! Jarvis folds on impact as Zhalia rolls through into a pin!

Referee: "ONE! TWO! THR--!"

Jarvis kicks out! The crowd detonates, disbelief everywhere!

Mark Bravo: "She hit the Offering dead center! Nobody gets up from that -- but Valentine just did!"

John Phillips: "Jarvis Valentine survives by pure instinct! This place is going insane!"

Zhalia sits up slowly, wide-eyed. For the first time all night, her smirk fades into something else -- exhaustion mixed with disbelief. She looks at her hands, as if wondering why they didn't finish the job. The camera catches her mouthing the words: "You're supposed to stay down."

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She drags him up again, slower now, frustration overtaking grace. She swings for another DDT -- but Jarvis drops his weight, drives his shoulder into her midsection, and lifts her high -- *back body drop!* Zhalia crashes hard. The crowd senses the shift.

Mark Bravo: "The champion's still breathing, and that's bad news for Zhalia Fears!"

Jarvis wipes blood from his mouth, standing tall for the first time in minutes. The crowd chants his name -- "VAL-EN-TINE! VAL-EN-TINE!" -- as he shakes his head, eyes locked on the challenger. Zhalia crawls toward him, still defiant, still whispering something under her breath. He pulls her up -- she slaps him across the face! The sound echoes through Brooklyn.

John Phillips: "Oh my god, she just slapped the champion!"

Jarvis steps back, jaw tight, chest heaving -- then fires a forearm! The crowd roars! Another forearm! Zhalia stumbles -- he grabs her by the wrist, spins her -- *DISCUSS CLOTHESLINE!* She flips inside out on impact! Jarvis covers!

Referee: "ONE! TWO!"

Zhalia kicks out again -- barely.

Mark Bravo: "She's not staying down! That's the Ghost Flame -- she'll burn until there's nothing left!"

Jarvis rises slowly, exhaustion etched on his face. He pulls Zhalia up by her arm, hooks her -- *Neckbreaker Slam!* He rolls through, stands, roars to the crowd, and hoists her onto his shoulders.

John Phillips: "He's going for it! He's calling for the Patriot Plunge!"

Zhalia fights with wild elbows, thrashing, clawing -- but Jarvis steadies himself, adjusts his grip, and drives her down -- *PATRIOT PLUNGE!* The move lands perfectly, her head snapping off the mat as the crowd explodes like a cannon.

John Phillips: "PATRIOT PLUNGE! He got all of it!"

Jarvis falls across her, arm draped over the chest.

Referee: "ONE! TWO! THREE!"

DING! DING! DING!

The bell rings and the arena erupts into thunderous applause. Jarvis collapses onto his back, staring up at the rafters as "American Flags" begins to play once more. The referee retrieves the championship, kneels beside him, and raises his arm high.

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John Phillips: "He's done it again! Jarvis Valentine survives another war and remains the UTA World Champion!"

Mark Bravo: "You can't question the man's heart, Phillips -- not after that! Zhalia Fears came back from the shadows, threw everything she had, and Jarvis Valentine just refused to die!"

Zhalia rolls to her knees, clutching her ribs, eyes downcast. The crowd gives her a standing ovation. She looks up, expression unreadable, then nods once toward Jarvis before slipping out of the ring. No tantrum. No protest. Just quiet, eerie grace.

John Phillips: "Respect shown there from Zhalia Fears -- maybe the highest kind. What a return. What a fight."

Jarvis rises, the title over his shoulder, his face painted in sweat and bruises. He stares down the hard camera and mouths: "The truth always wins." The crowd cheers again, the lights flaring red, white, and blue as pyros explode above the ring.

Mark Bravo: "He's building a legacy in front of our eyes, Phillips. Jarvis Valentine -- still your UTA Champion!"

The final camera pullback captures the scene: Jarvis on the turnbuckle, title raised high, confetti raining down, Brooklyn roaring to its feet. The screen fades to black with the UTA logo and a single phrase beneath it --

"THE EAST COAST INVASION RAGES ON."

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Show Credits

Segment: "Introduction" - Written by Ben.

Segment: "The Empire Arrives" - Written by Ben.

Match: "Aaron Shaffer. vs. Silas Grimm" - Written by Ben.

Segment: "You Rang?" - Written by Ben.

Segment: "Story Time" - Written by Ben, chris.

Segment: "Dance Circles" - Written by Ben.

Match: "Susanita Ybanez/Valkyrie Knox vs. Rosa Delgado/Selena Vex" - Written by Ben.

Segment: "Stay Out of Her Yard" - Written by Ben, chris.

Segment: "Put it All on Black" - Written by Ben.

Segment: "In The Zone" - Written by Ben.

Match: "Dante Rivera vs. Brick Bronson" - Written by Ben.

Segment: "Not Tonight" - Written by Ben.

Segment: "Not Again" - Written by Ben.

Match: "Troy Lindz vs. Amy Harrison" - Written by Ben.

Segment: "Of Wolf and Man" - Written by tony.

Segment: "The War Brews" - Written by Ben.

Segment: "The Truth Stands Tall/Raggedy Ass Bitch" - Written by Ben.

Match: "Jarvis Valentine vs. Zhalia Fears" - Written by Ben.

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite