International Affair: 2026

Promotion: United Toughness Alliance
Date: June 6, 2026
Location: The O2 — London, UK

Preview

International Affair returns for the first time since 2015 as the United Toughness Alliance takes over The O2 in London.

Results

Introduction

Segment

The screen is black.

For one long moment, there is nothing.

No music.

No crowd.

Only darkness.

Then, slowly, the sound begins.

A single low note hums beneath the silence. Deep. Cinematic. Almost regal. The sound of a massive bell rolls through the speakers, echoing like it has been struck from the tower of some ancient cathedral overlooking the city of London.

The first image fades in.

The River Thames under moonlight.

Tower Bridge lit in glowing blue and gold.

The London Eye rotating slowly against the night sky.

Big Ben standing tall, the face of the clock shining as the camera pushes in closer, closer, closer...

Then the second hand strikes.

BOOM.

A rapid burst of images crashes across the screen.

Susanita Ybanez standing alone backstage, fists clenched, eyes burning with frustration.

Amy Harrison smiling coldly, draped in Empire arrogance, Marie Van Claudio forced to stand at her side.

Marie looking down, torn between pride, pain, and the championship that has become both crown and chain.

Gunnar Van Patton stalking forward like a war machine.

Team Hakuryu standing firm, shadows stretching behind them.

Flashes of brawls. Ambushes. Bodies crashing into steel. Security pouring into hallways. Officials shouting. The tension that has been building for weeks reaching a breaking point that can no longer be contained.

Then the music swells.

A full orchestra rises beneath pounding drums. Choir voices cut through the storm as the screen shows flashes of UTA championships: the UTA Championship, the International Championship, the United States Championship, the WrestleZone Championship, the Fighting Championship, the Hardcore Championship, the Tag Team Championships, and the Women's Championship.

One by one, they shine beneath the lights.

One by one, they are swallowed by darkness.

A narrator's voice enters, low and commanding.

Narrator: "Across oceans, across borders, across generations… the United Toughness Alliance has arrived on international soil."

The screen cuts to an aerial shot of The O2 in London, surrounded by waves of fans flooding toward the building. Searchlights sweep across the sky. Red, white, blue, gold, and silver lights explode over the dome as thousands of voices chant outside the venue.

Narrator: "Tonight, in London, history does not ask permission."

Cut to Susanita Ybanez striking Amy Harrison across the face in a previous confrontation.

Cut to Amy laughing, unfazed, one hand gripping Marie Van Claudio by the wrist.

Narrator: "One woman fights to break a contract."

Marie's eyes lift, filled with a fragile flicker of hope.

Narrator: "One woman fights to make servitude eternal."

Amy Harrison slowly turns toward the camera, her expression cruel and certain.

Narrator: "And one legacy stands trapped between freedom… and forever."

The screen flashes white.

Now the imagery becomes more violent. Team Hakuryu. Team GVP. Attacks from behind. Explosive strikes. Men being pulled apart by officials. Faces full of hatred. Respect long gone. Pride now replaced by the need to survive.

Narrator: "Tonight, war comes in threes."

Gunnar Van Patton glares through the darkness.

Hakuryu's side stands opposite him, unmoving.

Narrator: "Every attack. Every warning. Every line crossed. It all leads here."

The screen cuts rapidly between fists flying, bodies colliding, and six silhouettes standing under separate spotlights.

Narrator: "There will be no hiding. There will be no excuses. There will only be the answer to one question…"

The music drops suddenly.

Narrator: "Which team survives the affair?"

A hard drum hit erupts.

Now the screen becomes chaos.

A countdown clock appears.

90.

89.

88.

The camera races through an empty arena tunnel. Light flashes from the entrance way ahead. Voices overlap. Legends. Champions. Unknown threats. Past and present. Yesterday and today.

The UTA Championship appears again.

Then the Women’s Championship.

Then every championship in the company, displayed together beneath the International Affair logo.

Narrator: "And then… All or Nothing."

The words appear on screen in massive metallic letters.

ALL OR NOTHING RUMBLE

Narrator: "Seventy participants."

Quick shots of empty numbered entry cards being shuffled.

Narrator: "Ninety-second intervals."

The clock ticks again.

Narrator: "Every championship on the line."

The titles gleam brighter now, almost blinding under the lights.

Narrator: "The final woman standing among the field becomes UTA Women’s Champion."

A silhouette of the Women’s Championship appears against smoke and fire.

Narrator: "The final eight will all leave London with gold."

Eight spotlights ignite across an empty stage.

Narrator: "Tag Team Champions. Hardcore Champion. Fighting Champion. WrestleZone Champion. United States Champion. International Champion. And finally…"

The camera slowly pushes toward the UTA Championship.

Narrator: "The last person standing becomes UTA Champion."

The music begins climbing again. Faster. Bigger. The choir returns. The drums become thunder. The screen flashes through images of roaring fans, championships being raised, competitors shouting into the camera, and the London skyline burning with light.

Narrator: "Tonight, careers change."

Susanita screams in Amy’s face.

Narrator: "Contracts break."

Marie Van Claudio clutches the championship close to her chest, conflicted and afraid.

Narrator: "Empires rise."

Amy Harrison smirks beneath a cold spotlight.

Narrator: "Empires fall."

Team GVP and Team Hakuryu rush toward one another in a violent blur.

Narrator: "And seventy souls step into one match where survival is not enough."

The screen cuts to black again.

Silence.

Then the narrator returns, quieter now.

Narrator: "This is not just another night."

The International Affair logo begins to glow through the darkness.

Narrator: "This is the night the world watches UTA change forever."

The logo fully ignites.

UTA PRESENTS:
INTERNATIONAL AFFAIR: 2026

Pyro explodes.

The broadcast cuts live inside The O2 in London, England, and the building is absolutely alive.

The camera sweeps over a massive sold-out crowd packed from the floor to the rafters. Union Jack flags wave throughout the arena. UTA signs are everywhere. Some fans hold signs for Susanita. Some for Amy. Some simply read “FREE MARIE.” Others ask who will enter the All or Nothing Rumble. Championship belts from every era of UTA are held high as the camera races over the sea of humanity.

A wall of fireworks blasts from the stage. Red, gold, white, and blue pyro erupts in perfect rhythm while spotlights circle the arena. The entrance set is enormous: towering LED columns, a glowing runway, international flags scrolling across the screens, and the massive International Affair logo suspended above the stage like a crown.

The crowd is deafening.

The camera settles at ringside where John Phillips and Mark Bravo are standing behind the commentary desk, both dressed for the occasion. Phillips looks sharp and focused. Bravo looks like he is trying not to jump out of his headset before the first match even begins.

John Phillips: "Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to London! Welcome to The O2! Welcome to International Affair: 2026! I am John Phillips alongside Mark Bravo, and tonight, the United Toughness Alliance presents one of the most ambitious nights in its history!"

Mark Bravo: "Big fight feel? No, no, no, John, this is bigger than that! This is big country feel! This is big continent feel! This is seventy people, every title, careers on the line, contracts on the line, pride on the line, and I might need oxygen before the opening bell!"

John Phillips: "Only three matches tonight, but every single one of them carries enormous stakes. Susanita Ybanez goes one on one with Amy Harrison, and Marie Van Claudio’s freedom hangs in the balance."

Mark Bravo: "That match is personal, John. That is not rankings. That is not momentum. That is not trying to move up the card. That is one woman trying to save another woman from being owned by The Empire forever. And Amy Harrison? She is walking in tonight like she already has the deed signed, sealed, and framed on her wall."

John Phillips: "We will also see Team Hakuryu meet Team GVP in six-man tag team action. The tension between those sides has only escalated over the last several weeks, and tonight, there has to be some kind of resolution."

Mark Bravo: "Resolution? I think you mean collision. Somebody is getting folded. Somebody is getting humbled.

Somebody is getting carried to the back with a very different understanding of what violence means."

John Phillips: "And then, in our main event, the All or Nothing Rumble. Seventy participants. Every championship in UTA on the line. The final woman remaining becomes UTA Women's Champion. The final eight participants are guaranteed to leave London with championship gold, and the last person standing becomes the UTA Champion."

Mark Bravo: "That match is madness. Beautiful madness. Somebody could walk in tonight with nothing and walk out as the face of this entire company. Somebody could come back from the past. Somebody could shock the world. Nobody knows who is coming through that curtain, and that is what makes it dangerous."

John Phillips: "The O2 is sold out. The world is watching. Championships, legacies, freedom, and the future of UTA are all at stake."

The camera pulls back from commentary and pans across the arena again. The crowd rises as another burst of pyro explodes from the stage.

John Phillips: "International Affair begins now!"

Susanita Ybanez vs. Amy Harrison

Match

The broadcast returns from the International Affair opening spectacle with the camera sweeping across The O2 one more time. The sold-out London crowd is still buzzing, still roaring, still waving signs and flags beneath the glow of the arena lights. The energy is massive, but beneath it, there is a tension that feels different from the celebration that opened the show.

This is not just the first match of the night.

This is a fight over a woman's freedom.

John Phillips: "Ladies and gentlemen, we are ready for our opening contest here at International Affair, and Mark, I do not think there is any way to overstate the emotional stakes of this match."

Mark Bravo: "There is no overstatement possible, John. This is as personal as it gets. Susanita Ybanez demanded this match after what we saw on the last show, after watching Marie Van Claudio treated like property by The Empire. And tonight, Susanita gets her chance to do something about it."

John Phillips: "If Susanita Ybanez wins, the contract binding Marie Van Claudio to Amy Harrison and The Empire is broken. Marie Van Claudio is free. But if Amy Harrison wins, that contract becomes permanent. Marie belongs to Amy Harrison and The Empire forever."

Mark Bravo: "That sentence should make everybody uncomfortable. Forever is a long time, John. And Amy Harrison has been walking around like she has already won."

The lights inside The O2 begin to dim.

A cold ripple of anticipation spreads through the building as the International Affair graphics disappear from the massive LED screens. For a moment, only the low murmur of the crowd remains.

Then the opening chords of "Sanctify Me" by In This Moment crawl through the arena speakers.

The crowd reacts instantly.

Boos roll down from every level of The O2 as the stage lights shift into a pulsing mix of pink and blue. Smoke begins to curl from the entranceway, low and slow, drifting across the stage like something poisonous spilling into the room.

A spotlight hits the center of the stage.

Amy Harrison steps through the curtain.

The reaction gets louder.

Amy pauses at the top of the ramp, soaking in every bit of it. She does not look bothered by the hatred. If anything, she seems nourished by it. Her hair falls perfectly over one shoulder. Her ring gear glitters beneath the lights. Around her waist, the UTA International Championship shines bright, a title that will be at stake later tonight in the All or Nothing Rumble, but not here. Not in this match.

Tonight, Amy Harrison wears it anyway.

Because she can.

John Phillips: "There she is. Amy Harrison, the current UTA International Champion, making her way to the ring with that championship proudly around her waist."

Mark Bravo: "And that tells you everything you need to know about Amy Harrison. That title is not on the line in this match. It has no official bearing on what happens between her and Susanita Ybanez. But she brought it anyway, because Amy Harrison wants everyone to remember exactly who she is."

John Phillips: "The International Championship will be defended in the All or Nothing Rumble later tonight, along with every other championship in UTA. But right now, Amy's focus has to be Susanita Ybanez."

Mark Bravo: "I do not think Amy's focus is Susanita. I think Amy's focus is ownership. Control. Making sure everyone in this building understands that she believes Marie Van Claudio belongs to her."

Amy slowly unhooks the International Championship from around her waist and raises it into the air with one hand.

The crowd rains boos down on her.

Amy smirks.

She turns slightly, posing with the title against her shoulder as the lights shimmer around her. Then she tilts her chin upward, mouth curling into that familiar cold smile.

She mouths the words without the microphone picking them up.

"Long live the Empress."

Then Amy begins her walk down the ramp.

She moves with infuriating confidence, taking her time, making the crowd wait, making Susanita wait, making Marie wait. She drags the moment out like she owns the air inside The O2.

Fans lean over the barricade shouting at her. Some hold signs that read "FREE MARIE." Others point toward the championship and yell about the rumble later tonight. Amy gives them nothing but a lazy glance and a mocking kiss blown toward the front row.

John Phillips: "Amy Harrison has been at the center of one of the most disturbing situations we have seen in UTA. Marie Van Claudio, the reigning UTA Women's Champion, has been trapped under the thumb of The Empire through a contract that Susanita Ybanez believes was manipulated, coerced, and weaponized."

Mark Bravo: "And last week, Susanita went to Scott Stevens and demanded action. Stevens said his hands were tied. So Susanita did what fighters do when management cannot fix it. She demanded a fight."

John Phillips: "And to his credit, Scott Stevens granted it. Tonight, Susanita gets Amy Harrison one on one. No vague promises. No locked doors. No hiding behind legal language. One match. One result. Marie's future hangs in the balance."

Amy reaches the bottom of the ramp and stops at the steel steps.

She looks at the ring.

Then she looks back toward the stage.

The music continues, but Amy does not climb into the ring yet.

Instead, she waits.

The crowd begins to stir, sensing something coming.

John Phillips: "Amy has stopped at ringside."

Mark Bravo: "Of course she has. This was never going to just be about her entrance. Amy Harrison does not walk into a moment like this without making sure the knife twists first."

Amy lifts the International Championship and rests it against her shoulder. Her eyes stay fixed on the entrance.

The lights near the curtain flicker.

For a moment, nothing happens.

Then Marie Van Claudio stumbles through the curtain.

The crowd gasps first.

Then the boos turn into a wave of concern and anger.

Marie is not making an entrance. There is no music for her. No triumphant violin. No spotlight designed to honor the First Lady of UTA. She simply comes through the curtain off-balance, one step too fast, one hand clutching the UTA Women’s Championship against her chest as if she has been shoved into the light before she was ready to face it.

Behind her, Valkyrie Knoxx emerges from the back.

The UTA Fighting Championship rests over Valkyrie’s shoulder. Her face is stone. Cold. Unmoved. The camera catches just enough of the moment to make it clear what happened.

Marie did not walk out willingly.

Valkyrie pushed her through the curtain.

John Phillips: "Oh, come on."

Mark Bravo: "That was not an entrance. That was a warning."

John Phillips: "Marie Van Claudio just stumbled out onto the stage, and Valkyrie Knoxx was right behind her. Mark, that did not look voluntary."

Mark Bravo: "No, it did not. And look at Amy. Look at that smile. This is all theater to her. This is all part of the show."

Marie catches herself near the top of the ramp. She steadies her footing, but she does not raise her head right away. The UTA Women’s Championship is held tight against her body. The title that once represented her comeback, her legacy, her place as the leader of the division, now looks like something heavier than gold.

Valkyrie steps beside her.

Not close enough to comfort her.

Close enough to control her.

Amy applauds from ringside.

Slowly.

Mockingly.

Marie lifts her eyes toward Amy, then toward the ring. The camera zooms close enough to catch the strain on her face. She is the UTA Women’s Champion. She is the woman who fought her way back from history, heartbreak, and betrayal to stand on top of the division again.

But tonight, she is also the prize in someone else’s war.

John Phillips: "Marie Van Claudio is the reigning UTA Women’s Champion, and that championship could change hands later tonight in the All or Nothing Rumble. The final woman remaining in that match becomes UTA Women’s Champion. But before we even get there, Marie’s freedom is on the line right now."

Mark Bravo: "That is what makes this so twisted. Marie has gold. Marie has status. Marie has everything that should make someone powerful in this company. But The Empire has turned it into a cage."

John Phillips: "And if Amy Harrison wins this match, that cage becomes permanent."

Valkyrie leans slightly toward Marie, saying something the cameras cannot hear. Marie’s jaw tightens. She looks down for a second, then begins walking down the ramp.

Valkyrie follows one step behind.

Every step Marie takes is met with a growing chant from the London crowd.

Crowd: "FREE MARIE! FREE MARIE! FREE MARIE!"

Marie’s eyes flicker.

She hears it.

She cannot pretend she does not.

For one second, her grip on the Women’s Championship loosens. Not enough to drop it. Not enough to make a statement. But enough that the camera catches the smallest crack in the mask Amy Harrison has forced her to wear.

Amy sees it too.

Her smile fades just a fraction.

Then she steps toward the ramp, lifting the International Championship again, reminding everyone that she has gold too. Reminding Marie. Reminding Susanita. Reminding Valkyrie.

Reminding herself.

Mark Bravo: "This is getting uncomfortable, John. You can feel it. This crowd is not just booing Amy. They are begging Marie to wake up."

John Phillips: "And Susanita Ybanez has said she will not give up on Marie. Tonight, she has the clearest chance yet to save her. But she has to beat Amy Harrison to do it."

Marie reaches ringside and stops near Amy.

For a moment, the two women stand close enough to speak without microphones.

Amy leans in and says something quietly.

Marie does not answer.

She only lowers her eyes.

Amy seems satisfied.

Valkyrie steps into position behind Marie, arms folded, Fighting Championship still on her shoulder. She looks less like a second and more like a guard.

Amy turns away from Marie and finally climbs the steel steps.

The referee sits on the middle rope for her, and Amy slides into the ring with deliberate grace. She walks to the center, raises the International Championship over her head again, and lets the entire arena scream at her.

She lowers the title slowly, then turns toward the hard camera.

Again, she mouths it.

“Long live the Empress.”

Outside the ring, Marie Van Claudio stands with the UTA Women’s Championship clutched against her chest, caught beneath the lights, trapped between Amy Harrison in the ring and Valkyrie Knoxx behind her.

The London crowd continues to chant.

Crowd: "FREE MARIE! FREE MARIE! FREE MARIE!"

Amy Harrison looks toward Marie and smiles.

Then she turns toward the entrance, waiting for Susanita Ybanez.

John Phillips: "Amy Harrison has made her entrance. Marie Van Claudio has been brought to ringside under deeply uncomfortable circumstances. Valkyrie Knoxx is out here as well. And now, we wait for the woman who demanded this fight."

Mark Bravo: "Susanita Ybanez is walking into a battlefield, John. Not just against Amy Harrison, but against The Empire’s control, Valkyrie’s intimidation, and Marie’s own fear. This is bigger than a wrestling match."

John Phillips: "Susanita Ybanez is next."

Amy Harrison stands in the center of the ring with the UTA International Championship draped over one shoulder, her posture relaxed, her smile poisonous, her eyes fixed on the entrance stage.

At ringside, Marie Van Claudio stands near the bottom of the ramp, the UTA Women’s Championship clutched against her chest. Valkyrie Knoxx remains just behind her, arms folded, the UTA Fighting Championship resting over one shoulder like a warning.

The London crowd is still chanting.

Crowd: "FREE MARIE! FREE MARIE! FREE MARIE!"

Marie hears every word.

Her eyes lift toward the crowd for half a second, and for one fragile moment, the First Lady of the UTA looks less like a champion and more like someone searching for a way out of a room with no doors.

Amy sees it immediately.

From inside the ring, she leans over the ropes and points down at Marie.

Amy Harrison: "Eyes down."

Marie freezes.

The chant grows louder.

Crowd: "FREE MARIE! FREE MARIE! FREE MARIE!"

Valkyrie takes one slow step closer to Marie. She does not touch her. She does not have to. The message is clear enough.

Marie lowers her eyes again.

John Phillips: "This is sickening. Marie Van Claudio is the reigning UTA Women's Champion, one of the most important women in the history of this company, and Amy Harrison is speaking to her like that in front of the entire world."

Mark Bravo: "That is the point, John. Amy wants everyone to see it. She wants Marie to feel small. She wants Susanita to walk out here angry. Because anger makes people reckless."

John Phillips: "Susanita Ybanez cannot afford to be reckless tonight. She demanded this match after the last show. She demanded this chance. If she wins, Marie Van Claudio is free from The Empire forever. If she loses, Marie's servitude becomes permanent."

Mark Bravo: "There is no championship on the line in this match, but do not tell me this is not bigger than gold. This is somebody's life."

Amy paces slowly near the ropes, the International Championship still in her hand. She lifts it once more, almost bored with the hatred coming from the crowd, then turns her attention back toward the stage.

The lights inside The O2 drop.

The crowd reacts before the music even begins.

They know who is next.

For a moment, the arena is swallowed in darkness.

Then the heavy drums of "Ignite" by Dead Legacy pound through the speakers.

A deep red glow spreads across the entrance stage like fire catching beneath the floor. The LED screens flicker with images of flame, cracked stone, and the colors of Paraguay. The first violin note cuts through the drums, sharp and haunting, and a thin line of fire rises along both sides of the ramp.

The crowd explodes.

Crowd: "SUSANITA! SUSANITA! SUSANITA!"

The growl in the music hits.

A loud explosion erupts from the stage.

Fire bursts upward in a wall of red and orange, and through the smoke steps Susanita Ybanez.

She does not sprint out.

She does not play to the crowd.

She does not raise her arms, smile, or soak in the moment.

Tonight, Susanita Ybanez walks out with her eyes locked straight ahead.

Focused.

Controlled.

Burning.

Her face says everything. This is not about glory. This is not about championships. This is not about climbing a ladder,

stealing a spotlight, or making a statement for herself.

This is about Marie.

This is about freedom.

John Phillips: "Listen to this ovation for Susanita Ybanez! The woman from Lambaré, Paraguay, the woman who went to Scott Stevens and demanded that something be done, is here tonight with the chance to break The Empire's hold over Marie Van Claudio."

Mark Bravo: "And look at her face, John. That is not nervous energy. That is not adrenaline running wild. That is focus. That is someone who knows exactly what is at stake and has decided nothing else matters."

Susanita stands at the top of the ramp, framed by fire on both sides. The red light catches across her gear as smoke coils around her boots. She looks into the ring, directly at Amy Harrison.

Amy raises the International Championship just enough for Susanita to see it.

Susanita does not look at the title.

Not once.

Her eyes stay on Amy.

Then they shift.

To Marie.

The entire arena seems to feel the moment happen.

Marie slowly lifts her head from ringside. Her eyes meet Susanita's from across the distance between them.

For a second, The O2 feels smaller.

For a second, all the lights, all the noise, all the gold, all the pressure fades into the background.

Susanita says nothing.

She does not need to.

The look is enough.

I am here.

I have not given up.

I am going to get you out.

Marie's lips part slightly. Her grip tightens around the UTA Women's Championship, but this time it does not look like pride. It looks like fear. It looks like conflict. It looks like someone who wants to believe rescue is possible but has been punished too many times for hoping out loud.

Valkyrie Knoxx notices the exchange.

She steps forward, cutting partially into Marie's line of sight.

Susanita's eyes harden immediately.

John Phillips: "Susanita is not taking her eyes off Marie."

Mark Bravo: "That might be the most dangerous part for Amy Harrison. Susanita is not out here to win a match. She is out here to complete a mission. There is a difference."

Susanita begins walking down the ramp.

The fire follows her in controlled bursts, shooting upward as she passes each stage marker. The crowd reaches over the barricades, shouting her name, pounding the rails, waving signs that read “BREAK THE CONTRACT,” “FREE MARIE,” and “LA REINA SILENCIOSA.”

Susanita does not slap hands.

She does not stop for the cameras.

She keeps walking.

Every step is measured.

Every breath is controlled.

Every ounce of emotion is being held behind her eyes, locked down because she knows what happens if she lets Amy Harrison turn this into rage before the bell even rings.

John Phillips: "Susanita Ybanez has every reason to be emotional. She saw Marie trapped in The Empire locker room. She saw Amy speak for her. She saw Valkyrie block the door. And last week, when Susanita demanded answers, she was told the contract left management’s hands tied."

Mark Bravo: "So now the answer is simple. Beat Amy Harrison. That is the only thing Susanita can control tonight. Win the match, break the contract, free Marie."

As Susanita reaches the lower half of the ramp, Amy steps toward the ropes again.

Amy Harrison: "Look at her, Susanita! Look at what you are trying to save!"

Amy points down at Marie with a cruel smile.

Amy Harrison: "She does not even want to be saved!"

Susanita stops.

The crowd boos Amy viciously.

Marie flinches at the words.

For a moment, Susanita’s jaw tightens. Her hands curl into fists at her sides. The old instinct is there. The street-scrappy fire. The part of her that wants to charge the ring, throw caution away, and make Amy pay before the bell.

But she does not move.

She closes her eyes for one second.

One breath.

Then she opens them again.

Focused.

That restraint gets a massive reaction from the crowd.

Mark Bravo: "That right there tells me Susanita came prepared. Amy wanted the explosion. She wanted Susanita to rush in stupid. Susanita did not bite."

John Phillips: "Because her friend’s freedom is more important than revenge."

Susanita resumes walking.

When she reaches ringside, she does not immediately climb into the ring. Instead, she turns toward Marie.

Valkyrie Knoxx steps forward, placing herself between Susanita and Marie.

The crowd erupts in boos.

Susanita looks up at Valkyrie, giving away several inches and plenty of power, but not one ounce of ground.

Valkyrie’s face remains cold, unmoving.

Valkyrie Knoxx: "Walk away."

Susanita’s eyes flick past Valkyrie to Marie.

Susanita Ybanez: "I told you I would not give up."

Marie’s eyes lift.

There is pain there.

There is shame.

But there is also that same fragile flicker Susanita saw before.

Hope.

Amy’s voice cuts through the moment from inside the ring.

Amy Harrison: "Get in here and lose already."

Susanita slowly turns her head toward Amy.

The warmth in her eyes vanishes.

She walks to the apron and climbs up.

Instead of playing to the fans, Susanita stands on the apron and stares directly at Amy Harrison. The fire graphics flash across the screens behind her. The crowd noise rises and rises until it feels like the entire arena is pressing forward with her.

Susanita leans back on the apron, raising both hands slowly.

Then she brings them down sharply.

Pyro explodes from all four turnbuckles.

Amy does not flinch, but her smile fades.

Susanita steps through the ropes.

The referee immediately moves between her and Amy, sensing the danger before either woman even takes a step.

Susanita walks to the center of the ring and stops.

Amy stands across from her with the International Championship in her hands.

Outside the ring, Marie watches from behind Valkyrie Knoxx, the UTA Women’s Championship held tight against her chest.

The image is almost too perfect in how cruel it is.

Amy with gold.

Marie with gold.

Valkyrie with gold.

And Susanita with nothing but purpose.

John Phillips: "Susanita Ybanez has entered The O2 with the weight of another person's future on her shoulders."

Mark Bravo: "And she looks ready to carry it."

The referee motions for Amy to hand over the International Championship. Amy hesitates, staring at Susanita with a smug little grin before finally passing the title through the ropes to an official at ringside.

She then steps forward, mouthing something at Susanita that the cameras barely catch.

Amy Harrison: "You cannot save someone who belongs to me."

Susanita does not answer right away.

She looks past Amy one more time.

To Marie.

Then back to Amy.

Susanita Ybanez: "Watch me."

The crowd erupts.

The referee backs both women away, checking with the timekeeper, while Valkyrie Knoxx remains stationed at ringside and Marie Van Claudio stands trapped in the shadow of The Empire.

John Phillips: "Susanita Ybanez versus Amy Harrison. Marie Van Claudio's freedom is at stake. The bell is next."

The referee stands between Amy Harrison and Susanita Ybanez, one hand extended toward each woman as the final instructions are given. The crowd inside The O2 is loud, restless, and already furious before either competitor has touched.

Amy leans lazily against the ropes, one arm draped over the top strand, her eyes not even fully on Susanita at first.

Instead, Amy looks past her.

Down to ringside.

To Marie Van Claudio.

Marie stands near the floor, the UTA Women's Championship held tight against her chest, with Valkyrie Knoxx positioned beside her like a sentry carved out of stone. Marie's eyes are low, her body tense, her expression caught somewhere between shame and fear.

Amy smiles.

Amy Harrison: "Marie."

Marie does not answer.

She barely moves.

Amy's smile sharpens.

Amy Harrison: "Marie."

This time, Amy's voice cuts harder. Marie's eyes flicker upward just enough to acknowledge her.

Amy Harrison: "Watch the match."

The crowd boos immediately.

John Phillips: "Amy Harrison has not even waited for the opening bell before turning this into psychological warfare."

Mark Bravo: "That is exactly what she wants. This is not just about beating Susanita. Amy wants Marie to watch it happen. She wants Susanita to feel helpless before the match even starts."

Susanita’s jaw tightens.

She keeps her eyes on Amy, trying not to react, trying not to give her exactly what she wants.

Amy notices.

Of course she notices.

She steps away from the ropes and circles slowly, not toward Susanita, but around the edge of the ring, keeping her back close enough to the ropes that she can escape if she needs to.

Amy Harrison: "No, no, no. Not the floor. Not the title. Me."

Amy points two fingers toward her own eyes.

Amy Harrison: "I want to see your eyes, Marie."

Marie swallows hard.

The camera catches her lifting her head a little more.

Not proudly.

Not defiantly.

Obediently.

Susanita sees it, and her hands curl into fists.

John Phillips: "That is disgusting. Amy is demanding that Marie watch this, demanding eye contact like Marie is being punished."

Mark Bravo: "And Susanita knows it. Look at her. She is trying to stay calm, but Amy is picking at the one wound Susanita cannot ignore."

The referee turns toward the timekeeper.

The bell rings.

DING DING DING.

The crowd erupts.

Susanita steps forward, ready to lock up, but Amy immediately backs away with both hands raised.

Not afraid.

Mocking.

She circles again, keeping distance, her eyes darting from Susanita to Marie.

Amy Harrison: "Do you see this, Marie? This is what loyalty looks like."

Susanita advances another step.

Amy backs away again, putting a hand through the ropes to force the referee to intervene.

The crowd rains boos down on her.

Referee: "Back up! Let her out of the ropes!"

Susanita stops, breathing through her nose, eyes burning but discipline still holding.

Amy leans halfway through the ropes, looking down at Marie again.

Amy Harrison: "You remember this part, don't you? The part where someone tries to save you and fails?"

Marie closes her eyes.

Only for a second.

But Susanita sees it.

Valkyrie Knoxx shifts beside Marie, arms still folded, her gaze fixed on Susanita now.

Mark Bravo: "Amy is not wrestling yet. She is turning the knife."

John Phillips: "And the danger here is that Susanita has to win this match. Not punish Amy. Not get revenge. Win. That is the only thing that frees Marie."

Amy slowly pulls herself back through the ropes and stands upright. She brushes her hands down her gear like Susanita's presence has somehow dirtied the air around her.

Susanita takes another step forward.

Susanita Ybanez: "Fight me."

Amy tilts her head.

Amy Harrison: "Is that what you think this is?"

Amy gestures toward Marie.

Amy Harrison: "You think you are fighting me?"

She laughs softly, the microphone barely catching it, but enough for the front rows to hear.

Amy Harrison: "No, sweetheart. You are fighting her choice."

Susanita's expression hardens.

Amy Harrison: "She chose the title. She chose The Empire. She chose not to walk away when you begged her to. Didn't you, Marie?"

Marie's face tightens.

She does not answer.

Amy's voice gets sharper.

Amy Harrison: "Didn't you?"

Valkyrie turns her head slightly toward Marie.

The pressure is visible.

The crowd begins booing louder, trying to drown Amy out.

Crowd: "FREE MARIE! FREE MARIE! FREE MARIE!"

Marie's lips part, but nothing comes out.

Amy smiles again, satisfied even by the silence.

Amy Harrison: "That is what I thought."

Susanita suddenly closes the distance, reaching for Amy’s wrist, but Amy ducks away before contact and slips to the side, wagging a finger at her.

Amy Harrison: "Temper, temper."

Susanita turns with her, trying to cut off the angle. Amy continues circling, staying just outside reach.

Amy Harrison: "You know, Susanita, I almost admire it. Really. This little rescue mission. This big brave hero act. But look at her."

Amy points again at Marie.

Amy Harrison: "Does she look like someone who believes in you?"

Susanita’s eyes flick toward Marie for the smallest moment.

That is all Amy wanted.

Amy steps in and gives Susanita a light shove to the shoulder, not hard enough to knock her down, but disrespectful enough to make the arena explode.

Susanita snaps her eyes back to Amy.

Amy Harrison: "That is right. Look at me."

Amy points toward her own eyes again, echoing the command she gave Marie.

Amy Harrison: "Both of you. Eyes on me."

For the first time, Susanita’s control visibly cracks.

Her chest rises and falls faster.

Amy steps closer now, emboldened by it.

Amy Harrison: "Because when I beat you, she watches. When the referee raises my hand, she watches. And when this is over, she walks out with me, because she belongs to me."

The boos become deafening.

Susanita’s face changes.

The focus is still there.

But now there is something hotter under it.

Amy leans in just a little more.

Amy Harrison: "And there is nothing you can do to save her."

That is enough.

Susanita explodes forward.

John Phillips: "Susanita charges!"

Amy’s eyes widen for just a flash, but the trap is already set.

She drops flat to the mat as Susanita lunges, sliding beneath the attempted grab and rolling under the bottom rope in one smooth motion.

The crowd erupts in furious boos as Amy spills out to the floor right beside Valkyrie Knoxx and Marie Van Claudio.

Susanita catches herself before hitting the ropes too hard, whipping around immediately with fire in her eyes.

Amy scrambles backward, then rises beside Valkyrie, one hand up as though Susanita is the unreasonable one.

Amy Harrison: "See? She is unstable, Marie!"

Valkyrie steps slightly in front of Amy without being asked, her eyes locked on Susanita inside the ring.

Marie stands just behind them, clutching the UTA Women's Championship, staring up at Susanita with that same fragile, frightened hope.

Susanita grips the top rope with both hands, glaring down at Amy.

John Phillips: "Amy Harrison baited Susanita in and escaped to the floor!"

Mark Bravo: "And look where she escaped to. Right next to Valkyrie. Right next to Marie. Amy is using every piece on the board before this match has even really begun."

The referee begins counting as Amy smirks from the outside, safely tucked beside The Empire, while Susanita stands in the ring fighting the urge to follow her into a trap.

The chant rises again.

Crowd: "FREE MARIE! FREE MARIE! FREE MARIE!"

Amy Harrison stands on the outside of the ring, one hand pressed dramatically against her chest as if Susanita Ybanez charging at her was the greatest injustice ever committed in front of a paying audience.

The referee leans through the ropes, warning Amy to get back inside.

Amy points wildly toward Susanita, who is still standing in the ring with both hands gripping the top rope, eyes locked on her.

Amy Harrison: "Back her up!"

The referee gestures for Amy to return to the ring.

Amy Harrison: "No! Back her up! BACK HER UP!"

The crowd boos louder as Amy's voice cuts through the ringside area, shrill and furious, demanding protection from the same match she agreed to fight.

John Phillips: "Amy Harrison screaming at the official to back Susanita away, and Mark, this is ridiculous. Amy has spent the opening moments of this match doing everything except actually engaging."

Mark Bravo: "It is ridiculous, but it is also smart in the worst possible way. She is making Susanita wait. She is making Susanita burn. Amy wants the emotion to boil over before this match ever finds a rhythm."

Susanita takes one step toward the ropes, but the referee immediately turns and holds both hands out.

Referee: "Back up, Susanita. Let her in."

Susanita stares past him, right at Amy.

Amy stands beside Valkyrie Knoxx and Marie Van Claudio, one hand still lifted in complaint, the other pointing toward the ring like she has been wronged.

Amy Harrison: "Do your job! Back her up!"

The referee turns again to Susanita, firmer this time.

Referee: "Back up. I mean it."

Susanita breathes hard through her nose.

Her eyes flick down to Marie.

Marie stands frozen, UTA Women’s Championship clutched to her chest, looking from Susanita to Amy and back again.

That is enough to remind Susanita why she cannot let this become chaos.

Not yet.

She slowly steps backward.

One step.

Then another.

The crowd boos the delay, but cheers Susanita’s restraint.

John Phillips: "Susanita Ybanez is backing up, but you can see how much discipline this is taking. Every instinct in her body is telling her to go after Amy Harrison."

Mark Bravo: "But the mission is still the mission. Win the match. Free Marie. Do not get baited into a mistake."

Amy waits until Susanita is nearly halfway across the ring before she finally approaches the apron. She grabs the middle rope, still glaring at the referee like the official is personally responsible for every bad thing that has ever happened to her.

Then she turns her head toward Marie.

Amy Harrison: "Watch closely."

Marie does not answer.

Amy’s eyes narrow.

Amy Harrison: "I said watch."

Marie lifts her eyes.

Amy smiles again.

Only then does she climb onto the apron.

She slips between the ropes carefully, taking all the time she possibly can, never once turning her back fully on Susanita. The referee keeps one arm extended toward Susanita, making sure she stays back until Amy is completely inside.

Amy enters the ring and steps away from the ropes, smoothing her hair with both hands. She mouths off toward the front row, soaking in the boos as if they are applause meant only for her.

John Phillips: "Amy Harrison finally back inside the ring. Maybe now we can actually begin."

Mark Bravo: "Maybe. But with Amy Harrison, every second is part of the strategy. Every delay, every complaint, every smirk, every look toward Marie. This is all by design."

The referee turns from Amy back to Susanita.

For a moment, both women stand across the ring from one another.

Amy’s grin returns.

Susanita’s expression does not change.

The building rises with anticipation.

The referee lowers his arm and steps aside.

Susanita bursts forward.

John Phillips: "Susanita goes right after her!"

Amy drops instantly.

Before Susanita can reach her, Amy flattens to the mat and rolls under the bottom rope again, sliding out of the ring on the same side as Valkyrie and Marie.

The O2 erupts in boos.

Mark Bravo: "Oh, come on!"

John Phillips: "Amy Harrison again bails out of the ring!"

Susanita stops herself near the ropes, turning sharply as Amy lands on her feet outside.

Amy stumbles backward, then laughs.

She laughs loudly.

Obnoxiously.

Like she has just proven something profound.

The referee moves toward the ropes, frustration already showing on his face as the crowd pours down hatred from every side of the arena.

Crowd: "COWARD! COWARD! COWARD!"

Amy presses one hand to her ear, pretending she cannot hear them clearly enough.

Amy Harrison: "What was that? Champion? Yes, I know!"

She turns away from the ring, choosing not to look at Susanita at all now.

Instead, Amy steps toward Marie.

Marie stiffens.

Valkyrie Knoxx stands beside her, the UTA Fighting Championship still over her shoulder, watching Susanita from the corner of her eye.

Amy Harrison: "See, Marie? This is what she is. Emotional. Reckless. So desperate to play hero that she cannot even think straight."

Amy gestures back toward the ring without turning around.

Amy Harrison: "This is who you wanted to save you?"

Susanita grips the top rope so hard her knuckles whiten.

John Phillips: "Amy Harrison is mocking Marie again, using her as a shield, using her as a weapon against Susanita."

Mark Bravo: "And every time Susanita hesitates, Amy gets more confident."

Amy leans closer to Marie, tilting her head with that sickening softness in her expression.

Amy Harrison: "Look at me."

Marie’s eyes stay down.

Amy Harrison: "Marie. Eyes."

Marie slowly raises her gaze.

Amy smiles.

Amy Harrison: "Good girl."

The arena detonates in boos.

Marie’s face twists, humiliated, hurt, and angry all at once, but she does not say anything.

Valkyrie Knoxx, almost amused, reaches out and gives Marie a taunting shove to the shoulder.

Not enough to knock her down.

Enough to make her stumble a half-step.

Enough to remind her who is standing over her.

The UTA Women’s Championship shifts in Marie’s grip as she catches herself.

John Phillips: "Oh, that is enough! Valkyrie just shoved Marie Van Claudio!"

Mark Bravo: "And look at Marie’s eyes! She did not expect that. None of this is normal. None of this is okay."

Amy laughs again, glancing at Valkyrie as if the two of them are sharing some private joke.

Amy Harrison: "Careful, Marie. Wouldn’t want you falling apart before you watch me end this little fantasy."

Amy turns back toward the ring.

Still laughing.

Still smirking.

Still convinced she has complete control.

But Susanita is no longer standing still inside the ring.

The instant Amy turns, Susanita hits the far ropes.

The crowd sees it before Amy does.

John Phillips: "Wait a minute!"

Susanita rebounds with terrifying speed, sprinting across the ring as Amy’s smile fades into confusion.

Amy’s eyes widen.

Valkyrie turns her head.

Marie’s mouth opens.

Susanita launches herself through the ropes.

John Phillips: "SUICIDE DIVE!"

Susanita crashes into Amy Harrison like a missile.

The impact sends Amy flying backward into Valkyrie Knoxx, the collision knocking Valkyrie off balance and staggering her hard against the ringside barricade.

Amy collapses to the floor in a heap, caught between Susanita’s momentum and Valkyrie’s body.

The O2 explodes.

Crowd: "SUSANITA! SUSANITA! SUSANITA!"

Marie Van Claudio leaps backward, eyes wide, clutching the UTA Women’s Championship to her chest as the chaos unfolds inches away from her.

For one shocked second, Marie looks completely awake.

No lowered gaze.

No forced obedience.

No hollow silence.

Just wide eyes fixed on Susanita, who is now pushing herself up from the floor after wiping out Amy Harrison and staggering the Iron Valkyrie in one furious motion.

Mark Bravo: "There it is! There it is! Amy kept playing games, and Susanita just changed the whole conversation!"

John Phillips: "Susanita Ybanez through the ropes! Amy Harrison got wiped out and sent right back into Valkyrie Knoxx! And look at Marie Van Claudio! Look at Marie!"

Susanita rises to one knee on the floor, hair scattered across her face, eyes burning as she looks from Amy to Valkyrie, then finally to Marie.

Marie stares back at her, still stunned.

Susanita does not say anything.

She does not have to.

The message is written across the chaos at ringside.

I am not backing down.

I am not going away.

I am here to fight for you.

The crowd roars as the referee leans through the ropes, starting a count while Susanita pulls herself fully upright beside the wreckage of The Empire.

Susanita Ybanez stands at ringside, breathing hard, the roar of The O2 pouring down over her as Amy Harrison lies crumpled on the floor and Valkyrie Knoxx is bent forward against the barricade from the collision.

The referee leans through the ropes, already counting, but Susanita’s eyes are not on the official.

They are on Marie Van Claudio.

Marie is still backed away from the chaos, the UTA Women’s Championship clutched tight against her chest, eyes wide from what she just witnessed. For the first time since she came through the curtain, she looks fully present. Shocked. Afraid. But present.

Susanita steps toward her.

Valkyrie Knoxx stirs near the barricade, one hand reaching toward the Fighting Championship that has slipped off her shoulder, but Susanita keeps her attention locked on Marie.

Susanita Ybanez: "It’ll all be over soon."

Marie’s lips part slightly.

Susanita’s voice softens, but only for Marie.

Susanita Ybanez: "Have faith, prima."

The words hit Marie harder than the dive hit Amy.

For one second, something breaks through the fear. Something old. Something familiar. Something human.

Marie looks at Susanita like she wants to believe her.

John Phillips: "Susanita telling Marie to have faith. That this is almost over."

Mark Bravo: "That is what this is about, John. Not titles. Not revenge. Not pride. Susanita is trying to bring her friend back from whatever Amy Harrison has done to her."

The referee's count continues from inside the ring.

Referee: "Four!"

Susanita turns away from Marie and reaches down, grabbing Amy Harrison by the hair and the back of her gear.

Amy groans, suddenly far less amused than she was moments ago.

Susanita yanks her up with force and drives her forward, rolling Amy under the bottom rope and back into the ring.

The crowd cheers as Amy tumbles across the canvas, clutching at her ribs and shoulder, trying to crawl away before Susanita can follow.

But Susanita does not slide in immediately.

She turns back toward Valkyrie Knoxx.

Valkyrie is trying to push herself upright against the barricade.

Susanita steps in and stomps Valkyrie hard across the upper back.

The crowd explodes.

John Phillips: "Susanita just stomped Valkyrie Knoxx!"

Mark Bravo: "That was not strategy. That was a receipt!"

Valkyrie drops to one knee, one hand against the barricade, glaring up through strands of hair as Susanita backs away.

Susanita points at Valkyrie, her expression fierce.

Susanita Ybanez: "Stay down."

Then Susanita slides into the ring.

Amy is already crawling toward the far side, trying to create distance, one hand out in front of her like she can push the air itself between them.

Susanita pops up and charges.

Amy rolls onto her back, then scrambles upright onto her knees, both hands thrown out in front of her.

Amy Harrison: "Wait! Wait! Please!"

Susanita stops short.

The entire arena shifts, the roar dropping into a confused, suspicious murmur.

Amy is on her knees in the center of the ring, hands raised, eyes wide, shaking her head quickly. Gone is the smug smirk. Gone is the mocking tilt of her chin. Gone is the arrogant little laugh.

She looks scared.

Legitimately scared.

Amy Harrison: "Please. Please, Susanita. You don’t have to do this."

Susanita stands over her, chest rising and falling, fists still clenched.

Outside the ring, Marie watches with wide eyes.

Valkyrie is still down near the barricade, trying to pull herself together.

John Phillips: "Amy Harrison is begging off now. After all the taunting, after all the games, after everything she has said and done to Marie Van Claudio, now Amy is asking for mercy."

Mark Bravo: "I do not trust this for one second, John."

Amy shuffles backward on her knees, palms still up.

Amy Harrison: "Please. I’m serious. I’m serious. Just wait."

Susanita takes one step closer.

Susanita Ybanez: "You want mercy?"

Amy nods rapidly.

Amy Harrison: "Yes. Yes, please."

Susanita points down toward ringside, toward Marie.

Susanita Ybanez: "Where was hers?"

Amy’s mouth opens, but no words come out at first.

Susanita’s voice rises.

Susanita Ybanez: "Where was Marie’s mercy when you locked her behind your doors? When you spoke for her? When you made her lower her eyes? When you treated her like she was something you owned?"

The crowd roars in approval.

Crowd: "FREE MARIE! FREE MARIE! FREE MARIE!"

Susanita looks out toward the crowd, hearing them, feeling them, but not losing Amy from her peripheral vision.

Amy remains on her knees, hands trembling in front of her.

Her face is pale. Her breathing is quick. She nods again and again like every word Susanita says is finally getting through.

Amy Harrison: "You’re right."

Susanita turns back toward her.

The crowd quiets a fraction.

Amy Harrison: "You’re right. Okay? You’re right."

Amy slowly plants one foot against the canvas, beginning to push herself up. She moves carefully, keeping both hands raised in surrender.

Amy Harrison: "It’s wrong."

Susanita watches her closely.

Amy Harrison: "I see that now."

Outside the ring, Marie’s expression changes. Confusion cuts through the fear. Her grip on the Women’s Championship loosens slightly.

John Phillips: "Amy Harrison is saying she sees that what she has done is wrong. I do not know what to make of this."

Mark Bravo: "Make nothing of it. Amy Harrison has lied with every expression on her face tonight."

Amy rises to both feet now, but she does not straighten all the way. Her shoulders stay rounded. Her hands remain open. Her posture is small, submissive, almost pleading.

Amy Harrison: "I went too far."

Susanita says nothing.

Amy shakes her head, eyes glistening beneath the lights.

Amy Harrison: "I know I did. I went too far. With Marie. With all of it."

Susanita’s breathing slows just a little.

She keeps her guard high, but the sheer change in Amy’s demeanor makes the moment feel uncertain. The crowd can feel it too. Their boos soften into restless distrust, thousands of people waiting to see if this is another trap or something stranger.

Amy looks toward ringside.

Not at Valkyrie.

At Marie.

Amy Harrison: "Marie..."

Marie stiffens.

Amy Harrison: "I’m sorry."

Marie’s eyes widen a little more.

Susanita turns her head just enough to see Marie’s reaction, then brings her eyes back to Amy.

Susanita Ybanez: "Say it again."

Amy nods, quick and obedient.

Amy Harrison: "I’m sorry."

Amy swallows hard.

Amy Harrison: "I am. I’m sorry. I know. I know I went too far."

Susanita stares at her, searching her face for the lie, searching for the blade, searching for the next cruelty.

But Amy’s hands are still raised.

Her eyes are still wide.

Her posture is still small.

For one dangerous moment, it looks like Susanita sees the possibility that this could be over.

Not the match.

The nightmare.

Susanita lets out a long breath.

John Phillips: "Susanita is hesitating."

Mark Bravo: "No, no, no. Do not do this. Do not believe this."

Amy takes half a step backward, still in that submissive stance, hands up, head lowered.

Amy Harrison: "You're right. About all of it."

Susanita's fists loosen slightly.

Amy lowers her head just a little more.

Amy Harrison: "I'm sorry."

Then Amy moves.

Fast.

Her submissive posture snaps away like a mask being ripped off. One hand shoots upward, two fingers extended, and she drives them straight into Susanita's eyes.

Susanita cries out and stumbles backward, both hands flying to her face.

The crowd erupts in furious boos.

John Phillips: "Oh! Come on! A thumb to the eye!"

Mark Bravo: "Of course she wasn't sorry! Of course she wasn't! Amy Harrison just suckered Susanita Ybanez in!"

Amy's expression changes instantly.

The fear is gone.

The trembling is gone.

The apology is gone.

What remains is the smile.

Cold.

Cruel.

Victorious.

Amy Harrison: "Idiot."

Susanita staggers blindly toward the ropes, trying to blink vision back into her eyes.

Amy slowly straightens her posture, smoothing her hair back into place like the entire performance was nothing more than a costume she has now discarded.

At ringside, Marie Van Claudio's face falls.

She saw it.

She heard the apology.

For one second, she almost believed it too.

Now she watches Amy Harrison stalk forward behind Susanita, the trap sprung and the mask gone.

John Phillips: "Amy Harrison preyed on Susanita's compassion. She preyed on the fact that Susanita wants to believe this can end without more damage."

Mark Bravo: "And that is what makes Amy dangerous. She does not just break rules. She weaponizes hope."

Amy grabs Susanita by the hair from behind, yanking her head back as the referee warns her about the eye poke.

Amy ignores him.

She looks through the ropes toward Marie, smiling wide.

Amy Harrison: "Eyes on me, Marie."

Marie does not lower her head this time.

She stares back, horrified, as Amy pulls Susanita backward and prepares to take control.

Amy Harrison keeps Susanita Ybanez by the hair, pulling her backward just enough to bend her neck at an uncomfortable angle. Susanita's hands are still near her face, blinking hard, trying to clear the sting from her eyes as the referee gets right in Amy's face.

Referee: "Open the hands! Let go of the hair! Now!"

Amy looks at him with exaggerated innocence.

Amy Harrison: "I have no idea what you are talking about."

She says it while still holding a fistful of Susanita's hair.

The crowd boos viciously.

John Phillips: "Amy Harrison has taken control off that blatant shot to the eyes, and now she is wasting no time exploiting the damage."

Mark Bravo: "This is where Amy is at her worst, John. She does not need a lot. Give her one opening, one cheap shot, one moment where the referee is out of position, and she will stretch it into five minutes of misery."

The referee starts a count.

Referee: "One! Two! Three!"

Amy finally releases Susanita's hair, lifting both hands high like she has been unfairly accused of something terrible.

Susanita staggers forward, still trying to blink her vision clear.

Amy immediately grabs her by the wrist, yanks her back, and drives a sharp knee into Susanita's midsection.

Susanita doubles over.

Amy follows with another knee.

Then another.

Each one is short, ugly, and precise, driving the air out of Susanita before she can even fully recover from the eye rake.

John Phillips: "Knees to the body now from Amy Harrison. Susanita is still trying to get her vision back."

Mark Bravo: "And that is the whole point. Amy does not want Susanita thinking. She does not want Susanita moving. She wants her reacting."

Amy hooks Susanita by the head and snaps her down with a quick facebuster, planting Susanita chest-first and face-first into the canvas.

Susanita rolls to her side, one arm wrapped around her face, the other around her ribs.

Amy rises to her knees and slowly looks toward ringside.

She is not looking for Valkyrie.

She is looking for Marie.

Amy Harrison: "Are you watching?"

Marie Van Claudio stands on the floor with the UTA Women’s Championship clutched against her chest. Her eyes are fixed on the ring, her face tight with discomfort.

Valkyrie Knoxx has pulled herself back upright near the barricade, one arm across her midsection, the Fighting Championship back over her shoulder. She glares at Susanita with open contempt, but there is also irritation there now. Susanita hit her. Susanita made her feel it.

Amy crawls over Susanita and presses a forearm across her face, grinding her down while making a lazy cover.

Referee: "One!"

Susanita kicks out immediately.

The crowd cheers the kickout, but Amy does not look surprised. She laughs softly and grabs Susanita by the hair again, dragging her up to a seated position.

Amy Harrison: "So brave. So focused. So stupid."

Amy drives her knee between Susanita’s shoulder blades, then pulls both of Susanita’s arms back, stretching her chest and neck while Susanita winces in pain.

The referee checks on Susanita.

Referee: "Do you want to give it up?"

Susanita Ybanez: "No!"

The answer is immediate.

Amy rolls her eyes.

Amy Harrison: "Of course not. Heroes never know when to quit."

She wrenches back harder, forcing Susanita’s chin up toward the lights.

Amy Harrison: "That is why they lose everything."

At ringside, Marie takes a half-step closer to the apron without realizing it.

Valkyrie notices and reaches out, putting a hand against Marie’s shoulder to stop her.

Marie freezes.

John Phillips: "Marie Van Claudio moved toward the ring. She cannot help herself. Whatever The Empire has done to her, whatever hold Amy Harrison has over her, she still cares about Susanita."

Mark Bravo: "And Amy knows that too. That is why she keeps turning this into a performance."

Amy releases the stretch suddenly, letting Susanita fall forward to the mat.

She rises and plants one boot between Susanita’s shoulders, pressing down as Susanita tries to push up.

Amy Harrison: "Stay down."

Susanita pushes harder.

Amy stomps her between the shoulders.

Susanita drops back to the canvas.

Amy stomps again.

Then again.

The third stomp lands with enough force to draw a sharp groan from Susanita and a loud reaction from the London crowd.

John Phillips: "Repeated stomps to the back. Amy is trying to flatten Susanita, trying to take away that explosiveness."

Mark Bravo: "Take away the core, take away the springboard. Take away the springboard, you take away La estrella negra. Amy knows exactly what she is doing."

Amy bends down and grabs Susanita by the jaw, forcing her face toward ringside.

Amy Harrison: "Look at her."

Susanita resists, but Amy digs her fingers into Susanita's cheeks and turns her head toward Marie.

Amy Harrison: "Look at the woman you are failing."

The crowd boos louder.

Marie's face falls, pain flashing across her expression.

Susanita's eyes, still watering from the earlier poke, lock onto Marie's for half a second.

Susanita Ybanez: "No..."

Amy yanks Susanita back by the hair and slams the back of her head against the mat.

The referee immediately steps in again.

Referee: "Amy! That is enough with the hair!"

Amy Harrison: "Then make her stop having so much of it!"

The boos become even louder as Amy pops to her feet and saunters toward the ropes nearest Marie.

She leans through the middle and top rope, smiling down at the Women's Champion.

Amy Harrison: "This is the part where you learn, Marie."

Marie stares back, her hands tight around the title.

Amy Harrison: "Hope hurts."

Amy turns back to Susanita, who is trying to rise on one knee.

Amy rushes in and snaps a hard kick into Susanita's ribs, folding her sideways.

Susanita rolls toward the ropes, coughing, trying to pull herself up.

Amy follows with confidence now, all the fear from moments ago completely gone. She grips the top rope, places her boot against Susanita's throat, and pushes down.

Susanita grabs Amy's boot with both hands as the crowd erupts.

Referee: "Get off the throat! One! Two! Three! Four!"

Amy breaks at four, stepping away with both hands raised again.

Then, as the referee turns to check Susanita, Amy steps right back in and rakes the sole of her boot across Susanita's face.

John Phillips: "Come on! Again to the face!"

Mark Bravo: "She is making the referee chase the obvious while sneaking in everything else."

Susanita rolls to the apron, trying to create separation, but Amy grabs her by the hair from inside the ring and pulls her upper body across the middle rope.

Amy drives a forearm across Susanita's back.

Then another.

Then she hooks Susanita by the head and drops backward, snapping Susanita's throat across the top rope.

Susanita bounces off the rope and tumbles back into the ring, clutching her throat and coughing.

Amy rolls to her feet and blows a kiss toward the crowd.

Amy Harrison: "Long live the Empress!"

The boos are deafening.

Amy turns toward Marie again, spreading her arms wide.

Amy Harrison: "Say it."

Marie does not move.

Amy Harrison: "Say it, Marie."

Valkyrie steps closer to Marie, her presence looming.

Marie swallows.

Her voice is almost too quiet to hear over the crowd.

Marie Van Claudio: "Long live..."

She stops.

Amy's smile vanishes.

Amy Harrison: "Finish it."

Susanita, still down near the ropes, hears it.

Her hand presses into the canvas.

Her fingers curl.

Marie looks from Amy to Susanita.

Susanita is hurting. Her eyes are watering. Her throat is burning. Her back is aching from the stomps and stretch. But she is still moving.

Marie does not finish the sentence.

The crowd catches it.

A small cheer begins to rise.

John Phillips: "Marie did not say it."

Mark Bravo: "That might not look like much to some people, John, but in this situation? That is a crack in the wall."

Amy turns away from Marie, fury tightening across her face.

She marches back toward Susanita and grabs her off the mat, pulling her up by the arm.

Amy Harrison: "This is your fault."

Amy whips Susanita toward the corner.

Susanita hits the turnbuckles hard, back first, and drops into a seated position.

Amy runs in and drives her boot into Susanita’s chest.

Then she presses down again, choking Susanita in the corner with the sole of her boot.

Referee: "One! Two! Three! Four!"

Amy breaks at four again, stepping away only long enough to avoid disqualification.

The referee warns her sharply.

Referee: "I will disqualify you!"

Amy turns toward him, eyes flashing.

Amy Harrison: "And then what? You make her free because I hurt her too much?"

The referee hesitates, caught by the ugly truth of the stipulation.

Amy smiles.

Amy Harrison: "Exactly."

Then she turns back to Susanita and drags her out of the corner by both ankles, pulling her flat onto the mat.

Amy steps over Susanita and drops down, hooking both legs for a cover.

Referee: "One!"

Referee: "Two!"

Susanita kicks out.

The crowd erupts.

Amy sits up immediately, not panicked, but annoyed.

She turns and looks straight at Marie.

Amy Harrison: "She is making this worse for herself."

Marie says nothing.

Amy grabs Susanita by the chin again, pulling her close enough to speak directly into her face.

Amy Harrison: "You hear that? Every kickout. Every little burst of courage. Every time these people chant your name, I am going to make her watch you suffer longer."

Susanita’s eyes narrow despite the pain.

Susanita Ybanez: "You talk too much."

The crowd pops.

Amy’s expression hardens.

She slaps Susanita across the face.

The sound cracks through the ring.

Susanita’s head turns with the impact.

Amy grabs her again and pulls her upright.

She hooks Susanita by the head and turns toward Marie, making sure Marie can see.

Amy Harrison: "Watch the hero fall."

Amy snaps backward, driving Susanita down with another sharp facebuster.

Susanita hits hard and rolls onto her back.

Amy covers again, this time pressing one forearm across Susanita’s face.

Referee: "One!"

Referee: "Two!"

Susanita kicks out again.

The crowd roars.

Amy stays on her knees, staring down at Susanita as her smile slowly returns.

Not because she is amused.

Because she has decided to enjoy taking longer.

John Phillips: "Susanita Ybanez is still in this, but Amy Harrison is in control after that vile thumb to the eye. And every second of this punishment is being directed as much at Marie Van Claudio as it is at Susanita."

Mark Bravo: "Amy is not just trying to win. She is trying to teach Marie that hope gets punished. Susanita has to find a way out of this before Amy breaks more than her body."

Amy slowly rises, dragging Susanita with her again as the London crowd begins clapping in rhythm, trying to pull Susanita back into the fight.

At ringside, Marie Van Claudio watches, no longer lowering her eyes, while Valkyrie Knoxx stands close enough to remind her that watching is all she is allowed to do.

Amy Harrison drags Susanita Ybanez up by the arm, keeping one hand hooked near the back of Susanita’s neck so she can control where her head goes. Susanita’s legs are underneath her, but barely. The earlier thumb to the eye still has her blinking, and Amy’s follow-up punishment has slowed every attempt at momentum.

The crowd claps in rhythm, trying to breathe life back into Susanita.

Crowd: "SU-SA-NI-TA! SU-SA-NI-TA! SU-SA-NI-TA!"

Amy hears it and rolls her eyes.

Amy Harrison: "Oh, please. She cannot hear you. She can barely see."

Amy snaps Susanita forward by the hair and drives a forearm across her upper back. Susanita drops to one knee, one hand reaching for the mat to keep herself from collapsing fully.

John Phillips: "Amy Harrison has slowed this match down completely. That thumb to the eye changed everything, and now Amy is picking Susanita apart."

Mark Bravo: "And she is doing it at her pace. That is the nightmare. Susanita wants a fight. Amy wants control. Right now, Amy is getting exactly what she wants."

Amy stands over Susanita and looks toward ringside again.

Marie Van Claudio has not taken her eyes off the ring.

The UTA Women’s Championship is still held against her chest, but her posture has changed. She is no longer staring down at the floor. No longer pretending she cannot see what is happening.

Her face is tight with concern.

Her eyes follow Susanita as Susanita tries to push back up.

Marie takes a small step closer to the apron.

Not enough to interfere.

Not enough to touch the match.

Just enough to betray that she cares.

Valkyrie Knoxx sees it first.

The Iron Valkyrie turns her head slowly toward Marie, her expression hardening.

Marie does not notice at first. She is watching Susanita, worry plain on her face as Amy pulls Susanita upright again.

Valkyrie steps in and shoves Marie hard in the shoulder.

Marie stumbles half a step, the Women’s Championship shifting in her arms.

Valkyrie Knoxx: "Stop that shit."

The words are low, harsh, and close enough for the ringside microphones to catch.

The crowd explodes in boos.

John Phillips: "Valkyrie Knoxx just shoved Marie! She saw Marie showing concern for Susanita and snapped at her!"

Mark Bravo: "That tells you everything. The Empire does not just want Marie obedient. They want her empty. They do not even want her to care."

Marie looks at Valkyrie, eyes wide, hurt flashing across her face. For a second, there is something else there too.

Anger.

Small.

Frightened.

But real.

Inside the ring, Susanita catches the shove out of the corner of her eye.

The effect is immediate.

Her body jolts like someone has shocked electricity through her spine.

Amy has her by the wrist, trying to pull her into another short strike, but Susanita’s head snaps toward ringside.

She sees Marie stumble.

She sees Valkyrie standing over her.

Susanita’s eyes change.

The pain is still there.

The exhaustion is still there.

But rage cuts through both of them.

Susanita Ybanez: "Hey!"

Susanita rips her arm backward, breaking Amy’s grip for just a second. She turns toward the ropes, not toward Amy, but toward Valkyrie.

The crowd surges.

John Phillips: "Susanita saw it! Susanita saw Valkyrie shove Marie!"

Mark Bravo: "And now she is going after the wrong person!"

Susanita charges toward the ropes, trying to redirect herself toward the outside, ready to throw herself at Valkyrie Knoxx again if that is what it takes.

But Amy Harrison cuts her off.

Amy lunges from behind and grabs a handful of Susanita’s gear, yanking her backward with both hands.

Susanita’s momentum snaps against her, and Amy drives a knee hard into the back of Susanita’s thigh.

Susanita drops to one knee.

Amy immediately wraps an arm around her head and pulls her backward into a tight side headlock, grinding Susanita down before she can explode again.

Amy Harrison: "No, no, no. You stay with me."

Susanita claws at Amy’s arm, trying to twist free, but Amy leans her weight down across Susanita’s neck and shoulders.

Amy Harrison: "You do not get to save her from everyone at once."

Amy wrenches the headlock tighter, then drags Susanita up just enough to snap her down with a hair-assisted mat slam.

Susanita hits the canvas hard, her head bouncing once as the crowd groans.

Referee: "Watch the hair, Amy!"

Amy throws her hands out in disbelief.

Amy Harrison: "She tripped!"

The crowd boos even louder.

Amy does not waste the opening. She grabs Susanita by both ankles and drags her toward the center of the ring, away from the ropes, away from Marie, away from Valkyrie, away from anything that might pull Susanita’s focus back into fire.

Then Amy drops an elbow into Susanita’s lower back.

Susanita arches in pain.

Amy rises and drops another elbow to the same spot.

Then a third.

John Phillips: "Amy goes right to the back now, trying to break Susanita down and keep her grounded."

Mark Bravo: "That is the right move. Susanita just got a burst of adrenaline, but it was emotional. Amy shut it down physically."

Amy sits up beside Susanita, breathing harder now but still smiling. She grabs Susanita by the chin and turns her face toward ringside again.

Amy Harrison: "Look."

Susanita tries to pull away, but Amy keeps her grip tight.

Amy Harrison: "You see? You cannot protect her."

At ringside, Valkyrie stands beside Marie, close enough now that Marie has no room to move without brushing against her.

Marie stares into the ring, eyes locked on Susanita, but she is visibly shaken by the shove. She clutches the Women's Championship tighter again, like it is both armor and chain.

Amy Harrison: "Every time you try, something worse happens."

Amy slams Susanita's face back into the mat.

The referee kneels to check on Susanita, but Amy rises and circles slowly, satisfied with the damage and even more satisfied with the reaction outside the ring.

John Phillips: "This is vile. Amy Harrison is not just controlling the match. She is controlling the emotional battlefield around it."

Mark Bravo: "And Susanita has to find a way to stop reacting to every move The Empire makes. I know that is easier said than done, because Marie is right there, suffering right in front of her. But Amy is using that love against her."

Amy grabs Susanita by the wrist and pulls her up into a seated position. Susanita tries to throw a weak shot into Amy's ribs, but Amy catches her arm and twists it sharply behind her back.

Susanita grimaces.

Amy steps over the arm, bends Susanita forward, and plants a boot against the side of her head, grinding her face into the mat.

Amy Harrison: "You wanted to be the hero."

Amy presses harder.

Amy Harrison: "Heroes crawl."

The referee begins counting as Amy uses the boot illegally against Susanita's face.

Referee: "One! Two! Three! Four!"

Amy steps away at four, then immediately drops to her knees and hooks Susanita in a side chinlock, forcing her down again before Susanita can breathe.

The London crowd begins clapping again, louder this time, trying to will Susanita back to her feet.

Crowd: "SU-SA-NI-TA! SU-SA-NI-TA! SU-SA-NI-TA!"

Amy yells over them.

Amy Harrison: "She cannot help you!"

She looks straight at Marie while saying it.

Amy Harrison: "And neither can you."

Marie's eyes lower for a moment.

Valkyrie watches her closely.

Then Marie slowly lifts them again.

Back to Susanita.

Back to the ring.

Valkyrie’s jaw tightens, but this time Marie does not fully look away.

Inside the ring, Amy wrenches the chinlock tighter, forcing Susanita to carry not only her weight, but the sight of Marie being controlled at ringside.

John Phillips: "Susanita is trapped in the center of the ring, and Amy Harrison is squeezing the fight out of her while The Empire keeps Marie Van Claudio in line on the outside."

Mark Bravo: "But Marie looked back. She looked back, John. That might be small, but small cracks are how big walls come down."

Susanita presses one hand to the mat.

Then the other.

The crowd claps faster.

Amy leans back harder, trying to keep the hold locked in, trying to keep the pace slow, trying to keep Susanita exactly where she wants her.

For now, Amy Harrison is still in control.

Susanita Ybanez is trapped in the center of the ring, Amy Harrison’s arm cinched tightly around her chin, her weight pressing down across Susanita’s back and shoulders. Susanita’s face is twisted in pain, one eye still blinking against the lingering sting from Amy’s earlier cheap shot.

The London crowd refuses to let the match die there.

Crowd: "SU-SA-NI-TA! SU-SA-NI-TA! SU-SA-NI-TA!"

Amy hears them and pulls back harder.

Amy Harrison: "Shut up!"

The boos rain down immediately.

John Phillips: "Amy Harrison has had firm control of this match, but listen to The O2 trying to drag Susanita Ybanez back into this fight."

Mark Bravo: "She needs it, John. She has been beaten down, choked, stretched, stomped, and worst of all, she has been forced to watch Marie get bullied right in front of her. This is where Susanita has to find something ugly. Not pretty. Not flashy. Just survival."

Susanita’s hands press against the canvas.

At first, nothing happens.

Amy keeps her grounded, gritting her teeth as she leans all of her weight backward, trying to bend Susanita into giving up. The referee lowers himself beside Susanita, watching her face closely.

Referee: "Susanita, do you want to quit?"

Susanita shakes her head as much as the hold allows.

Susanita Ybanez: "No..."

It comes out strained, almost breathless.

Amy laughs into her ear.

Amy Harrison: "You should."

At ringside, Marie Van Claudio watches with concern she can no longer fully hide. Her brow is furrowed. Her lips are pressed together. The UTA Women's Championship is still held against her chest, but her grip has shifted again, less like possession and more like something she is holding because she does not know what else to do with her hands.

Valkyrie Knoxx notices her watching, but this time Marie does not immediately look away.

Inside the ring, Susanita plants her right hand flat on the mat.

Then her left.

The crowd claps faster.

Amy shakes her head, annoyed.

Amy Harrison: "No. Stay down."

Susanita's arms tremble.

She pushes up an inch.

Amy yanks back on the chinlock, dragging her right back down.

Susanita's chest hits the mat again, and Amy smiles, satisfied.

Amy Harrison: "See? This is where you belong."

The crowd boos, but Susanita's fingers curl into the canvas.

She pushes again.

This time, it is not explosive. It is not clean. It is not the heroic surge the crowd wants all at once.

It is ugly.

It is desperate.

It is Susanita Ybanez clawing her way up because there is no other option.

John Phillips: "Susanita is trying to build a base here. This is not pretty, but she is fighting."

Mark Bravo: "That is what she needs. Do not look for the comeback yet. Just get a knee under you. Then a foot. Then one shot. One breath at a time."

Susanita gets one knee under her.

Amy's expression tightens.

She shifts her grip, trying to drag Susanita sideways back to the mat, but Susanita reaches up and grabs Amy's wrist with both hands.

She does not break the hold.

Not yet.

But she stops Amy from tightening it further.

That alone gets a cheer.

Crowd: "LET’S GO SUSANITA! LET’S GO SUSANITA!"

Amy shakes her head harder, panic not there yet, but frustration growing.

Amy Harrison: "No! No, no, no!"

Susanita gets her other knee under her.

Now she is kneeling, Amy still behind her, chinlock still applied, but the position is changing.

Amy’s control is no longer absolute.

Susanita sucks in a rough breath through clenched teeth.

Then she drives her elbow backward.

It lands against Amy’s ribs.

Not flush.

Not enough to free her.

But enough to make Amy grunt.

The crowd pops.

John Phillips: "Elbow to the body!"

Susanita throws another.

This one lands better.

Amy’s grip loosens a fraction.

Susanita throws a third elbow, harder, digging it into Amy’s midsection.

Amy releases the chinlock and stumbles back half a step.

Susanita drops forward to one hand and one knee, immediately reaching for her throat and jaw, gasping as the crowd surges around her.

Mark Bravo: "There! That is the first crack! Not a comeback, not yet, but she got air. She got space."

Amy clutches her ribs, furious now, and charges back in before Susanita can stand all the way.

She drives a forearm down across Susanita’s upper back.

Susanita drops to a knee again.

Amy grabs her by the hair, pulling her head back.

Amy Harrison: "I said stay down!"

Amy goes for another clubbing shot, but Susanita twists at the last possible second, catching Amy’s wrist.

She does not reverse it cleanly. She does not suddenly take control.

She simply holds on.

Amy tries to yank free.

Susanita holds tighter.

Their eyes meet.

Susanita’s face is still pained. Her breathing is still heavy. Her body is still clearly hurting.

But there is fight in her eyes again.

Susanita Ybanez: "No."

Amy’s mouth twitches in anger.

She swings with her free hand.

Susanita ducks low, not gracefully, but enough. Amy’s strike cuts over her head, and Susanita drives a short shot into Amy’s stomach.

Amy bends forward with a gasp.

Susanita grabs her by the side of the head and lands a second shot to the ribs.

Then a third.

The crowd rises.

John Phillips: "Susanita firing back to the body!"

Mark Bravo: "That is where Amy has already been hit! Remember the dive on the outside! Amy got crushed into Valkyrie!"

Amy staggers backward, clutching at her midsection, and Susanita forces herself upright.

She is wobbly.

Her legs are not fully under her.

But she is standing.

Marie Van Claudio sees it from ringside, and her expression changes again. Concern remains, but something else slips through.

Hope.

Valkyrie’s eyes cut toward Marie immediately.

Marie tries to hide it, but not fast enough.

Amy, still recovering, looks toward the outside and sees Marie looking at Susanita that way.

The distraction lasts only a second.

But Susanita uses it.

She steps forward and lands a forearm to Amy’s jaw.

Amy’s head snaps to the side.

The crowd roars.

Susanita lands another.

Amy stumbles back toward the ropes.

Susanita goes for a third, but Amy ducks under it and tries to grab Susanita by the hair again.

Susanita blocks with both hands, prying Amy’s fingers away before they can hook in.

Susanita Ybanez: "Not again."

She drives a knee into Amy’s midsection.

Amy doubles over.

Susanita grabs her by the wrist and tries to whip her across the ring, but Amy reverses at the last second, sending Susanita toward the ropes instead.

Susanita hits the ropes and rebounds, still not at full speed, but enough to make Amy brace herself.

Amy swings wildly.

Susanita ducks beneath the shot and keeps running.

She hits the opposite ropes.

The crowd rises louder.

Susanita comes back and leaps with a flying forearm, catching Amy across the chest and jaw.

Both women hit the canvas.

The O2 erupts.

John Phillips: "Flying forearm! Susanita finally gets Amy off her feet!"

Mark Bravo: "But look at Susanita. She cannot follow right away. That took almost everything she had just to get separation."

Amy rolls to one side, holding her jaw, stunned and angry.

Susanita rolls to the other, clutching her back and throat, trying to pull air into her lungs.

The referee checks both women, then backs away as the crowd claps again, louder than before.

At ringside, Marie takes one small step toward the apron.

Valkyrie shifts beside her.

Marie stops.

But this time, her eyes do not lower.

They stay on Susanita.

John Phillips: "Susanita Ybanez is not back in control yet, but she is back in the fight."

Mark Bravo: "And that may be enough to start scaring Amy Harrison."

Susanita pushes to her side, one hand on the mat, the other wrapped around her ribs. Amy does the same across from her, her smile gone now, replaced by irritation and a flicker of concern she cannot quite hide.

The match has not turned completely.

But for the first time since Amy’s cheap shot, it is no longer only moving in Amy Harrison’s direction.

Susanita Ybanez is on one knee, one hand pressed against the canvas, the other wrapped around her ribs. Across from her, Amy Harrison is pushing herself up as well, one hand on her jaw, the other on the mat, her expression twisted with frustration.

The crowd inside The O2 is alive now.

They felt the shift.

Amy had controlled the match. Amy had slowed it down. Amy had turned cruelty into strategy and strategy into punishment.

But Susanita is still moving.

Still breathing.

Still fighting.

Crowd: "SU-SA-NI-TA! SU-SA-NI-TA! SU-SA-NI-TA!"

John Phillips: "Listen to this crowd! Susanita Ybanez has taken everything Amy Harrison has thrown at her, and she is still trying to crawl back into this match!"

Mark Bravo: "She is not just crawling back, John. She is clawing back. There is a difference. Crawling is survival. Clawing is when you are still dangerous."

Amy gets to her feet first, shaking her head as if trying to clear the impact of the flying forearm. She turns toward Susanita and charges, looking to cut the comeback off before it becomes something worse.

Susanita sees her coming.

She drops low and catches Amy around the waist, driving forward with a burst of strength that surprises Amy and sends her stumbling backward into the ropes.

Amy grabs for the top rope, trying to anchor herself, but Susanita drives a shoulder into her midsection.

Once.

Twice.

A third time.

Each shot lands in the ribs, and Amy’s mouth opens in pain as her grip on the rope loosens.

John Phillips: "Susanita driving the shoulder into the ribs! That midsection has been a target since Amy was wiped out by that suicide dive!"

Mark Bravo: "That is smart. That is gritty. Susanita is not back to one hundred percent, so she is going after the part of Amy that she already damaged."

Susanita grabs Amy by the wrist and pulls her off the ropes, whipping her across the ring.

Amy hits the far ropes and rebounds.

Susanita steps in and catches her with a sharp back elbow to the jaw.

Amy drops to the mat.

The crowd erupts.

Amy rolls to her side, holding her face, and Susanita staggers back a step, still hurt, still trying to breathe through the damage Amy has done. But she does not stop.

She reaches down and grabs Amy by the hair, dragging her up just enough to deliver a short forearm to the side of the head.

Amy stumbles.

Susanita hits another forearm.

Amy staggers into the corner.

Susanita follows her in and drives a knee into Amy’s stomach.

Amy folds forward over Susanita’s shoulder, coughing.

John Phillips: "Susanita is starting to string offense together now!"

Mark Bravo: "And this is bad news for Amy. Amy wanted this slow. She wanted this ugly. But now Susanita is creating impact, and The O2 is getting louder with every shot."

Susanita steps back, then comes forward with another knee to the body. Amy sinks lower in the corner, one arm wrapped around the top rope to keep herself upright.

The referee moves in, warning Susanita to keep Amy out of the ropes.

Referee: "Back it up, Susanita! Let her out of the corner!"

Susanita lifts both hands and takes one step back.

Only one.

Amy tries to lunge out of the corner with a desperate slap, but Susanita ducks under it and catches Amy by the head.

She snaps Amy down with a quick DDT-like drop, planting her into the canvas.

Amy rolls onto her back, stunned.

Susanita crawls into the cover.

Referee: "One!"

Referee: "Two!"

Amy kicks out.

The crowd groans, but the energy stays high.

Susanita sits up, rubbing her eye with the heel of her palm, still fighting to fully clear the damage from earlier. Amy rolls away, clutching at the back of her head.

At ringside, Marie Van Claudio has taken another step closer to the apron. Her concern is obvious now. She is not hiding it well, and maybe she is not trying as hard as she was before.

Valkyrie Knoxx notices.

The Iron Valkyrie looks down at Marie with growing irritation. Marie’s eyes remain locked on Susanita, following every movement as Susanita begins pulling herself up again.

Valkyrie reaches out and shoves Marie to the side.

Hard.

Marie stumbles several steps, nearly dropping the UTA Women’s Championship before catching it against her chest.

The crowd immediately turns on Valkyrie.

Crowd: "BOOOOOOOOO!"

John Phillips: "Valkyrie just shoved Marie again! How much more of this is Marie supposed to take?"

Mark Bravo: "The worse this match gets for Amy, the more The Empire starts showing what they really are."

Valkyrie does not stop there.

She steps toward the ring, grabs the middle rope, and pulls herself up onto the apron.

The referee immediately turns toward her, waving her down.

Referee: "Get down! You do not belong up here!"

Valkyrie stands tall on the apron, the Fighting Championship glinting near the floor where it has been placed aside, her eyes fixed on Susanita.

Susanita sees her.

And everything changes.

Susanita had been moving toward Amy.

She had been starting to build momentum.

But the sight of Valkyrie shoving Marie, then climbing onto the apron like she has every right to insert herself into this fight, pulls Susanita’s attention instantly.

Susanita turns away from Amy.

Susanita Ybanez: "Get down!"

Valkyrie does not move.

She only stares.

Cold.

Unbothered.

Inviting the mistake.

John Phillips: "Valkyrie Knoxx is on the apron now, and Susanita has taken the bait!"

Mark Bravo: "This is the problem. Susanita cannot ignore Marie being shoved around, but Amy Harrison is still legal! Amy is still in the ring!"

Behind Susanita, Amy Harrison begins to stir.

She rolls to one knee, breathing hard, one hand pressed to her ribs, the other planted on the canvas. She sees Susanita’s back turned.

And just like that, the fear disappears again.

Amy pushes up.

The crowd tries to warn Susanita, but the noise is too much, too scattered, too late.

Susanita is already approaching Valkyrie, her eyes fixed on the woman who shoved Marie.

Valkyrie’s lips curl faintly.

Not quite a smile.

Something colder.

Amy gets to her feet behind Susanita.

She lowers her shoulder and charges.

John Phillips: "Amy from behind!"

Marie Van Claudio sees it.

Her eyes go wide.

For one heartbeat, she freezes.

Then something in her breaks through the control, through the fear, through the command to stay silent.

Marie Van Claudio: "Susanita! Look out!"

The O2 explodes.

Susanita reacts instantly.

She drops and rolls to the side at the last possible second.

Amy Harrison cannot stop herself.

She crashes full force into Valkyrie Knoxx.

The impact is brutal.

Amy’s shoulder and upper body collide with Valkyrie’s midsection, and Valkyrie is launched off the apron, falling backward hard to the ringside floor.

Valkyrie hits with a heavy thud, her body folding awkwardly near the barricade as the crowd erupts in shock and cheers.

John Phillips: "Amy hit Valkyrie! Amy Harrison just knocked Valkyrie Knoxx off the apron!"

Mark Bravo: "Marie warned Susanita! Marie warned her! That was not instinct for The Empire, John. That was instinct for Susanita!"

Amy staggers backward from the collision, clutching her shoulder, eyes wide with panic as she realizes what just happened.

Susanita rolls through to one knee near the center of the ring, turning back toward Amy with fire in her eyes.

Outside the ring, Marie Van Claudio stands frozen, both hands wrapped around the UTA Women’s Championship, breathing hard after the scream that escaped her before she could stop it.

Valkyrie Knoxx lies on the floor, stunned, one arm draped near the base of the barricade.

The crowd is deafening.

Crowd: "MARIE! MARIE! MARIE!"

Marie looks from Valkyrie on the floor to Susanita in the ring.

Susanita looks back at her.

And for the first time all night, the hope between them does not feel fragile.

It feels loud.

It feels real.

It feels dangerous.

John Phillips: "Marie Van Claudio just changed this match!"

Mark Bravo: "And Amy Harrison knows it. Look at her face. Amy thought she had Marie trained to stay quiet. She was wrong."

Amy turns from Valkyrie’s wreckage back toward Susanita.

Susanita is already rising.

The match has shifted again.

Amy Harrison turns back toward Susanita Ybanez, still clutching at her shoulder from the collision with Valkyrie Knoxx.

For the first time all match, Amy looks rattled in a way she cannot disguise.

Her eyes dart from Susanita to the outside.

Valkyrie is down.

Marie is standing.

And Marie warned Susanita.

That fact hangs in the air like a crack of thunder.

John Phillips: "Amy Harrison may have just lost control of this entire situation. Valkyrie Knoxx is down on the outside, and Marie Van Claudio just chose to warn Susanita Ybanez!"

Mark Bravo: "That scream from Marie was not quiet. That was not subtle. That was not obedience. Amy knows exactly what happened, and look at her face. She knows it."

Amy backs away a half-step, shaking her head, trying to reset, trying to find the next trick, the next shortcut, the next escape.

Susanita does not give her time to find one.

Susanita surges forward and catches Amy with a sharp forearm to the jaw.

Amy’s head snaps back.

The crowd erupts.

Susanita hits another forearm.

Then another.

Amy stumbles backward, her legs wobbling beneath her, one arm reaching blindly for balance.

Crowd: "SU-SA-NI-TA! SU-SA-NI-TA! SU-SA-NI-TA!"

Susanita grabs Amy by the wrist.

She pulls her in close for one second, eyes burning into Amy’s.

Susanita Ybanez: "This is for her."

Then Susanita whips Amy across the ring.

Amy hits the ropes hard and rebounds, still dazed, still off-balance from the hit into Valkyrie. Susanita drops low, catching Amy as she comes back and using Amy’s own momentum to send her stumbling forward.

Amy’s body folds awkwardly over the middle rope.

Her arms hook over it.

Her throat presses against the strand.

Her eyes lift.

And there, directly in front of her on the outside, stands Marie Van Claudio.

Amy is draped across the middle rope, staring straight at the woman she has spent weeks controlling.

Marie does not move.

She does not lower her gaze.

She does not flinch.

She simply watches.

Amy’s face twists with panic and humiliation as she realizes where she is, who she is looking at, and what is coming.

Amy Harrison: "Marie—"

Marie says nothing.

The crowd rises as one.

John Phillips: "Amy is caught on the middle rope! Amy Harrison is staring right at Marie Van Claudio!"

Mark Bravo: "And Marie is not saving her. Marie is not helping her. Marie is watching!"

Susanita sees the opening.

She backs into the opposite ropes, one hand briefly brushing against her ribs as pain flashes across her face. The damage from Amy’s assault is still there. Every breath hurts. Every movement costs her something.

But she runs anyway.

Susanita charges across the ring.

The O2 roars with her.

She leaps, swings her legs through the ropes, and snaps both feet into Amy Harrison’s face.

John Phillips: "619!"

The impact cracks through the arena.

Amy’s head whips backward as Susanita connects clean, sending Amy staggering off the ropes and stumbling blindly toward the center of the ring.

Marie’s eyes widen.

Valkyrie, still down near the barricade, tries to push herself up, but her body is slow to respond after crashing hard to the floor.

Susanita lands on the apron, catching the top rope with both hands.

Amy turns in a loose circle inside the ring, barely standing, her hands reaching for something that is not there.

Mark Bravo: "Amy is out on her feet! She does not know where she is!"

John Phillips: "Susanita has her lined up!"

Susanita steadies herself on the apron.

Her eyes go to Marie for half a second.

Marie is still watching.

Not with fear now.

With hope.

Susanita turns back to Amy.

She bends her knees.

Then she leaps.

Susanita springboards off the ropes, twisting through the air in a clean, beautiful arc as the flashes from the crowd light up The O2 around her.

For one suspended second, she seems to hang above the ring.

Then she crashes down across Amy Harrison.

John Phillips: "LA ESTRELLA NEGRA!"

Susanita catches Amy flush with the springboard Asai moonsault, driving Amy down into the canvas beneath her.

The crowd explodes.

Susanita stays on top of Amy, hooking both legs with everything she has left.

The referee drops to the mat.

Referee: "One!"

Amy’s shoulders are down.

Marie steps closer to the apron, eyes wide, breath caught in her throat.

Referee: "Two!"

Valkyrie pushes up from the floor, realizing too late what is happening.

Amy kicks her legs, but Susanita holds tight.

Referee: "Three!"

The bell rings.

DING DING DING.

The O2 erupts into absolute chaos.

John Phillips: "Susanita did it! Susanita Ybanez has pinned Amy Harrison!"

Mark Bravo: "She got her! She got Amy! Marie warned Susanita, Valkyrie got taken out, and Susanita hit the 619 into La estrella negra!"

Susanita rolls off Amy and onto her back, one arm across her ribs, chest heaving, eyes squeezed shut from exhaustion and pain.

Amy lies beside her, stunned, one hand weakly reaching toward the ropes as if the answer might still be there.

Outside the ring, Marie Van Claudio stands frozen, the UTA Women’s Championship held against her chest, staring into the ring as the reality of the three-count washes over her.

For a moment, Amy Harrison does not move.

She lies on the canvas on her side, one arm stretched toward the ropes, her eyes open but unfocused, as if her mind has not yet caught up to what her body already knows.

The bell has rung.

The crowd is exploding.

And Susanita Ybanez has beaten her.

Then it hits Amy all at once.

Her eyes widen.

She pushes up to both knees, looking first at the referee, then at Susanita, then toward Marie Van Claudio on the outside.

Her mouth opens.

No words come out at first.

Only disbelief.

Then rage.

Amy Harrison: "NO!"

The scream cuts through the celebration, sharp and ugly.

Amy slams both hands into the canvas.

Amy Harrison: "NO! NO! NO!"

She hits the mat again, harder this time, then again, throwing herself into a full tantrum as the London crowd rains down cheers that only make it worse.

John Phillips: "Amy Harrison is losing it! The reality has set in! Susanita Ybanez has won this match, and by the stipulation, Marie Van Claudio is free from The Empire!"

Mark Bravo: "Amy's whole little kingdom just cracked right down the middle, John! She had Marie under her thumb, she had Valkyrie watching the door, she had every trick ready, and Susanita still beat her!"

Amy grabs at her own hair, shaking her head violently. She looks at the referee and points a trembling finger at him.

Amy Harrison: "You counted fast!"

The referee shakes his head, holding up three fingers.

Referee: "It was three!"

Amy screams again and slams her palm into the mat.

Amy Harrison: "It was not three!"

Across the ring, Susanita rolls to her stomach and slowly pushes herself up. Every movement hurts. Her ribs ache. Her back is sore. Her throat still burns from Amy's boot and the ropes. Her eye still waters from the cheap shot that nearly stole everything from her.

But she is smiling.

Not wide.

Not triumphant in the flashy way.

It is exhausted.

Relieved.

Real.

Susanita gets to one knee, then to both feet, using the ropes to help pull herself upright.

At ringside, Marie Van Claudio still has not moved.

The UTA Women's Championship is pressed against her chest, but for the first time all night, it does not look like the only thing holding her together.

She looks around.

The O2 is on its feet.

Thousands upon thousands of fans are screaming, clapping, chanting, and waving signs that read “FREE MARIE.”

Only now, the signs are no longer pleas.

They are declarations.

Crowd: "MARIE! MARIE! MARIE!"

Marie’s face begins to change.

The shock is still there.

The fear is still there, somewhere deep, still clinging to the edges of her expression.

But something else rises through it.

Disbelief.

Relief.

A fragile, overwhelming realization that the thing she did not dare believe could happen has actually happened.

She is free.

John Phillips: "Look at Marie Van Claudio. She can barely process it. After everything Amy Harrison and The Empire put her through, after weeks of control, humiliation, and fear, Marie Van Claudio is free."

Mark Bravo: "And she is hearing it from London. She is hearing it from the people. They are telling her what she has not been allowed to feel. It is over."

Susanita leans against the ropes, one arm hooked over the top strand, her body still hurting from the fight. She looks down at Marie and smiles.

Marie looks up at her.

For a second, neither woman says anything.

There is too much to say.

Too much pain.

Too much fear.

Too much relief.

Susanita nods softly.

Marie’s hand tightens around the Women’s Championship one last time, then she moves.

She slides under the bottom rope and into the ring.

The crowd roars louder.

Amy, still on her knees, sees Marie enter and looks as if she has been betrayed by the laws of the universe itself.

Amy Harrison: "No! Marie! No!"

Marie does not stop.

She does not look at Amy.

Not yet.

She walks straight to Susanita.

Susanita pushes herself off the ropes and limps toward the center of the ring.

The two women meet beneath the lights.

For one suspended moment, Marie stands in front of Susanita with the championship in her arms, her lips trembling, her eyes wet.

Marie Van Claudio: "I..."

She cannot finish.

Susanita shakes her head.

Susanita Ybanez: "You're free."

Marie breaks.

She drops the title just enough to throw her arms around Susanita, and Susanita hugs her back immediately, wrapping her tightly despite the pain in her ribs.

The O2 erupts into one of the loudest reactions of the night.

John Phillips: "What a moment. What an absolutely beautiful moment here at International Affair."

Mark Bravo: "That is not just a hug, John. That is someone finally being able to breathe again."

Marie clings to Susanita, her face buried against Susanita's shoulder. Susanita closes her eyes and holds her there, one hand at the back of Marie's head, the other around her shoulders.

On the mat behind them, Amy Harrison stares in disbelief.

Her face twists.

She points at Marie.

Amy Harrison: "You do not get to do that! You do not get to walk away from me!"

Marie and Susanita remain locked in the hug.

Amy's disbelief becomes fury again.

She rolls out under the bottom rope, landing on the floor beside Valkyrie Knoxx, who is only now pushing herself up near the barricade.

Valkyrie sits against the floor, one hand on her side, blinking hard after being knocked violently from the apron.

Amy crawls toward her, grabbing Valkyrie by the arm.

Amy Harrison: "Get up."

Valkyrie turns her head slowly toward Amy.

She is dazed.

Then she looks into the ring.

She sees Susanita and Marie together.

She sees the crowd cheering.

She sees Marie standing with someone else.

Valkyrie's face hardens.

Amy is beyond furious now. Her eyes are wide, her chest heaving, her hair wild from the match and the tantrum. She

points into the ring, her hand shaking.

Amy Harrison: "Look at them."

Valkyrie pulls herself higher against the barricade, anger replacing the daze.

Inside the ring, Susanita finally pulls back from the hug, keeping one arm around Marie’s shoulders.

Marie wipes at her eyes with the back of her hand, still overwhelmed as the crowd continues chanting her name.

Crowd: "MARIE! MARIE! MARIE!"

Susanita takes Marie’s hand.

Marie looks at her, still almost unable to believe this is real.

Susanita smiles and raises Marie’s hand into the air.

The O2 explodes again.

John Phillips: "Marie Van Claudio is free! All thanks to Susanita Ybanez!"

Mark Bravo: "Susanita promised she would not give up. She promised Marie this would be over soon. Tonight, she kept that promise."

Susanita and Marie turn slowly in the center of the ring, hands raised together as the fans cheer from every side of The O2. Marie clutches the UTA Women’s Championship in her other hand, but now it no longer looks like a burden forced against her chest.

It looks like hers again.

Her title.

Her legacy.

Her life.

The camera catches fans crying in the front rows. Others clap above their heads. A massive “FREE MARIE” sign is lifted near the aisle, and the camera stays on it just long enough for the words to feel final.

In the ring, Marie turns to Susanita again, emotion flooding across her face.

Marie Van Claudio: "Thank you."

Susanita squeezes her hand.

Susanita Ybanez: "Always."

At ringside, Amy Harrison watches the scene like it physically hurts her.

Her jaw clenches.

Her eyes narrow.

Then she turns to Valkyrie and grabs her by the back of the neck, pulling her close enough to speak directly into her ear.

The cameras cannot catch every word.

But they catch enough.

Amy Harrison: "Now."

Valkyrie’s head turns slowly toward Amy.

Then toward the ring.

Her expression darkens.

Amy wipes at her mouth with the back of her hand, rage burning through the humiliation.

The celebration continues in the ring.

Susanita and Marie are still turned toward the far side of the arena, hands raised, soaking in a moment that feels too big to interrupt.

But on the outside, Amy Harrison and Valkyrie Knoxx slide under the bottom rope behind them.

The crowd sees it first.

The cheers begin to twist into alarm.

John Phillips: "Wait a minute."

Mark Bravo: "Oh no."

Amy rises behind Susanita.

Valkyrie rises behind Marie.

The O2 begins shouting warnings, the sound changing from celebration to panic in a matter of seconds.

John Phillips: "This is not over."

Susanita Ybanez and Marie Van Claudio turn together, hands still linked, the roar of The O2 beginning to twist into something uneasy.

They see them.

Amy Harrison.

Valkyrie Knoxx.

Both women are back inside the ring.

The celebration dies in Susanita’s eyes instantly.

She releases Marie’s hand and steps forward, putting herself between Marie and The Empire without hesitation. Her body is battered from the match, her ribs aching, one eye still irritated, her breathing still heavy from the fight she just survived.

But she squares up anyway.

Fists raised.

Feet planted.

Ready to fight again if that is what freedom costs.

John Phillips: "Susanita sees Amy and Valkyrie! She is stepping in front of Marie!"

Mark Bravo: "She can barely stand, John, but she is still putting herself between Marie and danger."

Marie remains behind Susanita, the UTA Women’s Championship still in one hand, her face unreadable from the camera angle.

Amy Harrison is breathing hard, still wild-eyed from the loss, but there is something underneath the rage now.

Something sharper.

Something waiting.

Amy Harrison: "How dare you."

Susanita does not move.

Amy steps closer, pointing at her with a trembling hand.

Amy Harrison: "How dare you think you can walk into this ring, stick your nose where it does not belong, and take Marie away from The Empire!"

The crowd boos loudly, but Susanita holds her ground.

Susanita Ybanez: "It is over, Amy."

Amy laughs, but it is not the same laugh from earlier.

It is not amused.

It is not mocking.

It is almost offended.

Amy Harrison: "Over?"

She looks past Susanita, toward Marie.

Amy Harrison: "You think this is over?"

Marie steps forward slightly behind Susanita.

Susanita glances back just enough to sense her movement, then returns her focus to Amy and Valkyrie.

Valkyrie stands beside Amy, silent, looming, her expression cold but controlled. She does not charge. She does not threaten. She simply watches Susanita like she is waiting for something.

Amy Harrison: "You can never take Marie away from The Empire."

Susanita’s eyes narrow.

Susanita Ybanez: "I already did."

The crowd cheers.

Amy smiles.

Slowly.

Too slowly.

Amy Harrison: "No."

Amy’s gaze shifts fully to Marie now.

Amy Harrison: "You do not understand."

A strange silence begins to crawl into the arena, cutting beneath the crowd noise like cold water under a door.

Susanita looks from Amy to Valkyrie.

Valkyrie still has not moved.

Amy’s smile widens.

Amy Harrison: "Marie is not with The Empire."

Amy takes one small step back.

Amy Harrison: "She is The Empire."

The crowd reaction fractures.

Some boo.

Some gasp.

Some simply go quiet, not understanding what they just heard.

John Phillips: "What?"

Mark Bravo: "What did she just say?"

Susanita’s face changes.

Confusion hits first.

Then instinct.

She starts to turn.

Too late.

Marie Van Claudio grabs Susanita from behind.

The crowd screams.

Marie locks both arms around Susanita’s waist, plants her feet, and throws herself backward.

Susanita is ripped off the mat and dumped violently onto the back of her head and shoulders.

John Phillips: "GERMAN SUPLEX! MARIE JUST GERMAN SUPLEXED SUSANITA!"

Mark Bravo: "No. No, no, no. What the hell was that?"

Susanita rolls onto her side, stunned, one hand reaching for the back of her neck. The crowd is frozen between shock and outrage.

Marie sits up.

And everything about her is different.

The fear is gone.

The shame is gone.

The trembling obedience that had followed her all night has vanished like it was never real at all.

Marie’s face is calm.

Cold.

Controlled.

Amy Harrison starts laughing.

Valkyrie Knoxx smiles for the first time all night.

John Phillips: "I do not understand what we are seeing. Marie Van Claudio just attacked Susanita Ybanez!"

Mark Bravo: "Susanita saved her. Susanita just won her freedom. Why would Marie do that?"

Marie rises slowly, never taking her eyes off Susanita.

Susanita pushes to one knee, dazed and disoriented, looking up at Marie with a face that is more hurt than angry.

Susanita Ybanez: "Marie..."

Marie does not answer.

She steps behind Susanita again.

Her arms lock around the waist.

Susanita tries to fight, but she has already wrestled the match. She has already taken the beating. She has already spent everything.

Marie throws her backward again.

A second German suplex folds Susanita across the canvas.

The boos now become deafening.

Crowd: "BOOOOOOOOO!"

Amy claps from the corner, laughing openly.

Amy Harrison: "Again!"

Marie rises with Susanita still trapped in her grip.

Susanita’s legs drag beneath her as Marie hauls her up for the third time.

The camera catches Susanita’s face for a split second.

Confusion.

Pain.

Betrayal.

Then Marie launches her backward again.

The third German suplex lands hard, sending Susanita skidding across the mat in a heap.

John Phillips: "A third German suplex! Marie Van Claudio has just destroyed the woman who fought to free her!"

Mark Bravo: "This building is stunned, John. They are angry. I am angry. What is this?"

Susanita rolls weakly on the canvas, one arm wrapped around her neck, the other reaching blindly toward the ropes. The crowd is furious now, raining boos down on Marie, Amy, and Valkyrie.

Marie stands over Susanita, breathing steadily.

Not panicked.

Not conflicted.

Not sorry.

Her entire demeanor has changed.

The woman who stumbled through the curtain earlier, eyes down and shoulders small, is gone.

In her place stands someone regal.

Someone cruel.

Someone in command.

Marie turns her head slightly toward Valkyrie Knoxx.

Marie Van Claudio: "Get her."

It is not a request.

It is an order.

Valkyrie moves immediately.

John Phillips: "Did Marie just order Valkyrie Knoxx?"

Mark Bravo: "And Valkyrie listened."

Valkyrie storms forward and grabs Susanita off the mat with both hands, dragging her up as Susanita's body struggles to respond. Susanita throws a weak forearm into Valkyrie's midsection, but Valkyrie absorbs it without flinching.

Valkyrie hooks Susanita under the arms, powers her upward, and plants her with a brutal Ragnarok Bomb in the center of the ring.

The impact shakes the canvas.

Susanita crumples flat, arms spread, body motionless except for the rise and fall of her chest.

John Phillips: "Ragnarok Bomb! Valkyrie just destroyed Susanita!"

Mark Bravo: "This is a mugging. This is a setup. This whole thing was a setup."

Valkyrie stands over Susanita for one second, then turns without celebration and walks back toward Amy and Marie.

Amy and Valkyrie take their places in front of Marie Van Claudio.

Marie stands behind them, the UTA Women's Championship now held comfortably at her side.

Then Marie slowly turns away from Susanita and faces the crowd.

Amy and Valkyrie remain in front of her, positioned like guards before a throne.

The camera angle widens.

All three women stand over Susanita Ybanez.

Susanita is down.

Amy is smiling.

Valkyrie is stone-faced.

Marie is calm.

The O2 is livid.

John Phillips: "What is the meaning of this? Why, Marie? Why?"

Mark Bravo: "Susanita put everything on the line for her. Susanita fought Amy Harrison to free her. And now Marie is standing there like this was the plan all along."

Marie raises one hand slowly.

The boos grow louder.

Then something happens that turns the fury into stunned confusion.

Behind Marie, Valkyrie Knoxx lowers herself to one knee.

The crowd gasps.

John Phillips: "Wait a minute."

Valkyrie bows her head behind Marie.

Amy Harrison looks at the crowd, smiling through the hatred, then slowly lowers herself as well.

Amy drops to one knee behind Marie Van Claudio.

The arena is overcome by a wave of confusion and rage.

Mark Bravo: "Amy too?"

John Phillips: "Amy Harrison and Valkyrie Knoxx are kneeling behind Marie Van Claudio."

Marie stands between them and slowly lifts both arms out to her sides.

The UTA Women’s Championship hangs from one hand.

Her chin rises.

Her eyes sweep across The O2 with cold satisfaction.

And there it is.

No explanation.

No speech.

No confession that makes sense of the betrayal.

Only the image.

Amy Harrison kneeling.

Valkyrie Knoxx kneeling.

Susanita Ybanez broken at Marie’s feet.

And Marie Van Claudio standing tall above them all.

John Phillips: "I do not understand it. I do not know how long this has been true. I do not know what has been real and what has been manipulation. But we are seeing it now."

Mark Bravo: "Marie Van Claudio is not trapped by The Empire."

The camera pushes closer as Marie holds her arms higher, the boos crashing down around her.

Mark Bravo: "Marie Van Claudio is The Empire."

Marie closes her eyes, soaking in the fury like royalty accepting worship from a conquered room.

The final shot holds on the tableau.

Marie Van Claudio standing with her arms out.

Amy Harrison and Valkyrie Knoxx kneeling behind her.

Susanita Ybanez laid out on the canvas.

The crowd in London roaring with anger and disbelief.

International Affair has just changed forever.

Refuse to Lose

Segment

The camera cuts backstage inside The O2, away from the roar of the live crowd and into a private locker room dressed in polished black, gold trim, and enough arrogance to qualify as interior design.

A rectangular table sits in the center of the room. On it, beneath a clean white towel, rests the UTA Championship.

Not tossed aside.

Not hanging from a chair.

Displayed.

Centered.

Protected.

Maxwell Jett stands over it in his ring gear, robe open, both hands planted on the edge of the table. His eyes do not leave the championship. Around him, First Class moves with the nervous energy of people trying very hard not to admit they are nervous.

Darian Darrington sits on a leather bench nearby, taping his wrists. Another First Class associate adjusts his cuffs in the mirror. The usual smirks are there, but thinner than usual. The usual confidence is in the room, but it keeps glancing at the title too.

Maxwell finally speaks without looking up.

Maxwell Jett: "Seventy people."

Darian pauses his tape job.

Darian Darrington: "Max—"

Maxwell Jett: "No. Let’s say it out loud because apparently saying stupid things out loud is how this company makes policy now."

Maxwell straightens, one hand hovering over the UTA Championship without touching it.

Maxwell Jett: "Seventy people. Every ninety seconds, some desperate nostalgia act, some half-built prospect, some violent unemployed nightmare, some angry ex-champion, some woman with a grudge, some man with a mask, some circus attraction with entrance music... all of them get to come to that ring and try to take this from me."

He finally touches the championship, fingertips resting against the center plate.

Maxwell Jett: "My championship."

The room goes quiet.

Maxwell Jett: "I beat Chris Ross for this. I survived everything that animal brought to the table, and I walked out of Victory with the only championship in this company that actually matters. And now UTA wants to turn my title reign into a traffic accident with rules?"

Darian stands slowly, trying to keep his voice calm.

Darian Darrington: "That’s why we’re in there too. First Class watches your back. We thin the field. We keep bodies off you. Nobody gets a clean run at the champ."

Maxwell turns toward him.

Maxwell Jett: "Nobody gets any run at the champ."

Darian nods.

Darian Darrington: "Right. That’s what I mean."

Maxwell steps away from the table and begins pacing, one hand running through his hair.

Maxwell Jett: "No, Darian, that is not what you mean, because everybody keeps treating this like it’s exciting. Like it’s historic. Like it’s some once-in-a-lifetime opportunity. It is not an opportunity. It is organized theft."

He points sharply toward the door, toward the arena beyond it.

Maxwell Jett: "Every single person in that match gets to fail upward. Somebody gets thrown out and becomes champion of something. Someone else gets dumped on their head and wins a title. A team can lose the match and leave with tag gold. The final woman standing becomes Women’s Champion. The final eight are guaranteed championships."

Maxwell laughs once, cold and humorless.

Maxwell Jett: "Guaranteed. What a beautiful word for people who have not earned a damn thing."

Darian finishes wrapping his wrist and flexes his hand.

Darian Darrington: "Then we make sure none of them earn yours."

Maxwell stops pacing.

He looks back at the UTA Championship.

Maxwell Jett: "I refuse to lose my title in an impossible situation designed by people who could never win it from me straight."

He steps back to the table and lifts the championship with both hands.

The camera tightens on the belt as the gold catches the locker room light.

Maxwell Jett: "This does not belong to the final lucky idiot standing. This does not belong to some legend who wants one more headline. This does not belong to Chris Ross because he’s mad. It does not belong to Bobby Dean because he found a scooter and a snack bag. It does not belong to any of them."

Maxwell turns, holding the title against his chest.

Maxwell Jett: "It belongs in First Class."

Darian steps closer.

Darian Darrington: "Then we do what First Class does."

Maxwell looks at him.

Darian Darrington: "We use the crowd. We use the numbers. We use the corners. We use the ropes. We use every idiot who comes in swinging because they think courage matters more than timing."

Maxwell’s expression shifts slightly. Not relaxed. Never relaxed. But focused.

Darian Darrington: "They’re going to be emotional. They’re going to be reckless. They’re going to see that title and lose their minds. So let them. Let them charge. Let them burn out. Let them fight each other. Let them throw themselves over the top trying to get famous."

Darian points to the UTA Championship.

Darian Darrington: "You just survive longer than the rest of them."

Maxwell holds Darian’s stare.

Then, slowly, the smirk returns.

Maxwell Jett: "Survive."

He adjusts the championship over his shoulder now, letting the gold sit high and visible.

Maxwell Jett: "That is what none of them understand. Winning is pretty. Surviving is expensive. Surviving is ugly. Surviving is knowing when to fight, when to move, when to duck, when to let someone else take the hit, and when to shove the right person at the wrong person at the perfect time."

Darian grins.

Darian Darrington: "Exactly."

Maxwell turns toward the mirror. He looks at himself with the UTA Championship over his shoulder.

Maxwell Jett: "They want a heroic champion. They want someone to throw me over the top rope and give them some pretty little moment they can replay forever."

He leans closer to the mirror.

Maxwell Jett: "They do not get that."

The camera catches his reflection, the championship plate gleaming beside his face.

Maxwell Jett: "They get me."

One of the First Class associates shifts near the door, clearing his throat carefully.

First Class Associate: "The whole building wants to see you lose it."

Maxwell turns his head slowly.

The associate immediately looks like he regrets speaking.

Maxwell Jett: "Of course they do."

Maxwell walks toward him, title still on his shoulder.

Maxwell Jett: "That is the difference between them and me. They want. I have."

He taps the center plate of the UTA Championship.

Maxwell Jett: "They want this because it would change their lives. I have this because it proves mine is already better."

Darian nods, stepping beside him.

Darian Darrington: "Then we make the match work for us."

Maxwell Jett: "No."

Darian pauses.

Maxwell Jett: "We make everyone else work for us. That ring is going to fill with people who hate each other. People with history. People with grudges. People who have not seen each other in years and will forget the title the second they see an old enemy."

Maxwell’s smirk sharpens.

Maxwell Jett: "Let them remember. Let them settle scores. Let them cry about betrayal. Let them play legend. Let them chase nostalgia. Let them exhaust themselves pretending this is their story."

He lifts the UTA Championship slightly off his shoulder.

Maxwell Jett: "Because the only story that matters is whether this leaves with me."

Darian steps closer to the table and pulls the white towel away, folding it neatly despite the championship no longer resting on it.

Darian Darrington: "It will."

Maxwell looks at him.

Darian Darrington: "First Class keeps it in the family. We create space. We block the obvious threats. We make sure nobody gets a clean lift near the ropes. If somebody has you, we break it. If somebody's distracted, we use it. If somebody comes in hot, we send them hotter right over the top."

Maxwell nods slowly.

Maxwell Jett: "And if one of you has to be sacrificed?"

Darian does not answer right away.

Maxwell smiles wider.

Maxwell Jett: "Good. You understand the question."

The room tightens again.

Darian finally speaks, quieter now.

Darian Darrington: "The championship stays with First Class."

Maxwell steps closer and places a hand on Darian's shoulder.

Maxwell Jett: "That is why I like you."

Then his expression hardens.

Maxwell Jett: "But do not confuse the brand with the man holding the title. First Class is not a charity. First Class is not a democracy. First Class is not a support group for underachievers in expensive shirts."

He looks around the room, making sure everyone hears him.

Maxwell Jett: "First Class is me with witnesses."

Darian absorbs that, then gives a thin smile.

Darian Darrington: "Then we witness you survive."

Maxwell's smirk returns.

Maxwell Jett: "Now you're getting it."

He walks back to the mirror and studies himself again.

For a moment, the camera catches something underneath the arrogance.

Fear.

Not weakness.

Possession.

The fear of a man who believes the world is trying to steal what proves he is better than it.

Then the smirk returns, covering it like a curtain.

Maxwell Jett: "Nobody touches this unless I let them."

He adjusts the UTA Championship over his shoulder and turns toward the door.

Maxwell Jett: "When this is over, when every legend, every rookie, every angry little hero, every jealous little failure, and every sentimental idiot has exhausted themselves chasing fairy tales, the ring announcer is going to say the only words that matter."

Darian opens the locker room door.

The sound of the crowd floods the room.

Maxwell pauses in the doorway, championship shining under the hallway lights.

Maxwell Jett: "Still."

He steps into the hall.

Maxwell Jett: "UTA."

First Class follows behind him.

Maxwell Jett: "Champion."

The camera lingers for one final second on the empty table where the UTA Championship had been displayed.

Then the shot cuts away.

New beginnings

Segment

The backstage area at WrestleUTA International Affair hums with the specific, charged energy of a PLE — that distinct electricity that only exists when there is a massive live crowd on the other side of the curtain and the whole production machine is running at full capacity.

Cameras. Cables. Crew members moving with purpose. The distant roar of an audience that has come to see something matter.

Standing in the middle of it all is Savior Hawkins.

He is dressed in his usual gear — blue, gold, and white, the signature colors that have followed him across every company he has stepped into. He checks in with the production crew, asking when he is set to go, and there is a genuine excitement humming beneath his composed exterior.

This is a big stage.

A big night.

And no matter how many companies he has worked for, no matter how many titles he has collected, there is still a part of him that lights up at the scale of a night like this.

Savior rolls his shoulders, then takes a breath. In only a few seconds, the anticipation settles into presence — the practiced shift of a man who knows how to flip the switch when the red light comes on.

The production crew gives him the signal.

Savior looks into the camera.

He begins.

Savior Hawkins: "Well — this is a pretty nice place here."

He glances around, taking it all in with genuine appreciation rather than performance.

Savior Hawkins: "I usually don’t care how I arrive somewhere, but I’d be lying if I said it wasn’t cool to debut and introduce myself at a pretty big event like this."

A small, easy smile forms on his face.

Savior Hawkins: "Now — I’m not going to bore you all with some lame introduction about how I’m going to take over the company, or try to convince you that I’m some kind of savior, or whatever other lame things people do to grab attention."

He gives a little shrug, casual and confident.

Savior Hawkins: "What I’m going to do is enjoy the show and have a great time. Because at the end of the day — I’m a huge wrestling fan too, you know?"

Savior leans a little closer toward the camera, the excitement in his voice becoming more apparent.

Savior Hawkins: "And I want to take a little time to actually get to know you all. Especially this roster, because I have to say — it looks impressive."

His expression shifts slightly, the wrestling fan and the competitor blending into one.

Savior Hawkins: "But I don’t have the data yet to know just how great this roster really is. The only one I know so far is Sol Azteca. So by the looks of it…"

He tilts his head, the smile returning.

Savior Hawkins: "…I’ve got a lot of chapters left to read."

A beat.

Then the energy lifts.

Savior Hawkins: "Oh — by the way. My name is Savior Hawkins."

The confidence sharpens now, his voice carrying the rhythm of someone who knows exactly what comes next.

Savior Hawkins: "And I just want to quickly let you all know that I am entering the All or Nothing Rumble."

Savior’s grin widens as the hype fully arrives, riding the energy of a debut on a stage this size.

Savior Hawkins: "Because I cannot wait to show every single one of you that…"

The conviction rises.

Savior Hawkins: "I’m not what’s new — I’m what’s next!"

He holds on that line for a moment, letting it land.

Savior Hawkins: "Hope to see you all soon. And remember…"

Everything builds to it.

Savior Hawkins: "IT’S SHOWWWWWWWWWWWTIMEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!"

Savior beams into the camera, fully alive in the moment, the debut statement made. The camera lingers on him for another second before cutting away.

The Last Stand

Segment

The cameras do not hurry. They move like someone who has learned the difference between spectacle and confession, slipping away from the roar and into the building's quieter veins. The corridor narrows; the air cools.

Fluorescent light hums above a long, narrow hall that smells faintly of liniment and old coffee. At the far end, beneath that thin, indifferent bulb, Gunnar Van Patton sits alone on a battered road case. He is in plain clothes — a black Grunt Style tee, faded fatigues, scuffed boots. His trucker cap is pulled low, hiding the fresh haircut and the clean jawline where the beard once lived. Without the usual armor of hair and fury, he looks older tonight. Not broken. Just mortal, like a man who has been counted and found still standing.

The duffel sits upright between his boots. Canvas softened by years of being shouldered through airports and rain; seams showing patient, careful repairs. It smells of sweat and rain and the small, stubborn things that survive being carried. The camera does not move closer. It waits, as if not to disturb what is private. The bag is a presence at his feet — a weight that has kept its own history in the way it sags and the way the stitches have been mended.

He breathes slow. The corridor keeps time with him. Memory arrives in small, precise images: a motel sink that never drained right; a locker that smelled of liniment and tape; the first time his hands trembled while he wrapped tape around a wrist. Those images sit in him like coins in a pocket — worn, familiar, impossible to spend. The fluorescent light makes the scar along his brow look like a riverbed. He rubs a thumb against the callus where a wedding band used to sit, a private geography of habit.

There is a quiet in him that is not emptiness. It is the kind of quiet that holds a list of names and debts and promises. It is the quiet of a man who has learned to measure his life in rounds and in the faces of the men and women who stood with him when the world was a place that took more than it gave.

Gunnar Van Patton: "Lord."

The single word is not a plea so much as a turning. He lifts his face as if to find the ceiling and, beyond it, something older and wider than the fluorescent hum. The corridor becomes a chapel in that tilt of his head.

Gunnar Van Patton: "Ah ain't been one for long prayers. Most nights Ah answered the bell and let the work do the talkin'. But tonight… tonight's different. Tonight Ah'm askin' like a man who knows what he stands to lose. If Ah'm askin' for somethin', Ah'm askin' for one honest night. One night where the hands still move like they used to, where the breath comes steady when it needs to, where the old tricks and the new aches meet in the middle and don't betray me."

He closes his eyes and the corridor becomes a chapel. The words come slow, each one a stone set into a wall he has been building for twenty years. There is no show in them. There is only the raw, blunt shape of a man naming what he needs to be allowed to do.

Gunnar Van Patton: "Ah know what Ah am now. Ah know what time has done. The knees that've been scoped, the shoulder that talks back when the weather turns cold, the elbows full of bone chips the doctors have been after me about for years. The neck Ah don't discuss 'cause discussin' it gives it credit it don't deserve. Twenty years of receipts, Lord, an' every one of 'em paid in this body. Ah ain't the man Ah was. Ah ain't gonna stand here an' pretend otherwise, not to You."

His jaw tightens. The fluorescent light catches the scar along his brow. He does not look away from whatever he has fixed his eye on above him.

Gunnar Van Patton: "Hakuryu is a young killer. Meaner than a skillet full of rattlesnakes an' built for exactly this kind of night. He didn't get that belt by accident, an' he ain't held it by luck. He is the real article — fast an' precise an' hungry in a way a man only is when the years haven't taken nothin' from him yet. An' Ah know — Ah know — that he could very well have mah number tonight. That ain't fear talkin'. That's just the truth of it, an' Ah've never had much use for lyin' to You."

He breathes in, slow and deliberate. The corridor is a small, sacred place now — a chapel of liniment and light where a man counts the cost of what he loves.

Gunnar Van Patton: "We both knew a day like this would come. Ain't no surprise to You, Lord. A younger, meaner killer would come lookin' to put the old wolf down. Ain't no shame in gettin' old. Shame is lettin' the story end with nothin' learned. We both knew the ledger would come due. So Ah'm askin' — not for mercy, but for one night where the sum of me is enough."

He pauses. Something moves through him — not weakness, not doubt, but the particular weight of a man who has carried something heavy for a long time and is only now, in the quiet, letting himself feel the full measure of it.

Gunnar Van Patton: "Ah ain't as good as Ah once was. Ah know that. But Ah am as good once as Ah ever was. An' tonight, Lord — tonight Ah need that to be enough. Ah need the one good night. The one night where everythang Ah still am steps up an' fills the space left by everythang time has taken."

His hands find the canvas of the duffel at his feet and rest there, fingers splayed over the zipper as if feeling the shape of memory through cloth. He does not hurry. He does not bargain. He speaks like a man who has been taught by loss how to be precise with his words.

Gunnar Van Patton: "Torunn. Arkady."

The names fall out of him like stones dropped into a well. He lets them sink. The corridor seems to hold them with him. The memory of Torunn is a warpainted face and a jaw that would not bend. The memory of Arkady is a grin that dared the world to take him and lost. Their absence is a bruise he carries where gratitude and grief meet.

Gunnar Van Patton: "They stepped into the fire for me. Torunn with her warpaint and her jaw like a blade. Arkady with that reckless grin that thought the world owed him nothing and still took it. They gave somethin' up that don't come back. If Ah walk outta that ring tonight and their names ain't carried with me, then everythang they did was wasted. Lord, Ah won't let that happen. Not on mah watch."

He breathes in, slow and deliberate. He thinks of the nights after the tours, when the uniform didn't fit and the world had moved on, and the ring was the only place that still asked him to be anything. He thinks of the men who taught him to take a hit and keep moving, and the men who taught him to give one back. Those memories are not soft. They are the iron in his chest.

Gunnar Van Patton: "Ah ain't askin' for pity. Ain't askin' for a miracle. Ain't askin' for the world to be kinder than it is. Ah'm askin' for the right to be the man Ah've always been when that bell rings. If this is the last one, let it be earned. Let it be honest. Let me walk in with both eyes open and leave knowin' Ah did everythang Ah could for the ones who gave me a chance."

He pauses, and in that pause the corridor seems to hold its breath with him. The distant roar swells and then recedes like a tide. He opens his eyes and they are steady, the kind of steadiness that comes from a man who has been through the fire and come out with his hands still able to hold a promise.

Gunnar Van Patton: "If Ah'm not the same man Ah was, then teach me to be the man Ah need to be tonight. If the knees ache and the lungs burn, let the will be louder. If the old moves don't land like they used to, let the heart make up the difference. Give me one night where the sum of me is enough for what needs doin'."

He lays both hands flat on the duffel, feeling the ridges of the canvas beneath his palms like the ridges of a road he has walked a thousand times. The bag is a presence at his feet, a small island of memory. He reaches down, fingers finding the zipper. The sound of metal on canvas is unnaturally loud in the hush.

He peels the bag open just enough for the camera to catch fragments — a seam of black that drinks the light, a thin thread of gold that catches it like a memory, silver stitching mended by hands that would not let things fall apart. A crest, only half-seen, worn thin by time. The glimpse is suggestion, not declaration; a photograph half-buried in a drawer that still smells faintly of liniment and rain. He does not pull anything out. He does not need to. The hint is

enough. The secret remains his.

Gunnar Van Patton: "Ah reckon, if this is gonna be my last battle, Ah'm goin' out the same way Ah came in."

Team Hakuryu vs Team GVP

Match

The previous match has cleared the ring. The crew works fast — ropes tightened, canvas wiped down, the timekeeper's area restocked — but the arena has not settled and it is not going to settle. Not tonight. Not before this. The noise in the building right now is not the noise of a crowd warming up for what comes next. It is the noise of people who have been building toward this specific moment for three weeks and do not know yet whether what they are about to witness will break their hearts or break something else entirely. The charge in the air is the kind that comes before a storm, and everyone inside this building can feel the pressure dropping.

The arena goes dark without warning. Not a fade. A cut — as if someone pulled the plug on the entire building at once. The crowd noise swallows itself into silence. One full beat of complete blackness and not a sound anywhere.

Then, from somewhere deep in the speakers:

"ARE YOU SCARED?"

The voice hangs in the blackness long enough for every person in the arena to register what they are hearing. Two seconds. Three. And then the opening riff of American Badass by Kid Rock detonates through the building like something dropped from a very great height.

The crowd comes apart.

Not in the way a crowd reacts to a good entrance. In the way a crowd reacts to something they were not expecting — the shock of recognition landing before the nostalgia does, the sound triggering something older than the night's storyline. This is not Boots and Blood. This is not the Lycan's theme. This is something from before the eye patch, before the road, before the wars that carved who Van Patton became out of who he used to be. The people in this building who know their history are already on their feet before the curtain moves.

Gunnar Van Patton steps through the curtain.

He does not look like himself. He looks like who he used to be.

Gone are the military fatigues and the weathered tactical gear of the nomadic mercenary. He is wearing black trunks with gold and silver trim — the Army Black Knights logo on the back, GVP on the front in the same scheme. Matching kneepads, boots, gloves, elbow pads, all of it carrying the gold and silver color pattern throughout. On his right knee pad is a gold target design with a silver outline, shaped like the view through a rifle scope. Over the ring gear he wears a tactical vest — not the battle-worn thing of recent months but something precise and intentional, ceremonial in the specific way a soldier's dress uniform is ceremonial, a piece of armor from an earlier chapter of this man's life that he went back and found and chose to wear one more time.

His face has paint. Black, gold, and silver in the style of a 90s surfer Sting — clean angular lines framing his eyes, matching the attire exactly. His eye patch is gone. In its place is a silver false eye with a gold iris that catches every light in the building as he turns to face the crowd and every person in the arena gets to see the complete picture of what he decided to bring into this building tonight.

The noise doubles.

Mark Bravo: "John. JOHN. Is that — that is American Badass! That is KID ROCK! That is not Gunnar Van Patton's entrance music — that is the song he came into this business WITH!"

John Phillips: "That is correct. That is not the Lycan's theme. That is not Boots and Blood. That is the very first

entrance music Gunnar Van Patton ever had in professional wrestling, and that attire — that face paint, that false eye — Mark, he went back to the beginning tonight. He said earlier if this is his last match, he is going out as the man he was on day one. I am looking at that man right now."

Mark Bravo: "I had a whole prepared broadcast voice ready for tonight and it is absolutely gone. I am not emotionally prepared for what is happening on that stage right now."

Van Patton stands at the edge of the stage, both arms at his sides, chin up, absorbing the sound of the crowd coming at him in waves. He does not rush. The gold iris of the false eye catches the arena lights. He stands in the noise the way a man stands in the rain when he has decided he is not going to run from it anymore. Then Theron Tkachuk follows through the curtain — hooded jungle camo military jacket, wolf-jaw gaiter mask, a silhouette cut from tundra and violence. He stops one step behind and to Van Patton's right and the two men stand side by side at the top of the ramp, looking down at the ring below them without a word between them, because nothing needs to be said.

They descend. No delay. Van Patton strips the tactical vest at ringside and launches it into the crowd without looking where it lands. He rolls under the bottom rope and comes up and turns to face the opposite entrance and stands there. Tkachuk follows, pulling back his hood and stripping the gaiter mask, folding the mask with quiet precision and draping it over the corner post, then shedding the military jacket. His frame fills the ring the way a weather system fills a valley. Two men. Two corners. No third partner. Van Patton and Tkachuk stand in the center of the ring and wait.

John Phillips: "Gunnar Van Patton and Theron Tkachuk are in that ring and they came down alone. No mystery partner. If there is one, they are not here yet. It is two against three until further notice."

Mark Bravo: "Two against three, John. I hope Van Patton's plan accounts for arithmetic."

White smoke floods the stage. The lights cut. A gong strikes in the darkness. Once. Twice. Three times. And then Avril Selene Kinkade steps out first.

She moves with her usual precision, but the context changes what it means tonight. She is not here to manage a moment. She is here to announce that everything has already been decided. Flanking her are Kimo and Keanu Fatu — massive, bald, hooded, their tapa-patterned tactical cloaks and tribal tattoos making them look like twin monuments come to life in the single white spotlight. Behind them: Hakuryu, fully robed in white pilgrimage garments, the takuhatsugasa hat obscuring his face completely, the shakujo staff in his right hand, Sinja one step at his shoulder with the WrestleZone Championship folded over his arm. All five stop at the top of the ramp.

Avril holds up one hand. The arena quiets.

Avril Selene Kinkade: "The terms of this evening's contest have been modified by UTA management, effective immediately. The record shows that your opponent has a documented history of manipulating the rules of competition to his advantage. Therefore, by order of UTA General Manager Scott Stevens, this match will be contested under the following conditions: there are no disqualifications, there are no countouts, and this match will be fought under tornado rules — all six competitors are legal at all times. There is no referee stoppage for blood. This match ends only by pinfall or submission. You are welcome."

She folds the document into her blazer and holds Van Patton's gaze from the top of the ramp. Van Patton stares back from the ring. Lothario is still nowhere in sight. It is two against five and the rules have just been stripped from the building in front of everyone.

John Phillips: "Tornado rules. No disqualifications, no countouts. All six competitors are legal at all times and this match does not stop until someone is pinned or submits. Van Patton and Tkachuk are standing in that ring right now without a third partner and Avril Selene Kinkade just told them the floor has been removed."

Mark Bravo: "She cited Van Patton abusing the rules as justification, John, and I am not going to pretend that doesn't

have some basis in fact — but the timing of that announcement, with Van Patton standing down there without a partner, is not a coincidence. That is Avril Selene Kinkade doing precisely what Avril Selene Kinkade does."

Maui Hawaiian Suppa Man rolls through the speakers and the red glow floods the stage. Kimo and Keanu strip their hoods in unison and begin walking — not toward the ring together with Hakuryu, but down the ramp, ahead of the group, toward Van Patton and Tkachuk specifically. They do not take their eyes off the ring for a single step.

Hakuryu does not move. Sinja does not move. Avril does not move. They remain at the top of the ramp. Hakuryu removes his takuhatsugasa hat and hands it to Sinja without looking at him, his face fully visible for the first time — cold, unreadable, the expression of a man who has already written the ending and is simply here to watch it be confirmed. He surveys the ring below with the detached patience of a person for whom outcomes have already been decided.

The Fatu twins reach the base of the ramp. The crowd understands before the bell what is coming.

John Phillips: "The Fatu twins are heading directly for that ring and Hakuryu is staying at the top of the ramp. Van Patton and Tkachuk are going to have to go through Kimo and Keanu Fatu before they get anywhere near the WrestleZone Champion."

Mark Bravo: "Think about that architecture, John. Hakuryu is the final boss. The Fatu twins are the level you survive before you get to him. And Van Patton has no third partner."

The Fatu twins reach ringside. The referee looks at both sides. The bell rings.

Van Patton and Tkachuk do not wait to be cornered. They drop to the floor simultaneously — choosing the ground and the moment on their own terms rather than being rushed in the ring. Van Patton goes directly for Kimo. Tkachuk goes directly for Keanu. The pairings are immediate and the crowd understands exactly what it is watching.

Kimo leads with pure mass, looking to smother Van Patton and end the exchange quickly. Van Patton does not oblige. He uses his feet — circling, maintaining distance, making Kimo chase him along the barricade — and fires a sharp PK kick into Kimo's thigh the instant the bigger man commits his weight forward. Then a second kick, to the same leg. Then a stiff Japanese strong-style forearm to the jaw that snaps Kimo's head back and puts him on his heels. Van Patton is not trying to match Kimo's power. He is neutralizing it, using the ringside floor like a ring canvas, creating distance and closing it with the precision of a man who has spent years in Japanese dojos learning exactly how to fight someone who outweighs him by a hundred and twenty pounds. He drives a running knee into Kimo's midsection against the barricade and Kimo doubles over. Van Patton grabs the back of Kimo's head and drives him face-first into the ring apron. The sound carries through the arena. Kimo stumbles. Van Patton measures the distance and fires the Ong Bak Knees of Death — the running double knee to the chest — that sends Kimo stumbling sideways along the barricade.

John Phillips: "Van Patton is giving Kimo Fatu absolutely nothing to grab onto. He is using lateral movement, precise striking, and Japanese strong-style ring IQ to neutralize three hundred and eighty-five pounds of mass — and right now he is winning this exchange cleanly."

Mark Bravo: "This is how you fight a man who outweighs you by a hundred and twenty pounds, John. You move. You hit and you move. You do not let him hug you."

Twenty feet along the barricade, Theron Tkachuk is making an equally unambiguous statement. Keanu Fatu's precision striking — the hitman timing, the superkicks, the sharp elbows — all of it lands cleanly and none of it puts Tkachuk down. Keanu circles and adjusts, looking for a different entry point. Tkachuk absorbs a superkick flush to the chest, takes a half-step back, and stares at Keanu with the specific expression of a man who has decided the conversation is over. He catches Keanu charging and drives a headbutt into the bridge of Keanu's nose that staggers him sideways. He walks Keanu toward the announce table and puts him face-first into the edge of it. The table

shudders. Tkachuk hauls him back up and does it a second time, harder. Keanu's legs wobble. Tkachuk releases him and lets him fall to the floor.

Mark Bravo: "Keanu Fatu has the fastest superkick in this company and Theron Tkachuk just stood there and absorbed it and headbutted him into the announce table. Twice. I am very glad I am not Keanu Fatu right now."

John Phillips: "Tkachuk is 6'6\", 292 pounds, and he communicates exclusively in American Sign Language and in violence. Keanu Fatu is getting a full vocabulary lesson at ringside."

Keanu needs help. He is not getting it from the direction Van Patton and Kimo are fighting.

From the top of the ramp, Hakuryu reads the situation in full. Van Patton has Kimo pressed against the ring apron and is hammering him with forearms, Kimo losing ground with every exchange. Keanu, across the floor, has been face-first into the announce table twice and is on one knee. Both Fatu twins are losing their individual fights. Left alone, they will both be finished inside the next sixty seconds.

Hakuryu hands his shakujo to Sinja. He walks down the ramp.

He does not go to help Keanu. He does not go to help Kimo. He goes around the ring, coming at Van Patton from the blind side — from the direction Van Patton cannot see while he is working Kimo against the apron. Van Patton winds up to finish Kimo. Hakuryu delivers a stiff tornado kick to the back of Van Patton's head. Van Patton drops like the floor reached up.

The crowd erupts in outrage.

John Phillips: "HAKURYU! He waited at the top of that ramp until the exact moment Van Patton was about to finish Kimo and came down and blind-sided him from behind! He did not go to help his teammates — he went to take Van Patton off the board while Van Patton's back was turned!"

Mark Bravo: "That is the chess move, John. You do not save the pawns. You take the king off the board. Van Patton was winning that fight clean and Hakuryu could not let it finish. That is the single most important moment in this match so far."

With Van Patton down, Kimo straightens and moves in over Van Patton. Hakuryu turns and gives a single nod toward Keanu's direction. Kimo reads it without a word and peels away toward his brother, going to change the math on Tkachuk. The reorganization is immediate: Kimo and Keanu now on Tkachuk together along the barricade, Hakuryu alone with a grounded Van Patton. Hakuryu picks Van Patton up off the floor by the back of the neck and rolls him into the ring. He follows.

John Phillips: "Hakuryu has reorganized the entire structure of this fight with one blind-side kick. The twins are double-teaming Tkachuk and Hakuryu has Van Patton all to himself. This is exactly what he wanted when he walked down that ramp."

Mark Bravo: "Two on one for Tkachuk and one on one for Van Patton against the WrestleZone Champion. The math just got very ugly for both of them."

Along the barricade, the Fatu twins converge on Tkachuk. The initial advantage Tkachuk had in his individual fight with Keanu evaporates the moment Kimo arrives. Kimo wraps both arms around Tkachuk from behind in a full waist-lock and drives him backward into the barricade. Tkachuk takes the barricade across his lower back and arches away from it. Keanu drives the Samoan Spike — the brutal thumb to the throat — into Tkachuk's windpipe from the front. Tkachuk drops to one knee, clutching his throat. Kimo hauls him back up by the hair, turns him, and drives the Samoan Drop on the bare arena floor — three hundred and eighty-five pounds dropping two hundred and ninety-two pounds onto concrete with nothing underneath either of them. The impact is enormous. The surrounding area rings with it.

Mark Bravo: "SAMOAN DROP ON THE FLOOR! Kimo Fatu just put Theron Tkachuk on the concrete! That is not a wrestling move anymore, that is a car accident!"

John Phillips: "No disqualifications! No countouts! The twins can take this fight anywhere in this building and there is nothing the referee can do about any of it!"

In the ring, Hakuryu goes to work on Van Patton with the methodical, meditative cruelty that defines his entire championship reign. A brief prayer before each sequence — the crowd jeers every prayer — and then offense that is stiff and precise and designed to injure rather than impress. The handspring back elbow in the corner fires Van Patton's head into the turnbuckle. He prays. The Praying Rope Walk Chop lands across Van Patton's chest with a crack that fills the arena. He prays again. The Koya Otoshi — the praying crucifix powerbomb — lifts Van Patton and drives him neck-first into the canvas with the full weight of the champion's intent behind it. Van Patton's body bounces on impact. Hakuryu kneels beside him, performs a prayer, and covers. Van Patton kicks out at two. Hakuryu rises and steps back without any visible frustration. He performs another prayer.

John Phillips: "Hakuryu working at his own tempo in that ring with no one to interrupt him. He has Van Patton exactly where he wants him and he is dismantling him piece by piece with that slow, surgical offense."

Mark Bravo: "The prayer before every move, John. The prayer after the cover. The prayer when the opponent kicks out. That ritual is not performance — that is Hakuryu's breathing, his heart rate, his focus. He enters every exchange at the same physiological state regardless of what just happened. It is a weapon."

Along the barricade and into the crowd, Tkachuk and the Fatu twins are dismantling the ringside area. Tkachuk has recovered from the floor Samoan Drop well enough to fight back — he drives an elbow into Keanu's face that snaps Keanu's head sideways, then grabs a steel chair and drives it across Kimo's back twice in succession. Kimo absorbs both and comes back with a headbutt that opens a cut above Tkachuk's eye. Blood runs immediately down the side of Tkachuk's face. Tkachuk does not touch the cut. He drives the chair across Kimo's back a third time, drops it, grabs Kimo by the back of the head with both hands and runs him face-first into the ring post. The post rings. Kimo bounces off it. Tkachuk catches him coming off and hurls him over the barricade into the crowd seating area. Chairs scatter. Fans scatter. Kimo crashes into two rows of folded seats and takes them all down with him. Tkachuk vaults the barricade and follows him in.

Mark Bravo: "Tkachuk just threw Kimo Fatu into the crowd and he is going in after him! Those fans made a very smart decision to move!"

John Phillips: "And Keanu is still at ringside — Keanu, where did Lothario go — "

Keanu turns around at ringside and Lindsey Lothario is already there.

Born This Way — the Leo Moracchioli metal cover — is still playing through the speakers from wherever it started, but nobody noticed when it started because the brawl had every eye. Lothario came down while chaos had the building's attention. Red and black ring gear. United States Championship left in the back. The cold, rebuilt face that has nothing of Troy Lindz left in it. They are at ringside and Keanu Fatu is turning directly into them.

At the top of the ramp, Avril Selene Kinkade goes rigid. Something behind her eyes breaks down — not panic, because Avril Selene Kinkade does not panic, but a calculation encountering a variable it did not account for. Her composure does not break but the certainty behind it does, and for one moment everyone watching her face can see exactly what it costs her to reassemble it.

John Phillips: "IT IS LINDSEY LOTHARIO! The mystery partner is LINDSEY LOTHARIO and they are already at ringside — they came down during the chaos!"

Mark Bravo: "LOOK AT AVRIL'S FACE, JOHN! She did not see this coming! That is not in her architecture! Lindsey

Lothario is in this match and Avril Selene Kinkade is FURIOUS!"

John Phillips: "Mark — the history here. Van Patton put Lindsey Lothario on the mat with the Fist of Defiance and knocked everything Troy Lindz was out of that body. The Creed Method, the cold precision, the United States Championship — it all started with one punch from the man who is lying on the canvas in that ring right now. Van Patton rebuilt Lothario with one hit and now Lothario is here to pay it back!"

Mark Bravo: "I have been in broadcasting for years and I have never seen a mystery partner reveal that lands like THIS one. Van Patton called the person whose entire new identity he accidentally created. That is either the most brilliant thing I have ever seen or the most insane and I genuinely cannot decide which!"

Lothario does not give Keanu a moment to process what is happening. A running Muay Thai elbow catches him flush across the jaw before Keanu can set his feet. Lothario follows with the Standing Ovation — the spinning wheel kick — that sends Keanu crashing back-first into the barricade so hard the metal section collapses entirely. Keanu goes down in the wreckage of it. Lothario grabs a steel chair from the timekeeper's area and drives it across Keanu's back, then a second shot, then hauls Keanu up and sends him face-first into the ring steps. The steps fly apart on impact. Keanu lands in the scattered steel.

In the crowd, Tkachuk has found Kimo among the overturned chairs and is not being subtle about what he intends. He picks Kimo up off the floor, drives him backward into the concrete arena wall, and drives his forearm across Kimo's face repeatedly — short, brutal shots with no setup and no pause, the kind of violence that does not belong in a wrestling match and belongs exactly in this one. Kimo fires a headbutt back that staggers Tkachuk two steps. Tkachuk grabs a folding chair off the floor and swings it like an axe. The chair connects across Kimo's shoulder. Kimo roars. He grabs the chair away from Tkachuk and smashes it across Tkachuk's ribs. Tkachuk bends sideways from the shot. Kimo swings the chair again, catching Tkachuk across the back. They are in the middle of the crowd section now, surrounded by fans who have evacuated to a sensible distance, tearing through everything around them — chairs, barriers, anything within reach — with the methodical fury of two men who have absolutely no intention of stopping.

Mark Bravo: "Kimo and Tkachuk are destroying the crowd section, John! They are using steel chairs on each other in the middle of the audience! This is a war in the stands and it is getting worse by the second!"

John Phillips: "And Lothario has scattered Keanu Fatu all over the ringside area! For the first time in this match Van Patton's team has the numbers advantage and the Fatu twins are in serious trouble on both sides of this building!"

In the ring, Van Patton uses the shift in the match's momentum — he can feel it even on his back — to fight back against Hakuryu. He drives a sudden PK kick to Hakuryu's spine that staggers the champion forward, catches him on the turn with a Muay Thai elbow that snaps Hakuryu's head sideways, and chains a German suplex, holds the grip, second German, releases and rolls through immediately to the ankle. Dragon screw leg whip. Second. Third, each one targeting the back of Hakuryu's knee with the accumulated torque of repeated application. Hakuryu reaches the ropes. Van Patton wipes blood from his chin — the eye cut that opened from Hakuryu's blind-side tornado kick runs freely and has been running since — and stares at the champion across the ring.

John Phillips: "Van Patton going to that ankle again. He has been attacking that leg every time he gets the opportunity. The tornado kick, the superkick, the Praying Rope Walk — Hakuryu's entire offensive system starts with that foundation. Van Patton is trying to take the weapons away before they can be used."

Mark Bravo: "And Van Patton is bleeding from the moment Hakuryu blind-sided him, John. That cut has been running this entire match and there is no stoppage for blood tonight. Avril made sure of that."

Hakuryu fires back when he finds the opening — the tornado kick to the side of Van Patton's jaw that drops him, the handspring back elbow in the corner, the second Praying Rope Walk Chop that leaves a red welt across Van Patton's chest. Van Patton answers with a roundhouse kick to Hakuryu's chest that the entire arena hears as one sound. Back

and forth, neither man relenting, each exchange harder than the last. In a match with this much noise happening in every direction, these two in the ring are where every eye wants to land.

On the arena floor, Keanu has dragged himself out of the ring steps wreckage and come back at Lothario with a full-speed lariat that Lothario ducks, spinning and catching Keanu with a knee to the midsection on the turn. Lothario drives Keanu into the barricade with a shoulder, then grabs a section of barricade padding and rams the edge of it into Keanu's throat. Keanu doubles over clutching his windpipe. Lothario drives the padding down across Keanu's back. Then grabs another chair and drives it across his spine. Then hauls Keanu up by the back of the head and runs him full-speed into the ring post. Keanu hits the post and slides down it slowly and sits at its base, not moving quickly. Lothario stands over him, adjusts their guard, and waits to see if he gets back up. He does. Lothario drives a Muay Thai knee into his face the moment his head comes up. Keanu goes back down.

Mark Bravo: "Lothario is absolutely dismantling Keanu Fatu at ringside! Keanu has not been able to get a sustained offensive sequence going since Lothario showed up! The Creed Method is doing exactly what it was built to do!"

John Phillips: "The cold precision of Lindsey Lothario on display. No wasted movement. No emotion. Every strike has a purpose and the purpose is damage."

In the crowd, the war between Tkachuk and Kimo has traveled deeper into the arena. They are fighting through rows of seats, knocking over everything between them, trading steel chair shots and headbutts and forearms with the specific energy of two people who have decided they do not care what happens to themselves as long as something happens to the other person. Kimo drives Tkachuk's head into a concrete support pillar at the edge of the crowd section. Tkachuk's face opens further. Tkachuk grabs Kimo and runs him through a row of folding chairs that scatter in every direction. Kimo comes up with a chair and swings it into Tkachuk's ribs. Tkachuk catches the chair on the swing, tears it out of Kimo's hands, and drives the seat of it directly into Kimo's face. Kimo staggers backward over an entire row of seats and goes down. Tkachuk throws the chair at him on the way down. It lands. Tkachuk stands in the wreckage of the crowd section breathing hard, blood covering the right side of his face, and looks at Kimo on the floor.

John Phillips: "Tkachuk and Kimo have completely demolished an entire section of this arena! They are nowhere near that ring and they are not going to be near it anytime soon — this is its own war happening inside the larger war!"

Mark Bravo: "I want everyone watching at home to understand that there are four people in this match whose only job tonight is to destroy each other. Tkachuk, Lothario, Kimo, Keanu — none of them are going for pins. They are just wrecking this building. The only thing that ends this match is what happens between Van Patton and Hakuryu in that ring."

In the ring, the fight between Van Patton and Hakuryu reaches sustained intensity. Hakuryu applies the Kasu obu Doragon — the Camel Clutch — in the center of the ring, wrenching Van Patton's neck backward. Van Patton does not tap. He claws the canvas with his fingertips and begins the grinding crawl toward the ropes — inch by inch, the blood tracking from his face to the canvas in a line as he moves. The crowd counts every inch. He reaches the rope. Hakuryu holds the hold for a full four count before releasing on his own schedule. Not because he has to. Because he chooses to. This match has no mandatory rope breaks.

John Phillips: "Hakuryu released that Camel Clutch because he wanted to, not because he had to. There are no mandatory rope breaks tonight. He is making the point that Van Patton's escape means nothing here."

Mark Bravo: "Every inch of that crawl cost Van Patton something, John. And Hakuryu is just standing there watching him spend it."

Van Patton fires back off the rope break — PK kick to Hakuryu's spine, the Ong Bak Knees of Death, a German suplex, second German, dragon screw leg whip repeated three times to the same knee. Hakuryu answers with the tornado kick to the jaw, the Praying Rope Walk Chop, the Koya Otoshi a second time. Van Patton is driven neck-first

into the canvas again. Hakuryu covers. Two and a half. Van Patton kicks out at two and a half. The crowd erupts. Hakuryu rises and performs a prayer, and this time the cadence of the prayer is slightly different from every prayer before it — slightly faster, something in it that did not used to be there. Sinja watches it from the floor and registers the change.

John Phillips: "The Koya Otoshi for the second time and Van Patton kicks out at two and a half. He has now survived the crucifix powerbomb twice and the Camel Clutch twice and Hakuryu has not been able to finish him."

Mark Bravo: "Did you notice that prayer, John? The one just now? It was faster than the others. Something changed in that prayer. Sinja noticed it. I noticed it. Hakuryu is not panicking — Hakuryu does not panic — but something in his rhythm just shifted."

Outside the ring, Lothario has Keanu against the ring apron and is working the Muay Thai clinch — knee after knee to the body, each one landing in the same spot on Keanu's ribs, building damage with the mechanical repetition of a craftsman at work. Keanu fires an elbow to break the clinch and stumbles away along the apron. Lothario pursues, catches him by the back of the head, and drives him face-first into the ring steps — the assembled ones, the only set still together after what Tkachuk already did to the other half. The steps hold. Keanu bounces off them. Lothario drives the knee into his back against the steps, pinning him there. Then hauls him upright and drives him shoulder-first into the ring post. Keanu goes down at the base of the post clutching his shoulder. Lothario drags him up by the wrist and whips him hard into the barricade. Then picks up a steel chair and drives it down across Keanu's back while he is draped over the barricade. The shot echoes. A second shot. Keanu folds over the barricade and does not come off it quickly.

In the crowd, Kimo has risen from the demolished seat section and found Tkachuk, and the two of them have resumed trading in a way that seems less like a wrestling match with each passing minute and more like something that belongs on a surveillance camera in a parking lot somewhere. Kimo grabs a full row of connected folding seats off the floor — the entire row still bolted together — and swings it at Tkachuk like a weapon. Tkachuk throws himself sideways and the seats miss him by inches, crashing into the concrete wall. Tkachuk comes back up, grabs Kimo by the ear, and drives a knee into his midsection four times in rapid succession. Kimo wheezes. Tkachuk grabs both of Kimo's wrists, turns him around, and drives him backward into the concrete wall hard enough that pieces of the wall's facing crack and fall. Kimo slides down the wall to the floor. Tkachuk stands over him, chest heaving, blood covering one entire side of his face, and picks up the metal chair row off the floor where Kimo dropped it. He brings it down across Kimo's back. The entire connected row deforms on impact. Kimo goes flat.

Mark Bravo: "Tkachuk just hit Kimo Fatu with an ENTIRE ROW OF CONNECTED SEATS! John, I have been doing this for twenty years and I have never seen anything like what Theron Tkachuk is doing to Kimo Fatu in that crowd section right now!"

John Phillips: "This is what no disqualifications, no countouts means in practice when you have people of this physical caliber in the same building. Everything is a weapon. Everything."

In the ring, Van Patton has built enough momentum to string together the most dangerous offensive sequence of his night. A spinning solebutt staggers Hakuryu. A curb stomp drives Hakuryu face-first into the canvas. Then the Ghostface Killer — the 720-degree corkscrew forearm to the back of Hakuryu's fallen head — connecting with full rotation and dropping the champion in a heap. Van Patton chains the tiger suplex immediately, driving Hakuryu's neck into the mat with a sharp crack that carries through the arena. He covers. One. Two. Hakuryu out at two. Van Patton is already on his feet and heading for the top rope. The crowd rises with him. He rarely goes up there and the building reacts to the sight of it with noise that builds into a wall by the time he leaves the rope. The Nightwatch — the 360-degree frog splash — connects clean. He covers. One. Two. Two and a half. Hakuryu kicks out at two and a half. The crowd collapses into the specific anguish of something almost happening. Van Patton sits back and looks at the

referee's two fingers. His expression is not frustration. It is a man recalibrating.

John Phillips: "THE NIGHTWATCH CONNECTS AND IT IS STILL TWO AND A HALF! The Ghostface Killer, the tiger suplex, the Nightwatch — Hakuryu kicks out of all three in sequence!"

Mark Bravo: "Because Hakuryu has never been finished in this company, John. He does not believe he can be. Van Patton is doing things to him tonight that nobody else has managed and Hakuryu is surviving on the strength of that belief alone."

Van Patton hauls Hakuryu up and loads the Go 2 Sleep — Hakuryu up onto his shoulders in the fireman's carry, the GTS sequence set, and the crowd is fully on its feet because they know what comes after this when Van Patton executes it clean. He has Hakuryu up. He is one movement away.

Avril Selene Kinkade walks down from the top of the ramp toward ringside.

Slow. Measured. She positions herself exactly where Van Patton will see her when he glances outward. Their eyes meet for less than a second — a reflex, because this woman has been the reason things have gone wrong for Van Patton for months and the sight of her moving draws the eye the way all dangerous things draw the eye when they are in motion.

Hakuryu slips off Van Patton's shoulders.

Mark Bravo: "SHE DIDN'T TOUCH ANYBODY! She took three steps down the ramp and Van Patton's eyes moved for half a second and Hakuryu is free! Three steps and a look and the GTS is gone!"

John Phillips: "That is not an accident, Mark. Avril Selene Kinkade has been the instrument of Van Patton's worst moments in this company for months. She has trained him to respond to her the way a person responds to sudden danger. She conditioned that reflex in him deliberately and she used it tonight at the exact right moment."

From the opposite side of the ring — from within the crowd itself, from a section nobody has been watching because every eye was on Avril — UTA General Manager Scott Stevens materializes. Street clothes. He has been in that section since the doors opened tonight, sitting among the paying fans, waiting. He rolls under the bottom rope and into the ring before anyone on Van Patton's side registers what is happening.

Van Patton turns toward him.

Stevens does not allow time for processing. He runs. He throws THE FIST — Scott Stevens' own Superman punch, the move Van Patton has been using to mock his General Manager for months, borrowing it and throwing it in people's faces as a recurring insult directed at the man it belongs to — and it lands flush on Van Patton's jaw with everything Scott Stevens has been saving for exactly this moment. Van Patton's own weapon. Delivered by the man it belongs to. Returned to sender with the full weight of every single disrespect it was used to deliver. Van Patton drops straight down. Stevens rolls under the bottom rope without a word and backs away through the crowd. Hakuryu drops and hooks the leg.

ONE.

TWO.

VAN PATTON KICKS OUT.

The building comes apart. The referee holds up two fingers and the arena receives that information as something physical — a shockwave through the structure, chairs banging, people on their feet, the noise rattling things on the commentary desk.

John Phillips: "SCOTT STEVENS WAS IN THAT CROWD! He came out of the audience and hit Van Patton with THE FIST — his own move, the move Van Patton has been throwing in his face for MONTHS — and Van Patton KICKED

OUT! TWO! ONLY TWO!"

Mark Bravo: "VAN PATTON KICKED OUT! I CANNOT BELIEVE WHAT I AM WATCHING! THE GENERAL MANAGER OF THIS COMPANY HID IN THE CROWD AND USED VAN PATTON'S OWN SIGNATURE MOVE ON HIM AND HE KICKED OUT!"

John Phillips: "Scott Stevens is the kayfabe half-brother of the Fatu twins on their mother's side! He has been aligned with Hakuryu and Avril from the very beginning and they placed him in that crowd tonight as the last piece of this architecture! The entire match was built to arrive at this moment and Gunnar Van Patton still kicked out!"

Mark Bravo: "Van Patton walked in here tonight knowing all of it, John. He knew the retirement clause. He knew the twins. He knew Stevens runs this company. He knew Avril wrote every word of the contract. He put on the gear from day one of his career and he came out here anyway. And he just kicked out of his own General Manager hitting him with his own move."

Stevens stands at ringside beside Avril. She claps. Three slow, measured claps — not theatrical, not for the crowd, simply the confirmation of a person whose calculation has arrived at its next step. She does not smile. Stevens smirks. He laughs — low, satisfied, the specific sound of a man who has been waiting months to deliver something and has just delivered it — and the two of them stand together at ringside in the specific comfort of people who have always been certain about how this ends.

The near-fall destabilizes everything. Keanu, who has been fighting Lothario at ringside, hears the crowd reaction and immediately redirects — launching himself at Lothario before Lothario can reach the ring, driving them into the remnants of the collapsed barricade section. Kimo surges back to his feet in the crowd and charges toward Tkachuk, absorbing a chair shot on the way in, and drives Tkachuk over the barricade and back to the arena floor with his full mass behind a running tackle. All four of them are down somewhere in the ringside area and none of them are getting up quickly. The referee looks at the chaos outside and looks back at the ring.

Van Patton is alone.

Tkachuk cannot reach him. Lothario cannot reach him. No one is coming.

John Phillips: "The Fatu twins have cleared the floor. Tkachuk is down at ringside. Lothario is buried in that collapsed barricade section. Van Patton is completely alone in that ring. There is nobody left."

Mark Bravo: "Nobody, John. There is nobody."

Hakuryu is on his feet. He stands over Van Patton and looks at him — bleeding, barely moving, the gold and silver face paint entirely gone beneath the red that has been running since early in the match — and something crosses his face. Not satisfaction. Not contempt. Something that is colder than either of those things and requires more stillness to hold. He turns to Sinja on the floor. Sinja reaches beneath his white robes and produces a bokken — a hardwood practice sword, solid oak, dense and heavy — and slides it under the bottom rope.

Hakuryu picks it up. He holds it in both hands for a moment. Then he performs a prayer.

John Phillips: "Sinja has slid a bokken into the ring. A hardwood practice sword. And this match is no disqualifications. There is not a rule in existence that prevents Hakuryu from using it. There is not a single person who can get into that ring to stop it."

Mark Bravo: "Avril Selene Kinkade put no disqualifications in that contract months ago knowing this moment could come. Every word of that document was written to make sure nothing could stop this."

Hakuryu drives the bokken across Van Patton's back with both hands. The crack is sharp and immediate and the crowd recoils from the sound before it has fully registered. Van Patton goes flat to the mat.

Then he starts getting up.

Hakuryu watches it happening without moving toward him. He watches Van Patton's right hand find the canvas. Then his left. Pushing to his hands and knees with the effort of a man lifting a building off his back, blood running through what is left of the gold and silver paint, arms shaking. He gets to one knee. Hakuryu performs a prayer — longer than any of the ones before it, more words, a different texture to it — and raises the bokken and drives it across Van Patton's back a second time.

Van Patton goes down.

Van Patton gets back up.

The crowd is on its feet and making the sound that lives at the precise intersection of horror and wonder, the sound that comes out of people when something happens in front of them that they do not have a framework for and cannot stop watching.

John Phillips: "He is getting up again."

Mark Bravo: "Don't. Don't get up. Please don't get up."

Hakuryu does not perform a prayer before the third strike. He raises the bokken and drives it down across Van Patton's shoulders with full weight. Van Patton goes down and stays for two full seconds before the hands find the canvas. Hakuryu strikes across the ribs from the side. He grabs Van Patton by the back of the neck and drives him face-first into the canvas. He strikes him across the spine from above. He plants his foot between Van Patton's shoulder blades and drives the bokken down across the lower back twice in succession with no prayer between them. Seven strikes. Van Patton is on his hands and knees with his head hanging between his arms and blood pooling on the canvas beneath his face.

Van Patton begins getting up.

Hakuryu screams.

Not Japanese. Not a translated line. Not a prayer. A sound from somewhere beneath every layer of persona and composure and meditative architecture that Hakuryu has constructed around himself — raw, structural, the sound of a man confronting something genuinely outside his system. A person who will not stay down. A variable he has no prayer for. Sinja physically flinches at ringside. The crowd goes completely silent for one full second because the sound coming from the WrestleZone Champion is wrong in a specific and terrible way, and the silence of the crowd in that second is the loudest thing in the building.

John Phillips: "Hakuryu just screamed. Not in Japanese. Not a statement for the crowd. He just — he screamed. I have never heard that from him in this entire championship reign. Not once."

Mark Bravo: "Because Van Patton will not stay down, John. Hakuryu has a prayer for everything. He has a ritual for every outcome. He does not have a prayer for a man who keeps standing up. And it is breaking him apart."

Hakuryu drives the bokken down across Van Patton's back an eighth time with both hands, pouring everything into the strike. Van Patton hits the mat. He pushes back up. Hakuryu grabs him by the back of the head and drives him face-first into the canvas. Strikes the bokken across his ribs from the side. Pulls him up by the collar and drives him back down with a forearm across the neck. Then raises the bokken and brings it down across Van Patton's upper back and shoulder harder than any of the previous eight strikes — the fury that has been locked behind every prayer in this match coming out all at once in one blow that lands with a force that sounds like something final and irrevocable.

The bokken snaps in two.

The sound of it splitting is different from every other sound in this match. Sharper. More complete. More conclusive.

The broken half spins away across the canvas and comes to rest near the corner. Hakuryu is left holding a splintered stub of hardwood. And Van Patton, hit by the hardest strike of the entire sequence, does not get up this time. He folds — the knees first, then the rest of him following, crumpling forward along the ropes until he is a heap at the bottom of them, one arm draped over the bottom rope, face turned toward the canvas, the blood that has been running all match pooling beneath his cheek.

The building goes silent. Completely, absolutely, entirely silent for two full seconds.

Then the noise comes back. Not celebration. Not horror. Something that contains both and is neither.

Hakuryu stands over him still holding the broken handle. He looks at it in his hand. He looks at Van Patton. He looks at the broken handle again. He drops it. It clatters to the mat beside Van Patton's face.

John Phillips: "The bokken broke. The hardwood practice sword broke across Gunnar Van Patton's back and Van Patton is down."

Mark Bravo: "He got up every single time, John. Every strike, every submission, every powerbomb, every Fist of Defiance from his own General Manager — he got up every time. And Hakuryu had to break the weapon before Van Patton stopped getting up. The weapon broke before Van Patton did."

Hakuryu kneels beside Van Patton. The broken pieces of the bokken lie scattered on the canvas around them. He reaches down and picks up the larger section — the main piece, jagged at the break, a foot and a half of splintered hardwood intact at the base with a sharp ragged edge where the wood gave way. He seats himself across Van Patton's back in the Kasu obu Doragon — the Camel Clutch — and instead of applying the hold with both hands under the chin in its traditional form, he places the broken bokken crosswise under Van Patton's jaw, pressing the splintered wood against the throat and jaw simultaneously, both hands gripping each end of the broken weapon and pulling backward with his full weight seated on Van Patton's spine. The jaw. The throat. The cervical spine. The airway. Everything under simultaneous compounding pressure.

Van Patton does not tap.

Van Patton does not move.

The referee drops beside him. He checks. He lifts Van Patton's arm. It falls. He lifts it again. It falls. He lifts it a third time and holds it, watching for any signal that the person inside the body is still present enough to continue. He holds it and the building holds its breath with him.

It falls.

The referee calls for the bell.

John Phillips: "That is it. The referee has stopped this match. Gunnar Van Patton is unconscious — he did not tap, he did not submit, he was rendered unconscious in the Kasu obu Doragon with a broken weapon pressed against his throat. He never quit. Not once in this entire match did Gunnar Van Patton quit. The bell has rung. Hakuryu wins. The retirement clause is triggered."

John Phillips stops. He sits at the commentary desk and looks at the ring and does not say anything for several seconds.

John Phillips: "Gunnar Van Patton is retired."

Mark Bravo:

Mark Bravo says nothing. He is looking at the ring.

Hakuryu releases the hold and rises from the canvas without any visible expression of triumph. He rolls his neck once

on each side. He holds one hand out and Sinja reaches beneath the bottom rope and places the WrestleZone Championship into it. Hakuryu does not raise it. He holds it at his side and stands over Van Patton and looks at the fallen man the way a person looks at something they have resolved — completely, finally, without remainder. Sinja drapes the white robes back over Hakuryu's shoulders.

Hakuryu: ??

Sinja: "This is finished. You are no longer a warrior. Do not return to this place. These are the last words you will ever receive from him."

Avril Selene Kinkade claps. Three slow, measured claps from ringside — not theatrical, not for the crowd, simply the quiet confirmation of a person whose calculation has resolved exactly as she designed. She does not smile. Scott Stevens stands beside her and smirks. He laughs — low, satisfied, the specific laugh of a man who has been waiting a very long time for something and has just watched it happen precisely as he wanted — and the two of them stand together at ringside in the specific comfort of people who were never genuinely uncertain about the outcome.

The Fatu twins return from the floor and enter the ring, flanking Hakuryu on either side — Kimo slamming his chest in tribal fury, Keanu standing with his arms crossed and cold satisfaction in his eyes. Hakuryu does not acknowledge either of them. His eyes stay on Van Patton. Hakuryu turns. He walks to the ropes, steps through, descends to the floor, and begins the walk up the ramp. Sinja behind him. The Fatu twins in formation. Avril stepping in beside Stevens. The WrestleZone Championship held at his side — not raised, not displayed, simply present. The crowd noise that follows them is the sound of a building that has watched something happen and is still working out how to hold it.

Hakuryu does not look back.

Theron Tkachuk gets into the ring first. He is limping badly, his face covered in blood from the headbutt Kimo opened in the early going, moving like a man who has used himself completely. He kneels beside Van Patton and puts one hand on his shoulder. There is no performance in it. He just kneels beside him. Lindsey Lothario climbs through the ropes and moves to the other side of Van Patton. The United States Championship is still on the corner post where they left it at the start of this match. They do not pick it up. The medical team appears at ringside. Van Patton is conscious. He opens his eyes. He tries to sit up and Tkachuk's hand on his shoulder stays steady — not pushing him down, just present. Van Patton reads it and stays on the canvas for another moment.

The crowd finds its voice. A sustained, rolling wave of applause that builds from the back of the building and spreads forward until the entire arena is inside it. It does not stop. Not for the result. Not for the winner. For the man on the canvas.

John Phillips: "Gunnar Van Patton gave everything he had in that ring tonight. Everything a human being has. He was beaten with a weapon that broke before he did. He was hit with his own signature move by his own General Manager and he kicked out. He was taken to the absolute edge of what a person can endure by the best this company has and he kept standing until he physically could not. He did not submit. He was not pinned. He was rendered unconscious. He never quit. Not once."

A long pause at the commentary desk.

John Phillips: "I have been in this business for a long time. I have called a lot of matches. I have seen a lot of endings. I will not forget what I watched Gunnar Van Patton do in that ring tonight."

Mark Bravo: "Neither will I. Neither will anyone in this building."

Van Patton pushes their hands away. Not violently. Not angrily. With the quiet, unambiguous determination of a man who has one more thing to do and intends to do it on his own terms. He stands — unsteady, concussed, carrying everything the match put on him, but vertical and on his own feet. Tkachuk moves toward him. Van Patton holds up

one hand. Tkachuk stops. The medical staff steps back.

Van Patton removes his gloves. Right glove first, slow and deliberate, pulling each finger free. Then the left. He sets them down on the mat. Not thrown. Not discarded. Set down, like something he has carried long enough and is choosing to put down rather than having it taken from him.

He walks to the ropes and steps through and drops to the floor and turns toward the entrance ramp. He does not look back at the ring. He walks toward the ramp. There is a stagger in the walk — one foot crossing wrong, his hand finding the ramp railing to catch himself — but he does not fall. He walks up the ramp alone, refusing the medical staff, refusing Tkachuk who has followed to the floor, refusing every hand. One foot and then the other, all the way up.

At the top of the ramp, he stops. He reaches into his waistband and sets both gloves down on the stage — side by side, placed carefully, as deliberate as everything else he has done tonight. He straightens. He turns to face the arena one final time.

The crowd gives him everything they have. The applause finds its full force now, rolling over him in a wave that he stands inside for a long moment with his hands at his sides and his head not down. The blood is still on his face. The silver-and-gold false eye catches the arena lights through all of it. The gear he came into this business with, immaculate at the entrance, carries the full evidence of the night. He stands in it.

Then a military salute. Chin up. Eyes forward. Clean and precise.

He turns and walks through the curtain.

The gloves remain on the stage.

The arena holds the sound for a long time after he is gone.

Mark Bravo: "He said he was going out the way he came in."

John Phillips: "He did exactly that."

The camera holds on the two gloves lying side by side on the stage. The arena is still making noise, as the scene fades to black.

Heartbreak

Segment

The camera cuts backstage inside The O2, where the noise of the crowd still bleeds through the concrete walls like distant thunder. A production assistant hurries past with a headset pressed to one ear. Somewhere down the hall, a monitor shows replays from earlier in the night, frozen for a moment on the image of Marie Van Claudio standing with The Empire.

The shot shifts.

Susanita Ybanez stands near a row of production crates, still in her gear, hair damp, breathing unevenly. Her hands are taped. Her jaw is clenched. Her eyes are red, not from tears exactly, but from the kind of anger that has nowhere clean to go.

Melissa Cartwright approaches carefully, microphone in hand, clearly aware that this is not the usual post-match interview.

Melissa Cartwright: "Susanita... earlier tonight, we all saw what happened. Marie Van Claudio revealed herself as the true leader of The Empire, and after everything you two have been through, after everything you believed—"

Susanita turns sharply toward her.

Susanita Ybanez: "Believed?"

Melissa stops.

Susanita laughs once, but there is no humor in it. She looks toward the monitor, where Marie's face is still visible, cold and composed, surrounded by power she had apparently been hiding in plain sight.

Susanita Ybanez: "That is the word, yes? Believed. I believed her. I believed when she said sisterhood. I believed when she said respect. I believed when she looked me in my face and spoke like she knew what loyalty meant."

Susanita steps closer to the monitor, staring at Marie's image like she wants to pull it out of the screen and hit it.

Susanita Ybanez: "But she did not want a sister. She wanted a soldier. She wanted someone to stand beside her while she smiled and sharpened the knife behind her back."

Melissa Cartwright: "You were visibly emotional out there. Is this anger, heartbreak, or both?"

Susanita slowly turns back toward Melissa. Her voice drops lower.

Susanita Ybanez: "Do not make it soft."

Melissa nods, giving her space.

Susanita Ybanez: "Heartbreak is when someone leaves. Betrayal is when they stay close enough to watch where it hurts. Marie did not just turn on me. She used me. She used every honest thing I gave her. Every moment I stood beside her, every time I defended her name, every time I thought we were building something real... she was building The Empire over my head."

Susanita's taped hands curl into fists.

Susanita Ybanez: "And Amy? Valkyrie? They kneel behind her like this is something powerful. Like this is something grand. No. It is cowardice with expensive lighting."

A few crew members nearby glance over, then quickly pretend not to be listening. Susanita does not care.

Melissa Cartwright: "The All or Nothing Rumble is still to come tonight. Marie is in it. Amy is in it. Valkyrie is in it. You are in it. What happens if you cross paths with them?"

Susanita looks directly into the camera now.

Susanita Ybanez: "Then I stop crying about what I lost and I start taking from them."

The crowd can be heard reacting from inside the arena as the line plays on the big screen.

Susanita Ybanez: "Marie wants to be a queen? Good. Queens can fall. Amy wants to stand beside her? Good. She can fall too. Valkyrie wants to carry The Empire on her back? Then I hope her shoulders are strong, because tonight I am putting the weight of everything they did on them."

She steps closer to Melissa, not threatening her, but unable to keep still.

Susanita Ybanez: "I came here tonight fighting for opportunity. Now I am fighting for something cleaner. I am fighting to make sure Marie Van Claudio does not get to steal the Women's Championship after stealing my trust. I am fighting to make sure The Empire does not walk out of London pretending betrayal is strength."

Melissa Cartwright: "And if that means sacrificing your own chance to win?"

Susanita pauses.

For the first time, the anger wavers just enough to show the hurt underneath. Then the anger comes back stronger.

Susanita Ybanez: "If I can win, I will win. Do not mistake me. I want that championship. I want to be the last woman standing. I want everyone to know Susanita Ybanez belongs at the top of this division."

She points toward the monitor without looking at it.

Susanita Ybanez: "But if Marie thinks she gets to step over me on her way there, she is wrong. If Amy thinks she gets to smile beside her and escape, she is wrong. If Valkyrie thinks fear makes her untouchable, she is wrong."

Susanita leans toward the camera.

Susanita Ybanez: "Tonight, The Empire learns something very simple. You can betray a woman's heart and survive it. But if you betray her pride?"

She shakes her head slowly.

Susanita Ybanez: "That bill comes due."

Susanita steps away from Melissa and starts down the hallway. She stops after a few steps, then turns back one last time.

Susanita Ybanez: "Marie."

Her voice is steady now.

Susanita Ybanez: "In the rumble, do not look for me."

She glares into the camera.

Susanita Ybanez: "I will find you."

Susanita walks out of frame, leaving Melissa standing in silence as the camera lingers on the monitor behind her. Marie Van Claudio's frozen image fills the screen for one more second before the feed cuts away.

No

Segment

The feed cuts away from Melissa Cartwright standing in the hallway and shifts deeper backstage inside The O2.

The camera moves with a slightly unsteady pace, turning down a narrower corridor where the lighting is lower and the noise from the arena feels more distant. Production crates line one wall. A black curtain hangs at the far end. On the opposite side, a temporary sign has been taped to a heavy locker room door.

THE EMPIRE

The camera slows.

Standing in front of the door is Clovis Black.

He does not lean against it. He does not pace. He does not check his phone or look distracted by the chaos unfolding elsewhere in the building.

He stands there like the door has grown a second lock made out of flesh, bone, and bad intentions.

His arms are folded across his chest. His expression is flat. Unmoving. The kind of calm that does not invite conversation.

The camera takes one slow step closer.

Clovis' eyes shift toward the lens.

Nothing else moves.

The camera keeps coming.

Clovis raises one hand.

Clovis Black: "No."

The cameraman stops.

For a second, there is only the hum of the hallway lights and the muffled roar of the live crowd somewhere beyond the walls.

The camera tilts slightly, trying to get an angle past Clovis' shoulder and toward the locker room door.

Clovis' hand remains up.

Clovis Black: "No."

The camera shifts to the side.

Just a little.

Trying to see past him.

Clovis' jaw tightens.

His eyes harden.

The camera moves another half-step.

That is enough.

Clovis drops his hand and steps forward.

Clovis Black: "I said no, man!"

The words hit like a warning shot.

Clovis closes the space fast, shoulders filling the frame as the cameraman backs up abruptly. The image jolts, catching only pieces now: Clovis' chest, the hallway wall, the Empire sign on the door, the floor, then Clovis again, closer than before.

He takes one more step toward the lens.

The camera retreats hard.

Clovis does not shout again.

He does not need to.

His stare says the rest.

The shot shakes once more as Clovis reaches toward the camera.

Then the scene cuts abruptly to black.

Simply Better

Segment

Vanessa moves through the backstage chaos with the practiced authority of someone who has done this a thousand times, waving off the production crew with a firm instruction to give Selina space.

She works with quick, expert hands — checking the makeup, making sure every detail is exactly where it needs to be, adjusting the small things that no one else would notice but that she catches instantly.

Her tablet is never far, the social media empire glowing on the screen, the numbers climbing in the background the way they always do.

Selina drinks her premium water and watches Vanessa work with the comfortable ease of someone who has been taken care of by this person for years.

Selina Santorino: "Thank you for making sure I stay gorgeous, as always."

She means it.

And then she hugs Vanessa — a real one, quick but genuine, the specific warmth that exists between the two of them when nothing has gone wrong and the world is, for the moment, exactly as it should be.

The production crew signals.

Selina is going live now.

She composes herself. Finds the version of herself the camera gets.

The light goes red.

Selina Santorino: "God — you know, I would honestly prefer if these management people would just do me a favor and put a title in my hands rather than THIS. But I guess you make do with what you've got."

A flick of the hair.

The voltage rises.

Selina Santorino: "Now — you bums should already know who I am. But since some of you have brains that might as well be inactive, I suppose I have to introduce myself so you can all get the picture."

She settles into it, the full presence of the Queen of Clicks taking over.

Selina Santorino: "The name is Selina Santorino. I am the Queen of Clicks. The Dominican Diamond. The one every single person simps for."

Selina gestures toward herself with effortless certainty.

Selina Santorino: "And unlike most of the companies I've been at — I actually like this one. Because this one treated me like the big deal I am."

Her smile turns sharp, smug, and satisfied.

Selina Santorino: "They personally reached out to me. They BEGGED me to be on their show. And I graciously accepted, because clearly — based on everything I've seen — this company desperately needs that supernova influence."

She motions to herself again, as if the proof is obvious.

Selina Santorino: "Everything I do, everything I say, everything I touch has my influence all over it. I carry a social media empire of ten-plus MILLION Influencies who cheer for me every step of the way."

The confidence does not waver. If anything, it grows.

Selina Santorino: "This company needed a star — the kind where no matter what they do, the influence follows. And that is exactly what I provide."

The performance sharpens, finding its target.

Selina Santorino: "You people can hate me, you can watch me — it's all the same to me. Because I'm here to tell my Influencies, and this bum-ass roster, that I am entering the All or Nothing Rumble."

Selina leans into the camera, every word dripping with certainty.

Selina Santorino: "Where you will find me dominating this sad excuse of a roster. Because after all…"

She lets it land with total conviction.

Selina Santorino: "I'M SIMPLY BETTER."

She lifts two fingers in the signature sign-off, already turning, already done.

Selina Santorino: "Ciao — I've got things to attend to. Photoshoots, and hanging out with my best friend Vanessa. So… bye!"

Selina gives the camera one last dismissive look before turning away, leaving Vanessa to follow as the feed cuts out.

All or Nothing Rumble

Match

The camera returns to the ring as the massive All or Nothing Rumble graphic fades from the screen. The canvas has been cleared. Officials surround the outside of the ring. Multiple referees are stationed on every side, ready for the impossible job of tracking seventy competitors, over-the-top-rope eliminations, and the most complicated championship stakes in UTA history.

Above the entrance stage, every active UTA championship is displayed on the LED wall.

The UTA Championship.

The UTA International Championship.

The UTA United States Championship.

The WrestleZone Championship.

The Fighting Championship.

The Hardcore Championship.

The UTA Tag Team Championships.

The UTA Women's Championship.

One by one, the titles flash across the screen before the image changes to a giant countdown clock.

90.

Seconds.

John Phillips: "Ladies and gentlemen, it is time. The All or Nothing Rumble is about to begin. Seventy competitors. Stars of yesterday and today. Every championship in UTA is on the line, and by the end of this match, the entire landscape of this company may be unrecognizable."

Mark Bravo: "This is not just a rumble, John. This is a complete organizational earthquake. You could enter with nothing and leave as UTA Champion. You could get tossed out and still leave with gold depending on where you finish. You could be the final woman standing and become UTA Women's Champion even if you do not make the final eight. This is madness with rules, and I love it."

John Phillips: "Two competitors will start. Every ninety seconds, another competitor enters. Elimination occurs when a competitor is thrown over the top rope and both feet hit the floor. The final eight are guaranteed championships, but only one person can be the last standing and walk out as UTA Champion."

Mark Bravo: "And think about this. Nobody knows the full field. Nobody knows who is coming out. Nobody knows what old grudges, old legends, current champions, future stars, or absolute chaos is waiting behind that curtain."

The lights inside The O2 begin to dim.

A low rumble of thunder rolls through the arena speakers.

The crowd rises as blue lightning cracks across the massive tron.

The entrance screen flashes white.

Then blue.

Then white again.

The opening pulse of “Tempest’s Eye” hits the sound system, and a streak of blue lightning tears across the LED wall.

Angela Hall steps through the curtain.

The crowd gives her a strong reaction as she appears beneath the storm-lit entrance, focused and composed, shoulders loose but eyes sharp. She does not bounce in place. She does not waste motion. She stands for a second at the top of the ramp, staring down at the ring like a sprinter studying the lane ahead.

She is entrant number one.

Ring Announcer: "Introducing the competitor who drew number one... from Omaha, Nebraska... Angela Hall!"

Angela exhales, then starts down the ramp with measured purpose.

John Phillips: "Angela Hall has drawn number one. A former track-and-field standout, a former Florida State Women’s Champion, a former UTA Women’s United States Champion, and one of the most explosive athletes in this field."

Mark Bravo: "Number one is brutal in any rumble. But in this match? Seventy people? John, this is not a marathon. This is a marathon where every ninety seconds someone throws a chair into your lane and tells you to keep running."

John Phillips: "Angela Hall’s speed and explosiveness could be major assets, but she has to conserve energy. No one has a longer road tonight than entrant number one."

Angela reaches the bottom of the ramp and looks around The O2. She can see the scale of it now. The signs. The flags. The fans on their feet. The weight of every championship hanging over the match before it even starts.

She climbs onto the apron and steps through the ropes.

Inside the ring, Angela walks to the center and turns slowly, taking in the arena. The blue lightning graphics continue to pulse behind her, storm sounds rumbling beneath the music.

She rolls her shoulders once.

Then she looks toward the entrance.

The music fades.

The lights shift.

Wind begins to howl through the speakers.

Not thunder now.

Wind.

Fast, rising, circling the arena like the air itself is being pulled toward the stage.

The tron erupts with spiraling storm clouds as “Eye of the Hurricane” hits.

Wind machines blast across the entrance platform, sending smoke twisting sideways as Aaron Shaffer races through the curtain.

The crowd pops as Shaffer bursts onto the stage, hair whipping behind him, arms spread wide like he is running straight into a storm instead of away from one.

Ring Announcer: "And drawing number two... from Chicago, Illinois... Aaron Shaffer!"

Shaffer sprints halfway down the ramp, then stops suddenly, spinning once on his heel with a flash of street-dance flair before pointing directly at the ring.

Aaron Shaffer: "I'm the eye of the storm—and you're getting swept away!"

The crowd cheers as Shaffer finishes his run to ringside.

John Phillips: "Aaron Shaffer has drawn number two, and Mark, this is a fascinating start. Two storm-driven athletes, both fast, both explosive, both capable of high-risk offense."

Mark Bravo: "And both in terrible positions. Number one and number two have the longest night ahead of them. If either Angela Hall or Aaron Shaffer wants to win this, they have to survive sixty-eight more entrants."

Shaffer slides under the bottom rope and pops to his feet, immediately circling away from Angela with energy practically radiating off him. Angela does not rush him. She watches him carefully, eyes narrowed, reading his movement.

The music fades.

The crowd noise swells.

On the big screen, the words appear:

ALL OR NOTHING RUMBLE

The referee checks with Angela.

Angela nods.

The referee checks with Shaffer.

Shaffer bounces on the balls of his feet and nods quickly, ready to explode.

John Phillips: "Angela Hall and Aaron Shaffer will begin the All or Nothing Rumble. The next entrant arrives in ninety seconds."

Mark Bravo: "And this is where the strategy starts immediately. Do you attack? Do you conserve? Do you try to eliminate early? Do you hide in the corner and pray nobody notices you for an hour?"

John Phillips: "There is nowhere to hide when every title in UTA is on the line."

The bell rings.

DING DING DING.

The clock appears on the screen.

90.

89.

88.

Angela Hall and Aaron Shaffer circle one another in the center of the ring, both moving light, both cautious despite the adrenaline of the moment. The crowd claps in rhythm, feeling the match begin not with chaos, but with tension.

Shaffer feints forward first.

Angela does not bite.

Shaffer grins, then shoots in for a quick collar-and-elbow tie-up. Angela meets him, and the two lock up in the center of the ring.

Shaffer uses his size advantage immediately, trying to drive Angela backward toward the ropes, but Angela pivots her hips and slips out to the side, turning the lockup into a wrist control.

Shaffer rolls through, kips back up, and reverses the pressure, twisting Angela’s arm.

John Phillips: "Fast exchange to start. Both competitors know they cannot afford a mistake this early."

Mark Bravo: "You do not want to be the first person eliminated in a match this big. That follows you around forever."

Angela flips forward to relieve the pressure, lands on her feet, then catches Shaffer with a quick arm drag.

Shaffer rolls through and pops up again, but Angela is already moving.

She charges.

Shaffer leapfrogs her.

Angela hits the ropes, rebounds, and ducks beneath a Cyclone Clothesline attempt.

Shaffer turns around just in time for Angela to catch him with a lightning-fast dropkick to the chest.

Shaffer hits the mat and rolls backward toward the ropes, more surprised than hurt.

Angela pops to her feet to a cheer from the crowd.

John Phillips: "Angela Hall strikes first with that speed!"

Mark Bravo: "That is the track background right there. She goes from still to full speed in one step."

Shaffer pulls himself up near the ropes and laughs, nodding like he respects the hit.

Angela does not smile back.

She charges again, looking to press the advantage, but Shaffer catches her momentum and drops backward, sending her toward the ropes with a quick monkey flip motion.

Angela lands on her feet near the ropes, but the danger is immediate.

Shaffer rushes in, trying to clothesline her over the top.

Angela ducks low and hooks the top rope with both hands.

Shaffer’s momentum carries him forward, but Angela gets a boot up into his midsection.

Shaffer doubles over.

Angela turns and tries to lift him toward the ropes.

John Phillips: "Angela already looking for the first elimination!"

Mark Bravo: "Smart! Do not wait for the field to fill up. If you can get someone out, get them out!"

Shaffer hooks his arms around the top rope, blocking the attempt. Angela drives a forearm into his back, then another, trying to loosen his grip.

The clock ticks down.

42.

41.

40.

Shaffer elbows backward, catching Angela near the jaw. She staggers a step, and Shaffer turns quickly, grabbing her by the wrist.

He whips her across the ring.

Angela rebounds.

Shaffer drops low, and Angela hurdles over him. She hits the opposite ropes and comes back fast.

Shaffer springs up and catches her with a Gale Force Dropkick, knocking Angela backward into the corner.

The crowd reacts as Angela hits the turnbuckles hard but stays upright.

John Phillips: "Gale Force Dropkick from Aaron Shaffer!"

Mark Bravo: "And now Angela is in a bad spot. Corners are not safe in a rumble. Corners are where people get lifted."

Shaffer charges into the corner, but Angela moves at the last second. Shaffer hits chest-first against the turnbuckles and staggers backward.

Angela grabs him around the waist from behind, trying to power him up and over with a quick lift, but Shaffer spreads his stance and blocks it.

He reaches back, hooks Angela by the head, and drops down with a quick snapmare-style counter, sending her rolling forward.

Angela comes up on one knee.

Shaffer runs to the ropes.

Angela explodes up and catches him with a Gale Force Knee to the ribs as he returns.

Shaffer flips forward onto the mat, clutching his side.

The crowd cheers as Angela pushes to her feet and looks toward the clock.

15.

14.

13.

John Phillips: "Angela Hall starting to build momentum as we approach our third entrant!"

Mark Bravo: "And this is the rhythm of the rumble. You think you have someone figured out, and then the clock ruins your life."

Angela grabs Shaffer by the arm and tries to pull him up, but Shaffer surprises her with a quick shot to the stomach. Angela doubles over, and Shaffer grabs her by the head, looking for a Whirlwind DDT.

Angela spins out before he can plant her.

Both competitors turn toward each other.

The crowd begins counting with the clock.

Crowd: "TEN! NINE! EIGHT! SEVEN!"

Angela and Shaffer trade quick forearms in the center of the ring, neither giving ground.

Crowd: "SIX! FIVE! FOUR!"

Shaffer lands one more shot.

Angela answers with a sharper one.

Crowd: "THREE! TWO! ONE!"

The buzzer tears through The O2.

Angela Hall and Aaron Shaffer both turn toward the entrance stage, each breathing hard after the opening ninety seconds. They have not been in the ring long, but the pace has already been blistering, storm meeting storm in a collision of speed, counters, and survival.

The lights above the stage flicker into a sharp digital blue.

Then a single electronic tone hits.

Beep.

Beep.

Beep.

The massive screen above the stage glitches into a pixelated loading bar.

PLAYER ONE READY.

The beat of “Press Start” by MDK hits, and the crowd comes alive as Theo Sparks bursts through the curtain.

Entrant number three.

Theo comes out moving immediately, bouncing on the balls of his feet, slapping his hands together, pointing toward the ring like he has just been dropped into the final stage of a game he has waited his whole life to play. The tron behind him flashes with HUD graphics, combo meters, and blinking text reading NEW OBJECTIVE: SURVIVE.

John Phillips: "Entrant number three is Theo Sparks! Player One has entered the All or Nothing Rumble!"

Mark Bravo: "And look at him! This man treats everything like a boss fight, and tonight might be the biggest boss fight in UTA history!"

Theo sprints down the ramp, slapping a few hands on the way before launching himself under the bottom rope and popping immediately to his feet.

Aaron Shaffer rushes him first.

Theo ducks under a wild forearm and springs off the middle rope, twisting back with a springboard crossbody that wipes Shaffer down to the mat.

John Phillips: "Theo Sparks flying right away!"

Mark Bravo: "No warm-up. No tutorial. He hit start and went straight into chaos."

Theo rolls through to his feet, arms out, feeding off the reaction.

Theo Sparks: "Level three already? Let’s go!"

Angela Hall charges from behind, looking to catch Theo before he can build momentum, but Theo hears the footwork just in time. He spins away, Angela crashes chest-first into the corner, and Theo darts forward with the first shot of a running dropkick combo.

One dropkick catches Angela in the shoulder.

She stays upright.

Theo pops up and hits the second dropkick immediately after, sending Angela stumbling sideways out of the corner.

John Phillips: "Double Tap from Theo Sparks!"

Mark Bravo: "Angela got caught by the combo, but she is still on her feet. That tells you how tough she is."

Theo turns back toward Shaffer, but Shaffer is already airborne.

Aaron catches Theo with a hurricanrana, flipping him across the canvas. Theo rolls through near the ropes and clings to the middle rope, stopping himself before he can get too close to the top.

Shaffer follows fast, grabbing Theo by the back of the neck and trying to force him upward toward the top rope.

Theo hooks both arms around the middle rope and shakes his head.

Theo Sparks: "Nope! Bad input!"

He drives an elbow backward into Shaffer's ribs.

Shaffer backs off half a step.

Theo turns and catches him with a sharp kick to the midsection.

Angela comes in from the side, looking for a Lightning Bolt Lariat, but Theo ducks, and Angela's arm nearly catches Shaffer instead.

Shaffer throws himself backward to avoid it, then springs off the ropes and comes back with a Cyclone Clothesline aimed at Angela.

Angela ducks under it.

Theo catches Shaffer as he turns.

Code Breaker.

John Phillips: "Debug Error! Theo caught Shaffer clean!"

Shaffer snaps backward to the mat, clutching his face and chest.

Theo sits up quickly, pointing toward Angela.

Theo Sparks: "Your turn."

Angela does not wait.

She drives a Gale Force Knee into Theo's chest before he can stand fully, knocking him backward into the ropes.

The crowd reacts as Theo's upper body tips dangerously over the top rope for a second.

John Phillips: "Theo Sparks is close to going out!"

Mark Bravo: "Welcome to the rumble, Player One!"

Angela rushes in, trying to finish the job and dump Theo over the top, but Theo hooks one arm around the rope and kicks his legs upward, catching Angela around the head with both feet.

He twists his body, dragging Angela down with a rope-assisted headscissors that sends her rolling toward the center of the ring.

Theo lands awkwardly on the apron but keeps his grip on the top rope.

The crowd gasps.

John Phillips: "Theo is on the apron! Remember, he has to go over the top rope and both feet must hit the floor. He is

not eliminated unless he falls!"

Shaffer sees the opening and charges.

Theo pulls the top rope down just enough that Shaffer has to stop short or risk sending himself over. Shaffer halts, but Angela is back up behind him.

Angela grabs Shaffer around the waist and tries to lift him toward the ropes.

Shaffer throws elbows backward, fighting to stay in.

Theo springboards from the apron to the top rope, then launches back into the ring with a crossbody that crashes into both Angela and Shaffer, knocking all three competitors down.

Mark Bravo: "That is what Theo does! High risk, high speed, no safety settings!"

All three competitors are down for only a second before Angela starts moving first. She rolls to one knee, shaking her head, then pulls Theo up by the arm.

Theo fires a quick forearm to her ribs.

Angela answers with a forearm to his jaw.

Shaffer comes in and catches Theo with a shot from the other side.

For a moment, Angela and Shaffer appear to silently agree on the newest threat.

They both grab Theo and rush him toward the ropes.

John Phillips: "Angela and Aaron looking to get Theo out early!"

Theo hits the ropes chest-first, and both Angela and Shaffer try to lift him up and over.

Theo kicks wildly, grabbing the top rope with both hands.

Theo Sparks: "Lag spike! Lag spike!"

He twists his body sideways and slips back down to the mat before they can dump him over.

Angela turns to grab him again, but Shaffer suddenly catches her from the side and tries to toss her over instead.

Angela blocks with both hands on the top rope, eyes widening as Shaffer tries to power her out.

Mark Bravo: "There are no friends in this match for long!"

Theo shakes off the near-elimination and rushes toward both of them, but Angela kicks backward, catching Theo in the stomach as she keeps fighting Shaffer’s grip.

Shaffer lets Angela go, ducks under a back elbow from her, and catches Theo with a quick Whirlwind DDT attempt.

Theo spins out of it and shoves Shaffer forward.

Shaffer collides with Angela.

Angela stumbles backward into the corner.

Theo rushes in with a running dropkick to Shaffer, knocking him into Angela and sandwiching both against the turnbuckles.

John Phillips: "Theo stacks them in the corner!"

Theo backs up, pointing at the corner like he has found the exploit.

Theo Sparks: "Multi-target combo!"

He charges again, but Angela explodes out of the corner first and levels him with a Thunderclap Spear.

Theo hits the mat hard, clutching his ribs.

John Phillips: "Thunderclap Spear by Angela Hall!"

Mark Bravo: "She just cut Player One in half!"

Shaffer staggers out of the corner, still dazed, and Angela grabs him by the wrist. She tries to send him toward the ropes, but Shaffer reverses, sending Angela instead.

Angela hits the ropes and rebounds.

Shaffer ducks low, but Angela stops short and drives a knee into his shoulder.

Shaffer drops to one knee.

Theo rolls toward the ropes, pulling himself up as the countdown clock appears again.

15.

14.

13.

John Phillips: "Still no eliminations as we approach entrant number four!"

Mark Bravo: "And all three of these competitors are already realizing how hard it is to get someone out when everybody can move like lightning."

Angela grabs Theo and tries to drag him up, but Theo surprises her with a quick jawbreaker-style counter, snapping her backward.

Shaffer gets back to his feet and rushes Theo, but Theo sidesteps and sends Shaffer shoulder-first into the turnbuckle.

The crowd begins counting down.

Crowd: "TEN! NINE! EIGHT!"

Angela recovers and grabs Theo from behind, trying to lift him over the top again. Theo drops his weight, fighting it.

Crowd: "SEVEN! SIX! FIVE!"

Shaffer pulls himself out of the corner and grabs Angela, turning the struggle into a three-person tangle near the ropes.

Crowd: "FOUR! THREE! TWO! ONE!"

The buzzer sounds.

BUZZZZZZ!

The three competitors already in the ring stop moving for half a second.

Angela Hall has Theo Sparks hooked near the ropes, trying to force his upper body toward the top strand. Aaron Shaffer is recovering in the corner, one hand on the turnbuckle, the other pressed to his ribs after the chaotic exchange that brought Player One into the match.

Then the arena lights shift.

Gold.

Deep, arrogant, unmistakable gold.

The opening riff of “Perfect Gentleman” by Helloween hits.

The O2 loses its mind.

John Phillips: "Wait a minute."

Mark Bravo: "No way."

The massive LED wall fills with polished gold graphics. Old footage flashes across the screen. Championship celebrations. Dynasty imagery. A smug silhouette in sunglasses. The name appears in huge, gleaming letters.

PERFECTION.

The crowd reaction is immediate and chaotic. Some boo out of instinct. Some cheer out of shock. Some simply scream because they cannot believe what they are seeing.

John Phillips: "That is Perfection’s music! That is Perfection’s video! But there is no way. There is no way."

Mark Bravo: "Perfection and UTA are not exactly sending each other holiday cards, John! Hall of Famer or not, him showing up in this rumble would be insane!"

In the ring, Theo Sparks slowly lets go of the ropes and turns toward the stage, eyes wide.

Theo Sparks: "Boss fight?"

Angela Hall backs away from Theo, staring toward the entrance with the same stunned expression as everyone else. Aaron Shaffer pushes out of the corner, shaking his head as if refusing to believe the music means what it usually means.

The gold lights sweep the stage.

The entrance tunnel fills with a slow roll of white smoke.

The music keeps playing.

The crowd buzz grows louder.

John Phillips: "Perfection was inducted into the UTA Hall of Fame, but the relationship between James Witherhold and this company has been strained at best, openly hostile at worst. If Perfection is entrant number four, this place may come unglued."

Mark Bravo: "This man once treated UTA like it owed him rent, respect, and a private jet. Him entering a seventy-person All or Nothing Rumble for every title in the company? That is either genius or a lawsuit waiting to happen."

The music reaches its first big swell.

Everyone waits.

The smoke parts.

And out steps...

Mini Perfection.

The reaction is a split-second of silence followed by an explosion of laughter, shock, cheers, boos, and pure confusion.

Mini Perfection stands at the top of the stage dressed exactly like the Hall of Famer. Designer coat buttoned to the collar. Tiny sunglasses. Hair styled with insulting precision. His chin is lifted high. His expression is stone cold, or at least trying desperately to be.

He pauses at the top of the ramp, slowly turns his head toward the crowd, and sneers like The O2 has personally offended him by existing.

Mark Bravo: "That is not Perfection!"

John Phillips: "That is Mini Perfection!"

Mark Bravo: "I do not know whether to laugh, apologize, or call security."

Mini Perfection slowly raises one hand, palm outward, demanding silence.

The crowd absolutely does not give it to him.

He mouths something toward the fans.

The camera catches it clearly.

“You don’t deserve me.”

The O2 erupts again.

Inside the ring, Theo Sparks points at the entrance with both hands.

Theo Sparks: "Downloadable content! That’s DLC!"

Angela Hall actually cracks a brief smile despite herself, but Aaron Shaffer is already shaking his head, arms out as if asking the universe what exactly this match has become.

Mini Perfection begins his walk down the ramp.

Slowly.

Very slowly.

He takes his time with every step, mimicking Perfection’s famous arrogance with almost theatrical precision. He stops near the barricade, looks at a fan holding up a UTA sign, and recoils like the sign smells bad.

Then he adjusts his sunglasses.

John Phillips: "The actual Perfection is a former UTA World Champion, former Tag Team Champion, Wildfire Champion, Ring King, Iron Man Match winner, Hall of Famer, and one of the most arrogant figures in company history."

Mark Bravo: "And somehow this version may already be more tolerable."

Mini Perfection reaches ringside and stops.

He looks up at the ring apron.

Then at the ropes.

Then at the three competitors inside.

Angela, Aaron, and Theo all stare back.

For the first time, Mini Perfection’s confidence seems to flicker.

Only for a second.

Then he wipes his boots on the ringside mat.

Twice.

Because, apparently, the ring is still his house.

The crowd boos and laughs at the same time.

Mini Perfection reaches up for the bottom rope and starts to climb onto the apron.

It takes effort.

Theo moves toward the ropes as if he might help him, then Angela grabs Theo by the back of his gear and yanks him away.

Angela Hall: "Don’t."

Theo Sparks: "I was gonna be nice!"

Mini Perfection finally gets onto the apron and turns toward the crowd, lifting both arms in a tiny, smug savior pose.

The boos grow louder.

Then he ducks through the ropes and enters the match.

The second his feet hit the canvas, he points at Angela, then Aaron, then Theo, as if giving each of them a personal warning.

None of them look particularly warned.

John Phillips: "Mini Perfection is officially in the All or Nothing Rumble, and I cannot believe I just said that sentence."

Mark Bravo: "Seventy people. Every championship. One little man with a massive attitude. This is why you watch UTA."

Mini Perfection steps toward the center of the ring and gestures for the others to back up.

Angela tilts her head.

Shaffer looks at Theo.

Theo looks at Shaffer.

Then all three look at Mini Perfection.

Mini Perfection removes his sunglasses slowly and hands them to the referee, who seems unsure if he is supposed to take them.

The referee takes them anyway.

Mini Perfection turns back around and slaps Theo Sparks across the chest.

Not hard.

But very confidently.

Theo looks down at his chest.

Then at Mini Perfection.

Theo Sparks: "Critical damage, bro."

Mini Perfection nods smugly, then turns and delivers a tiny European uppercut to Angela Hall.

Angela’s head barely moves.

The crowd roars with laughter.

Mini Perfection turns toward Aaron Shaffer next, but Shaffer points at himself like he cannot believe he is being included.

Mini Perfection winds up dramatically.

Shaffer suddenly lifts both hands and backs away, playing along for a moment.

Aaron Shaffer: "Whoa, whoa, whoa. Easy there, champ."

Mini Perfection smirks, believing he has created fear.

That belief lasts about one second.

Angela grabs him gently but firmly by the back of the coat and turns him around.

Mini Perfection looks up at her.

Angela points toward the ropes.

The crowd rises, thinking she may toss him immediately.

Mini Perfection drops to the mat and hooks both arms around the bottom rope.

Mark Bravo: "That is veteran instinct! Small package strategy! Become impossible to throw!"

John Phillips: "He is holding onto the bottom rope for dear life!"

Theo and Aaron both move in, but Angela waves them off as Mini Perfection clings to the rope, kicking his legs and yelling something about legal representation.

The countdown clock appears again.

15.

14.

13.

Angela turns away from Mini Perfection and catches Shaffer with a quick forearm as he tries to move behind her. Theo grabs Angela from the side, trying to steer her toward the ropes, but Angela plants her feet.

Mini Perfection peeks up from the bottom rope.

He sees everyone distracted.

He crawls forward and delivers a standing knee drop to Theo’s foot.

Theo hops backward, more offended than hurt.

Theo Sparks: "Ow! My input button!"

The crowd laughs again as the clock continues.

Crowd: "TEN! NINE! EIGHT!"

Mini Perfection scrambles back toward the ropes and clings again, refusing to be easy prey.

Crowd: "SEVEN! SIX! FIVE!"

Angela and Shaffer trade shots while Theo shakes out his foot and glares at Mini Perfection.

Crowd: "FOUR! THREE! TWO! ONE!"

The buzzer sounds.

BUZZZZZZ!

The competitors in the ring all turn toward the entrance again.

Angela Hall has one hand on Theo Sparks’ shoulder, trying to force him backward toward the ropes. Aaron Shaffer is pulling himself up in the corner, while Mini Perfection remains glued to the bottom rope like his entire legal team advised him never to stand near the top one.

The arena lights shift.

A familiar sound hits first.

Not music.

A horn.

SFX: HONK.

The O2 immediately begins to cheer.

John Phillips: "Oh no."

Mark Bravo: "Oh yes."

The camera cuts to the entrance stage as Bobby Dean rolls through the curtain on the battle chair.

The mobility scooter appears beneath the lights with all the slow-moving majesty of a parade float and all the quiet menace of a shopping cart with unfinished business. Bobby sits proudly behind the handlebars, one hand steering, the other raised to the fans as if he has just entered for a world title main event instead of a seventy-person rumble.

The crowd roars with laughter and applause.

John Phillips: "Entrant number five is Bobby Dean!"

Mark Bravo: "The battle chair has arrived in London! Clear the roads, alert the embassy, and somebody tell the insurance department to update the policy!"

Bobby rolls forward at a gentle pace, smiling from ear to ear. The battle chair has a small flag taped to the back, a cup holder on one side, and what appears to be a snack bag resting carefully between his knees.

Inside the ring, Theo Sparks points toward the ramp.

Theo Sparks: "Vehicle stage!"

Angela Hall stares at Bobby with complete disbelief.

Aaron Shaffer slowly lowers his hands and leans over the top rope, watching the scooter’s descent like he is trying to determine whether it counts as a legal entrant or a weather event.

Mini Perfection, still near the ropes, sits up slightly, adjusts his tiny coat, and looks deeply offended that someone else has drawn more attention than him.

John Phillips: "Bobby Dean is a former Hardcore Champion and one of the strangest wildcards in this match. But Mark, he is not exactly moving with urgency."

Mark Bravo: "John, you do not rush greatness, and you definitely do not rush a man on a battle chair with snacks."

Bobby continues down the ramp, waving to the fans along the barricade. He spots a sign reading “BATTLE CHAIR SECTION” and points at it with delight.

Bobby Dean: "They get it!"

The scooter hits a small seam near the bottom of the ramp and bumps gently.

Bobby jolts forward, then pats the handlebars.

Bobby Dean: "Easy, girl. We’re on pay-per-view."

The battle chair reaches ringside, but instead of turning toward the ring steps, Bobby steers it around the corner.

Toward commentary.

John Phillips: "Bobby Dean is not going to the ring."

Mark Bravo: "Smart man. Why go into a fight when there is a perfectly good chair with wheels and snacks already under you?"

Bobby parks the battle chair beside the commentary table with extreme care. He taps the brake, checks the angle, reverses half an inch, then nods approvingly.

He looks over at John Phillips and Mark Bravo.

Bobby Dean: "Evening, gentlemen."

John Phillips: "Bobby, the match is in the ring."

Bobby Dean: "I can see it better from here."

Mark Bravo: "That is sound analysis."

Bobby reaches into the snack bag and pulls out a small packet of crisps. He opens them with a loud crinkle and settles back into the battle chair like he has purchased a premium seat.

John Phillips: "Bobby, you understand you are an active participant in the All or Nothing Rumble, correct?"

Bobby Dean: "Absolutely."

Bobby eats a crisp.

Bobby Dean: "I am pacing myself."

Mark Bravo: "Number five with a veteran strategy. Hydrate, snack, let everyone else make bad choices."

Inside the ring, Theo Sparks looks toward commentary with both hands out.

Theo Sparks: "Is he camping spawn?"

Angela takes advantage of the distraction and grabs Theo from behind, trying to lift him toward the ropes. Theo’s eyes widen as Angela gets him halfway up, his boots kicking above the mat.

John Phillips: "Angela Hall almost had Theo there!"

Aaron Shaffer rushes across the ring and catches Angela with a forearm to the back, forcing her to drop Theo back onto the canvas.

Theo lands on his feet, turns, and immediately fires a dropkick into Shaffer’s knee.

Shaffer drops to one leg.

Angela turns back toward Theo, but Theo ducks low and snaps a quick kick to her midsection.

The action finally refocuses in the ring while Bobby Dean watches from the battle chair, nodding like a judge at a county fair.

Bobby Dean: "Good pace. Little too much running for my taste."

Mark Bravo: "He’s scouting, John."

John Phillips: "He is eating."

Mark Bravo: "Scouting with nutrients."

Mini Perfection crawls away from the bottom rope, deciding perhaps this is the moment to assert himself. He sneaks up behind Aaron Shaffer, who is still on one knee, and delivers a dramatic clubbing forearm to Shaffer’s back.

Shaffer slowly turns his head.

Mini Perfection freezes.

The crowd laughs.

Mini Perfection raises both hands and points toward Angela, blaming her immediately.

Angela, seeing the gesture, reaches down and grabs Mini Perfection by the collar of his designer coat.

Mini Perfection kicks his feet and shouts something about being the gold standard.

Angela looks toward the ropes.

The crowd rises.

John Phillips: "Angela may be thinking about eliminating Mini Perfection!"

Before she can lift him, Theo Sparks springs in and catches Angela with a quick running dropkick to the side, knocking her into the ropes.

Mini Perfection drops back to the mat and immediately rolls under the bottom rope to the apron, then thinks better of it and rolls back in under the bottom rope, because that way he did not go over the top.

Mark Bravo: "Ring awareness! Somehow!"

Aaron Shaffer gets back to his feet and grabs Theo, whipping him toward the far ropes. Theo rebounds, ducks a Cyclone Clothesline, and comes back with a springboard crossbody attempt.

Shaffer catches him for a second, staggers backward, and nearly goes into the ropes with Theo in his arms.

Angela rushes in and drives a shoulder into Shaffer’s back, forcing him to drop Theo before all three can tumble into danger.

Theo rolls away clutching his side.

Shaffer stumbles toward the corner.

Angela follows, trying to force Shaffer up and over the turnbuckle, but Shaffer hooks both arms around the top rope and plants his feet on the middle buckle.

John Phillips: "Angela trying to get Shaffer out, but Aaron is hanging on!"

Bobby leans slightly toward commentary, offering the open crisp bag.

Bobby Dean: "You want one?"

John Phillips: "No, thank you."

Mark Bravo: "What flavor?"

John Phillips: "Mark."

Mark Bravo: "I am doing research."

In the ring, Mini Perfection sneaks up behind Theo Sparks, who is pulling himself up near the ropes. Mini Perfection grabs Theo’s ankle and tries to lift it, apparently attempting to eliminate him one leg at a time.

Theo looks down.

Theo Sparks: "Bro."

Mini Perfection drops the ankle and immediately turns to pose for the crowd as if the attempt was successful.

Theo shakes his head, grabs Mini Perfection by the back of the coat, and drags him toward the center of the ring.

Before Theo can do anything, Angela breaks away from Shaffer and levels Theo with a Lightning Bolt Lariat.

Theo hits the mat hard.

Mini Perfection looks down at Theo, then drops a tiny standing knee to Theo’s shoulder.

He pops up and raises both arms like he just conquered a kingdom.

The countdown clock appears.

15.

14.

13.

John Phillips: "Bobby Dean has entered the match in the technical sense, but he has not entered the ring."

Mark Bravo: "John, there is no rule that says you have to enter quickly. Or soberly. Or without crisps."

Bobby takes another bite, watching Angela pull Shaffer out of the corner and Theo roll toward the ropes.

Bobby Dean: "They are doing great."

Crowd: "TEN! NINE! EIGHT!"

Angela turns toward Mini Perfection, who immediately points at Theo again.

Theo, still down, points back at him.

Crowd: "SEVEN! SIX! FIVE!"

Shaffer charges Angela from behind, but Angela sidesteps and sends him chest-first into the turnbuckles.

Crowd: "FOUR! THREE! TWO! ONE!"

The buzzer sounds.

BUZZZZZZ!

The lights inside The O2 shift immediately to deep purple.

A slinky trip-hop pulse crawls through the speakers as violet smoke begins to curl across the entrance stage. The London crowd reacts before the name even appears, a loud wave of boos rising from the floor to the upper levels.

The screen fills with thorned vines twisting around the words:

THE VIOLET VIPER.

Then Dahlia Cross steps through the curtain.

The reaction gets louder.

Dahlia stands at the top of the ramp with a violet scarf dragging from one hand, chin slightly lowered, eyes lifted toward the ring. She does not rush. She does not look excited. She looks amused, like the sight of five other competitors already struggling inside the ring is less a challenge and more a study.

John Phillips: "Entrant number six is Dahlia Cross! The Violet Viper, right here from Manchester, England!"

Mark Bravo: "Home country advantage, John, but do not expect this crowd to treat her like a hero. Dahlia Cross is cruel, deliberate, and she smiles while doing damage."

Dahlia begins her slow walk down the ramp, dragging the scarf behind her. Fans along the barricade boo, but she

simply glances toward them with a faint sneer, unimpressed by the noise.

At commentary, Bobby Dean looks over from the battle chair, mouth full of crisps.

Bobby Dean: "She seems nice."

Mark Bravo: "Bobby, she once threatened to take someone’s wrist home."

Bobby Dean: "That feels less nice."

Inside the ring, Theo Sparks is pulling himself up near the ropes, Angela Hall and Aaron Shaffer are trading short strikes in the corner, and Mini Perfection is still clinging near the bottom rope, peeking up every few seconds to see if the danger has passed.

Dahlia reaches ringside and pauses, looking briefly toward Bobby Dean parked beside commentary.

Bobby offers the crisp bag.

Dahlia stares at him.

Bobby slowly pulls the bag back.

Bobby Dean: "Saving them for later anyway."

Dahlia climbs the steps with the same slow venom she brought down the ramp. She turns on the apron, lets the scarf drop into the hands of a ringside attendant, then slips through the ropes.

The second she enters, Theo Sparks comes rushing toward her, looking to catch the newest entrant before she can settle.

Theo Sparks: "Welcome to the lobby!"

Theo leaps for a quick springboard-style attack off the nearby ropes, but Dahlia steps aside with almost insulting calm. Theo lands on his feet, turns, and Dahlia sweeps his leg out from under him.

Theo hits the mat hard.

Dahlia immediately drops down, grabs Theo’s wrist, and twists it behind his back, pinning the arm at an ugly angle.

John Phillips: "Dahlia Cross wasting no time going after a limb!"

Mark Bravo: "That is what she does. Everyone else in there has been sprinting, flipping, charging. Dahlia enters and immediately slows someone down by making one joint regret its life choices."

Theo grimaces, kicking at the mat.

Theo Sparks: "Bad patch! Bad patch!"

Angela Hall sees Dahlia down on the mat and comes in fast, looking for a knee strike, but Dahlia releases Theo at the last moment and rolls out of the way. Angela’s knee hits only canvas.

Dahlia pops up behind her and snaps a palm thrust toward Angela’s throat.

Angela recoils, one hand going to her neck, and Dahlia smiles.

John Phillips: "Palm thrust to the throat!"

Mark Bravo: "Nasty, simple, effective. Dahlia is not trying to impress anybody. She is trying to take the air away."

Aaron Shaffer rushes Dahlia from the side with a Cyclone Clothesline. Dahlia ducks under it, hooks his arm, and tries to twist him down into a quick arm control, but Shaffer rolls through and pops back up with his free hand raised.

Dahlia tilts her head, mildly impressed.

Shaffer grins.

Aaron Shaffer: "You missed."

Dahlia kicks him hard in the knee.

Shaffer drops to one leg.

Dahlia Cross: "No, love. I adjusted."

Dahlia grabs him by the head and tries to guide him toward the ropes. Shaffer immediately hooks his arms around the middle rope, refusing to be moved up toward the top.

Angela recovers and charges Dahlia from behind. Dahlia senses her coming and pulls Shaffer backward just enough that Angela nearly crashes into him.

Angela stops herself short.

That hesitation lets Dahlia catch Angela with a back elbow during the break in movement.

Angela stumbles back.

Theo gets back up and leaps onto Dahlia’s back, trying to apply a sleeper from behind.

Theo Sparks: "Stealth mode!"

Dahlia’s expression darkens instantly.

She reaches up, grabs Theo by the hair, and snaps him forward over her shoulder, dumping him onto the mat.

The referee nearby warns her about the hair.

Dahlia smiles without looking at him.

Dahlia Cross: "It was attached to him when I found it."

Mark Bravo: "I hate that I laughed."

Mini Perfection chooses this moment to rise.

He sees Dahlia standing with her back slightly turned and decides, against all evidence and good judgment, that this is his opening.

He marches toward her, pulls his tiny coat straight, and taps Dahlia on the hip.

Dahlia slowly turns.

Mini Perfection points toward the ropes and mouths, “You don’t deserve me.”

Dahlia looks down at him.

Then she smiles.

Not kindly.

Mini Perfection immediately tries to retreat, but Dahlia catches him by the wrist and twists it.

Mini Perfection drops to one knee, dramatically screaming as though the entire building has betrayed him.

John Phillips: "Dahlia Cross has Mini Perfection by the wrist!"

Mark Bravo: "That may be the smallest wrist control in All or Nothing history."

Mini Perfection reaches for the ropes with his free hand, kicking one leg out in theatrical agony. Theo, still recovering on the mat, points at him.

Theo Sparks: "Tap fast or she'll take your wrist home!"

Dahlia hears that and grins wider.

Angela comes in and breaks it up with a sharp kick to Dahlia's shoulder, forcing the release. Mini Perfection immediately rolls away, clutching his arm and hiding under the bottom rope again.

Dahlia rises with more annoyance now, turning toward Angela.

Angela throws a forearm.

Dahlia ducks and answers with a single-leg dropkick to Angela's knee.

Angela drops down, and Dahlia tries to grab the leg for a quick twist, but Shaffer comes flying in with a Gale Force Dropkick that catches Dahlia in the side and sends her rolling toward the ropes.

John Phillips: "Aaron Shaffer cuts Dahlia off!"

Mark Bravo: "And that is the danger of a rumble. You can be the smartest technician in the world, but there is always someone flying at your ribs from a weird angle."

Bobby Dean leans back in the battle chair, watching Dahlia roll toward the ropes.

Bobby Dean: "This is why I am out here."

John Phillips: "Bobby, you are supposed to be in there."

Bobby Dean: "Exactly. Dangerous."

Inside the ring, Theo and Shaffer both grab Dahlia, trying to lift her toward the ropes. Dahlia hooks her legs around the bottom rope before they can get her vertical, then reaches out and grabs Theo's fingers, bending them backward just enough to make him yelp.

Theo Sparks: "Controller hand! Controller hand!"

Theo releases her immediately.

Shaffer keeps trying to pull Dahlia up, but Angela comes from behind and grabs Shaffer around the waist, trying to use the moment to dump him instead.

The whole cluster collapses sideways, all four competitors tangling near the ropes but none going over.

John Phillips: "Bodies tangled near the ropes, but still no eliminations!"

Mark Bravo: "This field is getting crowded, and Bobby Dean is treating it like dinner theater."

Bobby lifts one crisp toward Mark.

Bobby Dean: "You sure?"

Mark Bravo: "I am weakening."

John Phillips: "Focus on the match."

Mini Perfection crawls out from the bottom rope again and sees Theo down near the center. He runs, or at least his version of it, and drops another small knee across Theo's arm.

Theo sits up, offended.

Theo Sparks: "Why me?"

Mini Perfection spreads his arms in a smug pose, but Dahlia, still near the ropes, reaches out from the mat and trips him with one hand.

Mini Perfection falls face-first onto the canvas.

The crowd laughs again.

Dahlia pulls herself back to her feet and immediately drives a knee into Angela’s midsection as Angela tries to rise.

She grabs Angela by the arm and tries to position her for an apron arm yank, but Angela senses the danger and pulls back hard, bringing Dahlia into a short lariat that sends both women down.

The clock appears again.

15.

14.

13.

John Phillips: "We are about to see entrant number seven, and somehow, despite several close calls, everyone is still in this match."

Mark Bravo: "Angela Hall, Aaron Shaffer, Theo Sparks, Mini Perfection, Dahlia Cross, and somewhere in a snack cloud beside us, Bobby Dean."

Bobby Dean: "Present."

Shaffer grabs Theo near the ropes and tries to force him upward. Theo kicks off the middle rope and lands back inside, avoiding danger again.

Crowd: "TEN! NINE! EIGHT!"

Angela and Dahlia roll in opposite directions, both pushing up.

Mini Perfection crawls behind the referee for safety, then realizes the referee is not a shield and scrambles toward the corner.

Crowd: "SEVEN! SIX! FIVE!"

Bobby Dean reaches into the snack bag and pulls out another handful as the ring continues to churn with bodies.

Crowd: "FOUR! THREE! TWO! ONE!"

The buzzer sounds.

BUZZZZZZ!

The lights inside The O2 snap into gold.

Not warm gold.

Not celebratory gold.

Arrogant gold.

A single spotlight hits the stage like a red-carpet flash, and the cocky arena-rock intro of “Gold Standard” grinds into heavy trap drums.

The London crowd erupts into boos before Maxwell Jett even steps through the curtain.

John Phillips: "Oh, this changes everything."

Mark Bravo: "Entrant number seven. The UTA Champion. The man with the biggest target in this entire match."

Maxwell Jett steps onto the stage in a designer robe, the UTA Championship fastened around his waist like it was built

specifically to offend everyone who does not have it. His expression is pure disgust wrapped in confidence, a smirk sitting on his face as if the entire arena is late to a meeting he called.

He stops beneath the spotlight and slowly spreads his arms.

The boos get louder.

Jett mouths two words toward the crowd.

“You’re welcome.”

John Phillips: "Maxwell Jett is the current UTA Champion. He won that championship at Victory, and tonight he walks into a match where he does not have to be pinned, submitted, or beaten one on one to lose everything."

Mark Bravo: "That championship around his waist is the prize at the end of the night, John. If Maxwell Jett does not outlast sixty-nine other people, he does not walk out UTA Champion. This is his worst nightmare dressed up as a main event."

Jett begins his walk down the ramp slowly.

Too slowly.

Inside the ring, Angela Hall and Dahlia Cross have broken from their struggle near the ropes to look toward the stage. Aaron Shaffer stands in the corner, chest rising and falling. Theo Sparks is on one knee, blinking through sweat. Mini Perfection is clinging low near the bottom rope, still doing everything in his power to make himself unthrowable.

At commentary, Bobby Dean leans over from the battle chair, squinting toward the stage with a crisp halfway to his mouth.

Bobby Dean: "He looks expensive."

Mark Bravo: "He thinks so too."

Bobby Dean: "That must be nice."

Jett stops halfway down the ramp, looking at the ring with clear distaste.

His eyes move over Angela.

Then Aaron.

Then Theo.

Then Dahlia.

Then Mini Perfection.

Jett’s face changes.

Not fear.

Not confusion.

Offense.

Like the existence of Mini Perfection has lowered the property value of the ring.

John Phillips: "Maxwell Jett has just seen Mini Perfection."

Mark Bravo: "And he looks personally insulted."

Jett points toward the ring, then toward Mini Perfection specifically.

Maxwell Jett: "What is that?"

Mini Perfection stands up near the ropes and adjusts his coat, trying to meet the UTA Champion’s glare with equal arrogance.

Jett looks around at the fans, then shakes his head.

Maxwell Jett: "No. Absolutely not."

He suddenly breaks into motion.

The robe comes off before he reaches the bottom of the ramp, tossed toward a ringside attendant who barely catches it. Jett unfastens the UTA Championship and shoves it at another official without looking, eyes locked on the ring.

The UTA Champion slides under the bottom rope with sudden speed and pops to his feet.

Mini Perfection steps forward, lifts both hands, and begins mouthing something that looks very much like “You don’t deserve me.”

Jett stares down at him.

Then he points at the UTA Championship being carried away outside.

Maxwell Jett: "That is mine."

Mini Perfection points at himself proudly.

Jett’s expression goes flat.

Maxwell Jett: "This is not Make-A-Wish Dynasty."

The crowd roars with a mix of boos, laughter, and shock.

Mini Perfection throws a tiny European uppercut at Jett.

It lands against Jett’s midsection.

Jett looks down at where the shot landed.

Then slowly looks back at Mini Perfection.

Mark Bravo: "That may not have been the best decision."

Mini Perfection realizes it too late.

He turns and dives toward the bottom rope, but Jett catches him by the back of the coat.

Mini Perfection kicks, yells, and reaches for the bottom rope with both hands, but Jett yanks him backward with one sharp pull.

John Phillips: "Jett has Mini Perfection!"

Jett drags Mini Perfection to the center of the ring, looks toward the hard camera, and gives the kind of smug little lecture only Maxwell Jett could give in the middle of a seventy-person rumble.

Maxwell Jett: "This is why I’m champion. I improve the room."

Then Angela Hall blasts Jett across the jaw with a forearm.

The crowd pops as Jett stumbles sideways, forced to release Mini Perfection for one second.

Mark Bravo: "Villain lecture interrupted!"

John Phillips: "Angela Hall not waiting for Maxwell Jett to finish whatever that was!"

Jett’s head snaps back toward Angela, fury flashing in his eyes. Angela swings again, but Jett ducks underneath and catches her with a sharp knee to the midsection.

Angela doubles over.

Theo Sparks rushes in from the side.

Jett rakes his fingers across Theo’s eyes just enough for the referee to warn him, but not enough for anything to be done about it.

Theo stumbles away, blinking.

Theo Sparks: "Screen blur! Screen blur!"

Aaron Shaffer charges next, but Jett sidesteps and snaps him down with a rope-assisted headlock takeover, using the top rope for extra leverage before releasing and rolling through to his feet.

John Phillips: "Jett already using shortcuts, already using the ropes, and already cutting off anyone who comes near him."

Mark Bravo: "That is the champion’s survival mode. Smug on the outside, emergency protocol on the inside."

Dahlia Cross steps toward Jett now, slow and calculated, and for a moment the two heels lock eyes.

Dahlia smiles.

Jett points at her.

Maxwell Jett: "Not now, purple."

Dahlia’s smile fades.

She shoots for his wrist, looking to twist into an arm control, but Jett jerks backward and kicks Mini Perfection, who had crawled too close behind him, directly into Dahlia’s path.

Dahlia trips over Mini Perfection and drops to one knee.

Mini Perfection rolls onto his back, arms and legs flailing.

Jett looks down at him again.

That seems to remind him of the first order of business.

Jett grabs Mini Perfection by the coat and hauls him upright.

Mini Perfection immediately tries to go dead weight, dropping limp toward the canvas.

Mark Bravo: "Smart defense! Become luggage!"

Jett rolls his eyes, bends down, and scoops Mini Perfection up across his chest.

Mini Perfection starts kicking and swinging wildly, catching Jett lightly on the shoulder and chest.

Jett marches toward the ropes anyway.

John Phillips: "Maxwell Jett is taking Mini Perfection to the ropes!"

Mini Perfection hooks the top rope with both hands as Jett tries to dump him over.

The crowd rises, laughing and booing at the same time as Mini Perfection clings on for dear life.

Angela comes in from behind, perhaps looking to dump both of them, but Jett sees her coming out of the corner of his eye. He kicks backward into Angela’s knee, stopping her charge.

Then Jett grabs Mini Perfection’s hands one by one.

First the left.

Then the right.

Mini Perfection’s eyes go wide.

Maxwell Jett: "First Class has height requirements."

Jett shoves him over the top rope.

Mini Perfection tumbles down to the floor and lands on both feet before falling backward onto the ringside mat.

The bell does not ring, but the officials at ringside immediately signal the elimination.

Ring Announcer: "Mini Perfection has been eliminated!"

John Phillips: "Mini Perfection is gone! Maxwell Jett enters and immediately scores the first elimination of the All or Nothing Rumble!"

Mark Bravo: "The UTA Champion just restored what he believes is order, dignity, and minimum height policy!"

Mini Perfection sits up on the floor, furious. He points at Jett, shouting about injustice, legacy, and probably paperwork.

Jett leans over the ropes and looks down at him.

Maxwell Jett: "Bill me for the dry cleaning."

At commentary, Bobby Dean claps politely from the battle chair, snack bag resting on his stomach.

Bobby Dean: "Good effort, little guy."

John Phillips: "Bobby Dean still has not entered the ring, by the way."

Bobby Dean: "I am observing champion strategy."

Mark Bravo: "He just threw out the smallest guy in the match."

Bobby Dean: "Exactly. I am learning what to avoid."

Back inside, Jett turns from the ropes and is immediately met by Aaron Shaffer, who catches him with a quick forearm to the jaw. Jett stumbles, more angry than hurt, and Shaffer follows with another shot.

Angela joins in, driving a kick into Jett’s thigh.

The crowd cheers as the UTA Champion suddenly finds himself under attack from two of the original entrants.

John Phillips: "Angela Hall and Aaron Shaffer going after the champion!"

Mark Bravo: "That is the danger for Jett. Everyone knows what he has. Everyone knows what they can take."

Theo Sparks shakes out the eye rake and jumps back into the fray, hitting Jett with a quick dropkick to the shoulder that sends the champion into the corner.

Angela, Shaffer, and Theo all converge.

For a second, it looks like the UTA Champion may be in real danger.

Then Dahlia Cross grabs Angela by the arm and yanks her backward into a wrist twist, breaking up the potential group elimination before it can begin.

Dahlia Cross: "One champion later. One wrist now."

Angela grimaces and fires a back elbow to force Dahlia away.

Shaffer tries to lift Jett in the corner, but Jett thumbs him across the eye from close range and shoves him backward.

Theo charges again.

Jett catches Theo by the arm, twists him around, and drops him with a hammerlock DDT.

John Phillips: "Hammerlock DDT by Maxwell Jett!"

Mark Bravo: "That is not just impact. That is Jett sending a reminder: he may be insufferable, but he is dangerous."

Theo rolls away holding his shoulder as Jett pushes up to one knee, hair slightly out of place and temper fully awake.

The countdown clock appears again.

15.

14.

13.

John Phillips: "Maxwell Jett is in this match now, Mini Perfection has been eliminated, and the UTA Champion is already being forced to fight from all sides."

Mark Bravo: "And Bobby Dean remains undefeated at commentary."

Bobby Dean: "Thank you."

Jett grabs the ropes and pulls himself fully upright, glaring at everyone in the ring as if they have personally inconvenienced his reign.

Crowd: "TEN! NINE! EIGHT!"

Angela and Dahlia struggle near one side of the ring. Shaffer shakes out his eye near the corner. Theo clutches his shoulder on the mat. Jett stands in the middle, pointing at the UTA Championship being held safely at ringside.

Maxwell Jett: "Nobody touches what is mine!"

Crowd: "SEVEN! SIX! FIVE!"

Bobby Dean reaches into his snack bag again.

Crowd: "FOUR! THREE! TWO! ONE!"

The buzzer sounds.

BUZZZZZZ!

Before anyone in the ring can fully reset, the giant screen above the stage flashes to a simple black background with bold white letters.

MARK BRAVO.

A loud, swaggering burst of arena-rock guitar mixed with pounding drumline hits the speakers, a brash, rowdy theme that sounds like it was built for a man who talks trash as naturally as he breathes.

The O2 explodes.

John Phillips: "What?"

Inside the ring, Maxwell Jett turns toward the stage.

Angela Hall looks up in confusion.

Aaron Shaffer blinks toward the entrance.

Theo Sparks looks around like he is waiting for some hidden unlockable character to spawn on the ramp.

Dahlia Cross just narrows her eyes.

But no one comes through the curtain.

Because the camera cuts to commentary.

Mark Bravo is staring at the screen with his mouth half open, one hand still on his headset.

John Phillips: "Mark... you’re in this match?"

Mark Bravo: "I guess so, John!"

The crowd roars with laughter and cheers as Bobby Dean turns in the battle chair beside them, crisp bag in hand, looking absolutely delighted.

Bobby Dean: "Go get ‘em! You got this!"

Mark points at Bobby.

Mark Bravo: "That’s the kind of belief I need right now!"

John is still staring at him in disbelief.

John Phillips: "You were supposed to call the match!"

Mark Bravo: "And now I’m gonna win the match!"

Mark rips the headset off and drops it onto the desk. He quickly undoes the buttons at his sleeve cuffs, rolling his shoulders once like an old football player hearing the call one more time. The crowd is eating it up as he pushes back from the desk and stands.

Bobby Dean reaches out and pats him on the arm.

Bobby Dean: "Make me proud, broadcaster."

Mark Bravo: "If I die, tell people I looked incredible."

John Phillips: "Mark, please be careful!"

Mark grins and starts jogging toward the ring, slapping a few fans’ hands on the way as the crowd volume grows. Inside the ropes, the competitors watch with varying levels of amusement and disgust.

Maxwell Jett, especially, looks personally offended.

John Phillips: "This is unbelievable! Mark Bravo has entered the All or Nothing Rumble!"

Mark reaches ringside, grabs the apron, and pulls himself up with a burst of effort. He ducks through the ropes and steps into the ring to a loud ovation.

He straightens up, puffs his chest out, and points to himself.

Mark Bravo: "Still got it!"

Maxwell Jett stares at him from a few feet away, completely unimpressed.

Maxwell Jett: "Really?"

The crowd laughs.

Mark points right back at the UTA Champion.

Mark Bravo: "You got a problem with it, Long Island?"

Jett opens his mouth to answer, but before he can, Dahlia Cross glides in from behind Mark with the cold efficiency of a woman who has no time for this bit.

Mark never sees her.

She plants both hands on his back and hips and shoves with everything she has.

Mark stumbles forward in shock, windmilling his arms, hits the top rope chest-first, and tips over it.

The crowd gasps and laughs all at once as Mark Bravo spills over the top rope and drops to the floor.

The official at ringside immediately points.

Ring Announcer: "Mark Bravo has been eliminated!"

John Phillips: "Mark Bravo is out! Mark got dumped over the top rope!"

Inside the ring, Maxwell Jett throws his head back and laughs openly.

Maxwell Jett: "That was the best thing that's happened all night."

Dahlia Cross just brushes her hands together like she took out trash.

Dahlia Cross: "Commentary break."

Mark sits on the floor at ringside for a second, stunned, one hand on the barricade, the other on his lower back. Then he looks up at the ring and points angrily.

Mark Bravo: "Cheap shot! Absolute cheap shot!"

Bobby Dean applauds from the battle chair.

Bobby Dean: "You did great."

Mark Bravo: "I was in there for four seconds!"

Bobby Dean: "Impactful four seconds."

Mark pushes himself up and shakes his head, grumbling the whole way back to commentary as the action inside the ring keeps moving without sympathy.

John Phillips: "Welcome back, I guess!"

Mark Bravo: "I got robbed, John. I was just finding my rhythm."

In the ring, Angela Hall rushes Dahlia Cross immediately after the elimination, trying to capitalize while Dahlia is still near the ropes. Angela drives a forearm into her jaw, then another, backing her toward the corner.

Aaron Shaffer catches Maxwell Jett from the side with a fast forearm of his own, wiping the smile off the champion's face. Jett fires back with a knee to the stomach and a clubbing shot across the back of Shaffer's neck.

Theo Sparks springs up and runs at both of them, hitting a running dropkick that catches Jett in the shoulder and sends him stumbling into Shaffer.

John Phillips: "Chaos again in the ring! Mark Bravo is out, but the rest are still going!"

Mark Bravo: "I want the record to show I had not even begun to peak."

Bobby Dean hands Mark his headset back with a crisp still in his other hand.

Bobby Dean: "Eat your feelings?"

Mark Bravo: "That is the nicest thing anyone has ever said to me."

Back inside, Jett regains his footing and shoves Theo hard into the ropes. Theo rebounds, ducks a swing, and lands a quick kick to Jett's thigh. Across the ring, Dahlia rakes Angela across the face to stop her momentum and twists into a standing wristlock before Angela spins free.

Shaffer charges in with a Cyclone Clothesline meant for Jett, but Jett ducks, and the shot nearly catches Theo instead. Theo drops under it at the last second and rolls away.

The countdown clock appears again.

15.

14.

13.

John Phillips: "We are already down two eliminations now, Mini Perfection and Mark Bravo, and there is still so much match left to go!"

Mark Bravo: "I'm putting an asterisk next to mine."

Bobby Dean: "That's fair."

Crowd: "TEN! NINE! EIGHT!"

Jett barks at everyone in the ring as if their presence is a violation. Dahlia and Angela are still tangled up. Shaffer and Theo reset near the ropes.

Crowd: "SEVEN! SIX! FIVE!"

Mark settles his headset back on, still shaking his head as Bobby continues snacking beside him.

Crowd: "FOUR! THREE! TWO! ONE!"

The buzzer sounds.

BUZZZZZZ!

The O2's lights cut from gold into a sudden wash of blue, pink, and white strobes.

A glossy hip-hop beat snaps through the arena speakers, synth stabs hitting in time with pulsing neon graphics across the entrance screen.

The words flash across the massive display:

THE NEON ACE.

Kairo Bey steps through the curtain.

The crowd pops immediately.

Kairo stands at the top of the ramp with a calm grin, shoulders loose, eyes locked on the ring like he is already counting the beats of every moving body inside it. He points toward the hard camera, rolls his shoulders once, then begins gliding down the ramp with that smooth, dancer's rhythm that makes every step look easy.

John Phillips: "Entrant number nine is Kairo Bey! The Neon Ace is in the All or Nothing Rumble!"

Mark Bravo: "And this is where the pace can change in a hurry. Kairo Bey is all speed, angles, springboards, sudden cutters, and he is walking into a ring full of people who have already been grinding for several minutes."

Inside the ring, Maxwell Jett turns toward the entrance and immediately shakes his head.

Maxwell Jett: "Nope. Too flashy. Hate it."

Angela Hall is near the ropes, still battling with Dahlia Cross, while Theo Sparks pulls himself up near the corner. Aaron Shaffer, one of the two men who started this match, is breathing hard now, hands on his knees, trying to recover after surviving from the opening bell.

At commentary, Bobby Dean remains parked in the battle chair, snack bag open, watching Kairo make his way down.

Bobby Dean: "That guy has cardio."

Mark Bravo: "You sound offended."

Bobby Dean: "I'm suspicious of it."

Kairo reaches ringside, does not slow down, and slides under the bottom rope in one clean motion. He pops up instantly, hops to the second rope, and throws a sharp salute to the crowd before landing soft on the canvas.

Then the match finds him.

Theo Sparks rushes first, maybe excited by the arrival of another high-speed competitor, maybe simply trying to hit Kairo before Kairo can hit him.

Kairo ducks under Theo's forearm, spins behind him, and snaps off a quick arm drag that sends Theo skidding across the canvas.

Theo Sparks: "New player detected!"

Theo pops back up, but Kairo is already moving.

Angela Hall steps toward him with a fast lariat attempt, but Kairo ducks, hits the ropes, and rebounds into a tilt-a-whirl headscissors that sends Angela rolling toward the center of the ring.

John Phillips: "Kairo Bey already using that speed!"

Mark Bravo: "Fresh legs, fresh lungs, fresh neon. That is a dangerous combination this deep into the early field."

Dahlia Cross watches Kairo closely, not charging in right away. She studies the movement, eyes narrowing, looking for a limb, a mistake, a moment to slow him down.

Maxwell Jett, however, has no patience for any of it.

He charges Kairo from behind.

Kairo hears him coming.

He drops low, letting Jett's arm swing over him, then pops back up with a spinning back kick to the champion's midsection.

Jett doubles over, furious and embarrassed.

John Phillips: "Kairo caught the UTA Champion!"

Mark Bravo: "And Maxwell Jett's night just got even worse. He is the man everyone wants to embarrass, hurt, and eliminate."

Kairo grabs Jett by the wrist and tries to guide him toward the ropes, but Jett immediately drops his weight and hooks one arm around the top rope.

Maxwell Jett: "Absolutely not!"

Kairo fires a kick into Jett's thigh.

Jett yelps more in outrage than pain, then rakes Kairo across the face with his forearm while the referee's view is

blocked by Angela and Dahlia tangling up nearby.

John Phillips: "Jett caught Kairo across the face!"

Mark Bravo: "That is Maxwell Jett. He does not need a full opening. He just needs the referee to blink at the wrong second."

Kairo stumbles back, blinking, and Aaron Shaffer comes in with a fast forearm to Kairo's jaw.

Kairo staggers into the ropes.

Shaffer follows, looking to capitalize and perhaps finally score an elimination after starting this match from number two.

He grabs Kairo by the arm and tries to lift him up over the top rope.

John Phillips: "Aaron Shaffer trying to eliminate Kairo Bey quickly!"

Kairo lands on the apron instead, both hands gripping the top rope.

Shaffer swings for him.

Kairo ducks from the apron, then snaps a shoulder through the ropes into Shaffer's midsection.

Shaffer doubles over.

Kairo grips the top rope, springboards up, and catches Shaffer with a slingshot cutter back into the ring.

Shaffer's face hits the mat as the crowd erupts.

John Phillips: "Slingshot cutter by Kairo Bey!"

Mark Bravo: "That came out of nowhere! That is the danger with Kairo. You think you have him on the apron, and suddenly you are eating canvas."

Kairo rolls through and pushes to one knee.

Dahlia Cross strikes immediately.

She comes in low from the side and clips Kairo's leg with a single-leg dropkick, taking him back down before he can fully rise.

Kairo grabs at his knee, and Dahlia smiles.

Dahlia Cross: "Lights off, love."

Dahlia reaches for Kairo's ankle, but Angela Hall blasts her with a forearm, knocking Dahlia sideways into the ropes.

Angela grabs Dahlia and tries to force her upward, but Dahlia hooks the middle rope with both arms and twists her body low, refusing to be moved.

Across the ring, Maxwell Jett has Theo Sparks by the arm, wrenching it behind his back and trying to drag him toward the ropes.

Maxwell Jett: "You people are exhausting."

Theo drops to one knee and rolls forward, reversing the pressure and pulling Jett off balance.

Jett stumbles forward into a quick kick from Kairo, who has already recovered enough to rejoin the fight.

Kairo and Theo look at each other for one fast second.

The crowd buzzes.

Theo Sparks: "Combo?"

Kairo grins.

Kairo Bey: "Count it."

Theo hits Jett with a dropkick to the knee.

Kairo follows with a basement dropkick to the chest.

Jett falls backward into the corner, furious, clutching at the ropes to keep himself from collapsing too far.

Mark Bravo: "The champion is getting ping-ponged around right now!"

John Phillips: "But still not eliminated. Maxwell Jett is hanging on to those ropes for dear life."

Aaron Shaffer rises again behind Kairo, shaking off the slingshot cutter, and charges.

Kairo turns just in time.

Shaffer goes for the Cyclone Clothesline.

Kairo ducks under and keeps moving, stepping onto the bottom rope, then the middle, hitting a rope-walk feint that sends Shaffer turning the wrong way for half a heartbeat.

That is all Kairo needs.

He lands behind Shaffer, grabs him by the wrist, and spins him toward the ropes.

Shaffer reverses at first, trying to send Kairo instead, but Kairo pivots through with fluid footwork and snaps a Mirage Kick into Shaffer’s jaw.

Shaffer stumbles backward into the ropes.

John Phillips: "Mirage Kick! Shaffer is rocked!"

Kairo charges.

Shaffer tries to duck low and back body drop him over, but Kairo plants both hands on Shaffer’s shoulders and flips over him, landing on his feet behind him.

Shaffer turns around.

Kairo leaps and catches him with a headscissors, twisting his body and using Shaffer’s own momentum to send him up and over the top rope.

Shaffer grabs for the ropes, fingertips brushing the top strand, but he cannot hang on.

Aaron Shaffer spills to the floor, both feet hitting the ringside mat.

The official points immediately.

Ring Announcer: "Aaron Shaffer has been eliminated!"

John Phillips: "Kairo Bey eliminates Aaron Shaffer! The man who started this match at number two is gone!"

Mark Bravo: "Shaffer fought from the opening bell, but Kairo came in fresh, fast, and found the angle. That is Neon Ace timing right there."

Shaffer sits on the floor for a second, disappointed but nodding slightly as officials guide him away. He looks back into the ring and points at Kairo with reluctant respect before heading toward the back.

Kairo turns back into the ring and immediately has to duck a cheap shot from Maxwell Jett, who charges out of the corner looking to punish him for getting a reaction.

Kairo ducks.

Jett keeps going and nearly collides with Angela, stopping just short before she can grab him.

Angela swings, but Jett bails backward, grabbing the ropes and shouting at the referee despite there being nothing to complain about.

Maxwell Jett: "Control these people!"

John Phillips: "Maxwell Jett wants order in a seventy-person rumble."

Mark Bravo: "The man has never met chaos he did not think should answer to his tax bracket."

At commentary, Bobby Dean continues snacking, now watching Aaron Shaffer walk past him toward the back.

Bobby Dean: "Good hustle."

Shaffer glances at Bobby, then at the battle chair, then just shakes his head and keeps walking.

Bobby Dean: "Everyone’s so tense."

Inside the ring, Kairo, Angela, Theo, Dahlia, and Jett all begin circling and colliding again. Dahlia grabs Theo by the arm and twists him toward the ropes. Angela steps toward Kairo, cautious now after seeing what he did to Shaffer. Jett stays near the corner, jawing at everyone and holding the top rope like it owes him money.

The countdown clock appears.

15.

14.

13.

John Phillips: "Aaron Shaffer has been eliminated, Mini Perfection has been eliminated, Mark Bravo has been eliminated, and Bobby Dean still has yet to enter the ring."

Mark Bravo: "I entered the ring. I’m just saying."

Bobby Dean: "You did great."

Mark Bravo: "Thank you, Bobby."

Crowd: "TEN! NINE! EIGHT!"

Kairo Bey backs toward the ropes, bouncing lightly, already scanning the next angle. Maxwell Jett points at him from the corner, still furious.

Maxwell Jett: "I saw that. Nobody gets cute with my match."

Crowd: "SEVEN! SIX! FIVE!"

Angela and Dahlia clash again near the side ropes while Theo Sparks tries to shake feeling back into his arm.

Crowd: "FOUR! THREE! TWO! ONE!"

The buzzer sounds.

BUZZZZZZ!

The buzzer sounds.

BUZZZZZZ!

The arena lights shift into green, gold, and black.

A warm reggae rhythm begins to pulse through The O2, and the London crowd reacts with instant recognition from the long-time UTA faithful. The opening of “Better Must Come” by Geego rolls through the speakers as the screen flashes with island colors, martial arts silhouettes, and the words:

THE JAMAICAN INSPIRATION.

Then Lisil Jackson steps through the curtain.

The reaction is big.

Not just loud.

Respectful.

A legacy UTA name has arrived.

Lisil stands tall at the top of the ramp, six-foot-six and imposing, athletic frame relaxed but ready. A fedora sits perfectly on his head, and he points out toward the crowd with a wide, upbeat energy that somehow feels both joyful and dangerous. He bounces lightly on his feet, stretching his shoulders, then claps his hands once and starts down the ramp.

John Phillips: "Entrant number ten is Lisil Jackson! The Jamaican Inspiration! The Jamaican Ninja Warrior! A legacy UTA superstar has entered the All or Nothing Rumble!"

Mark Bravo: "And do not let the positivity fool you, John. Lisil Jackson is six-foot-six, over two-hundred-fifty pounds, agile, dangerous, and he can kick your lungs into the third row while telling you to believe in a better tomorrow."

In the ring, Maxwell Jett turns toward the entrance and immediately looks annoyed by the reaction.

Maxwell Jett: "Oh, great. Inspirational humidity."

Kairo Bey looks toward the ramp and nods, recognizing the danger. Angela Hall pulls herself up near the ropes. Dahlia Cross is crouched low in the corner, one hand on the middle rope. Theo Sparks is still shaking out the damage from earlier. Bobby Dean, of course, remains in the battle chair near commentary, one hand inside the snack bag.

Bobby Dean: "Fedora game is strong."

Mark Bravo: "Do not mess with that fedora, Bobby."

Bobby Dean: "I wasn’t gonna. I respect headwear."

Lisil reaches ringside and pauses by the apron. He looks toward the ring, then toward Bobby at commentary.

Lisil Jackson: "Brother Bobby! You staying blessed out here?"

Bobby Dean: "I’m staying salted."

Lisil laughs, then turns back to the ring.

He removes the fedora carefully.

Very carefully.

He hands it to a ringside attendant and points at them with total seriousness.

Lisil Jackson: "Protect dat with your life, yeah?"

The attendant nods immediately.

Lisil slides into the ring.

The second he rises, Theo Sparks rushes him.

Theo throws a fast forearm.

Lisil blocks it.

Theo throws another.

Lisil blocks that too, then smiles.

Lisil Jackson: "I admire the energy, my friend."

Then Lisil snaps a thrusting push kick straight into Theo’s sternum.

Theo flies backward and crashes into the turnbuckles.

John Phillips: "Tsunami Kick from Lisil Jackson!"

Mark Bravo: "That man just sent Player One into the loading screen!"

Kairo Bey springs in next, firing a quick kick toward Lisil’s thigh. Lisil checks it with his shin, then answers with a lightning-fast roundhouse that Kairo barely ducks under.

Kairo spins through and snaps a back kick toward Lisil’s ribs.

Lisil absorbs part of it, steps back, and nods approvingly.

Lisil Jackson: "Smooth, brother. Very smooth."

Kairo grins despite himself.

Kairo Bey: "Had to test the rhythm."

Maxwell Jett charges from behind, looking to blindside Lisil while he is focused on Kairo.

Lisil sees him coming on the big screen.

He turns and catches Jett with a Muay Thai knee to the midsection.

The UTA Champion folds over immediately, clutching his ribs.

The crowd erupts.

John Phillips: "Lisil caught the champion!"

Mark Bravo: "Maxwell Jett tried to cheap-shot a martial artist with functioning peripheral vision. Bad business decision."

Lisil grabs Jett by the head and starts to guide him toward the ropes, and the crowd rises at the thought of the UTA Champion being eliminated this early.

Jett panics instantly.

Maxwell Jett: "No! No! Inspirational boundaries!"

Jett grabs the top rope with both arms and drops his weight like his entire title reign depends on becoming impossible to move.

Angela Hall rushes in and kicks Jett in the ribs, trying to help force him out.

Kairo joins too, grabbing one of Jett’s legs.

The O2 gets louder.

John Phillips: "They are trying to get Maxwell Jett out!"

Mark Bravo: "If Jett goes over right now, we are guaranteed a new UTA Champion tonight!"

Dahlia Cross ruins the moment.

She comes in low and clips Angela’s knee from behind, dropping her before the group can fully lift Jett.

Jett slips free and rolls under the bottom rope to the apron, then immediately back in under the bottom rope, never going over the top.

Maxwell Jett: "That was illegal teamwork!"

Mark Bravo: "That is not a thing."

Lisil turns toward Dahlia, who smiles at him wickedly and reaches for his arm, looking to twist him into wrist control. Lisil steps through the attempt, spins behind her, and catches her in a quick rear waistlock.

Dahlia throws a back elbow.

Lisil ducks.

She tries another.

Lisil releases, backs away, and catches her with a sharp martial arts kick to the ribs.

Dahlia stumbles toward the ropes, one arm wrapped around her body.

John Phillips: "Lisil Jackson showing that deadly variety of kicks!"

Mark Bravo: "He is huge, he is agile, and somehow he is still smiling. That is deeply unsettling when you are the one getting kicked."

Theo Sparks pulls himself out of the corner, still holding his chest after the Tsunami Kick. He sees Lisil’s back turned and charges again, perhaps trying to make up for the earlier shot.

Lisil turns just in time.

Theo leaps for a crossbody.

Lisil catches him.

The crowd reacts as Theo’s eyes go wide.

Theo Sparks: "Bad route! Bad route!"

Lisil walks toward the ropes with Theo in his arms.

Theo kicks his legs, trying to shift his weight and escape, but Lisil powers him up higher.

Lisil Jackson: "You got heart, little brother."

Lisil turns Theo toward the crowd.

Lisil Jackson: "Now fly with purpose!"

He throws Theo over the top rope.

Theo grabs at the top strand, nearly catching it, but his grip slips. He tumbles to the floor and lands hard on the ringside mat, both feet hitting.

The official immediately points.

Ring Announcer: "Theo Sparks has been eliminated!"

John Phillips: "Theo Sparks is gone! Lisil Jackson enters and eliminates Player One!"

Mark Bravo: "He complimented him and eliminated him at the same time! That is motivational violence!"

Theo sits up on the floor, blinking toward the ring.

Theo Sparks: "Respectfully... ouch."

Bobby Dean applauds from the battle chair.

Bobby Dean: "Good game, kid."

Theo gives Bobby a tired thumbs-up before officials guide him toward the back.

Inside the ring, Lisil turns back toward the remaining field.

Angela Hall is rising near one side.

Dahlia Cross is recovering near the ropes.

Kairo Bey bounces lightly near the corner, eyes locked on Lisil now with interest.

Maxwell Jett is still on one knee, pointing furiously at everyone.

Maxwell Jett: "Nobody touches me unless you have a verified championship résumé!"

Kairo rushes Jett and lands a basement dropkick to the side of his shoulder, knocking him backward into the corner.

Angela follows with a forearm, and Jett immediately covers up, yelling at the referee again despite there being no rope break in a rumble.

Dahlia sneaks behind Lisil and tries to grab him by the arm, but Lisil catches her wrist and twists into a quick standing armbar position.

Dahlia winces, then drops low and rolls through to escape before Lisil can take her fully down.

John Phillips: "Dahlia wanted the joint manipulation, but Lisil nearly turned it around on her!"

Mark Bravo: "That is the MMA background. Dahlia studies pain for fun, but Lisil knows submissions too. That is not a safe game for either of them."

The countdown clock appears again.

15.

14.

13.

John Phillips: "Theo Sparks has been eliminated. Aaron Shaffer, Mini Perfection, and Mark Bravo are also out. Bobby Dean remains active but still outside the ring, and Maxwell Jett is still very much in danger as the UTA Champion."

Mark Bravo: "I do not appreciate being listed like that."

Bobby Dean: "You lasted longer than some snacks."

Mark Bravo: "That actually helps."

Crowd: "TEN! NINE! EIGHT!"

Lisil Jackson steps into the center, smiling, hands raised and ready. Kairo circles him from one side. Dahlia watches from the other. Angela keeps pressure on Jett in the corner.

Crowd: "SEVEN! SIX! FIVE!"

Jett ducks under Angela’s next forearm and shoves her away, then immediately points toward Lisil.

Maxwell Jett: "Somebody get the motivational ninja away from me!"

Crowd: "FOUR! THREE! TWO! ONE!"

The buzzer sounds.

BUZZZZZZ!

The buzzer sounds.

BUZZZZZZ!

The lights shift into a wild mix of green and jungle-gold as the opening of “Through the Safety and the Dance” hits the speakers.

For a split second, the crowd seems unsure.

Then the older UTA fans recognize it.

The O2 comes alive.

John Phillips: "Oh my! Another legacy name! That music belongs to Kentucky Tarzan!"

Mark Bravo: "Business has just gone completely feral, John!"

The screen fills with old jungle graphics, swinging vines, chaotic flashes of past UTA footage, and the words:

KENTUCKY TARZAN.

The camera cuts to the stage.

Nothing.

No one comes through the curtain.

Inside the ring, Maxwell Jett is in the corner, holding the top rope and breathing hard after surviving the attempted group elimination. Kairo Bey has just eliminated Aaron Shaffer and is still near the ropes, watching the entrance. Angela Hall and Dahlia Cross are tangled up near the opposite side, while Lisil Jackson stands tall in the center, smiling like the madness of this match is exactly the kind of test the universe promised him.

Bobby Dean, still parked beside commentary in the battle chair, looks toward the stage while chewing.

Bobby Dean: "Is he invisible?"

Mark Bravo: "With Kentucky Tarzan, that is not the weirdest option."

The music keeps going.

The crowd starts looking around.

Then a spotlight suddenly shoots upward.

Not at the stage.

Above the ramp.

The camera tilts up.

There he is.

Kentucky Tarzan appears high above the entrance aisle, clinging to a thick green rope like the last sane person in the building somehow agreed this was a good idea.

The O2 explodes.

John Phillips: "You have got to be kidding me!"

Mark Bravo: "He’s got a vine! John, the man brought international vine infrastructure!"

Kentucky Tarzan lets out a shout and swings out over the ramp, legs kicked forward, one arm extended like he has never once considered insurance paperwork in his life.

He swings down toward ringside as the crowd gasps, cheers, and points phones into the air.

Maxwell Jett watches from inside the ring, horrified.

Maxwell Jett: "Absolutely not! This is not OSHA compliant!"

Kentucky Tarzan swings lower, releases at the perfect moment, and lands in a forward roll on the ringside floor before popping up to his feet.

The crowd roars.

He throws both arms out wide.

Kentucky Tarzan: "JESUS SHIT TITS!"

John Phillips goes silent for a half second.

Mark Bravo: "Welcome back, legacy UTA!"

John Phillips: "Kentucky Tarzan has entered the All or Nothing Rumble, and I apologize to everyone watching at home."

Kentucky Tarzan slaps hands with fans along the barricade, then stops beside the attendant holding Lisil Jackson’s fedora.

Tarzan looks at the fedora.

Lisil Jackson sees it from the ring.

His smile vanishes.

Lisil Jackson: "Brother. Do not."

Kentucky Tarzan slowly raises both hands, backing away from the fedora with exaggerated care.

Kentucky Tarzan: "I know the rules!"

Lisil’s smile returns instantly.

Lisil Jackson: "Blessings upon you, my friend."

Kentucky Tarzan dives under the bottom rope and rolls into the ring.

He pops to his feet, shakes both arms, and immediately screams toward the crowd.

Kentucky Tarzan: "BABYFACE FIRE!"

Kairo Bey charges first, testing the new arrival with a quick kick. Kentucky Tarzan ducks under it and snaps off a fast leg lariat that takes Kairo down.

John Phillips: "Kentucky Tarzan with the leg lariat!"

Mark Bravo: "For a man who swings into buildings on vines, he is shockingly practical once the bell is involved."

Angela Hall comes in next with speed, catching Tarzan with a forearm to the jaw. Tarzan staggers, but bounces right back into another forearm from Angela.

She grabs his wrist and sends him toward the ropes.

Tarzan rebounds fast, ducks beneath Angela’s lariat, and springs off the middle rope with a crossbody that knocks Angela down.

The crowd pops as Tarzan rolls through and lands on his feet.

John Phillips: "Great agility from Kentucky Tarzan!"

Mark Bravo: "He is six-foot-one, two-twenty-one, MMA trained, and he wrestles like someone dared gravity to file a complaint."

Dahlia Cross moves behind him, grabbing for the arm, but Tarzan spins out and catches her with a quick snap kick behind the knee.

Dahlia drops to one knee, and Tarzan follows with a sharp shin kick to the side of her shoulder, knocking her down near the ropes.

Maxwell Jett sees Dahlia near the ropes and, more importantly, sees Tarzan’s back turned.

Jett rushes in from behind and clubs Tarzan across the back of the neck.

Tarzan stumbles toward the ropes.

Maxwell Jett: "I do not know what this is, but I hate it!"

Jett tries to dump Tarzan over immediately, grabbing him by the trunks and shoulder and forcing his upper body toward the top rope.

Tarzan hooks both legs around the middle rope and clings awkwardly, refusing to go over.

Jett grits his teeth and pushes harder.

Maxwell Jett: "Leave! Go back to whatever Commonwealth raised you!"

Tarzan fires backward with an elbow that catches Jett in the ribs.

Then another.

Then he suddenly drops low and rolls between Jett’s legs, popping up behind the UTA Champion.

Jett turns around.

Tarzan blasts him with a superkick.

The O2 erupts as Jett crashes backward into the corner, hanging on to the top rope again for survival.

John Phillips: "Kentucky Tarzan just rocked the UTA Champion!"

Mark Bravo: "Maxwell Jett’s face almost left First Class and entered coach!"

Lisil Jackson steps toward Tarzan now, and the crowd buzzes as the two legacy-linked energies meet in the middle of the ring.

Lisil smiles.

Tarzan shakes his arms again.

Lisil Jackson: "You bring much energy, brother."

Kentucky Tarzan: "I need cheeseburgers!"

Lisil nods slowly, as if that somehow made perfect spiritual sense.

Lisil Jackson: "Then we fight with purpose."

The two begin trading kicks.

Lisil fires a martial arts kick to the thigh.

Tarzan answers with a quick snap kick of his own.

Lisil throws a body kick.

Tarzan catches part of it, spins, and tries a rolling heel kick, but Lisil steps back just enough for it to miss.

Kairo Bey suddenly springboards in and catches both men with a crossbody, knocking Lisil backward and Tarzan down to the mat.

John Phillips: "Kairo Bey takes out both Lisil and Kentucky Tarzan!"

Mark Bravo: "Kairo said if we are doing agility, let’s raise the lighting budget."

Kairo lands on his feet but immediately gets grabbed from behind by Angela Hall. Angela tries to lift him toward the ropes, but Kairo hooks one arm over the top rope and shifts his hips, blocking the elimination attempt.

Dahlia Cross rises near the same ropes, sees both of them occupied, and grabs Angela’s leg from behind, trying to destabilize her.

Angela kicks backward, catching Dahlia in the shoulder.

Across the ring, Maxwell Jett is still recovering in the corner. He looks up and sees Tarzan pushing to his knees.

Jett storms forward with a running boot.

Tarzan ducks.

Jett’s boot catches nothing but air, and he gets spun around by the momentum.

Lisil Jackson catches Jett coming around with a thrusting push kick to the sternum.

Jett flies backward into the turnbuckles again.

The crowd explodes.

John Phillips: "Tsunami Kick to Maxwell Jett!"

Mark Bravo: "The champion is surviving, but he is getting tenderized by every legacy entrant in this match!"

Kentucky Tarzan pops up and charges toward the corner, trying to follow up on Jett, but Jett drops down and rolls under the bottom rope onto the apron, then rolls back in near the side to avoid being trapped.

He points at Tarzan and Lisil, furious.

Maxwell Jett: "Both of you are being reported!"

Bobby Dean leans toward John and Mark from the battle chair.

Bobby Dean: "Can you report people in a rumble?"

Mark Bravo: "Maxwell can report a sunrise if it interrupts him."

Tarzan turns away from Jett and sees Dahlia Cross trying to force Kairo’s legs up near the ropes while Angela pulls from the other side. Tarzan rushes in and grabs Dahlia from behind, looking to dump her instead.

Dahlia immediately hooks both hands around the top rope and drops dead weight.

Tarzan tries to lift her again.

Dahlia reaches back and grabs at his face, forcing him away with a rake across the eyes.

Tarzan stumbles backward.

Kentucky Tarzan: "That ain’t babyface fire!"

Dahlia turns with a wicked smile and kicks him low in the shin, then grabs his wrist and tries to twist him down. Tarzan rolls through it, popping up to one knee.

Lisil Jackson steps in and catches Dahlia with a Muay Thai knee to the ribs, breaking the hold.

For a second, Lisil and Tarzan look at each other.

Then both turn toward Dahlia.

Dahlia realizes the problem.

Angela Hall and Kairo Bey, recovering near the ropes, realize the same thing.

The ring begins to close around Dahlia Cross.

John Phillips: "Dahlia Cross may be in trouble here!"

Lisil grabs Dahlia by one arm.

Tarzan grabs the other.

Dahlia fights, twisting and kicking, trying to hook a leg around the bottom rope, but Angela comes in and sweeps that leg free.

Kairo Bey jumps to the middle rope and lands a quick springboard dropkick that catches Dahlia in the chest as Lisil and Tarzan lift.

Dahlia goes up and over the top rope.

She grabs at the rope, fingers catching for a second.

Then they slip.

Dahlia Cross falls to the ringside floor, both feet hitting the mat.

The official points immediately.

Ring Announcer: "Dahlia Cross has been eliminated!"

John Phillips: "Dahlia Cross is gone! A combined effort from Lisil Jackson, Kentucky Tarzan, Angela Hall, and Kairo Bey!"

Mark Bravo: "That is what happens when enough people decide they are tired of getting their joints rearranged."

Dahlia sits on the floor, furious, staring up into the ring like she is mentally picking out which wrist to break later.

Maxwell Jett, meanwhile, applauds sarcastically from the corner.

Maxwell Jett: "Great. Inspirational teamwork. Revolting."

Kairo turns toward Jett, and Jett immediately stops clapping.

Angela, Lisil, and Tarzan all look toward the UTA Champion too.

Jett’s eyes widen.

Maxwell Jett: "No. No. We just had a moment. Let the moment breathe."

Before they can close in, the countdown clock appears.

15.

14.

13.

John Phillips: "Dahlia Cross eliminated, Theo Sparks eliminated, Aaron Shaffer eliminated, Mini Perfection eliminated, and Mark Bravo eliminated. Bobby Dean is still active but still parked outside the ring."

Mark Bravo: "Again, I object to being included in that tone."

Bobby Dean: "You made history."

Mark Bravo: "Bad history."

Bobby Dean: "Still history."

Crowd: "TEN! NINE! EIGHT!"

Kentucky Tarzan shakes his arms in the center of the ring, Lisil Jackson smiles beside him, Kairo Bey bounces lightly near the ropes, Angela Hall watches Maxwell Jett, and Jett clings to the corner like the turnbuckle is part of his legal defense.

Crowd: "SEVEN! SIX! FIVE!"

Bobby Dean reaches into his snack bag again and finds it almost empty.

Bobby Dean: "Uh oh."

Crowd: "FOUR! THREE! TWO! ONE!"

The buzzer sounds.

BUZZZZZZ!

The lights inside The O2 cut hard to black.

For one second, the ring freezes.

Maxwell Jett is backed near the corner, still barking at everyone around him. Kairo Bey stands near the ropes, bouncing lightly on tired legs. Lisil Jackson and Kentucky Tarzan are both near center ring, still recovering from the burst of legacy chaos. Angela Hall is pulling herself up along the ropes, while Bobby Dean remains parked beside commentary in the battle chair, inspecting what remains of his snack bag.

Then the opening words of “Pandemonium” by NF cut through the arena.

Something special ‘bout me, you can already tell the energy is different.

The crowd reacts before the name even appears.

Because they know.

The screen flashes white.

Then gold.

Then the name appears.

MIKE BEST.

The O2 absolutely erupts.

John Phillips: "No way."

Mark Bravo: "You have got to be kidding me."

Maxwell Jett’s face changes instantly.

The smugness drops.

Not all the way.

Maxwell Jett is still Maxwell Jett.

But he knows exactly who this is.

Everyone does.

Mike Best steps through the curtain.

The Hall of Famer stands on the stage, head bobbing slightly to his own entrance music, eyes sweeping across The O2 like he is not surprised by the reaction, only disappointed it is not louder. He slowly starts down the ramp with that polarizing veteran confidence, every step deliberate, every movement making the arena feel like something unpredictable has just walked into the match.

John Phillips: "Mike Best is here! Hall of Fame member Mike Best is entrant number eleven in the All or Nothing Rumble!"

Mark Bravo: "That is not just a surprise entrant, John. That is a grenade with ring gear. Mike Best does not show up unless something is about to get uncomfortable for everybody."

Mike stops halfway down the ramp and turns toward the nearest camera.

He makes a big show of raising his hand.

Then he flips the bird, making sure the camera catches the Hall of Fame ring prominently displayed on his finger.

The crowd erupts again, split between cheers, boos, shock, and the kind of noise only a legend with no interest in being polite can create.

John Phillips: "Mike Best has never exactly been beloved by everyone, but the respect is undeniable. A technician, a striker, a submission specialist, and one of the most dangerous veterans to ever step through a UTA curtain."

Mark Bravo: "And this is bad news for a lot of people in that ring. You are tired, you are hurt, you are thinking about surviving until the next buzzer, and now Mike Best walks in fresh with all the suplexes and none of the patience."

Mike reaches ringside, but instead of going straight into the ring, he turns toward commentary.

Bobby Dean looks up from the battle chair.

His face lights up.

Bobby Dean: "Mike!"

Mike Best stops beside him and looks down at the battle chair, then at the snack bag, then at Bobby.

For a moment, the two just stare.

Then Mike smirks.

Mike Best: "Bobby Dean. Still working smarter than everyone else."

Bobby Dean: "I knew you’d understand!"

Bobby reaches up and Mike gives him a quick clasp of the hand, half handshake, half old-school acknowledgement. Bobby is practically glowing.

Bobby Dean: "Go get ‘em, Mike!"

Mike Best: "I was planning on it."

Mark Bravo: "Bobby Dean is starstruck."

Bobby Dean: "That is Mike Best, Mark."

Mark Bravo: "Fair."

Mike turns away from commentary and slides under the bottom rope.

He rises inside the ring.

The energy changes immediately.

Kentucky Tarzan stops shaking his arms.

Lisil Jackson’s smile fades into a more focused expression.

Kairo Bey backs up a half step, studying the veteran.

Angela Hall tightens her stance.

And Maxwell Jett steps out of the corner.

Slowly.

The UTA Champion and the Hall of Famer stand across the ring from one another.

The O2 feels it immediately.

John Phillips: "Look at this."

Mark Bravo: "That is a dangerous stare-down. Maxwell Jett, current UTA Champion, staring across the ring at Mike Best."

Jett adjusts his wrist tape and tries to make his expression look bored.

It does not quite work.

Maxwell Jett: "You lost?"

Mike grins.

Mike Best: "Nope."

Jett points toward the ropes.

Maxwell Jett: "There are reunion shows for this kind of thing."

Mike steps closer.

Mike Best: "And there are hospitals for what I’m thinking about doing to you."

The crowd roars.

Jett’s smirk tightens, and for one brief second, nobody else in the ring moves.

Current champion.

Hall of Famer.

One ring.

One match where everything can change.

John Phillips: "The UTA Champion may be looking at one of the most dangerous men who could have entered this

match."

Mark Bravo: "And Mike Best is looking at Maxwell Jett like he wants to find out how much of that title reign is real and how much is expensive wallpaper."

Jett takes one more step forward.

Mike does the same.

The crowd rises.

Then Angela Hall breaks the moment.

Angela charges from the side, blasting Mike across the back with a forearm before he can fully engage Jett.

Mike stumbles one step.

Jett immediately backs away with both hands up.

Maxwell Jett: "Yes! Great choice! Terrific initiative!"

Angela fires another forearm into Mike’s back, then grabs him by the arm and tries to whip him toward the ropes.

Mike reverses with almost casual precision, yanking Angela back into a short-arm lariat that turns her inside out.

John Phillips: "Mike Best just folded Angela Hall with that lariat!"

Mark Bravo: "That was not flashy. That was not pretty. That was a grown man saying, do not interrupt me."

Kairo Bey rushes in next, looking to catch Mike before he can reset, but Mike sidesteps and grabs him around the waist.

Kairo tries to flip through.

Mike holds on.

Snap German suplex.

Kairo lands hard and rolls toward the ropes, clutching the back of his head.

John Phillips: "German suplex to Kairo Bey!"

Mark Bravo: "All the fucking suplexes, John. That is not just a moveset. That is a warning label."

Kentucky Tarzan comes in with wild speed, throwing a kick toward Mike’s ribs. Mike catches the leg, sweeps the other, and drops Tarzan to the mat before stepping through like he might apply a sharpshooter.

Tarzan scrambles and twists, grabbing the ropes before Mike can turn him over.

Kentucky Tarzan: "DICKS OUT!"

Mike pauses.

Just long enough for Lisil Jackson to come in with a sharp kick aimed at Mike’s chest.

Mike absorbs part of it, backs up, and smiles at Lisil.

Mike Best: "That one had some heat on it."

Lisil Jackson: "Blessings, brother."

Lisil throws another kick.

Mike catches it this time and steps in, driving a hard elbow into Lisil’s jaw.

Lisil staggers back but stays upright, answering with a thrusting push kick that sends Mike backward into the ropes.

John Phillips: "Lisil Jackson and Mike Best trading now!"

Mark Bravo: "That is a whole lot of martial arts and bad intentions in one corner of the ring."

Angela Hall pulls herself back to her feet, still feeling the lariat. She sees Mike backed into the ropes and charges again, trying to use the moment to eliminate the Hall of Famer quickly.

She lowers her shoulder.

Mike moves.

Angela crashes chest-first into the ropes, rebounds awkwardly, and Mike grabs her from behind.

He hooks her in a tight waistlock and drives her backward with a belly-to-back suplex.

Angela lands hard, rolling toward the ropes.

Mike sits up, then looks back toward Maxwell Jett.

Jett is standing in the opposite corner, clapping sarcastically.

Maxwell Jett: "Wow. Great nostalgia. Really. Very emotional."

Mike starts to rise, eyes locked on Jett again.

Jett’s expression shifts just enough to show he does not love that.

Before Mike can get there, Angela grabs him from behind one more time, desperate to cut him off.

Mike snaps his head to the side, annoyed now.

Angela tries to shove him toward the ropes.

Mike plants his feet.

She pushes again.

Mike reaches back, grabs her by the head and arm, and spins her around into the ropes instead.

Angela hits the top rope hard.

Mike grabs her by the legs and powers her upward.

John Phillips: "Angela Hall is in trouble!"

Angela fights, kicking her legs, trying to hook the top rope with one arm. Kairo Bey reaches out as if to grab at Mike, but Maxwell Jett cuts him off with a sharp boot to the midsection, more to preserve his own distance from Mike than to help anyone else.

Mike gives one final shove.

Angela Hall goes over the top rope.

She lands on the apron for one heartbeat, grabbing the top rope.

Mike steps in and blasts her with a running full-weight lariat.

Angela is knocked off the apron and crashes to the floor, both feet hitting.

The official points immediately.

Ring Announcer: "Angela Hall has been eliminated!"

John Phillips: "Angela Hall is gone! Entrant number one has finally been eliminated by Mike Best!"

Mark Bravo: "Give Angela Hall credit. She started this match, survived wave after wave, and fought like hell. But Mike Best came in fresh and ended her night with bad intentions."

Angela sits on the floor, frustrated and exhausted, while officials guide her away. The crowd gives her a strong ovation for the run from number one.

Inside the ring, Mike Best turns back toward Maxwell Jett.

Jett's sarcastic clapping stops again.

Mike points at him.

Jett points toward Kairo.

Maxwell Jett: "No, no, no. Him first. Youth movement. Very important."

Kairo suddenly springboards off the ropes and catches Mike with a crossbody, knocking him down before the Hall of Famer can reach the UTA Champion.

Jett immediately slides out of the collision zone and grabs Kentucky Tarzan by the back of the head, ramming him face-first into the turnbuckle to keep himself busy far away from Mike.

John Phillips: "Kairo Bey breaks up the moment between Mike Best and Maxwell Jett!"

Mark Bravo: "And Maxwell Jett is not complaining. He wants absolutely no part of Mike Best unless Mike is already hurt, distracted, or legally unconscious."

Lisil Jackson steps back in and pulls Kairo away from Mike with a waistlock, trying to lift him toward the ropes. Kairo hooks the top rope with both hands, kicking his legs to stay in.

Mike rolls to one knee, rubbing his jaw, now grinning like he has found something fun to hurt.

The countdown clock appears again.

15.

14.

13.

John Phillips: "Mike Best has arrived, Angela Hall has been eliminated after entering number one, and Maxwell Jett is still alive in this match."

Mark Bravo: "And Bobby Dean is still alive at commentary, which may be the greatest strategy we have seen all night."

Bobby Dean: "Thank you. I'm almost out of snacks, though, so things may get dangerous."

Crowd: "TEN! NINE! EIGHT!"

Mike Best rises in the center of the ring, eyes briefly finding Maxwell Jett again. Jett immediately looks away and pretends to be focused on Kentucky Tarzan.

Crowd: "SEVEN! SIX! FIVE!"

Kairo fights Lisil near the ropes. Tarzan tries to rally out of the corner. Jett hangs close to the turnbuckles. Mike waits like a predator who just found the room interesting.

Crowd: "FOUR! THREE! TWO! ONE!"

The buzzer sounds.

BUZZZZZZ!

The lights inside The O2 slash into red strobes.

A low wolf-howl sample tears through the arena speakers, followed by the opening guitar of “I Stand Alone” by Godsmack.

The crowd reacts with a wave of boos as the screen fills with claw marks, blood-red flashes, and the words:

MAGNUS WOLFE.

Then Magnus Wolfe steps through the curtain.

The Scarred Alpha stands on the stage, tracing one finger slowly across the scar on his brow. He does not rush toward the ring. He studies it. Maxwell Jett in one corner. Mike Best standing near center. Kairo Bey against the ropes. Lisil Jackson loose and ready. Kentucky Tarzan bouncing with chaotic energy. Bobby Dean still parked outside beside commentary like he has paid extra for the view.

John Phillips: "Entrant number twelve is Magnus Wolfe! The Scarred Alpha from Reno, Nevada, and Mark, this is a dangerous, dangerous addition to the field."

Mark Bravo: "Magnus Wolfe is not just mean. He is surgical. He targets joints, he exploits counts, he taunts you while he breaks you down. This is not the guy you want entering fresh when your knees, shoulders, and neck have already been through a rumble."

Magnus begins his walk down the ramp, slow and predatory. He never takes his eyes off the ring, but his focus shifts from person to person like he is already choosing which body part belongs to him first.

Bobby Dean watches him approach, then slowly pulls his snack bag closer to his chest.

Bobby Dean: "That man looks like he doesn’t share chips."

Mark Bravo: "That man looks like he files complaints against happiness."

Magnus reaches ringside and pauses near Bobby.

Bobby gives him a small, polite wave.

Magnus looks at Bobby.

Then at the battle chair.

Then at the snack bag.

Magnus smirks.

Magnus Wolfe: "Eventually, the prey has to stand."

Bobby slowly lowers his hand.

Bobby Dean: "I don’t love that."

Magnus turns away and slides under the bottom rope.

He rises smoothly inside the ring, and immediately, Kentucky Tarzan charges him.

No hesitation.

No plan.

Just Tarzan energy.

Kentucky Tarzan: "BABYFACE FIRE!"

Tarzan launches into a quick forearm, but Magnus slips to the side and catches his arm. In one fluid motion, Magnus twists the wrist, steps behind him, and yanks Tarzan down shoulder-first to the canvas.

John Phillips: "Magnus Wolfe immediately attacking the arm!"

Mark Bravo: "That is what I mean. Tarzan came in loud. Magnus answered with anatomy."

Tarzan rolls away, clutching his shoulder, and Lisil Jackson steps in with a thrusting kick aimed at Magnus's chest. Magnus sidesteps, catches the leg, and snaps Lisil down with a dragon screw.

Lisil hits the mat hard, grabbing at his knee.

John Phillips: "Dragon screw to Lisil Jackson!"

Mark Bravo: "Fresh Magnus Wolfe is a nightmare. Everybody else is winded. He is arriving with a checklist."

Kairo Bey rushes next, springing off the middle rope with a flash of neon speed. Magnus turns late but still gets an arm up, absorbing part of the springboard attack. Kairo lands on his feet and goes for a spinning back kick.

Magnus ducks under it.

Kairo spins through.

Magnus grabs him by the back of the head and snaps him down with a single-arm DDT, spiking Kairo's shoulder into the mat.

John Phillips: "Single-arm DDT! Kairo's shoulder driven into the canvas!"

Mark Bravo: "You fly at Magnus Wolfe, he clips a wing."

Mike Best watches from a few feet away, arms slightly raised, expression somewhere between amused and interested.

Magnus turns toward him.

The O2 buzzes immediately.

For a moment, Mike Best and Magnus Wolfe stare across the ring.

Two technicians.

Two men who know how to hurt people without wasting motion.

Magnus smirks.

Magnus Wolfe: "Every scar tells your story."

Mike cracks his neck.

Mike Best: "Cute. I usually skip to the ending."

Before the two can collide, Maxwell Jett comes from behind and shoves Kairo Bey into Magnus's legs, breaking the moment by creating a pile of inconvenience.

Maxwell Jett: "Nope! Too much technician energy over there. Bad for the brand."

Mike slowly turns his head toward Jett.

Jett immediately steps backward.

Maxwell Jett: "I was helping the match breathe."

Mike starts toward him, but Lisil Jackson, limping slightly, catches Mike with a kick to the ribs. Mike absorbs it, turns, and fires back with a stiff elbow that rocks Lisil backward.

Magnus pulls Kairo up near the ropes, trying to force him over while Kairo fights with one arm still hurting. Kairo hooks the top rope and mule-kicks Magnus in the ribs to break loose.

Kentucky Tarzan suddenly springs back into the scene, shaking his arm like he is trying to restart it.

Kentucky Tarzan: "TED CRUZ IS THE ZODIAC KILLER!"

Magnus turns, confused for half a second.

That half-second lets Tarzan leap to the middle rope and fly backward with a crossbody.

Magnus moves.

Tarzan crashes into Maxwell Jett instead.

Jett goes down in a heap, screaming in outrage before he even finishes landing.

Maxwell Jett: "Why does everyone fall on me?!"

John Phillips: "Kentucky Tarzan missed Magnus and wiped out the UTA Champion!"

Mark Bravo: "That might be accidental strategy, which is the purest kind of Kentucky Tarzan strategy."

Tarzan pops back up, energized by the collision, and rushes at Magnus again. This time he lands a snap kick behind Magnus's knee, then another quick kick to the chest.

Magnus stumbles backward toward the ropes.

The crowd rises as Tarzan sees the chance.

He hits the opposite ropes, rebounds, and charges with wild momentum, looking to clothesline Magnus over.

Magnus drops low at the last second.

Tarzan's momentum carries him over Magnus's back and chest-first into the top rope.

He bounces awkwardly, teetering.

Magnus rises behind him, hooks one arm under Tarzan's leg and the other at his shoulder, then lifts with cruel precision.

John Phillips: "Tarzan is in trouble!"

Tarzan grabs for the top rope with one hand, kicking his legs, but Magnus shifts his grip and drives a sharp knee into Tarzan's ribs.

The grip breaks.

Magnus dumps Kentucky Tarzan over the top rope.

Tarzan spills to the apron, nearly catching himself, but Magnus immediately follows with a running knee trembler through the ropes that catches Tarzan flush in the chest.

Tarzan drops from the apron to the floor, both feet hitting.

The official points immediately.

Ring Announcer: "Kentucky Tarzan has been eliminated!"

John Phillips: "Kentucky Tarzan is gone! Magnus Wolfe enters and eliminates another legacy competitor!"

Mark Bravo: "That was ruthless. Tarzan brought chaos, and Magnus turned it into a clean line item."

Kentucky Tarzan sits on the floor, breathing hard, then looks up at Magnus.

Kentucky Tarzan: "I still need cheeseburgers!"

Bobby Dean leans from the battle chair and gives him a sympathetic nod.

Bobby Dean: "Same, buddy."

Inside the ring, Magnus smirks after the elimination.

Then Mike Best grabs him from behind.

The crowd erupts.

Mike hooks Magnus around the waist and snaps him backward with a German suplex.

Magnus lands high on his shoulders and rolls through to one knee, eyes flashing with anger.

John Phillips: "Mike Best just suplexed Magnus Wolfe!"

Mark Bravo: "Magnus smirked after a reversal. Mike Best just reminded him he is not the only man in there who knows how to bend a spine."

Kairo Bey, still clutching his shoulder, springboards off the ropes and catches Lisil Jackson with a crossbody that sends both men tumbling near the corner.

Maxwell Jett slowly pulls himself up behind them, sees Mike and Magnus glaring at one another, and immediately slides along the ropes toward the safest corner available.

Maxwell Jett: "Perfect. You two do whatever that is. I'll supervise."

Mike steps toward Magnus.

Magnus rises and steps toward Mike.

The two collide with forearms in the center of the ring, each shot sharp, technical, ugly, and deliberate.

Mike lands one across Magnus's jaw.

Magnus answers with a knee lift to Mike's ribs.

Mike fires back with a knife-edge chop.

Magnus smirks and rakes at Mike's face just enough to force him to recoil.

Mark Bravo: "That is Magnus Wolfe. He is not above anything if it gets him half an inch."

Mike wipes at his face, then smiles in a way that does not make the situation feel safer.

Mike Best: "Oh, we're doing that?"

Before Mike can answer with something worse, the countdown clock appears.

15.

14.

13.

John Phillips: "Kentucky Tarzan has been eliminated. Magnus Wolfe is now in the field. Mike Best and Maxwell Jett remain active, and Bobby Dean is still outside the ring in the battle chair."

Mark Bravo: "Bobby Dean might be the freshest man in this match, and he has not taken one bump."

Bobby Dean: "My snacks took damage."

Mark Bravo: "We all make sacrifices."

Crowd: "TEN! NINE! EIGHT!"

Mike Best and Magnus Wolfe continue staring each other down near the center. Kairo and Lisil fight near the ropes. Maxwell Jett hugs the corner and pretends he is not avoiding everyone.

Crowd: "SEVEN! SIX! FIVE!"

Magnus cracks his neck and points two fingers toward Mike's arm, silently promising a target.

Mike just grins.

Crowd: "FOUR! THREE! TWO! ONE!"

The buzzer sounds.

BUZZZZZZ!

For one strange second, the arena goes completely dark.

Then a voice booms through The O2.

"BIG."

The crowd reacts instantly.

"DICK."

A wave of laughter, cheers, and absolute disbelief rolls across the building.

"FURY."

"Big Dick Fury" by Z Mann Zilla blasts through the speakers, and the screen flashes not with the corporate UTA logo, not with COO branding, but with loud, ridiculous, glittering letters:

DICK FURY.

John Phillips: "Oh, you have got to be kidding me."

Mark Bravo: "No way. No way! That is Rich Wingate!"

John Phillips: "That is the COO of the United Toughness Alliance, Rich Wingate, but tonight he is not coming out here in a suit. Tonight, apparently, he is entering the All or Nothing Rumble as Dick Fury!"

The curtain parts.

Out steps Dick Fury.

The O2 explodes.

Gone is the businesslike COO. Gone is the executive authority figure who makes matches, signs off on chaos, and attempts to keep UTA from burning to the ground on a weekly basis. Tonight, Rich Wingate has fully become Dick Fury, strutting onto the stage with outrageous confidence, a shimmering robe, and hips that seem to have their own independent entrance contract.

He pauses at the top of the ramp, points both thumbs at himself, then swivels his hips once to a reaction that is half ovation, half lawsuit.

Mark Bravo: "The COO has become the HR incident!"

John Phillips: "I do not even know what to say."

Inside the ring, everyone stops for at least a second.

Magnus Wolfe stares with open disgust.

Kairo Bey’s eyes widen like someone just added a bonus stage he did not request.

Lisil Jackson smiles and claps along, because of course Lisil Jackson finds something positive in this.

Mike Best watches with a deeply unreadable expression.

And Maxwell Jett looks like he has just witnessed the death of prestige.

Maxwell Jett: "No. Absolutely not. This company is unserious."

Dick Fury struts down the ramp, slapping hands with fans, spinning once, then pointing toward the ring as if everyone inside has just been placed on notice by the most flamboyant force in UTA administration.

At commentary, Bobby Dean sits up in the battle chair, delighted.

Bobby Dean: "I love wrestling."

Mark Bravo: "Bobby, this is your boss."

Bobby Dean: "Then I love employment."

Dick reaches ringside and pauses beside Bobby Dean. He looks at Bobby. Bobby looks up at him. Dick gives him a dramatic wink.

Dick Fury: "Save me a snack, big man."

Bobby Dean: "I would, but we are in a crisis."

Bobby looks sadly into the nearly empty snack bag.

Bobby Dean: "A snack crisis."

Dick nods gravely, as if this is the most serious matter of the evening, then turns toward the ring.

He climbs onto the apron, wipes his boots, then steps between the ropes with a flourish. The crowd is roaring as Dick Fury enters the All or Nothing Rumble.

He spreads his arms wide.

He gives one more hip swivel.

Maxwell Jett immediately steps forward, pointing at him.

Maxwell Jett: "Are you serious right now?"

Dick turns toward Jett, eyebrows raised.

Dick Fury: "Champion, baby, I am always serious when it matters."

Maxwell Jett: "You are dressed like a discontinued bachelorette party."

The crowd erupts with boos and laughter.

Dick puts one hand to his chest, deeply offended.

Dick Fury: "This is couture."

Maxwell Jett: "This is a board meeting nightmare."

Jett steps closer, still talking, still mocking, still acting like the arrival of Dick Fury is the greatest personal insult of his championship reign.

Maxwell Jett: "You are the COO. You are supposed to protect the integrity of this company."

Dick smiles.

Dick Fury: "Baby, I am the integrity."

Jett’s face twists.

Maxwell Jett: "That sentence made me want to retire."

Dick takes one dramatic step toward Jett, but before anything can happen between them, Mike Best moves.

Fast.

Without ceremony.

Without warning.

Mike grabs Dick Fury from behind by the robe and waistband, turns him toward the ropes, and launches him up and over the top.

Dick’s eyes go wide as he flips over the ropes, robe fluttering like a defeated flag of poor judgment.

He hits the floor with both feet, stumbles backward, and falls seated beside the barricade.

The official points immediately.

Ring Announcer: "Dick Fury has been eliminated!"

John Phillips: "Dick Fury is gone! Mike Best just eliminated the COO!"

Mark Bravo: "That man spent more time entering than competing!"

Dick Fury sits on the floor, stunned, one hand pressed to his chest.

Dick Fury: "Rude!"

Bobby Dean leans over from the battle chair.

Bobby Dean: "You looked great."

Dick Fury: "Thank you, Bobby."

Dick points toward Mike Best from the floor.

Dick Fury: "That is going in your employee file!"

Mike leans over the ropes and shrugs.

Mike Best: "Put it next to the Hall of Fame plaque."

The crowd roars.

Maxwell Jett, still in the ring, starts laughing now, clapping with visible satisfaction.

Maxwell Jett: "Finally. Finally someone handled upper management correctly."

Mike slowly turns toward Jett.

The laughing stops.

Jett clears his throat and takes a half-step backward.

Mike Best: "You were saying?"

Maxwell Jett: "I was saying that was a strong decision. Efficient. Visionary. Possibly the only thing you and I will ever agree on."

Mike steps closer.

Mike Best: "That so?"

Jett raises both hands, trying to keep distance without looking like he is keeping distance.

Maxwell Jett: "Let’s not do the whole legend-versus-champion chest-puffing thing right now. It is very obvious. It is very tired. And frankly, I have too much to lose for your nostalgia tour."

Mike smiles.

Mike Best: "That is the smartest thing you have said all night."

Jett’s eyes narrow.

Maxwell Jett: "Because I have too much to lose?"

Mike Best: "Because you know you would."

The O2 roars as Jett’s face hardens.

He steps forward despite himself, ego dragging him into danger.

Maxwell Jett: "Careful, old man."

Mike leans in.

Mike Best: "Make me."

The crowd rises again, but before Mike and Jett can finally explode into contact, Magnus Wolfe slides in from the side and clips Mike’s leg with a low shot.

Mike drops to one knee, turning sharply toward Magnus.

Jett immediately backs away, pointing at Magnus like this was all part of a brilliant plan.

Maxwell Jett: "Yes! Great! Excellent timing, scar face!"

Magnus ignores him and grabs Mike’s arm, looking to twist into the Wolf Trap setup. Mike rolls his shoulder through, blocks the grip, and drives a short elbow into Magnus’s jaw.

Magnus stumbles back but comes forward again with a knee lift to Mike’s ribs.

John Phillips: "Magnus Wolfe wisely breaking up that tension between Maxwell Jett and Mike Best, and now he is targeting Mike!"

Mark Bravo: "Smart by Magnus. If Mike Best and Maxwell Jett tear each other apart, maybe he benefits. But if Mike Best gets rolling too much, everybody suffers."

Kairo Bey springs off the ropes and catches Jett with a dropkick from the side, knocking the champion into the corner. Jett collapses against the turnbuckles, grabbing the ropes before anyone can drag him upward.

Lisil Jackson moves toward Kairo, but Kairo ducks a kick and answers with a spinning back kick to the ribs. Lisil absorbs it, smiles through the impact, and catches Kairo with a sharp Muay Thai knee that drops him to one knee.

Meanwhile, Dick Fury has reached his feet at ringside and is dusting off his robe with exaggerated dignity.

Dick Fury: "I had the whole thing under control."

Bobby Dean: "You were robbed."

Mark Bravo: "It lasted longer than mine."

John Phillips: "Barely."

Mark Bravo: "Still counts."

Dick gives Bobby one last nod, then begins walking toward the back, pointing two fingers at his own eyes and then toward Mike Best as if promising consequences.

Mike does not notice, because Magnus Wolfe is trying to twist his arm backward near the ropes. Mike fights it off with a headbutt, then grabs Magnus in a front facelock and snaps him down with a quick suplex.

Magnus rolls through, clutching his back, but smirks anyway.

Magnus Wolfe: "There it is."

Mike wipes at his mouth and nods once.

Mike Best: "Keep smiling."

Across the ring, Maxwell Jett pulls himself up in the corner and immediately starts yelling at Kairo Bey, who is still recovering near the ropes.

Maxwell Jett: "You do not springboard at the champion unless the champion gives written permission!"

Kairo looks up at him, grinning.

Kairo Bey: "Put it in neon."

Kairo charges, but Jett sidesteps and shoves him toward Lisil Jackson. Lisil catches Kairo, shifts his weight, and nearly hoists him toward the ropes, but Kairo slips free and lands on the apron.

Lisil throws a kick toward him.

Kairo ducks low outside the ropes, then shoulders through into Lisil’s midsection, staying alive.

John Phillips: "Kairo Bey nearly eliminated there, but still hanging on!"

Mark Bravo: "This ring is getting unpredictable. Legends, champions, executives, a battle chair, and Bobby Dean’s snack depletion. Anything can happen."

The countdown clock appears.

15.

14.

13.

John Phillips: "Dick Fury is gone almost as quickly as he entered. Maxwell Jett remains active. Mike Best remains active. Bobby Dean remains technically active, still outside the ring."

Mark Bravo: "At some point Bobby has to get in there."

Bobby Dean: "At some point a lot of things happen."

Mark Bravo: "That is not an answer."

Bobby Dean: "It is if you believe hard enough."

Crowd: "TEN! NINE! EIGHT!"

Mike Best rises near center ring. Magnus Wolfe circles him. Maxwell Jett keeps distance from both. Kairo Bey pulls himself back into the ring. Lisil Jackson rolls his knee and resets his stance.

Crowd: "SEVEN! SIX! FIVE!"

Jett points at Mike from across the ring, mouth moving, still unable to leave the Hall of Famer alone even while actively avoiding him.

Crowd: "FOUR! THREE! TWO! ONE!"

The buzzer sounds.

BUZZZZZZ!

The lights inside The O2 go black.

Not dim.

Black.

The chaos in the ring slows for one uneasy second as the sound of a gong echoes through the arena.

GONG.

A single white spotlight appears at the top of the entrance ramp.

GONG.

A second spotlight appears beside it.

GONG.

White smoke begins rolling across the stage like fog over cold stone.

The spiritual chants of “White Dragon’s Blade” begin to fill the building, low and solemn, cutting through the energy of the rumble with something colder, slower, and far more deliberate.

The screen flashes:

HAKURYU.

The O2 erupts into boos.

Sinja steps out first, facepaint pale beneath the white light, wearing the immaculate expression of a disciple who already knows the outcome of a ritual. He stops at the edge of the ramp.

Then Hakuryu emerges.

The White Dragon walks slowly through the smoke in full pilgrimage garments, white robes flowing, takuhatsugasa hat hiding most of his face, shakujo staff in hand. Around his waist, the WrestleZone Championship gleams through the white mist.

John Phillips: "Entrant number fourteen is Hakuryu! And remember, he already competed earlier tonight. Team Hakuryu defeated Team GVP in six-man tag action, and now the WrestleZone Champion enters the All or Nothing Rumble!"

Mark Bravo: "That is a huge development, John. Hakuryu already survived war tonight, but this man does not move like someone who has been through battle. He moves like the battle was part of the prayer."

Inside the ring, Mike Best stops mid-struggle with Magnus Wolfe and turns toward the entrance.

Maxwell Jett, still near the corner, sees Hakuryu and immediately looks even more irritated than before.

Maxwell Jett: "Oh, fantastic. Now the haunted robe section has arrived."

Kairo Bey is near the ropes, shoulder still bothering him from earlier. Lisil Jackson is recovering near the side,

stretching his knee after Magnus targeted it. Magnus Wolfe watches Hakuryu with a calculating stare, while Mike Best's expression says he is already deciding whether the White Dragon is worth punching now or later.

Bobby Dean, still beside commentary in the battle chair, looks toward the entrance and slowly lowers his empty snack bag.

Bobby Dean: "He seems intense."

Mark Bravo: "Bobby, he broke a woman's arm to make Gunnar Van Patton almost end his own career."

Bobby Dean: "So... very intense."

Hakuryu reaches ringside.

He stops.

Sinja steps forward and unfastens the WrestleZone Championship from Hakuryu's waist, taking it carefully. Hakuryu lowers his head, brings his hands together in prayer, and mutters something beneath the noise of the crowd.

No one knows what he says.

Maybe no one is meant to.

Sinja climbs to the apron and holds the ropes open.

Hakuryu steps onto the apron, slowly removes the takuhatsugasa hat, and hands it to Sinja. Then the robes. Then the staff.

Only after every ritual piece has been handed away does Hakuryu enter the ring.

The moment his feet touch the canvas, Maxwell Jett points at him from across the ring.

Maxwell Jett: "No chanting. No praying. No spooky champion nonsense. This is my match."

Hakuryu does not look at him.

Jett's eyes widen in offense.

Maxwell Jett: "Excuse me?"

Mike Best smirks from a few feet away.

Mike Best: "He heard you. He just made a good choice."

Jett spins toward Mike.

Maxwell Jett: "Nobody asked you, museum exhibit."

Mike steps forward, but Magnus Wolfe cuts between them with a sharp elbow to Mike's ribs, restarting the violence before that powder keg can explode.

Hakuryu remains perfectly still for another heartbeat.

Then he moves.

Kairo Bey comes at him first, looking to test the newest entrant with speed. Kairo throws a quick kick toward Hakuryu's thigh.

Hakuryu shifts back by inches.

Kairo follows with a spinning back kick.

Hakuryu ducks under it, hands still calm, then snaps upward with a superkick that catches Kairo under the jaw.

Kairo drops to the mat hard.

John Phillips: "Superkick by Hakuryu! Kairo Bey walked right into it!"

Mark Bravo: "That is Hakuryu’s patience. He lets you move first. He lets you reveal the angle. Then he closes the door."

Lisil Jackson steps toward Hakuryu now, limping slightly but smiling anyway. He raises his hands in a respectful martial arts stance.

Lisil Jackson: "White Dragon. Blessings, brother."

Hakuryu slowly brings his hands together in prayer.

Then he opens his eyes.

Lisil throws a thrusting push kick.

Hakuryu sidesteps, pivots, and answers with a tornado kick that catches Lisil across the chest and shoulder.

Lisil staggers back into the ropes.

Hakuryu does not pursue immediately.

He kneels on one knee, hands together, head bowed.

Maxwell Jett: "Is he praying between moves? Is that legal?"

Mark Bravo: "It’s a rumble, Jett."

Maxwell Jett: "I wasn’t talking to you, four-seconds."

Mark Bravo: "That is wildly unnecessary."

Magnus Wolfe sees Hakuryu kneeling and moves with predatory instinct, trying to catch him before the prayer ends. Magnus grabs for Hakuryu’s arm, looking to twist him down into a joint control.

Hakuryu rolls through the grip, rises smoothly, and catches Magnus with a handspring back elbow smash that sends Wolfe staggering toward Mike Best.

Mike catches Magnus from behind.

Snap suplex.

Magnus hits hard and rolls toward the ropes, clutching his back.

John Phillips: "Hakuryu sends Magnus right into Mike Best!"

Mark Bravo: "That is a bad neighborhood. You do not want to be passed from Hakuryu to Mike Best unless your insurance covers spiritual damage and spinal compression."

Maxwell Jett sees Hakuryu turn his back and rushes in from behind.

For once, the champion is moving with urgency.

He swings a forearm toward the back of Hakuryu’s head.

Hakuryu lowers his head before contact, as if he sensed the attack before seeing it. Jett’s arm slices over him, and Hakuryu catches the wrist.

Jett freezes.

Hakuryu slowly turns his head.

The crowd rises.

John Phillips: "Hakuryu has the UTA Champion by the wrist!"

Hakuryu twists.

Jett drops to one knee, yelling immediately.

Maxwell Jett: "Wrist! Wrist! That is championship property!"

Hakuryu pulls Jett up and starts guiding him toward the ropes.

The O2 roars, sensing the possibility.

Mike Best sees it too.

For one second, Mike steps forward like he might help.

Jett sees Mike coming and panics harder.

Maxwell Jett: "No! No alliances! That’s collusion!"

Jett drops all his weight, grabs the middle rope with both hands, and desperately wraps one leg around the bottom rope.

Hakuryu pulls once.

Jett refuses to budge.

Mike grabs Jett by the back of the gear and yanks him upward.

The crowd erupts.

John Phillips: "Mike Best and Hakuryu may be about to eliminate Maxwell Jett!"

Magnus Wolfe breaks it up.

Magnus rushes from the side and clips Mike’s knee, dropping the Hall of Famer just enough for Jett to slip free. Jett scrambles under the bottom rope to the apron, then back in beneath the bottom rope, never crossing over the top.

Maxwell Jett: "I hate all of you!"

Mike turns on Magnus and blasts him with a forearm. Magnus fires back with a knee to the ribs, and the two resume their ugly, technical fight near the ropes.

Hakuryu’s attention shifts to Lisil Jackson, who has recovered enough to come forward again.

Lisil throws a kick.

Hakuryu blocks.

Lisil throws another.

Hakuryu catches the leg this time.

Lisil tries to hop free, but Hakuryu steps in, brings his hands together in a brief prayer while still holding the leg, then sweeps Lisil’s other foot out from under him.

Lisil hits the mat.

Kairo Bey springs in from behind Hakuryu, looking for another slingshot-style cutter, but Hakuryu lowers his body and lets Kairo fly over him.

Kairo lands on his feet near the ropes.

Hakuryu rises and catches him with a backflip kick that sends Kairo stumbling onto the apron through the middle and top ropes.

John Phillips: "Kairo is on the apron! Kairo is in danger!"

Kairo grips the top rope with one hand, trying to regain balance.

Hakuryu approaches slowly.

Kairo fires a shoulder through the ropes to the midsection.

Hakuryu takes the impact and steps back.

Kairo springboards up, trying to return to the ring with a flying attack.

Hakuryu steps forward at the exact wrong moment for Kairo.

Superkick.

Kairo is caught in mid-air and collapses awkwardly across the top rope before tumbling backward to the floor.

Both feet hit.

The official points.

Ring Announcer: "Kairo Bey has been eliminated!"

John Phillips: "Kairo Bey is gone! Hakuryu has eliminated the Neon Ace!"

Mark Bravo: "Kairo went high-risk, and Hakuryu made him pay for it with perfect timing. That was cold."

Kairo sits on the floor, stunned, one hand on his jaw and the other on his shoulder, while officials guide him away from ringside.

Hakuryu lowers his head again, hands together in prayer.

Maxwell Jett points at the eliminated Kairo from the corner, trying to reclaim control of the narrative.

Maxwell Jett: "Good! Yes! Terrible lighting concept anyway!"

Mike Best looks up from his struggle with Magnus.

Mike Best: "You talk a lot for someone who almost became confetti twice."

Jett points at him.

Maxwell Jett: "And you interfere a lot for someone eligible for senior discounts."

Mike starts toward him again.

Magnus grabs Mike from behind, but Mike fires backward with an elbow and breaks free. The tension between Mike and Jett keeps trying to ignite, and everyone else keeps turning it into violence before the fire can fully catch.

Lisil Jackson pulls himself up near the ropes, still active but worn down now, one hand on his ribs from Hakuryu’s offense.

Hakuryu slowly turns toward him.

Lisil smiles, even hurt.

Lisil Jackson: "Better must come, brother."

Hakuryu says nothing.

He advances.

The countdown clock appears.

15.

14.

13.

John Phillips: "Hakuryu has entered the All or Nothing Rumble and eliminated Kairo Bey. He is already coming off a major six-man tag victory earlier tonight, and the WrestleZone Champion looks terrifyingly composed."

Mark Bravo: "The man wrestles like he is turning violence into ceremony. That is bad news for everybody left in there."

Bobby Dean: "Does anyone have more snacks?"

John Phillips: "Bobby, you are still in the match."

Bobby Dean: "That was not my question."

Crowd: "TEN! NINE! EIGHT!"

Mike Best and Magnus Wolfe are tied near one side. Maxwell Jett keeps distance in the corner. Hakuryu stands calm in the middle. Lisil Jackson tries to steady himself against the ropes.

Crowd: "SEVEN! SIX! FIVE!"

Sinja watches from ringside, holding Hakuryu’s garments and the WrestleZone Championship with ceremonial care.

Crowd: "FOUR! THREE! TWO! ONE!"

The buzzer sounds.

BUZZZZZZ!

The lights inside The O2 snap from white and red into fiery orange.

A rumbling bass drop rolls through the arena like a flame catching oxygen, and the screen erupts with fire graphics that sweep across the massive stage.

The words appear in burning letters:

VALENTINA BLAZE.

The reaction is immediate.

Huge.

Emotional.

Because no one has seen Valentina Blaze since the night Maxwell Jett sent Chris Ross crashing out of the UTA Championship picture, and Valentina was knocked violently off the ring in the chaos surrounding that title change.

John Phillips: "Oh my! Valentina Blaze is back!"

Mark Bravo: "And look at Maxwell Jett’s face!"

The camera cuts to the ring.

Maxwell Jett sees the name on the screen and the color drains from his expression for one split second before the arrogance tries to rush back in and cover it.

It does not quite get there in time.

John Phillips: "We have not seen Valentina Blaze since she was knocked off the ring during the Maxwell Jett versus

Chris Ross championship match, the night Chris Ross lost the UTA Championship. And now, in a match where Maxwell Jett has everything to lose, Valentina Blaze is entrant number sixteen!"

Mark Bravo: "That is not an entrant, John. That is a receipt with theme music!"

Valentina Blaze steps through the curtain.

The crowd erupts again.

She stands on the stage for one second beneath the fire-colored lights, jaw set, eyes locked directly on the ring.

There is no smile at first.

No playing to the crowd.

No soaking it in.

Just focus.

Then she raises one hand and traces a spark through the air with her finger.

Valentina Blaze: "Light it up."

The O2 answers with thunder.

Crowd: "LIGHT IT UP!"

Valentina breaks into a sprint.

Maxwell Jett immediately backs deeper into the corner, one hand on the top rope, the other pointing toward the entrance like he wants a ruling before she even reaches ringside.

Maxwell Jett: "No! No! She should not be cleared! Is she cleared? Somebody check clearance!"

Mike Best watches from near center ring with a faint smirk.

Hakuryu stands calm, hands lowered at his sides.

Magnus Wolfe steps back, not out of fear, but interest.

Lisil Jackson looks from Valentina to Jett and simply nods, as if he understands that this is not his moment to interrupt.

Bobby Dean leans forward in the battle chair beside commentary.

Bobby Dean: "Oh, he’s in trouble."

Mark Bravo: "Bobby Dean with the deepest tactical analysis of the evening."

Bobby Dean: "Thank you."

Valentina slides under the bottom rope and pops up fast.

Jett rushes forward suddenly, trying to catch her as she enters, looking for the first cheap shot before she can fully get set.

Valentina sees it coming.

She ducks under the swing.

Jett turns.

Valentina snaps a spinning back kick into his midsection.

The crowd explodes.

John Phillips: "Valentina Blaze goes right after Maxwell Jett!"

Mark Bravo: "She didn’t come here for the field! She came here for the champion!"

Jett doubles over, gasping, and Valentina grabs him by the back of the head, driving a rapid knee up into his face.

Jett staggers backward into the ropes.

Valentina follows with a forearm.

Then another.

Then another.

Every shot drives Jett closer to the corner as the crowd gets louder with each impact.

Crowd: "VAL-EN-TI-NA! VAL-EN-TI-NA!"

Jett tries to cover up.

Valentina does not let him breathe.

She grabs the top rope, leaps, and drives both knees into his chest with a corner meteora that folds the UTA Champion down into the turnbuckles.

John Phillips: "Meteora in the corner! Valentina is unloading on Maxwell Jett!"

Mark Bravo: "And nobody is stopping her!"

That is the truth.

Mike Best leans back against the ropes and watches.

Magnus Wolfe glances at Jett, then at Valentina, and simply allows it.

Hakuryu kneels briefly into a prayer posture near the center of the ring, almost detached from the chaos.

Lisil Jackson raises one hand slightly, as if blessing the justice of the moment.

Lisil Jackson: "Sometimes, brother, fire must answer arrogance."

Jett tries to crawl out of the corner, one hand reaching toward Mike Best as if looking for temporary help from the man he has spent the last several minutes insulting.

Maxwell Jett: "Best! Best, do something!"

Mike looks down at him.

Mike Best: "I am."

Mike steps aside.

Valentina charges again and crushes Jett with a running forearm to the jaw.

The O2 roars.

Mark Bravo: "That is the most helpful Mike Best has been all night!"

John Phillips: "Maxwell Jett is getting exactly what he earned here!"

Valentina pulls Jett out of the corner by the wrist and tries to whip him across the ring.

Jett reverses desperately, sending Valentina toward the ropes instead.

Valentina rebounds.

Jett drops low, maybe thinking back body drop, maybe thinking anything that gets her off him.

Valentina turns it into a tilt-a-whirl headscissors, spinning around his body and sending him flying across the canvas.

Jett skids toward the opposite side, scrambling instantly for the ropes.

Valentina is already up.

She does the hand gesture again, the spark traced through the air.

Valentina Blaze: "Light it up!"

Crowd: "LIGHT IT UP!"

Jett gets to his knees near the ropes.

Valentina sprints.

She leaps toward him, looking for the Blaze Trigger, but Jett collapses flat to the mat at the last second and rolls under the bottom rope onto the apron, avoiding the knee by pure panic.

John Phillips: "Jett escapes under the bottom rope! He is not eliminated!"

Mark Bravo: "That was not strategy. That was fear with footwork!"

Valentina turns and reaches over the ropes, grabbing Jett by the hair and trying to drag him back in.

Jett clings to the bottom rope from the apron, kicking his legs.

Maxwell Jett: "She’s assaulting me!"

John Phillips: "It is a rumble!"

Maxwell Jett: "With bias!"

Magnus Wolfe suddenly steps in and grabs Valentina from behind, not to help Jett, but to exploit the opening. He hooks her arm, trying to twist her away into a control position.

Valentina fights immediately, throwing a sharp back elbow that catches Magnus in the jaw.

Magnus staggers half a step.

Valentina spins and fires a kick toward his ribs.

Magnus catches part of it and smirks, but Valentina jumps off the caught leg and snaps an enzuigiri into the side of his head.

Magnus drops to one knee.

John Phillips: "Valentina catches Magnus Wolfe too!"

Mark Bravo: "She is running on pure adrenaline right now!"

Jett uses the distraction to roll fully back into the ring beneath the bottom rope, then crawls quickly to the far corner, breathing hard and clutching his jaw.

Hakuryu rises from his prayer posture and steps toward Valentina.

The crowd buzzes as Valentina turns and sees the White Dragon waiting.

For a moment, they square off.

Valentina, fire and motion.

Hakuryu, stillness and ritual.

Hakuryu brings his hands together.

Valentina throws the spark gesture right back at him.

Valentina Blaze: "Move."

Before either can engage, Lisil Jackson steps in from the side and catches Hakuryu’s attention with a kick toward the thigh. Hakuryu turns to deal with him, and Valentina immediately looks back toward Jett.

Jett’s eyes widen.

Maxwell Jett: "No, no, no, go fight the monk!"

Valentina charges across the ring.

Jett scrambles up and ducks behind the turnbuckles as much as a man can while still being inside the ring. Valentina grabs him again and drives repeated shoulder thrusts into his midsection.

One.

Two.

Three.

Four.

Each one sends the crowd higher.

John Phillips: "Valentina Blaze is making Maxwell Jett pay for the last time we saw her!"

Mark Bravo: "And look at everyone else. They are letting this happen because, honestly, most of them want to see it too!"

Mike Best stands a few feet away, watching Jett slump in the corner under Valentina’s assault.

Mike Best: "You good, champ?"

Jett gasps for breath.

Maxwell Jett: "I hate you."

Valentina grabs Jett by the wrist and yanks him out of the corner, looking to send him into the ropes and perhaps over them. Jett drops to one knee and refuses to move, grabbing the middle rope with both hands.

Valentina kicks him hard in the chest.

Jett drops flat, still holding the rope.

The crowd boos as he survives again by clinging low.

John Phillips: "Valentina wants Jett out, but the champion is doing anything he can to avoid going near that top rope!"

Mark Bravo: "Maxwell Jett has turned survival into cowardice with footnotes."

Magnus Wolfe recovers and attacks Mike Best again, trying to wrench the Hall of Famer’s arm. Mike counters with a short headbutt and a knee to the body. Lisil and Hakuryu exchange kicks near the ropes, both men measuring, both men refusing to overcommit.

Valentina stays on Jett, dragging him away from the corner by one ankle as he claws at the canvas.

Maxwell Jett: "Personal vendettas should count as outside interference!"

Valentina Blaze: "Get up."

She hauls him halfway upright and snaps a kick into his ribs.

Jett drops back down.

Valentina grabs him again, breathing hard now but still fueled by fury.

The countdown clock appears.

15.

14.

13.

John Phillips: "No eliminations in this interval, but Valentina Blaze has returned with a vengeance, and Maxwell Jett has spent almost the entire ninety seconds being punished for history."

Mark Bravo: "And Bobby Dean is still out here, still active, still not in the ring, and now apparently snackless."

Bobby Dean: "That is a private struggle."

Crowd: "TEN! NINE! EIGHT!"

Valentina keeps Jett trapped low near the ropes, glaring down at him with months of frustration burning in her eyes. Mike Best and Magnus Wolfe continue their fight near center, while Hakuryu and Lisil Jackson trade measured strikes nearby.

Crowd: "SEVEN! SIX! FIVE!"

Jett looks up at the clock and then at Valentina, realizing help may arrive but she is not done with him yet.

Crowd: "FOUR! THREE! TWO! ONE!"

The buzzer sounds.

BUZZZZZZ!

The stage lights snap into polished gold.

Not the ceremonial white of Hakuryu.

Not the fire-orange of Valentina Blaze.

Gold.

Expensive.

Obnoxious.

First Class gold.

The screen flashes with sleek private jet graphics, champagne flutes, designer patterns, and the words:

DARIAN DARRINGTON.

The boos come fast.

Inside the ring, Maxwell Jett’s expression changes instantly.

For the first time in several intervals, the UTA Champion looks relieved.

Maxwell Jett: "Finally!"

John Phillips: "Entrant number seventeen is Darian Darrington! First Class has entered the All or Nothing Rumble!"

Mark Bravo: "That is bad news for everyone who has enjoyed watching Maxwell Jett get kicked around for the last ninety seconds. Jett just got reinforcements."

Darian Darrington steps through the curtain with the same rich, smug body language that has followed First Class all across the UTA World Tour. He has sunglasses on indoors, because of course he does, and he walks like the ramp has been personally installed for him.

He looks down toward the ring and sees Valentina Blaze still trying to drag Maxwell Jett away from the ropes.

Darian's smirk fades into focus.

Darian Darrington: "Oh, nah."

Darian breaks into a run.

Valentina has Jett by one ankle, pulling him toward the center while Jett claws at the canvas, screaming like he is being dragged into a volcano.

Maxwell Jett: "Darian! Darian, handle this!"

Darian slides under the bottom rope and pops to his feet.

Valentina turns just as he enters.

Darian rushes her.

Valentina ducks the first shot and fires a spinning back kick into his ribs.

The crowd erupts as Darian doubles over, stunned by the speed of the counter.

John Phillips: "Valentina catches Darian coming in!"

Mark Bravo: "She has been waiting to get her hands on Maxwell Jett, and Darian just walked into the blast radius!"

Valentina grabs Darian by the head and drives a knee up into his chest. Darian staggers backward, but Jett reaches from the mat and grabs Valentina's boot.

Valentina turns down toward him.

Valentina Blaze: "Let go."

Maxwell Jett: "No."

Valentina raises her free leg like she is going to stomp him directly through the canvas, but Darian recovers just enough to clip her from behind with a forearm to the back of the neck.

Valentina drops to one knee.

The boos roar through The O2.

John Phillips: "Darian Darrington from behind, and now First Class has the numbers around Valentina Blaze!"

Mark Bravo: "That is the whole First Class playbook. One person annoys you, the other one hits you where you are not looking."

Darian grabs Valentina by the arms from behind, holding her in place.

Jett pulls himself up slowly, one hand on his ribs, the other on the ropes, trying to gather the remaining pieces of his dignity.

Valentina struggles in Darian's grip.

Jett steps closer and points directly at her face.

Maxwell Jett: "You had your moment."

Valentina spits back through clenched teeth.

Valentina Blaze: "I’m not done."

Jett’s face tightens.

Maxwell Jett: "Yes, you are."

He swings.

Valentina moves her head.

Jett’s forearm catches Darian across the jaw instead.

The O2 erupts.

John Phillips: "Jett hit Darian!"

Mark Bravo: "First Class turbulence!"

Darian releases Valentina and stumbles backward, more offended than hurt.

Darian Darrington: "Champ!"

Maxwell Jett: "She moved!"

Valentina explodes forward and nails Jett with a jumping forearm that sends him crashing backward into the corner.

Darian lunges again, but Lisil Jackson steps in and catches him with a thrusting push kick to the sternum.

Darian flies backward into the ropes and hangs there, gasping.

Lisil Jackson: "Better choices must come, brother."

Darian looks at Lisil with pure disbelief.

Darian Darrington: "Did you just inspirationally kick me?"

Lisil smiles.

Lisil Jackson: "With love."

Magnus Wolfe uses the distraction to rush in low, chopping Lisil behind the knee. Lisil drops down hard, clutching the leg that had already been worked over earlier.

John Phillips: "Magnus Wolfe clips Lisil Jackson again! That knee has been a target since Magnus entered!"

Mark Bravo: "Magnus does not forget an injury. He bookmarks it."

Darian shakes off the kick and sees Lisil down near the ropes.

Jett sees it too from the corner.

For one brief second, First Class does not need words.

Darian grabs Lisil from one side.

Jett grabs him from the other.

Lisil fights immediately, throwing elbows, trying to plant his good leg beneath him, but Magnus has taken away too much stability. Lisil blasts Darian with one elbow, then catches Jett with another.

Jett stumbles away.

Darian comes back with a sharp kick to the damaged knee.

Lisil drops again.

John Phillips: "Lisil Jackson is fighting, but that leg is betraying him!"

Hakuryu, standing near the center of the ring, watches without moving.

Mike Best is tied up with Magnus Wolfe, trading hard shots near the opposite side.

Valentina pushes out of the corner and tries to get back to Jett, but Darian sees her coming and shoves Lisil forward into her path.

Valentina stops short to avoid colliding with Lisil.

Jett uses the moment.

He kicks Lisil in the back of the bad knee.

Darian grabs Lisil under the arm.

Jett grabs the other side again.

Together, First Class rushes Lisil toward the ropes.

Lisil reaches for the top rope, fingers catching it for a heartbeat.

Lisil Jackson: "Hold steady, my soul..."

Darian peels one hand free.

Jett drives a shoulder into Lisil’s ribs.

They shove together.

Lisil Jackson goes over the top rope.

He lands on the apron, trying to stay alive, one hand still wrapped around the top rope.

Valentina rushes toward Jett, but Jett ducks behind Darian, using him as a barrier.

Darian turns and throws a back elbow toward Valentina.

Valentina ducks.

The elbow catches Lisil’s hand on the rope.

Lisil’s grip breaks.

He drops to the floor, both feet hitting the ringside mat.

The official points immediately.

Ring Announcer: "Lisil Jackson has been eliminated!"

John Phillips: "Lisil Jackson is gone! First Class just eliminated the Jamaican Inspiration!"

Mark Bravo: "Jett and Darian took advantage of the damage Magnus Wolfe already did to that knee. Lisil had heart, he had fight, but he got swarmed at the worst possible time."

Lisil sits on the floor, breathing hard, disappointed but not broken. He looks up toward the ring and nods once, accepting the outcome with more grace than Maxwell Jett deserves.

Lisil Jackson: "Better must come."

Bobby Dean leans from the battle chair as Lisil is helped away.

Bobby Dean: "You did good, inspirational kick man."

Lisil points at Bobby with a tired smile.

Lisil Jackson: "Blessings upon your snacks."

Bobby Dean: "I needed that."

Inside the ring, Jett and Darian stand side by side for the first time in the match. Jett points at Darian, still breathing hard, still trying to regain control of the night.

Maxwell Jett: "That is how we do this. That is First Class efficiency."

Darian rubs his jaw where Jett accidentally hit him earlier.

Darian Darrington: "You still punched me."

Maxwell Jett: "You were in the way efficiently."

Valentina Blaze does not let the argument breathe.

She charges and catches Jett with a forearm, knocking him into Darian. Both members of First Class stumble toward the ropes.

The crowd erupts as Valentina tries to push them both toward danger.

John Phillips: "Valentina Blaze still wants Maxwell Jett out!"

Darian grabs the middle rope.

Jett grabs Darian.

Neither goes over.

Mark Bravo: "Jett is using his own backup as a flotation device!"

Mike Best catches Magnus Wolfe with a knife-edge chop near center ring, then glances toward the First Class struggle with a smirk. Hakuryu remains composed, watching all of it like the chaos is simply another ritual unfolding at its own pace.

The countdown clock appears.

15.

14.

13.

John Phillips: "Darian Darrington enters, First Class gets involved immediately, and Lisil Jackson has been eliminated. Maxwell Jett, Mike Best, Hakuryu, Magnus Wolfe, Valentina Blaze, Darian Darrington, and Bobby Dean remain active."

Mark Bravo: "Bobby remains active in spirit, in theory, and in chair."

Bobby Dean: "Mostly chair."

Crowd: "TEN! NINE! EIGHT!"

Valentina keeps trying to pry Maxwell Jett away from Darian near the ropes. Mike Best and Magnus Wolfe circle again. Hakuryu watches from the middle, calm and unreadable.

Crowd: "SEVEN! SIX! FIVE!"

Jett yells at Darian to hold on tighter while Darian yells back that he is trying.

Crowd: "FOUR! THREE! TWO! ONE!"

The buzzer sounds.

BUZZZZZZ!

The lights inside The O2 go completely dark.

The chaos in the ring does not stop immediately.

Valentina Blaze still has Maxwell Jett and Darian Darrington tangled near the ropes, trying to pry the UTA Champion away from the safety of First Class. Mike Best and Magnus Wolfe are locked up near center ring, each man trying to twist the other into a mistake. Hakuryu stands near the far side, calm and unreadable, hands lowered, eyes scanning the field.

Then the titantron flickers.

A scythe passes slowly over a field.

The image glitches.

REAP WHAT YOU SOW.

The opening riff of “Useless Sacrifice” by Death Decline hits the speakers, heavy and violent, and a single spotlight slams down onto the stage.

Samuel Scythe stands beneath it.

Hooded.

Head lowered.

Motionless.

John Phillips: "Entrant number eighteen is Samuel Scythe. The Reaper has entered the All or Nothing Rumble."

Mark Bravo: "And that is a problem for every human being still breathing in that ring. Samuel Scythe is not here to outlast you. He is here to run through you."

Scythe slowly lifts his head.

Inside the ring, Maxwell Jett sees him.

Jett’s expression shifts again.

Not relief.

Not irritation.

Concern.

Because Samuel Scythe has been part of the storm around Chris Ross, Ace Andrews, and the UTA Championship picture, and Maxwell Jett knows better than anyone how close that storm has come to swallowing him whole.

Maxwell Jett: "No. No, no, no. We do not need more Reaper energy."

Darian Darrington glances from Jett to the stage.

Darian Darrington: "Champ, is he looking at us?"

Maxwell Jett: "Do not make eye contact with death cult security."

Scythe begins walking down the ramp.

No rush.

No showmanship beyond the weight of his presence.

Every step looks like a warning.

At commentary, Bobby Dean sits up a little straighter in the battle chair.

Bobby Dean: "That guy looks like he eats snacks with the wrapper still on."

Mark Bravo: "Bobby, if he comes over here, offer him the bag and do not ask questions."

Bobby Dean: "There’s nothing left in it."

Mark Bravo: "Then we are all dead."

Scythe reaches ringside and turns toward the steel steps. He climbs them slowly, one boot at a time, then steps onto the apron.

He pauses there.

His head turns toward Maxwell Jett.

Jett immediately pulls Darian in front of him.

Darian Darrington: "Hey."

Maxwell Jett: "First Class formation."

Darian Darrington: "This feels like shield formation."

Maxwell Jett: "Same benefits."

Scythe steps through the ropes.

The second both feet hit the canvas, he reaches up and pulls the hood back.

Then he slowly draws one thumb across his throat.

The crowd boos loudly as The Reaper turns toward the field.

John Phillips: "Samuel Scythe is a weapon of mass destruction. Exploder suplexes, spinebusters, running shoulder blocks, Scythe Slam, Reaper’s Blade, Elysian Gift. This man leaves bodies behind."

Mark Bravo: "And in a rumble, bodies near ropes become eliminations real fast."

Magnus Wolfe moves first.

It is not reckless. It is tactical. He sees Scythe fresh, large, and dangerous, and he tries to attack the arm before the weapon can start swinging.

Magnus steps in low and grabs Scythe’s wrist.

Scythe looks down at the hand.

Then at Magnus.

Magnus tries to twist.

Scythe does not move.

Magnus’s eyes narrow.

Scythe yanks him forward and buries a European uppercut under his jaw.

Magnus staggers backward.

John Phillips: "Massive uppercut by Scythe!"

Mike Best comes in immediately behind Magnus, perhaps looking to use the moment to test the new arrival himself. He throws a hard forearm across Scythe’s jaw.

Scythe’s head turns.

Slowly, it turns back.

Mike grins.

Mike Best: "There he is."

Mike throws another forearm.

Scythe absorbs it and drives a knee into Mike’s midsection.

Mike folds slightly, but before Scythe can follow, Hakuryu steps in and catches Scythe with a sharp kick to the ribs.

Scythe staggers one step.

Hakuryu brings his hands together briefly.

Scythe charges.

Hakuryu slips aside, but Scythe still clips him with a shoulder, sending the WrestleZone Champion rolling toward the ropes.

Mark Bravo: "That was not clean, but it was heavy. Scythe does not have to hit all of you to make you regret standing there."

Valentina Blaze sees Scythe turn toward Jett and does not step aside. She stays between Scythe and Maxwell, still furious, still determined to keep her hands on the UTA Champion.

Scythe looks down at her.

Valentina looks up at him and throws the spark gesture right in his face.

Valentina Blaze: "Light it up."

She snaps a kick into Scythe’s thigh.

Then another.

Then she spins for a high kick, but Scythe catches her leg.

The crowd gasps.

Valentina immediately leaps, trying to turn the catch into an enzuigiri, but Scythe shoves her away before the kick can connect cleanly.

Valentina lands hard near the ropes but rolls through, staying alive and staying inside.

John Phillips: "Valentina tried to strike with Scythe, but the power difference is enormous!"

Mark Bravo: "She has guts, but Scythe is the kind of man who makes guts a cleanup issue."

Darian Darrington rushes Scythe from behind, trying to protect Maxwell Jett before Scythe can get too close.

He jumps onto Scythe’s back and hooks an arm around his neck.

Darian Darrington: "I got him! I got him!"

Maxwell Jett immediately points from the corner.

Maxwell Jett: "Yes! Great! Hold that!"

Scythe reaches back with both hands.

Darian’s eyes widen.

Darian Darrington: "I do not got him."

Scythe peels Darian off his back like a coat and throws him forward into the mat.

Darian bounces up to one knee, stunned.

Scythe hits the ropes.

Running shoulder block.

The impact folds Darian backward onto the canvas.

John Phillips: "Scythe just ran through Darian Darrington!"

Mark Bravo: "That man went from First Class to emergency exit!"

Jett starts to move toward Darian, then sees Scythe turn his head and immediately changes his mind.

Maxwell Jett: "You’re doing great, Darian!"

Darian crawls toward the ropes, dazed, trying to pull himself up.

Scythe stalks him.

Valentina grabs Jett from behind again, dragging him away from the corner and forcing him to focus on surviving her rather than saving his own associate.

Jett yells while trying to pry her hands loose.

Maxwell Jett: "Darian, handle your situation independently!"

Darian gets to his feet near the ropes, still blinking from the shoulder block.

Scythe grabs him by the back of the head and the waistband.

Darian elbows backward once.

Then again.

Scythe absorbs both, turns him around, and scoops him up onto his shoulder.

Darian kicks wildly, realizing the danger.

Darian Darrington: "Max! Max!"

Jett looks over from Valentina’s grip.

For one second, he considers helping.

Then Valentina kicks him in the ribs.

Jett folds and chooses self-preservation.

Maxwell Jett: "I believe in you!"

Scythe charges toward the ropes with Darian across his shoulder.

Scythe Slam motion.

But instead of driving Darian into the mat, he powers him up and throws him over the top rope.

Darian grabs the top rope with both hands and lands on the apron, feet still off the floor.

The crowd reacts as Darian desperately hangs on.

John Phillips: "Darian is on the apron! Darian is not out yet!"

Scythe steps back.

Darian pulls himself upright on the apron, one arm over the top rope, breathing hard.

Scythe charges.

Reaper’s Blade.

The spear blasts through the ropes and catches Darian square in the midsection.

Darian is ripped off the apron and sent crashing to the ringside floor.

Both feet hit.

The official points immediately.

Ring Announcer: "Darian Darrington has been eliminated!"

John Phillips: "Darian Darrington is gone! Samuel Scythe eliminates a member of First Class!"

Mark Bravo: "And Maxwell Jett just watched it happen from a very safe distance!"

Darian rolls on the floor, clutching his ribs, staring up toward the ring in disbelief.

Inside, Jett looks horrified for about half a second.

Then he points at Scythe, trying to sound more offended than afraid.

Maxwell Jett: "That was my employee!"

Scythe turns toward him.

Jett immediately ducks behind the ropes again.

Maxwell Jett: "Associate! Strategic associate! Not legally binding!"

Valentina grabs Jett from behind and yanks him back toward the center, but Jett drops low again, clinging to the middle rope with both hands.

Mike Best suddenly grabs Scythe from behind and hooks him around the waist.

The crowd rises as Mike tries to lift the big man.

Scythe blocks.

Mike drives a forearm into the back of his head.

Magnus Wolfe steps in and clips Mike’s arm, trying to twist it back again, turning the center of the ring into a three-way fight between dangerous men who all know how to hurt people differently.

Hakuryu rises near the ropes, watching the collision between Scythe, Mike, and Magnus with cold interest.

The countdown clock appears.

15.

14.

13.

John Phillips: "Samuel Scythe has entered, Darian Darrington has been eliminated, and Maxwell Jett has just lost his First Class backup almost as quickly as it arrived."

Mark Bravo: "And Bobby Dean remains outside the ring, still officially active, still emotionally snackless."

Bobby Dean: "I'm going through a lot."

Crowd: "TEN! NINE! EIGHT!"

Scythe shoves Magnus away, Mike Best steps back in, Hakuryu closes distance, Valentina continues trying to pull Maxwell Jett away from the ropes, and the UTA Champion looks like the walls of the rumble are starting to close in.

Crowd: "SEVEN! SIX! FIVE!"

On the outside, Darian Darrington is helped away, still staring back at Maxwell Jett, who is too busy surviving to return the look.

Crowd: "FOUR! THREE! TWO! ONE!"

The buzzer sounds.

BUZZZZZZ!

The lights inside The O2 cut to black.

Not the haunted black of Samuel Scythe.

Not the ritual darkness of Hakuryu.

This darkness feels polished.

Intentional.

Like the arena itself is waiting for something expensive to arrive.

Then the first notes of "5 out of 6" by Dessa pulse through the speakers.

A thin line of gold appears across the stage.

Then another.

Then the ramp begins to glow, section by section, as if molten gold is forming a path from the entrance curtain all the way down to the ring.

The screen fills with slithering snakes, their glowing eyes moving in perfect rhythm with the beat.

Their heads tilt forward.

Watching.

Guarding.

Then the name appears in shimmering gold letters.

LEXI GOLD.

The O2 erupts.

John Phillips: "Oh my! Entrant number nineteen is Lexi Gold!"

Mark Bravo: "Officially making her UTA debut in the All or Nothing Rumble! Talk about choosing a spotlight!"

Lexi Gold steps through the curtain.

The Golden Goddess stands at the top of the ramp, composed beneath the golden light, her eyes fixed on the ring. There is no frantic energy. No wide-eyed awe. No nervous pacing from a woman making her official debut in front of a massive PLE crowd.

She simply stands there.

Elegant.

Focused.

Untouchable.

Then she begins to walk.

With each step, golden lights appear beneath her feet, glowing as if the ramp itself is turning to molten gold in her wake.

John Phillips: "We have seen Lexi Gold around UTA in recent weeks. We saw her in the front row. We saw her cross paths with Bianca Page, Brittany Reid, Amy Harrison, and Marie Van Claudio. But tonight, this is official. Lexi Gold is in the match."

Mark Bravo: "Eight years in the business, international experience, championship pedigree elsewhere, and now she walks into UTA in the most chaotic match imaginable. That tells me she is not here to dip a toe in the water. She is diving straight into the shark tank wearing gold."

Inside the ring, Valentina Blaze pauses her attack on Maxwell Jett long enough to look toward the entrance. Her eyes narrow, not with hostility, but recognition that another woman has entered the field and that the Women’s Championship condition has just become more dangerous.

Hakuryu remains calm near the center.

Mike Best and Magnus Wolfe break from their brief struggle just enough to register the arrival.

Samuel Scythe turns slowly, his expression unreadable, while Maxwell Jett uses the distraction to crawl another few inches away from Valentina.

Maxwell Jett: "Great. More gold branding. Original."

Valentina stomps down near his hand, and Jett yanks it away with a yelp.

Valentina Blaze: "Stay there."

Lexi reaches ringside.

The snake graphics continue moving across the big screens, eyes glowing, following her as if the entire presentation is alive around her.

She looks into the ring.

Maxwell Jett clutching the ropes.

Valentina Blaze burning with revenge.

Mike Best standing like a loaded weapon.

Magnus Wolfe measuring limbs.

Hakuryu waiting in stillness.

Samuel Scythe looming like damage in human form.

Bobby Dean still seated beside commentary in the battle chair.

Lexi’s expression does not change.

Not fear.

Not hesitation.

Assessment.

Bobby Dean: "She looks like she has a plan."

Mark Bravo: "Everybody else looks like they are surviving a riot. Lexi Gold looks like she is about to manage one."

Lexi climbs onto the apron and pauses as the lights flash gold one final time.

Then she steps through the ropes.

Her boots hit the canvas.

Her UTA career officially begins.

Valentina moves first.

Not because she hates Lexi.

Because this is the All or Nothing Rumble, and every woman in the match is now a direct threat to the Women’s Championship path.

Valentina charges from the side, still fueled by the same fire she brought for Maxwell Jett.

Lexi does not rush.

She pivots at the last second, lets Valentina’s momentum pass, and catches her from behind with a high-angle belly-to-back suplex.

Valentina hits hard and rolls immediately, grabbing at the back of her neck.

John Phillips: "High-angle belly-to-back suplex! Lexi Gold just planted Valentina Blaze!"

Mark Bravo: "That was controlled. That was deliberate. Lexi did not panic when Valentina came in hot. She let the fire run past her and dumped it on its head."

Lexi rises smoothly.

Darian Darrington’s elimination has left Maxwell Jett without backup, and the UTA Champion tries to use this new arrival as cover, crawling behind Lexi’s line of sight and pulling himself up near the ropes.

Lexi turns her head slightly.

She sees him.

Jett freezes.

Maxwell Jett: "Welcome to UTA. Terrible timing."

Lexi steps toward him.

Jett immediately raises both hands.

Maxwell Jett: "No, no. Debuts should be memorable, not suicidal."

Lexi reaches for him, but Samuel Scythe suddenly storms between them, bulldozing toward Mike Best and Magnus

Wolfe as their fight spills too close to his path.

Scythe crashes into Magnus with a shoulder block that knocks Wolfe down to one knee.

Mike Best fires a forearm into Scythe’s jaw.

Scythe turns toward Mike.

The two collide again, heavy and ugly, the ring shaking under the force of their bodies.

John Phillips: "Mike Best and Samuel Scythe now trading in the center!"

Mark Bravo: "That is a Hall of Famer and a human demolition order deciding who gets to ruin the room first."

Hakuryu steps in with a sudden superkick toward Scythe, but Scythe catches enough of the impact on his shoulder to stagger rather than fall. Mike uses the opening to grab Scythe around the waist, but Magnus Wolfe clips Mike’s arm from behind, still targeting joints, still refusing to let the Hall of Famer get too comfortable.

Near the ropes, Lexi turns back toward Jett.

Jett tries to slip away again.

Valentina Blaze catches him first.

She grabs him by the wrist and yanks him into a sharp kick to the ribs.

Jett doubles over.

Lexi watches, then steps in and grabs Jett by the back of the neck.

For one brief second, Valentina and Lexi stand on either side of the UTA Champion.

The crowd rises.

John Phillips: "Jett is surrounded by Valentina Blaze and Lexi Gold!"

Mark Bravo: "He is allergic to consequences, and the ring is suddenly full of them!"

Valentina looks at Lexi.

Lexi looks back.

No words.

Just a shared understanding.

They each grab one side of Jett and begin pushing him toward the ropes.

The O2 erupts as Jett’s feet start to leave the canvas.

Maxwell Jett: "No! No! Absolutely not! This is terrible women’s division etiquette!"

Jett hooks the top rope with both arms, screaming like he has been asked to fly economy.

Valentina drives a shoulder into his ribs.

Lexi grabs one leg and tries to lift.

Jett kicks desperately, nearly losing his grip.

John Phillips: "They are trying to eliminate the UTA Champion!"

Hakuryu suddenly crashes into the group from the side, not to save Jett, but because Magnus Wolfe has shoved him backward into the ropes during their exchange. The collision breaks the leverage just enough for Jett to slip down and roll under the bottom rope onto the apron.

He immediately rolls back in under the bottom rope, again avoiding elimination.

Mark Bravo: "Jett survives because the rest of the match exploded into him!"

Maxwell Jett: "That was intentional ring awareness!"

Lexi turns from Jett and catches Magnus Wolfe coming in low.

Magnus reaches for her arm, trying to twist into a wrist control.

Lexi reads it quickly and clamps her hand around his face, fingers digging in.

Magnus freezes for half a second.

John Phillips: "Iron Claw! Lexi Gold has Magnus Wolfe in the Iron Claw!"

Mark Bravo: "Magnus went looking for a joint, and Lexi grabbed his skull!"

Magnus grits his teeth, then drives a knee into Lexi's midsection to force the break. Lexi releases, but she does not stumble far. She answers with a jumping DDT attempt, hooking Magnus by the head.

Magnus shoves her off before she can plant him.

Lexi lands on her feet and immediately backs into a controlled stance, eyes locked on him.

Magnus smirks, rubbing his face.

Magnus Wolfe: "You think ahead."

Lexi's expression remains calm.

Lexi Gold: "Always."

Valentina Blaze comes back into the picture and lands a sharp kick to Magnus's ribs, knocking him sideways toward Mike Best.

Mike grabs Magnus and snaps him down with a quick suplex, then rolls through to one knee just as Scythe comes charging in with another running shoulder block.

Mike drops low.

Scythe crashes into the ropes but hangs on, avoiding any danger of going over.

Hakuryu steps toward Scythe, but Scythe turns and fires a European uppercut that catches the WrestleZone Champion clean enough to force him back.

John Phillips: "The ring is filling with heavy hitters now. Mike Best, Hakuryu, Samuel Scythe, Magnus Wolfe, Maxwell Jett, Valentina Blaze, Lexi Gold, and Bobby Dean still active outside!"

Mark Bravo: "And Lexi Gold has not looked overwhelmed for one second. That is what impresses me. Debut night, massive PLE, seventy-person rumble, and she looks like she walked into her own living room."

Lexi turns back toward Valentina.

Valentina is already up.

The two women step toward each other now, the crowd buzzing because everyone understands the stakes.

The final female remaining becomes UTA Women's Champion.

Marie Van Claudio may still hold that championship right now.

But this match can change that.

Valentina raises her hands, fire in her eyes.

Lexi rolls her shoulders, calm and dangerous.

Valentina Blaze: "Welcome to UTA."

Lexi gives the smallest smile.

Lexi Gold: "I was just about to say the same thing."

Valentina lunges with a forearm.

Lexi blocks and answers with one of her own.

Valentina fires a kick to the thigh.

Lexi takes it and grabs Valentina by the wrist, trying to pull her into a short-arm strike.

Valentina spins through and counters with a back kick to the body.

Lexi backs up one step, then drives forward with a shoulder, forcing Valentina toward the ropes.

Valentina hooks the top rope immediately, refusing to give ground.

Lexi tries to lift.

Valentina fires elbows down into her shoulder to stop it.

John Phillips: "Lexi Gold and Valentina Blaze already fighting near the ropes!"

Mark Bravo: "That Women’s Championship condition changes everything. Every woman who enters becomes a title threat the second her feet touch the mat."

Jett crawls toward the far side, trying to recover while the women fight, but he accidentally backs into Bobby Dean’s empty snack bag, which has somehow ended up near the apron after Bobby shook it upside down earlier.

Jett looks down at it in disgust.

Maxwell Jett: "Even the trash here is active."

Bobby Dean leans forward from commentary.

Bobby Dean: "That bag had a good run."

Mark Bravo: "It lasted longer than me."

John Phillips: "We are not doing this again."

In the ring, Lexi releases Valentina before the struggle becomes too dangerous near the ropes, choosing control over recklessness. Valentina immediately comes back with a forearm, and Lexi answers with one of her own.

Neither woman goes down.

Across the ring, Mike Best and Hakuryu briefly collide, both men trading a sharp strike before Scythe crashes between them and turns the exchange into chaos again. Magnus Wolfe stays low, looking for ankles and wrists. Maxwell Jett keeps crawling, surviving, complaining, and avoiding every top-rope angle like the ropes have teeth.

The countdown clock appears.

15.

14.

13.

John Phillips: "Lexi Gold has officially debuted in UTA, and there are no eliminations in this interval, but her arrival has immediately changed the complexion of the Women's Championship race inside this rumble."

Mark Bravo: "And Maxwell Jett survived another ninety seconds, which I am sure he will describe later as an act of genius instead of repeated panic."

Bobby Dean: "Panic can be genius if you live."

Mark Bravo: "That is actually true."

Crowd: "TEN! NINE! EIGHT!"

Lexi Gold and Valentina Blaze continue trading near one side of the ring. Mike Best shoves Samuel Scythe backward. Hakuryu steps around Magnus Wolfe. Maxwell Jett pulls himself up in the safest corner he can find.

Crowd: "SEVEN! SIX! FIVE!"

Lexi glances briefly toward the countdown clock, then back to Valentina, already adjusting, already thinking two moves ahead.

Crowd: "FOUR! THREE! TWO! ONE!"

The buzzer sounds.

BUZZZZZZ!

The lights inside The O2 shift immediately.

The molten gold glow from Lexi Gold's arrival has barely faded before the stage blooms in elegant white and polished gold.

Sweeping script writes itself across the video wall.

CLASSY.

The opening notes of "Wildest Dreams" by Taylor Swift drift through the building.

The reaction turns sharp.

Boos roll through The O2 almost instantly.

Inside the ring, Lexi Gold turns toward the entrance.

Her expression changes.

Not fear.

Not surprise.

Recognition.

Across the ring, Samuel Scythe also turns toward the stage.

The Reaper's head tilts slightly.

Maxwell Jett, still clutching the ropes in the corner after yet another near-disaster, looks toward the entrance and groans.

Maxwell Jett: "Great. More pageantry. Fantastic. Exactly what this death trap needed."

John Phillips: "Entrant number twenty is Bianca Page! Classy Bianca Page is officially in the All or Nothing Rumble!"

Mark Bravo: "And this gets interesting immediately, John. Bianca Page and Samuel Scythe are connected. Same

circle. Same faction. Same dangerous orbit around Ace Andrews. The Reaper just got familiar backup."

Bianca Page steps through the curtain.

She stops at the top of the entranceway as if the rumble itself has been placed on hold for her arrival.

White-and-gold light catches every small movement as she stands tall, one hand at her hip, chin lifted, smile wide and polished. She looks out over the London crowd with the expression of a woman who believes their boos are simply applause from people with poor manners.

She raises one hand to her lips.

Then she blows a kiss to the audience.

The boos get louder.

Bianca Page: "You're welcome."

John Phillips: "Bianca Page has held gold across multiple promotions, has already made enemies here in UTA, and has shown time and again she is sneaky, opportunistic, cerebral, and vicious when the opening presents itself."

Mark Bravo: "And look at Lexi Gold. There is history there. We have seen those two cross paths. We have seen the tension. Lexi officially debuts tonight, and now Bianca Page enters right behind her. That is not coincidence. That is gasoline wearing designer heels."

Bianca begins walking down the ramp slowly.

Not rushing.

Never rushing.

She smiles as she moves, glancing at the crowd with a dismissive amusement that only makes them angrier. Near the barricade, a fan holds up a sign for Lexi Gold, and Bianca pauses just long enough to look at it.

She laughs.

Then keeps walking.

Inside the ring, Lexi Gold's eyes stay locked on her.

Valentina Blaze notices that immediately and uses the brief distraction to shove Lexi backward toward the ropes, trying to test her balance. Lexi hooks the top rope with one arm and fires a back elbow into Valentina's shoulder to stop the attempt.

Valentina answers with a forearm.

Lexi answers back.

The women's title picture continues to simmer as Bianca approaches.

John Phillips: "Remember, the final female remaining in this rumble becomes UTA Women's Champion. Valentina Blaze, Lexi Gold, and now Bianca Page are all active in this match."

Mark Bravo: "Marie Van Claudio may still be champion right now, but every woman who enters this thing is another threat to walk out with that title. And after what we saw earlier with Marie revealing herself as the true leader of The Empire, that championship picture has gone from complicated to radioactive."

At commentary, Bobby Dean remains parked in the battle chair. He looks toward Bianca, then back at the ring.

Bobby Dean: "She seems like she would judge my snacks."

Mark Bravo: "She would judge your snacks, your chair, your posture, and possibly your credit score."

Bobby Dean: "That feels personal."

Bianca reaches ringside and stops near the apron.

She turns slightly, giving the crowd a slow twirl before looking into the ring.

Her eyes pass over Maxwell Jett.

Over Mike Best.

Over Hakuryu.

Over Magnus Wolfe.

Over Valentina Blaze.

Then she sees Samuel Scythe.

Bianca’s smile changes.

It becomes smaller.

Sharper.

Scythe steps toward the ropes nearest her, standing like a wall between Bianca and the rest of the chaos inside the ring.

John Phillips: "There is Samuel Scythe. And there is the connection. Scythe and Bianca Page are not strangers. They are not opponents by default here."

Mark Bravo: "That is huge in a rumble, John. Alliances do not last forever, but even ninety seconds of trust can change everything."

Bianca climbs the steel steps with complete composure.

She pauses on the apron and looks toward the nearest referee.

Bianca Page: "Open them."

The referee blinks, then points toward the ring.

Referee: "It’s a rumble. Get in."

Bianca’s smile fades for a fraction of a second.

Samuel Scythe steps closer to the ropes from inside.

The referee suddenly decides he has other responsibilities.

Bianca smirks and steps through the ropes herself.

Mark Bravo: "Even the official decided this was not the hill to die on."

John Phillips: "Bianca Page is now officially in the match."

The second Bianca enters, Lexi Gold moves toward her.

Controlled.

Measured.

No wasted motion.

Bianca sees her coming and raises both hands slightly, smiling like they are meeting at a cocktail party instead of a seventy-person rumble.

Bianca Page: "Lexi."

Lexi stops just a few feet away.

Lexi Gold: "Bianca."

The crowd buzzes loudly.

Valentina Blaze glances between the two women, realizing there is something loaded between them, something that did not begin tonight.

Bianca tilts her head, eyes drifting over Lexi’s gold presentation with visible judgment.

Bianca Page: "Cute entrance."

Lexi’s expression remains calm.

Lexi Gold: "You watched closely."

Bianca’s eyes narrow.

Before either can move, Samuel Scythe steps between them.

Not dramatically.

Not with words.

He simply places himself in the space, forcing Lexi to look past him if she wants Bianca.

The crowd boos.

John Phillips: "Samuel Scythe stepping between Lexi Gold and Bianca Page."

Mark Bravo: "That is what a faction does. Bianca does not even have to ask. Scythe just becomes the wall."

Lexi looks up at Scythe.

Scythe does not move.

Valentina Blaze suddenly charges from the side and drives a forearm into Scythe’s ribs, trying to break the blockade before it becomes a problem for everyone.

Scythe barely turns with the impact.

Valentina fires another shot.

Then another.

Scythe grabs her by the wrist and shoves her backward.

Bianca immediately capitalizes, catching Valentina with a Swanky superkick to the jaw.

Valentina drops to one knee near the ropes, clutching her face.

John Phillips: "Swanky by Bianca Page! Valentina Blaze got caught!"

Mark Bravo: "And that is exactly what I mean. Scythe creates the opening, Bianca takes it. Vicious, clean, and ugly all at once."

Lexi steps around Scythe and goes after Bianca anyway.

Bianca ducks behind Scythe’s shoulder, using him as cover.

Lexi tries to reach past him, but Scythe suddenly swings a heavy arm toward her. Lexi ducks low and catches Scythe's wrist, twisting just enough to move with his force instead of absorbing it.

She cannot control him fully.

But she avoids the damage.

Mark Bravo: "That was smart by Lexi. You do not overpower Scythe. You survive the angle."

Mike Best sees Scythe occupied and steps in from behind, grabbing him around the waist.

Scythe widens his stance and blocks the lift.

Magnus Wolfe immediately attacks Mike's arm from the side, trying to wrench it away from Scythe and punish the Hall of Famer for overcommitting.

Mike throws a back elbow into Magnus's jaw, then another, breaking free before Magnus can fully trap the limb.

Hakuryu suddenly appears in the chaos with a sharp kick to Scythe's thigh, forcing The Reaper to take one step back.

Bianca uses that movement to slide away from Lexi and reposition closer to the ropes, but not too close to danger.

John Phillips: "Bianca Page already showing that cerebral ring awareness. She is staying near the action, but not trapped against the ropes."

Mark Bravo: "Bianca always wants someone else taking the risk while she collects the profit."

Maxwell Jett, from the far corner, points toward Bianca and Scythe.

Maxwell Jett: "See? That is what backup is supposed to look like, Darian!"

Then he remembers Darian is eliminated and grimaces.

Maxwell Jett: "Too soon."

Valentina Blaze rises from one knee and charges Bianca, furious from the superkick.

Bianca sidesteps and grabs Valentina by the hair from behind, trying to guide her toward the ropes.

Valentina plants her feet before Bianca can get her high enough.

Lexi comes in from the other side and grabs Bianca by the shoulder, spinning her around.

Bianca immediately tries to rake the face, but Lexi catches the wrist.

The two women lock eyes again.

Bianca smiles through the tension.

Bianca Page: "Still watching me?"

Lexi tightens the grip.

Lexi Gold: "Still waiting for you to impress me."

The O2 reacts loudly.

Bianca's smile snaps off her face.

She drives a knee toward Lexi's midsection, but Lexi turns enough to absorb only part of it. Lexi answers by shoving Bianca backward into Valentina's path.

Valentina catches Bianca with a forearm.

Bianca stumbles.

Scythe turns back toward the women, but Hakuryu steps in front of him, cutting the path off with icy calm.

Scythe lowers his head.

Hakuryu brings his hands together briefly.

The two dangerous forces stare at each other for one loaded second.

John Phillips: "Hakuryu standing between Samuel Scythe and Bianca Page now!"

Mark Bravo: "The White Dragon does not care about Bianca's alliances. He sees a threat. He steps into the threat."

Mike Best cuts across and blasts Magnus Wolfe with a knife-edge chop, while Maxwell Jett uses the chaos to sneak behind Valentina again.

Jett grabs Valentina by the back of the head, trying to shove her toward the ropes, but Valentina drops low and elbows him in the ribs.

Jett doubles over.

Bianca sees Jett bent forward and almost swings at him too, then thinks better of it, choosing instead to rake her boot across Valentina's calf from behind.

Valentina drops to one knee.

Lexi immediately catches Bianca with a forearm, forcing her back.

John Phillips: "Lexi Gold not letting Bianca Page pick her spots without consequence!"

Mark Bravo: "That is what Bianca hates. She wants the cheap little openings. Lexi is making her pay rent for them."

Samuel Scythe and Hakuryu finally collide.

Scythe throws a European uppercut.

Hakuryu slips part of it and answers with a kick to the ribs.

Scythe shoves him backward.

Hakuryu rolls through and rises near the ropes, still not eliminated, still composed.

Scythe takes a step toward him, but Mike Best grabs Scythe again from behind and tries to pull him into a suplex.

Scythe blocks with raw power.

Magnus Wolfe takes advantage by clipping Mike's knee, sending the Hall of Famer down to one leg.

Everything in the ring begins to collapse into clusters again.

Lexi, Valentina, and Bianca tangle near one side.

Scythe, Hakuryu, Mike Best, and Magnus Wolfe grind near center.

Maxwell Jett hovers at the edge of both fights, loudly contributing nothing but complaints.

Bobby Dean remains outside, still seated, still officially active, and now peering hopefully into the empty snack bag as if more crisps might appear through faith.

Bobby Dean: "I don't want to alarm anyone, but morale is low out here."

Mark Bravo: "Bobby, people are fighting for championships."

Bobby Dean: "And I am fighting hunger."

John Phillips: "There are many battles tonight."

Bianca manages to slip behind Lexi and tries to rush her toward the ropes, but Lexi spreads her stance and hooks one arm over the top strand before momentum can carry her too far.

Valentina comes in and catches Bianca with a kick to the ribs, breaking the attempt.

Bianca stumbles backward and nearly collides with Maxwell Jett.

Jett puts both hands up.

Maxwell Jett: "Nope. I am not involved in whatever rich-blonde civil war this is."

Bianca looks him up and down.

Bianca Page: "You couldn't afford it."

The crowd reacts, and even Mark Bravo barks out a laugh at commentary.

Mark Bravo: "Okay, that was good."

Jett's mouth falls open in outrage, but Valentina kicks him in the thigh before he can answer. Jett stumbles away, shouting about respect.

The countdown clock appears.

15.

14.

13.

John Phillips: "Bianca Page has entered the All or Nothing Rumble, Samuel Scythe's faction connection may already be a factor, and we have no eliminations in this interval."

Mark Bravo: "But the women's field just got much more dangerous. Valentina Blaze, Lexi Gold, and Bianca Page are all active. One of them could become Women's Champion if they outlast the others."

Bobby Dean: "I am also active."

Mark Bravo: "In theory."

Bobby Dean: "Theory is important."

Crowd: "TEN! NINE! EIGHT!"

Bianca Page regroups near Samuel Scythe's side of the ring, subtly placing the Reaper between herself and Lexi Gold again. Lexi sees it. Valentina sees it. Hakuryu sees everything.

Crowd: "SEVEN! SIX! FIVE!"

Mike Best rises from one knee and shoves Magnus Wolfe back. Maxwell Jett clings to the far ropes, breathing hard, eyes darting to the entrance for the next arrival.

Crowd: "FOUR! THREE! TWO! ONE!"

The buzzer sounds.

BUZZZZZZ!

The lights inside The O2 flicker once.

Then twice.

Then everything begins to fade into a sickly blue-gray haze.

The chaos in the ring slows as fog floods the entrance ramp, thick and low, crawling from the stage toward ringside like something has been released beneath the building.

A slow, eerie flute melody begins to play beneath the heavy opening atmosphere of “Cemetery Gates” by Pantera.

The screen does not explode with graphics.

It simply flickers.

Static.

A mask.

Static again.

Then the words appear:

EL FANTASMA OSCURO 1.

The O2 reacts with a loud, uneasy roar.

John Phillips: "Entrant number twenty-one is El Fantasma Oscuro 1! The Phantom Shade enters the All or Nothing Rumble!"

Mark Bravo: "And this is where things get weird, John. El Fantasma do not wrestle like everybody else. They appear, disappear, springboard, strike, vanish, and somehow make you feel like you are fighting the fog itself."

El Fantasma Oscuro 1 glides through the mist.

No words.

No pose.

No wasted motion.

He stares silently into the ring through the mask, head tilted slightly forward, his body language cold and theatrical. The fog curls around his legs as he walks, making every step look less like a march and more like an apparition drifting closer to violence.

Inside the ring, Samuel Scythe turns toward the entrance first.

Hakuryu follows.

Mike Best notices, too, but only for a second before Magnus Wolfe drives a forearm into his ribs and forces his attention back into their fight.

Bianca Page sees the fog and steps backward toward Scythe’s general direction, using the larger faction ally as a familiar wall even while trying to watch Lexi Gold and Valentina Blaze.

Maxwell Jett looks around at the fog with disgust.

Maxwell Jett: "No. No more themed mist people. We are at capacity."

Mark Bravo: "Maxwell Jett wants a fog limit in a seventy-person rumble."

John Phillips: "He may want anything that keeps more dangerous people from entering this match."

At commentary, Bobby Dean is still parked in the battle chair, still officially active, still outside the ring. He leans forward as El Fantasma approaches ringside.

Bobby Dean: "Do ghosts eat snacks?"

Mark Bravo: "Bobby, you do not have snacks left."

Bobby Dean: "That does not answer my question."

El Fantasma reaches ringside and turns his masked face toward Bobby Dean.

He says nothing.

He simply stares.

Bobby slowly lifts the empty snack bag.

Bobby Dean: "All gone."

El Fantasma turns away without a sound.

Bobby Dean: "I think he understood."

El Fantasma slides onto the apron in one smooth motion, crouched low, fingers gripping the middle rope as he stares into the ring.

Valentina Blaze rushes toward the ropes, not waiting for the masked man to enter cleanly.

She swings a forearm.

El Fantasma drops flat against the apron.

Valentina’s strike cuts through empty air.

Before she can reset, El Fantasma springs up and snaps a shoulder through the ropes into her midsection.

Valentina stumbles back.

El Fantasma slingshots in over the top rope and lands on his feet in the ring.

John Phillips: "El Fantasma enters with that slingshot speed!"

Mark Bravo: "He was on the apron, then he was gone, then he was in the ring. That is the problem. You blink, you lose him."

Bianca Page steps toward him from the side, perhaps thinking the newest arrival can be steered into someone else’s path.

El Fantasma turns his head and locks eyes with her.

Bianca pauses.

Not fear.

Calculation.

She smiles.

Bianca Page: "Interesting."

Then Lexi Gold catches Bianca from behind with a forearm across the shoulder blades, snapping the attention back to their issue.

Bianca stumbles forward and nearly collides with El Fantasma, but the masked man pivots away at the last second, vanishing from the line of contact and reappearing behind Lexi.

Lexi senses him quickly and turns.

El Fantasma throws a low dropkick toward her knees.

Lexi steps back just enough to avoid the full impact, but it clips her shin and forces her to one knee.

John Phillips: "Low dropkick from El Fantasma, looking to take Lexi Gold’s base away!"

Mark Bravo: "That is how he operates. Strike the knee. Hit the ropes. Change angles. Make you wonder if you are surrounded by one man."

Valentina Blaze comes back in with fire, catching El Fantasma with a kick to the ribs before he can spring away. He bends with the impact, then rolls backward toward the ropes.

Valentina follows.

El Fantasma grips the top rope, steps up onto the middle strand, then begins walking along the rope with eerie balance.

The O2 rises.

Valentina reaches for him.

El Fantasma leaps and twists, catching her with a rope-walk hurricanrana that sends her rolling across the canvas.

John Phillips: "Rope-walk hurricanrana! Valentina Blaze sent flying!"

Mark Bravo: "That is not normal movement. That is haunted gymnastics."

Maxwell Jett sees Valentina go down and immediately applauds from his corner, still trying to stay far away from the top rope.

Maxwell Jett: "Yes! Great! Keep doing that to her!"

El Fantasma turns his masked face toward Jett.

Jett stops applauding.

Maxwell Jett: "Or don’t. Freedom of choice. Big believer."

El Fantasma glides toward Jett.

Jett immediately drops low and grabs the bottom rope before contact is even made.

Mark Bravo: "Maxwell Jett just preemptively became impossible to eliminate."

John Phillips: "The champion has been surviving by any means necessary."

El Fantasma does not try to lift him.

Instead, he steps onto Jett’s back, uses him as a platform, and springs toward the center of the ring.

Jett yells into the mat.

Maxwell Jett: "I am not infrastructure!"

El Fantasma lands near Mike Best and Magnus Wolfe, who are still locked in their ugly fight. Magnus has Mike’s wrist twisted, but Mike is driving short shots into his ribs to break the grip.

El Fantasma comes off the ropes fast and catches Magnus with a tilt-a-whirl headscissors, using Wolfe’s forward momentum to send him tumbling toward the ropes.

Magnus lands hard but hooks the middle rope with one arm, stopping himself from getting dangerously close to the top.

John Phillips: "El Fantasma catches Magnus Wolfe!"

Mark Bravo: "Magnus is a technician, but it is hard to target a limb when the limb is spinning around your head."

Mike Best looks at El Fantasma for half a second.

El Fantasma stares back.

Mike shrugs.

Mike Best: "Sure."

Mike swings a forearm.

El Fantasma ducks under it and hits the ropes.

Mike turns, already adjusting, and catches the masked man with a sharp knee to the midsection on the rebound.

El Fantasma folds forward.

Mike hooks him for a suplex, but El Fantasma slips down behind him before Mike can lift.

Mike turns around into a slingshot dropkick as El Fantasma uses the nearby ropes to rebound, catching the Hall of Famer in the chest and sending him back one step.

Only one step.

Mike looks down at his chest.

Then back at El Fantasma.

Mike Best: "Cute."

El Fantasma says nothing.

He simply vanishes sideways as Samuel Scythe charges through the space where he had been.

Scythe nearly crashes into Mike Best instead, but Mike sidesteps and drives an elbow into Scythe’s jaw as he passes.

Scythe staggers into Hakuryu, who answers with a superkick to the ribs that doubles him over.

John Phillips: "El Fantasma’s movement creates another collision! Scythe, Mike Best, and Hakuryu all tangled again!"

Mark Bravo: "That is what he does. He does not just hit you. He makes the room hit itself."

Bianca Page uses the Scythe collision to attack Lexi Gold again, driving a knee into Lexi’s midsection and trying to guide her toward the ropes.

Lexi blocks by hooking the top rope with both hands.

Bianca pulls harder.

Valentina Blaze recovers and grabs Bianca from behind, trying to force her toward the ropes instead.

For a second, all three women are tangled dangerously close to the top strand.

John Phillips: "Valentina, Bianca, and Lexi all near the ropes! This could change the Women’s Championship race in an instant!"

El Fantasma sees the cluster and sprints toward them.

He jumps to the middle rope, springboards, and moonsaults backward into the entire group.

All four crash down inside the ring.

No one goes over.

Mark Bravo: "Springboard moonsault into the pile! He just saved them from each other by destroying all of them!"

John Phillips: "That may have prevented an elimination, intentionally or not!"

Maxwell Jett is the only person who seems offended by this.

Maxwell Jett: "Why would you stop them? Let the division thin itself out!"

Jett turns around and finds Hakuryu standing there.

The UTA Champion freezes.

Hakuryu brings his hands together calmly.

Jett slowly points elsewhere.

Maxwell Jett: "Scythe is behind you."

Hakuryu does not turn.

Scythe is, in fact, behind him.

The Reaper clubs Hakuryu across the back before the White Dragon can react, knocking him forward into Jett.

Jett screams as Hakuryu's shoulder drives into his midsection and sends him backward into the corner.

John Phillips: "Scythe just drove Hakuryu into Maxwell Jett!"

Mark Bravo: "Jett keeps trying to hide and keeps becoming part of the furniture people crash into."

Mike Best grabs Scythe from behind again, looking for a suplex. Scythe blocks. Magnus Wolfe grabs Mike's arm again and twists, dragging him down to one knee.

El Fantasma rolls out of the pile with Lexi, Valentina, and Bianca, slipping beneath the bottom rope to the apron.

For a heartbeat, it almost looks like he has disappeared from the match.

Then his masked head rises above the apron on the opposite side of the ring.

John Phillips: "How did he get over there?"

Mark Bravo: "Do not ask questions when fog is involved."

El Fantasma springboards back in, but Bianca Page ducks away, pulling Lexi Gold slightly into the path. Lexi shoves Bianca off and takes only part of the impact, rolling through it rather than being flattened.

Valentina catches El Fantasma with a kick as he rises, but he ducks the second and snaps her over with another quick headscissors.

He lands in a crouch near the center.

Silent.

Still.

Only the mask moves as his eyes scan the ring.

Mike Best fighting Magnus Wolfe.

Hakuryu recovering from Scythe's attack.

Samuel Scythe forcing his way through the field.

Bianca Page staying opportunistic.

Lexi Gold composed but watchful.

Valentina Blaze still burning.

Maxwell Jett still surviving.

Bobby Dean still outside the ring.

The countdown clock appears.

15.

14.

13.

John Phillips: "El Fantasma Oscuro 1 has entered the All or Nothing Rumble, and there are no eliminations in this interval."

Mark Bravo: "But he has already changed the flow. The match just got faster, stranger, and much harder to track."

Bobby Dean: "I think he teleported."

Mark Bravo: "I am not ruling it out."

Crowd: "TEN! NINE! EIGHT!"

El Fantasma crouches near the ropes, still staring through the mask. Bianca and Lexi rise on opposite sides of him. Valentina pulls herself up near the corner. Scythe and Hakuryu turn toward each other again while Mike Best fights Magnus Wolfe near center.

Crowd: "SEVEN! SIX! FIVE!"

Maxwell Jett clings to the far corner, breathing hard, eyes darting between the fog, the fighters, and the countdown.

Maxwell Jett: "Whoever is next, be normal."

Crowd: "FOUR! THREE! TWO! ONE!"

The buzzer sounds.

BUZZZZZZ!

The fog from El Fantasma Oscuro 1’s arrival still clings low around the ring, curling along the floor and around the apron as the countdown clock disappears from the screen.

Then the opening of “Rise Today” by Alter Bridge blasts through The O2.

The crowd erupts.

The screen flashes with bright gold, white, and red light before the name appears:

DANTE RIVERA.

John Phillips: "Entrant number twenty-two is Dante Rivera!"

Mark Bravo: "And this crowd knows Dante Rivera, John! Second-generation wrestler, heart for days, and a man who has already been tangled up in championship chaos with Amy Harrison, Marie Van Claudio, and Lexi Gold!"

Dante Rivera bursts through the curtain with immediate energy.

No hesitation.

No slow walk.

He comes out like the building has called for help and he is answering it.

Dante throws both arms wide, feeding off the roar, then slaps hands on one side of the ramp before darting to the

other. He moves fast, but not carelessly. Every step has purpose. Every touch with the fans seems to charge him further.

John Phillips: "Dante Rivera, from El Paso, Texas, son of former regional wrestling star El Jaguar Rivera. A passionate, resilient competitor who fights like every opportunity matters."

Mark Bravo: "And in this match, every opportunity does matter. One good run in this rumble can change your entire career. Dante Rivera knows what it means to come close to gold. Tonight, he can do more than come close."

Dante stops halfway down the ramp.

He points to the sky.

A tribute to family.

A tribute to legacy.

Then he taps his chest and takes off toward the ring.

Inside, Maxwell Jett spots him and immediately rolls his eyes from the far corner, still clinging to the ropes like survival has become a full-time occupation.

Maxwell Jett: "Oh, terrific. Another inspirational problem."

Mike Best is still tied up with Magnus Wolfe near center ring, both men trading short, ugly strikes. Hakuryu stands a few steps away, watching Samuel Scythe carefully after their earlier collision. Bianca Page remains near Scythe’s orbit, while Lexi Gold and Valentina Blaze continue circling each other with the Women’s Championship stakes hanging over every movement.

El Fantasma Oscuro 1 is crouched near the ropes, silent behind the mask, head tilted toward the entrance as Dante approaches.

At commentary, Bobby Dean remains seated in the battle chair.

Bobby Dean: "This guy seems nice."

Mark Bravo: "He is. That makes him dangerous in a very different way."

Bobby Dean: "Nice is dangerous?"

Mark Bravo: "In wrestling? Absolutely. Nice people get mad, and then everybody acts surprised when they start throwing forearms."

Dante reaches ringside, leaps onto the apron in one smooth motion, and turns toward the fans.

He points to the sky again.

The crowd answers with a roar.

Then Dante steps through the ropes.

Maxwell Jett charges first.

Not bravely.

Desperately.

He knows what Dante’s heart can do once it starts building momentum, so the UTA Champion tries to cut him off the second he enters.

Jett swings a forearm.

Dante ducks underneath.

Jett turns.

Dante explodes with a flying forearm smash that sends the champion crashing backward into the corner.

John Phillips: "Dante Rivera goes right after Maxwell Jett!"

Mark Bravo: "Everybody wants a piece of Jett tonight, and Dante just took his!"

The crowd erupts as Dante pops back to his feet, fire in his eyes.

Valentina Blaze, still furious with Jett herself, looks at Dante and gives the smallest nod.

Dante nods back, then turns toward Jett again.

Jett is already yelling from the corner.

Maxwell Jett: "Why does everyone keep choosing me? There are so many people in this ring!"

Dante rushes in and drives a shoulder into Jett’s midsection.

Then another.

Then he grabs Jett by the wrist and whips him out of the corner.

Jett reverses at the last second, sending Dante toward the ropes instead.

Dante rebounds fast.

Jett lowers his head too early.

Dante catches him with a running enzuigiri on the way back, snapping Jett sideways and sending him stumbling toward the ropes.

John Phillips: "Running enzuigiri! Maxwell Jett is rocked!"

Mark Bravo: "That kick might have knocked some humility into him. Probably not, but a man can dream."

Dante sees Jett near the ropes and rushes forward, trying to press the champion toward danger.

Jett immediately drops to his knees and grabs the middle rope with both arms.

Maxwell Jett: "Nope! Rope relationship! Very strong!"

Dante tries to pull him up, but Bianca Page suddenly comes from the side and clips Dante behind the knee with a sharp kick.

Dante drops to one knee.

John Phillips: "Bianca Page cuts Dante off!"

Mark Bravo: "Bianca is opportunistic by nature. She saw Dante with momentum, saw Jett in trouble, and decided the chaos needed to benefit her instead."

Bianca grabs Dante by the head, trying to drag him toward Samuel Scythe’s side of the ring, but Dante fires a body shot into her ribs.

Bianca winces.

Dante fires another shot and breaks free.

He hits the ropes.

Scythe steps into his path like a wall.

Dante does not stop.

He ducks under Scythe’s heavy swing, rebounds off the opposite ropes, and comes back with a slingshot-style crossbody that catches Bianca Page instead as she turns around.

Bianca hits the mat beneath him.

Dante rolls through and pops up, feeding off the crowd.

John Phillips: "Dante Rivera moving fast and making Bianca pay for getting involved!"

Mark Bravo: "That is Dante. He can absorb the first shot, but once the comeback starts, he strings it together fast."

Samuel Scythe turns back toward Dante.

The Reaper charges.

Dante sees the size coming and goes low, dropkicking Scythe into the knees.

Scythe stumbles forward but does not go down.

Hakuryu steps in from the side and catches Scythe with a sharp kick to the ribs, forcing The Reaper to stagger another step.

Dante looks at Hakuryu.

Hakuryu does not look back.

He only brings his hands together briefly, then turns away to continue his own battle.

Mark Bravo: "Dante and Hakuryu just briefly shared a problem named Samuel Scythe."

John Phillips: "In a match like this, those brief alliances can happen and vanish in seconds."

Magnus Wolfe slips in behind Dante and grabs his arm, twisting sharply at the wrist.

Dante grimaces, but instead of trying to overpower Magnus, he rolls forward, twists through, and catches Wolfe with a quick arm drag.

Magnus rolls through and comes up low, eyes narrowed.

Magnus Wolfe: "Fast."

Dante steps forward.

Dante Rivera: "Still here."

Magnus attacks the leg again, but Dante hops over the low attempt and catches Magnus with a snap powerslam as Wolfe rises into him.

The crowd pops as Magnus hits the canvas.

John Phillips: "Snap powerslam by Dante Rivera!"

Mark Bravo: "Magnus wanted the limb. Dante gave him the floor."

Mike Best watches the exchange from a few feet away and nods once, almost approving despite himself.

Then Mike grabs Dante from behind.

The crowd reacts as the Hall of Famer hooks him around the waist.

Dante immediately throws back elbows, fighting out before Mike can suplex him.

Mike eats the first elbow.

Then the second.

Then he shoves Dante forward chest-first toward the ropes.

Dante catches the top rope with both hands and stops himself before momentum can carry him too far.

Mike charges.

Dante drops low and pulls the top rope down just enough to make Mike stop short rather than risk going over.

Mike halts, grabs Dante by the back of the head, and pulls him into a hard forearm anyway.

Dante staggers, but stays upright.

Mike Best: "Kid’s got timing."

Dante wipes at his mouth.

Dante Rivera: "And heart."

Mike smirks.

Mike Best: "Everybody says that until I start stretching them."

Before Mike can follow up, El Fantasma Oscuro 1 springboards in from the side, catching Dante with one foot and Mike with the other in a sudden split-leg dropkick that sends both men backward.

Dante rolls to one knee.

Mike staggers one step, then turns toward the masked man.

El Fantasma lands in a crouch and stares silently at both.

John Phillips: "El Fantasma Oscuro 1 inserts himself into the Mike Best and Dante Rivera exchange!"

Mark Bravo: "And he still has not said a word. He just kicks people and vanishes like a haunted screensaver."

Dante rises and finds himself face-to-face with El Fantasma.

For a moment, the two circle.

Dante, fiery and open, powered by crowd belief.

El Fantasma, silent and masked, unreadable beneath the fog’s lingering edge.

Dante offers a quick hand gesture, almost inviting the masked man forward.

El Fantasma does not respond.

He runs to the ropes.

Dante follows the movement, expecting the rebound.

El Fantasma springboards instead, twisting backward with a moonsault attack.

Dante catches him halfway, staggering under the impact but staying upright.

The crowd reacts as Dante shifts his weight and turns the catch into a tilt-a-whirl backbreaker.

El Fantasma bounces off Dante’s knee and rolls away, clutching his back but still inside the ring.

John Phillips: "Dante catches El Fantasma and turns it into a backbreaker!"

Mark Bravo: "That was impressive. Not many people catch the ghost when he flies."

Bianca Page comes back into the picture and grabs Dante from behind, trying to shove him toward the ropes while he

is still recovering from the exchange.

Valentina Blaze cuts her off with a kick to the ribs.

Lexi Gold immediately follows with a forearm to Bianca’s jaw, sending Bianca stumbling into Samuel Scythe’s chest.

Scythe catches Bianca before she falls, then glares at Lexi.

Lexi does not back down.

John Phillips: "The women’s field is still volatile, and Bianca Page keeps using Samuel Scythe as protection whenever she can."

Mark Bravo: "And Valentina and Lexi are not letting her hide comfortably."

Maxwell Jett tries to sneak behind Dante again, but Bobby Dean suddenly calls from commentary.

Bobby Dean: "Dante! Behind you!"

Dante turns just in time.

Jett freezes mid-step.

He slowly points toward Bobby.

Maxwell Jett: "You are supposed to be in the match, not coaching!"

Bobby Dean: "I’m multitasking."

Dante catches Jett with a forearm before the champion can retreat.

Jett stumbles backward into the ropes and immediately hooks both arms over the top rope for safety.

Dante rushes in, trying to clothesline him up and over.

Jett drops flat and slides under the bottom rope onto the apron, then back in again before Dante can get a clean angle.

John Phillips: "Jett survives again! He keeps escaping under the bottom rope!"

Mark Bravo: "Maxwell Jett has made cowardice into cardio."

Dante shakes his head, frustrated, but the crowd stays with him.

He turns back into the ring as Mike Best, Magnus Wolfe, Hakuryu, Samuel Scythe, Bianca Page, Lexi Gold, Valentina Blaze, and El Fantasma Oscuro 1 continue to churn around him.

El Fantasma tries to springboard in again, but Dante meets him with a quick dropkick to the corner as the masked man lands, knocking him backward into the turnbuckles without sending him over.

El Fantasma slumps for a second, then slides down to one knee, still silent.

Dante points to the sky once more.

The O2 roars.

Dante Rivera: "My fight isn’t just for me!"

Then he charges back into the chaos.

The countdown clock appears.

15.

14.

13.

John Phillips: "Dante Rivera has entered the All or Nothing Rumble, and there are no eliminations in this interval, but Dante has already brought a surge of energy into this match."

Mark Bravo: "He hit Jett, tangled with Mike Best, caught El Fantasma, and even got an assist from Bobby Dean on commentary. That is a busy ninety seconds."

Bobby Dean: "I helped."

Mark Bravo: "You did."

Bobby Dean: "Hero stuff."

Crowd: "TEN! NINE! EIGHT!"

Dante Rivera and El Fantasma Oscuro 1 reset near one side of the ring. Mike Best and Magnus Wolfe continue circling. Hakuryu and Samuel Scythe stare each other down through the crowding bodies. Lexi, Valentina, and Bianca remain in a dangerous triangle near the ropes, while Maxwell Jett clings to survival in the corner.

Crowd: "SEVEN! SIX! FIVE!"

Bobby Dean adjusts himself in the battle chair, still outside, still active, still somehow not in any hurry.

Crowd: "FOUR! THREE! TWO! ONE!"

The buzzer sounds.

BUZZZZZZ!

The lights inside The O2 snap into frantic red and white pulses.

Static rips across the video wall.

Warning signs flash.

Dented trash can lids.

Broken chairs.

A traffic cone spinning like a championship belt.

Then the word appears in jagged, flickering letters.

MAYHEM.

Sirens blare through the arena.

The opening blast of “Holiday” by Green Day crashes through the speakers.

The crowd erupts.

John Phillips: "Entrant number twenty-three is Maxx Mayhem!"

Mark Bravo: "Hide anything that is not nailed down, and honestly, check the nails on the things that are!"

Maxx Mayhem bursts through the curtain swinging a dented trash can lid in one hand and a bent road sign in the other. His eyes are wide. His grin is dangerous. His entire body seems to be moving in three different directions at once, like chaos got dressed and found entrance music.

He stops at the top of the ramp and lifts the trash can lid high over his head.

Maxx Mayhem: "LONDON!"

The O2 roars back.

Maxx Mayhem: "LET’S MAKE SOME MAYHEM!"

He smashes the road sign against the trash can lid.

CLANG.

The crowd cheers louder.

Inside the ring, almost everyone turns at the noise.

Maxwell Jett recoils in the far corner like the sound has lowered his property value.

Maxwell Jett: "No. Absolutely not. We have enough unlicensed energy in this match."

Mike Best glances toward the entrance, then immediately goes back to fighting Magnus Wolfe, apparently deciding that whatever Maxx is doing will eventually become someone else’s problem.

Hakuryu remains composed, eyes half-lidded, watching Samuel Scythe from a few steps away.

El Fantasma Oscuro 1 crouches near the ropes, silent and still, as if the chaos of Maxx Mayhem has met the quiet of a ghost and neither quite knows what to do with the other.

Dante Rivera pulls himself up near one corner after his burst of offense. Valentina Blaze, Lexi Gold, and Bianca Page remain clustered near the opposite side, the Women’s Championship stakes continuing to thicken around every glance and every strike.

But Maxx is not looking at any of them.

Maxx is looking at commentary.

Specifically, at Bobby Dean.

Bobby Dean sits up in the battle chair, eyes widening with pure delight.

Bobby Dean: "Maxx!"

Maxx Mayhem: "BOBBY!"

John Phillips: "Oh no."

Mark Bravo: "Oh, come on. No. No, no. He is supposed to get in the ring."

Maxx sprints down the ramp.

For about six steps.

Then he stops, grabs a fan’s sign, reads it upside down, screams approvingly despite not knowing what it says, hands it back, and resumes charging toward ringside.

He reaches the bottom of the ramp and slides toward the ring.

Then stops again.

He looks at the ring.

He looks at Bobby.

He looks at the ring.

He looks at Bobby.

Then he throws both arms wide and heads directly to commentary.

John Phillips: "Maxx Mayhem is not entering the ring."

Mark Bravo: "Why would he? Apparently we are running a lounge out here now."

Maxx skids to a stop beside the battle chair and drops to one knee like he is greeting a legendary warhorse.

Maxx Mayhem: "There she is."

Bobby Dean: "Careful. She’s been through a lot tonight."

Maxx Mayhem: "So have we all."

Maxx places one hand over his heart and bows his head toward the scooter.

John Phillips: "Maxx Mayhem is paying respect to the battle chair."

Mark Bravo: "I hate that this sentence makes sense now."

In the ring, Maxwell Jett leans over the ropes, pointing toward commentary.

Maxwell Jett: "That is an active competitor! Get him in here!"

Maxx looks up at Jett.

Maxx Mayhem: "You miss me already, champ?"

Maxwell Jett: "I do not miss anyone who smells like wet fireworks and poor decisions!"

Maxx gasps and turns to Bobby.

Maxx Mayhem: "He remembers me."

Bobby Dean: "That’s beautiful."

Mark Bravo: "This is not beautiful. This is dereliction of rumble duty."

John Phillips: "Bobby Dean has been active since entrant number five and still has not entered the ring. Now Maxx Mayhem appears to be joining him at commentary."

Maxx drags a spare chair from near the timekeeper’s area.

John immediately reaches out, alarmed.

John Phillips: "No, no, no. Do not bring that over here."

Maxx Mayhem: "Relax, John. It’s for sitting."

Mark Bravo: "With you, a chair is never just for sitting."

Maxx Mayhem: "That is fair."

Maxx unfolds the chair beside Bobby Dean’s battle chair and drops into it backward, arms resting across the top of the backrest, trash can lid leaned against his knee like a shield.

He looks at the ring, then at Bobby.

Maxx Mayhem: "So what’s the plan?"

Bobby Dean: "Observe."

Maxx Mayhem: "Then destroy?"

Bobby Dean: "Eventually."

Maxx Mayhem: "Love it."

Mark Bravo: "They have formed a think tank."

John Phillips: "I am deeply uncomfortable calling it that."

Inside the ring, the match continues without waiting for them.

Dante Rivera grabs Magnus Wolfe by the wrist and tries to whip him toward the ropes, but Magnus reverses and pulls Dante into a short knee to the ribs. Dante doubles over, and Magnus immediately reaches for the arm, trying to twist him into another painful angle.

Dante rolls through, lands on one knee, and fires up with a forearm to Magnus's jaw.

Magnus staggers back.

Mike Best steps in and catches Magnus from the other side with a knife-edge chop that snaps across the chest.

John Phillips: "Dante Rivera and Mike Best both taking shots at Magnus Wolfe!"

Mark Bravo: "Magnus has been targeting limbs all match, and now the receipts are starting to stack up."

Mike looks briefly at Dante.

Dante looks back.

For one second, there is a loose understanding.

Then Mike grabs Dante and throws him into Magnus with a hard shove.

Dante collides with Magnus chest-first.

Mike shrugs.

Mike Best: "Still a rumble."

At commentary, Maxx points toward Mike with the trash can lid.

Maxx Mayhem: "That guy gets it."

Bobby Dean: "Mike is smart."

John Phillips: "Mike Best is also actually in the ring."

Bobby Dean: "Nobody's perfect."

Across the ring, Lexi Gold and Valentina Blaze work together for half a breath to shove Bianca Page toward the ropes. Bianca screams and hooks both arms over the top rope, kicking backward to keep from being lifted.

Samuel Scythe turns immediately, seeing Bianca in danger.

He storms toward them.

Hakuryu cuts him off.

The White Dragon steps directly into Scythe's path and fires a superkick toward the ribs.

Scythe absorbs part of it and shoves Hakuryu backward, but the interruption is enough for Lexi and Valentina to keep Bianca trapped a second longer.

John Phillips: "Hakuryu just prevented Samuel Scythe from getting to Bianca Page!"

Mark Bravo: "And Bianca Page is realizing very quickly that having a faction ally in the ring does not guarantee the path stays clear."

Bianca rakes at Lexi's face with one hand, forcing Lexi to break away. Valentina tries to keep pressure, but Bianca

drives a heel back into Valentina’s shin and slips down beneath the top rope before either woman can lift her.

No elimination.

Bianca drops to the mat and rolls toward Scythe’s side of the ring, furious but still active.

Maxwell Jett tries to take advantage of the women separating by sneaking toward Valentina from behind.

Maxx stands suddenly at commentary.

Maxx Mayhem: "Behind you, fire lady!"

Valentina turns just as Jett reaches for her.

Jett freezes again, eyes snapping toward commentary.

Maxwell Jett: "Stop providing tactical support!"

Maxx Mayhem: "Stop being predictable!"

Valentina catches Jett with a spinning back kick to the midsection, doubling him over.

Lexi Gold steps in and grabs Jett by the back of the neck, helping Valentina drive him toward the ropes.

The crowd erupts as Jett’s feet nearly leave the canvas.

John Phillips: "Valentina and Lexi trying to get Maxwell Jett out!"

Jett screams, hooks the top rope with both arms, and wraps one leg around the middle rope like his entire title reign has become a knot.

Maxwell Jett: "No! No! I reject this!"

El Fantasma Oscuro 1 springboards in from the side, seemingly heading toward the cluster.

Valentina and Lexi both duck instinctively.

El Fantasma sails over them and catches Samuel Scythe with a springboard dropkick instead, staggering The Reaper backward into the ropes.

Scythe does not go over.

But he has to grab the top rope to stay balanced.

Mark Bravo: "El Fantasma almost sent Scythe into trouble there!"

John Phillips: "But Samuel Scythe hangs on!"

Scythe glares at the masked man.

El Fantasma says nothing.

He simply slides backward beneath the bottom rope, vanishes to the apron, and reappears on another side as Scythe turns to find him.

Maxx Mayhem: "Ghost guy is slippery."

Bobby Dean: "Do you think he has snacks?"

Maxx Mayhem: "He has secrets."

Bobby Dean: "Secrets are not filling."

John Phillips pinches the bridge of his nose for half a second.

John Phillips: "Ladies and gentlemen, Bobby Dean and Maxx Mayhem are both still active competitors in this match and are both sitting beside us instead of entering the ring."

Mark Bravo: "I want a ruling. Can we eliminate them from commentary?"

Maxx Mayhem: "You can try."

Mark goes quiet.

Bobby Dean: "Smart choice."

Back in the ring, Dante Rivera rallies again, catching Magnus Wolfe with a running enzuigiri that sends Magnus down to one knee. Mike Best steps toward Dante, perhaps looking to flatten him next, but Maxwell Jett suddenly crashes into Mike from behind after being shoved loose by Lexi and Valentina.

Mike turns slowly.

Jett’s eyes widen.

Maxwell Jett: "Accidental contact."

Mike Best: "Bad accident."

Mike grabs Jett by the head and drives a knee into his ribs.

The crowd roars as Jett folds over, but before Mike can drag him toward the ropes, Magnus clips Mike from behind again, attacking the leg and keeping their issue alive.

Hakuryu and Scythe collide near the far side, trading power against precision. Bianca Page crawls under Scythe’s arm to avoid danger, only to be caught by Lexi Gold with a forearm as she rises. Valentina Blaze grabs Bianca too, but Bianca drops to the mat and rolls away again, refusing to be trapped near the top rope.

El Fantasma Oscuro 1 appears on the top rope without warning.

Dante Rivera sees him.

El Fantasma launches with a twisting crossbody toward the center.

Dante dives away.

El Fantasma crashes into Magnus Wolfe instead, knocking Magnus off Mike Best’s leg and sending both men tumbling across the canvas.

John Phillips: "El Fantasma takes out Magnus Wolfe!"

Mark Bravo: "And Mike Best just got saved by a ghost he probably wants to punch anyway."

At commentary, Maxx leans toward Bobby.

Maxx Mayhem: "So when do we go in?"

Bobby Dean: "When it feels right."

Maxx Mayhem: "What does right feel like?"

Bobby Dean: "Usually less crowded."

Maxx looks at the ring, where bodies are crashing, crawling, kicking, and clinging to ropes in every direction.

Maxx Mayhem: "Fair."

The countdown clock appears.

15.

14.

13.

John Phillips: "Maxx Mayhem has entered the match in the technical sense, but like Bobby Dean, he has chosen to remain outside the ring at commentary. No eliminations in this interval."

Mark Bravo: "We now have two active competitors sitting with us, one battle chair, no snacks, and a ring full of people fighting for every championship in UTA. This company is impossible to explain to normal people."

Maxx Mayhem: "Order is for cowards."

Bobby Dean: "And snacks are for sharing."

Maxx Mayhem: "You had snacks?"

Bobby Dean: "Had."

Maxx Mayhem: "Tragedy."

Crowd: "TEN! NINE! EIGHT!"

Maxwell Jett clings to the ropes again, Mike Best and Magnus Wolfe continue their war, Hakuryu and Scythe reset near center, El Fantasma Oscuro 1 crouches like a shadow near the corner, Dante Rivera pulls himself up, and Valentina, Lexi, and Bianca remain locked in the most dangerous title race within the rumble.

Crowd: "SEVEN! SIX! FIVE!"

At commentary, Maxx Mayhem settles deeper into his chair beside Bobby Dean, trash can lid across his lap.

John Phillips: "This is absurd."

Mark Bravo: "And somehow legal."

Crowd: "FOUR! THREE! TWO! ONE!"

The buzzer sounds.

BUZZZZZZ!

The chaos inside The O2 keeps churning, but the stage does something different this time.

Nothing happens.

No explosion.

No sirens.

No fire.

No fog.

For five full seconds, there is only darkness and crowd noise.

Then a single white spotlight snaps on at the top of the entrance ramp.

Standing inside it is Graham Keel.

The Hold Architect does not move.

He does not pose.

He does not look left or right.

He simply stands there, eyes locked forward, as the slow orchestral weight of “Lux Aeterna” begins to rise through the arena.

John Phillips: "Entrant number twenty-four is Graham Keel! The Hold Architect from Manchester, England!"

Mark Bravo: "And listen to the difference, John. Maxx Mayhem just came out here like a fire alarm in human form. Graham Keel comes out like a court order for your joints."

Keel begins walking down the ramp with no wasted motion. His eyes remain fixed on the ring, calmly scanning the situation.

Maxwell Jett clinging to survival near the ropes.

Mike Best still dangerous near center.

Hakuryu composed and watchful.

El Fantasma Oscuro 1 crouched like a shadow.

Samuel Scythe standing like a wall.

Magnus Wolfe measuring damage.

Dante Rivera pushing up with fire still in him.

Valentina Blaze, Lexi Gold, and Bianca Page locked in their own volatile championship equation.

And outside the ring, Bobby Dean and Maxx Mayhem seated beside commentary like this is the strangest VIP section in professional wrestling.

Bobby Dean: "He looks serious."

Maxx Mayhem: "I don’t trust serious people."

Mark Bravo: "You do not trust stop signs either."

Maxx Mayhem: "They’re bossy."

Graham reaches ringside and slows near commentary.

He glances briefly at Bobby Dean in the battle chair.

Then at Maxx Mayhem sitting backward in the chair beside him with a trash can lid across his lap.

Keel’s face does not change.

Graham Keel: "I assume this is tactical cowardice."

Maxx Mayhem: "I call it tactical ambiance."

Bobby Dean: "We are observing."

Keel looks from one to the other.

Graham Keel: "Disappointing."

Then he turns and climbs the steel steps.

Mark Bravo: "He just insulted their entire battle-chair strategy in one word."

Maxx Mayhem: "I like him less now."

Bobby Dean: "Me too, but quietly."

Keel steps through the ropes and enters the All or Nothing Rumble.

He does not rush into the first available fight.

He waits one breath.

Then he chooses.

Dante Rivera comes forward with a forearm, still running on heart and crowd energy, but Keel dips underneath it, catches Dante’s wrist, and twists into a clean standing arm wringer.

Dante winces and rolls forward to escape, but Keel follows the rotation and drops to one knee, snapping Dante’s arm down across his shoulder.

John Phillips: "Graham Keel immediately goes to the arm!"

Mark Bravo: "That is the blueprint. One limb at a time. Keel does not enter a ring to fight the whole body. He enters to dismantle pieces."

Dante stumbles away clutching his arm, and Keel rises smoothly.

Magnus Wolfe steps toward him now.

The crowd buzzes.

Two men who love targeting limbs.

Two men who treat pain like a technical language.

Magnus smirks.

Magnus Wolfe: "You and I see the same things."

Keel’s eyes move to Magnus’s hands, then shoulders, then stance.

Graham Keel: "No. I see them first."

Magnus shoots low, reaching for Keel’s leg.

Keel sprawls backward, catches Magnus around the head and arm, and spins behind him with a tight waistlock.

Magnus counters by grabbing Keel’s wrist and trying to peel the grip apart, but Keel shifts, steps through, and takes Magnus down with a Russian leg sweep.

Magnus hits the mat and rolls through quickly, but Keel is already on one knee, watching him with cold patience.

John Phillips: "A technical exchange between Graham Keel and Magnus Wolfe!"

Mark Bravo: "That was like watching two locksmiths fight over the same door."

Mike Best steps into the picture.

The crowd reacts immediately.

Mike looks from Magnus to Keel, then grins.

Mike Best: "Cute little seminar you two are running."

Keel turns toward him.

Magnus turns too.

For half a second, both technicians seem willing to put their argument aside for the Hall of Famer.

Mike shrugs.

Mike Best: "Line starts wherever your jaw lands."

Keel comes in first, reaching for Mike’s arm.

Mike blasts him with a forearm.

Keel staggers one step.

Magnus comes from the side.

Mike catches him too with a knee to the ribs.

The crowd roars as Mike Best begins throwing shots at both men, backing Magnus up with one forearm, then turning and catching Keel with another.

John Phillips: "Mike Best taking the fight to both Magnus Wolfe and Graham Keel!"

Mark Bravo: "That is the danger with Mike. You think you are looking at an older legend until he starts punching like the legend part is still current."

Mike grabs Keel by the head and hooks him for a snap suplex.

Keel blocks it by wrapping a leg around Mike’s ankle.

Magnus immediately clips Mike behind the knee.

Mike drops to one leg.

Keel grabs the wrist and twists.

Magnus grabs the opposite arm.

For a moment, Mike Best is trapped between two men who know exactly how to tear someone apart.

Then Mike headbutts Magnus.

Magnus staggers away.

Mike turns and drives his shoulder into Keel’s ribs, forcing him backward into the ropes.

Keel hooks the top rope to avoid being moved too far.

Mike steps back and charges.

Keel drops low and pulls the top rope down.

The crowd gasps, but Mike stops short, grabbing the rope before momentum can carry him over.

Keel immediately transitions, grabbing Mike’s arm over the rope and yanking down in a kneeling armbreaker motion.

Mike snarls and pulls free, but his arm is clearly stung.

John Phillips: "Keel nearly had Mike Best there, and even without the elimination, he may have damaged the arm!"

Mark Bravo: "Keel does not need to eliminate you on the first attempt. He just wants the next attempt to hurt more."

Across the ring, Maxwell Jett watches all of this from the corner.

At first, he looks concerned.

Then he sees something.

Mike Best has turned back toward Graham Keel.

Magnus Wolfe is recovering near the side.

Hakuryu has stepped into a collision with Samuel Scythe.

Valentina, Lexi, and Bianca are tangled near the opposite ropes.

El Fantasma Oscuro 1 is crouched low near the corner, eyes hidden behind the mask.

No one is looking at Maxwell Jett.

And Mike Best’s back is to him.

Jett’s expression changes.

The fear turns into opportunity.

John Phillips: "Wait a minute. Look at Maxwell Jett."

Mark Bravo: "Oh no. No, no. Mike does not see him."

Mike grabs Graham Keel by the head and turns him away from the ropes, but Keel drops low, twisting toward the mat and forcing Mike to adjust his stance.

That adjustment brings Mike closer to the top rope.

Jett moves.

Fast.

He comes from behind, both hands driving hard into Mike Best’s back.

Mike lurches forward chest-first into the top rope.

For one impossible second, the Hall of Famer hangs there, arms reaching, trying to hook the rope and stop the momentum.

Jett grabs one leg.

Keel, still low from the exchange, instinctively moves out of the way rather than get caught under the fall.

Jett shoves again.

Mike Best goes over the top rope.

The O2 erupts in shock.

Mike lands on the apron for one heartbeat, fingers gripping the top rope.

Jett’s eyes go wide.

He scrambles forward and kicks Mike’s hand loose.

Mike Best drops from the apron to the floor.

Both feet hit.

The official points.

Ring Announcer: "Mike Best has been eliminated!"

John Phillips: "Mike Best is gone! Maxwell Jett just eliminated Mike Best from behind!"

Mark Bravo: "The UTA Champion just picked his spot and dumped the Hall of Famer! I cannot believe it!"

For a moment, Bobby Dean does not move.

He just stares from the battle chair, empty snack bag forgotten, mouth open in disbelief.

Then it hits him.

Bobby Dean: "NOOOOOOOOO!"

Bobby clutches the arms of the battle chair like the world has ended.

Bobby Dean: "MIIIIIIIIKE!"

Maxx Mayhem stands up beside him, trash can lid in hand, looking both horrified and impressed.

Maxx Mayhem: "That was emotionally illegal!"

John Phillips: "Bobby Dean is devastated out here!"

Mark Bravo: "Bobby Dean loved Mike Best! He shook his hand! He believed in him! And Maxwell Jett just ruined his whole night!"

Mike Best stands on the floor, looking up at the ring.

He is not screaming.

He is not throwing a fit.

That might be worse.

He slowly turns his head toward Maxwell Jett.

Jett, inside the ring, backs away immediately, pointing down at Mike with one hand while clutching the top rope with the other.

Maxwell Jett: "Rules! Those are the rules! Over the top! Feet hit! Beautifully executed!"

Mike Best’s expression remains flat.

Mike Best: "You sure you want to brag about that?"

Jett laughs too loudly.

Maxwell Jett: "I eliminated a Hall of Famer! Of course I want to brag about that!"

Mike takes one step closer to the apron.

Jett immediately steps back.

Maxwell Jett: "But from a distance. Respectfully."

Officials begin guiding Mike away from ringside.

Mike does not take his eyes off Jett until the last possible second.

Then he looks toward Bobby Dean.

Bobby raises one hand weakly from the battle chair, still heartbroken.

Bobby Dean: "You did great, Mike!"

Mike gives him the smallest nod.

Then the Hall of Famer heads toward the back.

Inside the ring, Maxwell Jett turns toward the hard camera, suddenly animated, suddenly alive with arrogance again.

Maxwell Jett: "That is why I am champion!"

Valentina Blaze hears him.

Lexi Gold hears him.

Dante Rivera hears him.

Almost everyone hears him.

And for one second, that seems like a terrible thing for Maxwell Jett.

Valentina charges first.

Jett ducks and slides away under the bottom rope to the apron, then back in near the opposite corner, avoiding her again.

Maxwell Jett: "Emotional reactions are predictable!"

Dante Rivera rushes him next, but Graham Keel catches Dante from the side with a precise European uppercut, stopping the charge before it can reach Jett.

John Phillips: "Graham Keel cuts off Dante Rivera!"

Mark Bravo: "Keel does not care about revenge for Mike Best. He cares about control. Dante came in hot, and Keel shut the lane down."

Keel grabs Dante's arm and twists, dragging him down to one knee. Dante tries to fight up, but Keel steps over the arm and forces the shoulder down with cold precision.

Magnus Wolfe rises nearby, watching Keel's work with a slight smirk.

Keel looks back at him.

The two do not speak.

They do not need to.

Magnus turns away and attacks Lexi Gold from behind as she tries to get toward Bianca Page, grabbing at her wrist and twisting just enough to stall her progress.

Lexi counters with an elbow to the jaw, but Bianca immediately steps in with a kick to Lexi's midsection.

Valentina Blaze rushes Bianca, catching her with a forearm and forcing her toward the ropes. Samuel Scythe moves to intervene, but Hakuryu cuts him off again with a superkick to the ribs.

Scythe staggers back, furious now.

El Fantasma Oscuro 1 springboards from the side, landing on the middle rope and launching into a twisting attack that forces both Scythe and Hakuryu to separate before either can build momentum.

John Phillips: "El Fantasma Oscuro 1 keeps disrupting the flow of this match!"

Mark Bravo: "And Graham Keel has entered at a perfect time. The ring is crowded, people are tired, emotions are high, and he is the kind of man who turns chaos into a diagram."

Maxwell Jett, meanwhile, has found the safest corner possible and is leaning against the ropes, still breathing hard but smiling now.

He points toward the aisle where Mike Best disappeared.

Maxwell Jett: "Hall of Fame? More like Hall of Gone!"

The crowd boos loudly.

At commentary, Bobby Dean slowly turns his head toward Jett.

Bobby Dean: "I do not like him anymore."

Maxx Mayhem: "You liked him before?"

Bobby Dean: "I was open-minded."

Maxx Mayhem: "That’s over?"

Bobby Dean: "That’s over."

Maxx looks at Bobby.

Then at Jett.

Then at the battle chair.

A smile starts creeping across his face.

Mark Bravo: "I do not like that look."

John Phillips: "Neither do I."

Maxx Mayhem: "Eventually, right?"

Bobby keeps staring at Maxwell Jett.

Bobby Dean: "Eventually."

In the ring, Graham Keel releases Dante’s arm only to drive a knee into the shoulder, keeping the second-generation star grounded. Dante rolls away, clutching the limb but still refusing to stay down.

Keel rises and turns toward the field, calm and calculating.

He has entered without being eliminated.

He has already taken control of Dante’s arm.

And Maxwell Jett has just done the unthinkable by eliminating Mike Best.

The countdown clock appears.

15.

14.

13.

John Phillips: "Graham Keel has entered the All or Nothing Rumble, but the headline of this interval is Maxwell Jett eliminating Hall of Fame member Mike Best from behind."

Mark Bravo: "That may be the biggest elimination so far, and it came exactly the way Maxwell Jett likes it. Opportunistic, smug, and with someone else doing enough damage first."

Bobby Dean: "Miiiiike..."

Maxx Mayhem: "We’ll avenge him later, buddy."

Bobby Dean: "Thank you."

Crowd: "TEN! NINE! EIGHT!"

Maxwell Jett clings to his corner, proud and terrified all at once. Graham Keel stands near center, adjusting his wrist tape. El Fantasma Oscuro 1 crouches silently near the ropes. Hakuryu and Samuel Scythe continue to circle. Valentina, Lexi, and Bianca keep fighting through the Women’s Championship stakes. Dante Rivera pushes up despite the damage to his arm.

Crowd: "SEVEN! SIX! FIVE!"

Outside the ring, Bobby Dean and Maxx Mayhem remain beside commentary, both still active, both staring toward Maxwell Jett now with new purpose.

Crowd: "FOUR! THREE! TWO! ONE!"

The buzzer sounds.

BUZZZZZZ!

The O2 is still reacting to Maxwell Jett's elimination of Mike Best.

Boos pour down on the UTA Champion, who has retreated to a corner with both arms wrapped around the top rope like the canvas itself might betray him. Bobby Dean remains devastated beside commentary, still staring toward the aisle where Mike disappeared. Maxx Mayhem sits beside him with the trash can lid across his lap, occasionally glancing from Bobby to Maxwell Jett like he is making a list of future problems.

Then the arena lights cut.

Not dim.

Cut.

A slow bell tolls through the building.

GONG.

The crowd murmurs.

GONG.

Smoke begins to rise across the stage.

GONG.

A soft spotlight appears at the top of the ramp, pale and cold, slicing through the fog.

Inside it stands Silas Grimm.

The Black Veil does not move.

Hood up.

Half-mask in place.

Hands low at his sides.

His eyes are fixed on the ring, but not on the field as a whole.

On El Fantasma Oscuro 1.

John Phillips: "Entrant number twenty-five is Silas Grimm. The Black Veil is here."

Mark Bravo: "And that is not just another entrant, John. That is connected directly to El Fantasma Oscuro 1. Grimm and El Fantasma have been moving in the same darkness, and now both of them are active in this rumble."

In the ring, El Fantasma Oscuro 1 slowly rises from his crouch near the ropes.

He turns his masked face toward the stage.

He does not gesture.

He does not call out.

But something in the posture changes.

Recognition.

Alignment.

Or control.

Maybe all three.

John Phillips: "Look at El Fantasma Oscuro 1. He saw Grimm, and the entire energy around him changed."

Mark Bravo: "That is what makes Silas Grimm unsettling. He does not have to say anything. His presence alone starts moving pieces around the board."

Silas begins down the ramp.

Slow.

Rhythmic.

Ritualistic.

The fog curls around his boots as “Judith” by A Perfect Circle grinds beneath the bell tones. The half-mask catches the spotlight at odd angles, giving him the look of something unfinished and deliberate.

Maxwell Jett watches from the corner and shakes his head.

Maxwell Jett: "No. Nope. We are done with fog. The ghost quota has been filled."

Graham Keel stands near center, calm and calculating, eyes tracking Silas the way he would examine an opponent’s shoulder before deciding how to ruin it.

Hakuryu turns his head slightly, hands hanging low, expression unreadable.

Samuel Scythe watches Grimm with a hard stare. Bianca Page instinctively shifts closer toward Scythe’s side of the ring, while Lexi Gold and Valentina Blaze remain engaged near the ropes, both women aware that every second another threat can change the Women’s Championship race.

Dante Rivera pushes up near one corner, still favoring the arm Graham Keel attacked in the previous interval.

At commentary, Bobby Dean sniffles loudly from the battle chair.

Bobby Dean: "Mike would have punched him."

Maxx Mayhem: "Mike would have punched a lot of people."

Bobby Dean: "That’s why he was great."

Mark Bravo: "Bobby Dean is still processing grief at ringside while still technically active in the match."

John Phillips: "Along with Maxx Mayhem, who also remains outside the ring."

Maxx Mayhem: "We are providing emotional support."

Silas reaches ringside and stops beside commentary.

He turns his head toward Bobby and Maxx.

Neither man speaks at first.

That alone is strange.

Silas tilts his head.

Silas Grimm: "Grief is useful."

Bobby blinks.

Bobby Dean: "I don’t like that."

Maxx Mayhem: "Yeah, no. That made my bones itch."

Silas turns away and climbs the steel steps.

On the apron, he pauses.

Slowly, with both hands, he removes the half-mask.

The crowd boos.

He lowers the hood next, revealing the carved look of disdain beneath it.

Then he steps through the ropes.

Silas Grimm has entered the All or Nothing Rumble.

El Fantasma Oscuro 1 is waiting for him.

The two stand a few feet apart.

Silent.

The masked phantom and The Black Veil.

Then Silas slowly lifts one hand.

El Fantasma tilts his head.

No handshake.

No embrace.

No obvious signal.

Just a shared stillness that feels more disturbing than any spoken agreement could.

John Phillips: "Silas Grimm and El Fantasma Oscuro 1 standing together now, and that changes the dynamic immediately."

Mark Bravo: "Everybody else in that ring should pay attention. El Fantasma is hard enough to track alone. Add Silas Grimm’s pain psychology and ritual violence, and now you have a nightmare with a strategy."

Dante Rivera charges first.

Not recklessly, but with urgency. He knows giving Silas and El Fantasma time to organize could be a mistake.

Dante swings a forearm at Silas.

Silas slips inside the strike and catches Dante with a palm strike to the chest.

Another palm strike snaps up under the jaw.

A third catches Dante across the cheek.

Dante stumbles back, and El Fantasma hits the ropes behind him.

Dante turns directly into a rope-assisted dropkick from El Fantasma that sends him crashing to the mat.

John Phillips: "Silas Grimm and El Fantasma already combining!"

Mark Bravo: "That was not flashy teamwork. That was a trap closing."

Graham Keel steps toward Silas next, perhaps intrigued by another man who dissects bodies with purpose.

Keel reaches for the wrist.

Silas lets him take it.

For one second, Keel twists into control.

Then Silas tilts his head.

He rolls through the pressure, pivots behind Keel, and fires a rolling elbow to the jaw.

Keel staggers one step.

Not far.

Enough.

Silas grabs him from behind, looking for Last Rites, but Keel immediately drops his base and blocks the hammerlock backdrop driver before it can develop.

John Phillips: "Silas wanted Last Rites, but Graham Keel had it scouted fast!"

Mark Bravo: "Keel may be cold, but he is not stupid. He felt the hook and bailed before Silas could drop him on the back of his neck."

Keel twists out and snaps a European uppercut into Silas's jaw.

Silas's head turns with the strike.

Slowly, he turns it back.

The faintest sneer appears.

Silas Grimm: "Again."

Keel narrows his eyes.

He steps forward for another uppercut, but El Fantasma Oscuro 1 appears from the side and clips Keel's knee with a low dropkick.

Keel drops to one knee.

Silas immediately snaps a spinning back kick into Keel's chest, knocking The Hold Architect backward to the canvas.

Mark Bravo: "That is the advantage! El Fantasma disrupts the base, Silas punishes the opening."

Maxwell Jett watches from his corner, pointing toward the two of them with visible panic.

Maxwell Jett: "See? That is a cult triangle. That should be reviewed!"

Valentina Blaze hears him and rushes across the ring, trying once again to get her hands on the UTA Champion.

Jett ducks under the ropes and slips away, but Valentina catches him by the back of the gear and yanks him back toward the center.

The crowd roars.

Jett flails.

Maxwell Jett: "Personal space! Championship personal space!"

Lexi Gold steps in and catches Jett from the other side, helping Valentina pull him upright.

Bianca Page charges from behind Lexi and drives a forearm into her back, breaking the moment before Jett can be pushed toward the ropes.

Samuel Scythe follows Bianca in like a shadow of force, shoving Valentina away from Jett, not to save the champion, but to open space for Bianca's attack.

John Phillips: "Bianca Page and Samuel Scythe breaking up Valentina and Lexi's attempt on Maxwell Jett!"

Mark Bravo: "Nobody is helping Jett because they like him. They are helping themselves by keeping control of the chaos."

Hakuryu steps toward Scythe, and the two collide again with another hard exchange.

Hakuryu fires a kick into Scythe's ribs.

Scythe answers with a European uppercut that rocks the WrestleZone Champion backward.

Hakuryu steadies himself, brings his hands together, and steps forward again.

Silas Grimm notices Hakuryu now.

His head tilts.

He moves toward him with slow purpose.

El Fantasma glides along the ropes beside him.

For a moment, Hakuryu is between Samuel Scythe in front and the Grimm/Fantasma alignment behind him.

John Phillips: "Hakuryu may be surrounded here."

Mark Bravo: "That is a dangerous place for anyone, even the White Dragon."

Scythe swings first.

Hakuryu ducks under the uppercut and snaps a superkick into Scythe's midsection.

Silas steps in from behind, trying to hook the arm for Black Ritual.

Hakuryu senses it, drops low, and rolls forward before the hold can be locked.

El Fantasma springboards in at the same time, but Hakuryu slides beneath the attack and rises near the ropes.

For the first time, Silas and El Fantasma both turn toward him in perfect unison.

Hakuryu brings his hands together in prayer.

The O2 buzzes loudly at the visual.

John Phillips: "Hakuryu escapes the trap!"

Mark Bravo: "And now you have ritual staring at ritual. That is unsettling on both sides."

Dante Rivera, still hurt but fighting, comes back into the frame and catches Silas with a forearm from the side.

Silas staggers toward the ropes.

Dante follows with another forearm, then tries to lift Silas toward the top rope.

El Fantasma immediately rushes in, driving a shoulder into Dante's ribs to break the attempt.

Silas remains inside.

Dante drops to one knee, gasping, and Silas grabs him by the chin from behind.

He leans close, whispering something no microphone catches.

Dante’s eyes narrow.

Dante Rivera: "You talk too much for a quiet guy."

Dante throws a back elbow and clips Silas in the jaw, forcing the break.

El Fantasma charges Dante, but Dante ducks low, sending the masked phantom toward the ropes.

El Fantasma catches himself before going over, landing chest-first against the top strand and springing backward into a safe roll.

John Phillips: "El Fantasma Oscuro 1 just avoided danger again!"

Mark Bravo: "He moves like the ropes know him personally."

Graham Keel rises behind Dante and snaps him down with a Russian leg sweep, then immediately grabs the damaged arm from earlier, wrenching Dante back to the mat.

Dante grimaces, pounding one boot against the canvas, but submissions mean nothing in this rumble except damage and delay.

Keel knows that.

He wrenches anyway.

Graham Keel: "Pressure isn’t pain until I decide it is."

Maxx Mayhem leans toward Bobby at commentary.

Maxx Mayhem: "That guy needs a hobby."

Bobby Dean: "He has one. It’s arms."

Mark Bravo: "That is unfortunately accurate."

Inside the ring, Bianca Page and Lexi Gold trade hard shots near one side. Bianca tries to rake the face, but Lexi catches the wrist and twists it away. Valentina Blaze kicks Bianca in the ribs from the other side, forcing Bianca to retreat toward Scythe.

Scythe steps in to protect Bianca again, but Silas Grimm moves across the ring and catches Valentina with a palm strike barrage from the side.

One palm strike.

Two.

Three.

Valentina stumbles backward into the ropes, but immediately hooks one arm over the top to stay safe.

Silas tilts his head before stepping in, looking for a cravate suplex.

Valentina blocks with a knee to the midsection and fires back with a spinning kick that catches Silas across the shoulder.

John Phillips: "Valentina Blaze fighting off Silas Grimm!"

Mark Bravo: "Valentina has been through hell tonight already, but she is still throwing fire at everyone who gets close."

El Fantasma suddenly springboards toward Valentina, but Lexi Gold catches him mid-step with a forearm as he lands, stopping the masked man from continuing the attack.

El Fantasma reels into the ropes, but again does not go over.

Silas turns toward Lexi.

Lexi turns toward Silas.

Bianca Page sees Lexi’s attention shift and immediately grabs her from behind, trying to shove her toward the ropes.

Lexi hooks the top rope with both hands and plants her feet.

Valentina comes back in, grabbing Bianca from behind and trying to reverse the pressure.

For a dangerous moment, all three women are tangled again at the top rope.

John Phillips: "The Women’s Championship race nearly changes every time those three get near the ropes!"

Mark Bravo: "Marie Van Claudio may be the true leader of The Empire, but she could lose that title tonight without ever being involved in the final decision!"

Samuel Scythe charges toward the cluster.

Hakuryu cuts him off.

Graham Keel releases Dante’s arm and steps toward both men, seeing opportunity in the collision.

Maxwell Jett sees everyone moving toward the same side of the ring and backs away from it like a man avoiding a tax audit.

Maxwell Jett: "Nope. Bad side. Very crowded."

El Fantasma slides beneath the bottom rope to the apron, then reappears behind Jett on the other side of the ring.

Jett turns and nearly screams.

Maxwell Jett: "Stop doing that!"

El Fantasma says nothing.

He simply reaches for Jett.

Jett drops flat to the mat, arms wrapped around the bottom rope before contact can be made.

Mark Bravo: "Maxwell Jett just hit emergency carpet mode."

John Phillips: "The UTA Champion continues to survive by staying as low as possible."

Silas Grimm slowly crosses the ring to stand beside El Fantasma.

Jett looks up at both of them.

Silas tilts his head.

Silas Grimm: "Fear is honest."

Maxwell Jett: "So is litigation."

Before Silas or El Fantasma can drag Jett up, Dante Rivera rushes back in, shoulder-checking Silas away from the champion. Not because he wants to save Jett, but because Jett has become the magnet for every fight in the ring.

El Fantasma catches Dante with a low kick.

Dante stumbles.

Silas turns back toward him.

The countdown clock appears.

15.

14.

13.

John Phillips: "Silas Grimm has entered the All or Nothing Rumble, aligning immediately with El Fantasma Oscuro 1. No eliminations in this interval, but that alliance is already shaping the match."

Mark Bravo: "And Bobby Dean and Maxx Mayhem remain outside the ring, still technically active, still watching, and after what Maxwell Jett did to Mike Best, perhaps waiting."

Bobby Dean: "Still mad."

Maxx Mayhem: "Mad is useful."

Bobby Dean: "Silas said grief was useful."

Maxx Mayhem: "Yeah, but I said it less creepy."

Crowd: "TEN! NINE! EIGHT!"

Silas Grimm and El Fantasma Oscuro 1 stand side by side near one set of ropes. Graham Keel resets near center. Maxwell Jett remains low, clutching survival. Hakuryu and Samuel Scythe keep circling. Valentina, Lexi, and Bianca continue fighting through the Women’s Championship stakes. Dante Rivera pushes up again, refusing to fade.

Crowd: "SEVEN! SIX! FIVE!"

Outside the ring, Bobby Dean keeps staring at Maxwell Jett.

Maxx Mayhem taps the trash can lid lightly against his palm.

Crowd: "FOUR! THREE! TWO! ONE!"

The buzzer sounds.

BUZZZZZZ!

The arena does not recover from Silas Grimm’s arrival before the next darkness comes.

The lights inside The O2 dim again, but this time the darkness feels heavier.

Lower.

Like the building has been pulled beneath ground level.

A low fog blankets the entrance ramp, crawling thick across the steel and spilling over the edges like smoke from a burial pit.

Gregorian chants begin to echo through the arena.

Slow.

Solemn.

Then the chants distort, bending into deep bass hits that pulse through the floor.

The screen flashes one name in stark white letters:

MALACHI CROSS.

The crowd boos as Malachi Cross steps through the curtain.

He stands still in the fog, arms crossed tightly across his chest, eyes fixed straight ahead. He does not look impressed by The O2. He does not look moved by the PLE stage. He does not look alive in the same way other men look alive.

He looks like a sentence being carried out.

John Phillips: "Entrant number twenty-six is Malachi Cross. The methodical punisher from New Orleans, Louisiana, has entered the All or Nothing Rumble."

Mark Bravo: "This match was already full of ghosts, rituals, monsters, champions, and whatever Bobby and Maxx are doing out here. Now Malachi Cross walks in, and the whole thing feels like a funeral found a fight card."

Inside the ring, Silas Grimm turns toward the entrance.

For the first time since arriving, The Black Veil’s expression shifts.

Only slightly.

Recognition.

Not friendship.

Not comfort.

Something colder.

Two men from New Orleans.

Two men who make pain feel ceremonial.

Two men who enter a wrestling ring like the bell is a church bell and the canvas is holy ground.

John Phillips: "Look at Silas Grimm watching Malachi Cross."

Mark Bravo: "That is not a happy reunion. That is two storms recognizing the same sky."

El Fantasma Oscuro 1 remains beside Silas, masked face angled toward the ramp. Graham Keel stands near center, measuring everything. Maxwell Jett, still low in the corner, looks from Silas to El Fantasma to Malachi and throws both hands up in disgust.

Maxwell Jett: "No. No more spooky guys. This is a championship rumble, not a haunted group therapy session."

Bobby Dean remains seated in the battle chair outside the ring, still grieving the elimination of Mike Best. Maxx Mayhem sits beside him, tapping the trash can lid lightly against his palm.

Bobby Dean: "He looks like he would not have let Mike get thrown out."

Maxx Mayhem: "He looks like he would have thrown Mike out slower."

Bobby Dean: "That is worse."

Maxx Mayhem: "Yeah."

Malachi walks down the ramp slowly.

Every step is measured.

Every breath deliberate.

He reaches ringside and pauses at the foot of the ring, staring through the ropes at the active field.

Maxwell Jett.

Graham Keel.

Silas Grimm.

El Fantasma Oscuro 1.

Hakuryu.

Samuel Scythe.

Valentina Blaze.

Lexi Gold.

Bianca Page.

Dante Rivera.

Magnus Wolfe.

And outside, Bobby Dean and Maxx Mayhem.

Malachi does not hurry.

He climbs the steel steps, wipes his boots on the apron, then steps through the ropes.

Once inside, he walks directly to the center.

He lowers his head.

Then crosses his arms again.

The crowd boos louder.

Malachi slowly raises his head.

His eyes land first on Silas Grimm.

Silas tilts his head.

Malachi does not.

John Phillips: "Silas Grimm and Malachi Cross standing across from one another, and I do not know if this is an alliance, a warning, or something worse."

Mark Bravo: "With those two? It can be all three and still get darker."

Dante Rivera breaks the moment.

He comes in with fire, damaged arm still bothering him from Graham Keel’s earlier work, but the heart is still there. Dante throws a forearm toward Malachi’s jaw.

Malachi absorbs it.

Dante throws another.

Malachi takes that one too.

Then Malachi’s hand snaps up.

Muay Thai clinch.

He pulls Dante down and drives a knee into the ribs.

Then another.

Then a third.

John Phillips: "Malachi Cross with those clinch knees, targeting the breathing immediately!"

Mark Bravo: "That is what he does. He does not just hurt you. He turns breathing into work."

Dante shoves at Malachi's shoulders, trying to break free, but Malachi keeps him trapped and drives another knee into the body.

Dante gasps and drops to one knee.

Malachi looks down at him like a man studying a grave that has not been filled yet.

Valentina Blaze rushes in from the side, firing a kick into Malachi's thigh.

Malachi's leg shifts slightly.

He turns his head toward her.

Valentina fires another kick, harder this time.

Malachi catches the third attempt.

Valentina immediately jumps for an enzuigiri, but Malachi shoves her leg away before she can connect cleanly, sending her rolling toward Lexi Gold and Bianca Page's side of the ring.

John Phillips: "Valentina tried to cut Malachi off, but Cross had it scouted!"

Bianca Page uses Valentina's arrival to grab her from behind, trying to steer her toward the ropes. Lexi Gold immediately steps in and cracks Bianca with a forearm, breaking the attempt before Valentina can be lifted.

Samuel Scythe turns toward Lexi, but Hakuryu cuts into his path with a sharp kick to the ribs.

Scythe answers with a heavy European uppercut that knocks Hakuryu backward into the ropes.

Hakuryu hooks the top strand and remains inside.

El Fantasma Oscuro 1 glides from the corner toward Malachi, but not to attack.

He stops beside Silas Grimm.

Silas and El Fantasma stand on one side.

Malachi stands on the other.

Dante Rivera is between them, trying to push back to his feet.

John Phillips: "Dante Rivera may be caught in something very dangerous here."

Mark Bravo: "This is not a trap you fight your way out of with heart alone. Silas, El Fantasma, and Malachi all in the same orbit? That is bad air."

Dante sees Silas and El Fantasma on one side, Malachi on the other.

He still rises.

The crowd responds.

Dante Rivera: "I'm still here."

Silas tilts his head.

Silas Grimm: "Briefly."

Dante swings at Silas.

Silas ducks.

El Fantasma strikes low with a dropkick to Dante’s damaged arm and shoulder, knocking him sideways.

Dante turns directly into a Yakuza Kick from Malachi Cross.

The boot lands flush.

Dante collapses near the ropes.

John Phillips: "Yakuza Kick by Malachi Cross! Dante Rivera is down!"

Mark Bravo: "Dante has fought with everything since he entered, but that was a brutal combination. El Fantasma took away the balance, Malachi took away the lights."

Graham Keel steps in, not wanting the New Orleans darkness to fully control the ring. He grabs Malachi by the wrist and twists hard into an arm wringer.

Malachi slowly turns his head toward Keel.

Keel tightens the hold.

Graham Keel: "Every ritual has structure."

Malachi steps through the pressure and pulls Keel into a short-range headbutt.

Keel staggers but does not fall.

He answers with a European uppercut.

Malachi absorbs it and drives a knee into Keel’s midsection.

Keel folds slightly, then reaches for the leg, trying to turn the knee strike into a takedown.

Malachi sprawls just enough to block.

John Phillips: "Graham Keel trying to ground Malachi Cross!"

Mark Bravo: "That is smart. You do not let Malachi dictate pace if you can drag him into a technical problem."

Magnus Wolfe enters the exchange from the side, clipping Keel with a forearm to the jaw and then reaching for Malachi’s arm in the same motion.

For a second, Keel, Magnus, and Malachi all tie up in a grim, ugly knot of limbs and leverage.

Then Samuel Scythe crashes into all three with a shoulder block.

Keel goes down to one knee.

Magnus rolls away.

Malachi staggers back but stays on his feet.

Scythe turns toward him.

Malachi looks back.

Two bruising forces, one methodical and deathly still, the other raw and destructive.

Before they can collide, Hakuryu steps between them with a superkick to Scythe’s ribs, forcing The Reaper to turn back toward the WrestleZone Champion.

John Phillips: "Hakuryu and Samuel Scythe keep finding one another in this match!"

Mark Bravo: "And every time they do, it feels like the ring gets smaller for everyone else."

Maxwell Jett tries to use the chaos to sneak along the ropes, staying away from Malachi, Silas, El Fantasma, Hakuryu,

Scythe, and basically anyone with a pulse.

He nearly reaches the opposite corner when Bobby Dean calls out from commentary.

Bobby Dean: "Mike would still be in if you weren't a sneak!"

Jett turns toward Bobby, deeply offended.

Maxwell Jett: "Mike Best would still be in if he understood basic rear awareness!"

Bobby gasps.

Bobby Dean: "That's it."

Maxx Mayhem slowly sits up straighter.

Maxx Mayhem: "Is it eventually?"

Bobby grips the handles of the battle chair.

Bobby Dean: "Not yet."

Maxx settles back down, disappointed but ready.

Maxx Mayhem: "Soon?"

Bobby Dean: "Soon."

Inside the ring, Dante Rivera drags himself up using the ropes.

The crowd tries to rally him, but his breathing is ragged after Malachi's clinch knees and Yakuza Kick.

Malachi sees him rise.

He lowers his head.

He crosses his arms.

Then he moves.

Dante turns, throwing a desperate forearm.

Malachi catches the arm and pulls him into Dark Harvest, driving him down with a sidewalk slam across the knee.

Dante's body folds over the impact, and he rolls toward the ropes, clutching his ribs.

John Phillips: "Dark Harvest! Malachi Cross just drove Dante across the knee!"

Mark Bravo: "That is the breathing again. Ribs, diaphragm, lungs. Malachi Cross is turning Dante's comeback into suffocation."

Dante reaches for the middle rope.

Malachi grabs him by the back of the head and pulls him up.

Dante throws one more elbow.

It catches Malachi in the jaw.

Malachi's head turns.

Slowly, he turns back.

No anger.

No surprise.

Only finality.

He grabs Dante by the throat and shoulder, turns him toward the ropes, and drives a Yakuza Kick into his chest.

Dante falls backward over the top rope.

He grabs for the strand with his good arm.

For one heartbeat, he hangs there.

Then Silas Grimm steps in.

Not with a strike.

With a whisper.

He leans close enough for Dante to hear something the cameras cannot.

Dante’s face tightens.

Then El Fantasma Oscuro 1 springboards from the side and catches Dante with a dropkick to the shoulder.

Dante’s grip breaks.

He falls to the ringside floor.

Both feet hit.

The official points immediately.

Ring Announcer: "Dante Rivera has been eliminated!"

John Phillips: "Dante Rivera is gone! Malachi Cross did the damage, Silas Grimm and El Fantasma Oscuro 1 closed the door!"

Mark Bravo: "That was disturbing. Not just an elimination — that felt coordinated, cold, and ceremonial."

Dante sits on the floor, clutching his ribs and shoulder, frustrated but still trying to breathe through the pain. Officials move in to help him away, and he looks back at the ring with disappointment burning in his eyes.

Inside, Malachi Cross stands near the ropes.

Silas Grimm stands a few steps away.

El Fantasma Oscuro 1 lands beside them and lowers into a crouch.

For a moment, the three figures share the same frame.

Malachi does not smile.

Silas sneers faintly.

El Fantasma says nothing.

John Phillips: "That is an unsettling image."

Mark Bravo: "If I am anyone else in that ring, I am not letting those three stand together for long."

Maxwell Jett points toward them from the far corner.

Maxwell Jett: "Exactly! See? Dangerous alliance! Finally someone else notices!"

Valentina Blaze notices Jett pointing and rushes him again, catching him with a kick to the ribs before he can retreat low.

Jett crumples into the ropes, yelling, but hooks both arms around the middle strand before she can lift him.

Lexi Gold comes in to help Valentina, but Bianca Page cuts Lexi off with a forearm to the back.

Samuel Scythe immediately follows by shoving Valentina away from Jett and toward the center, but Hakuryu catches Scythe with another sharp kick, forcing the Reaper into a fresh collision.

Graham Keel, recovering from the Scythe shoulder block, grabs Magnus Wolfe by the wrist and twists him into a tight hammerlock near the ropes.

Magnus snarls and drives a back elbow into Keel's jaw, breaking free before he can be lifted.

The match continues to churn around the newly formed darkness.

Malachi Cross steps back toward the center.

Silas Grimm drifts toward El Fantasma Oscuro 1.

Maxwell Jett clings to survival.

And outside, Bobby Dean and Maxx Mayhem remain seated, both now glaring toward Jett with the same quiet promise.

The countdown clock appears.

15.

14.

13.

John Phillips: "Malachi Cross has entered the All or Nothing Rumble, and Dante Rivera has been eliminated after a brutal sequence involving Malachi, Silas Grimm, and El Fantasma Oscuro 1."

Mark Bravo: "That alignment may not be official, but it does not need paperwork to be terrifying. Malachi Cross, Silas Grimm, and El Fantasma just changed the atmosphere in this match."

Bobby Dean: "Still mad at Maxwell."

Maxx Mayhem: "Still waiting."

John Phillips: "Bobby Dean and Maxx Mayhem remain active outside the ring."

Mark Bravo: "And somehow, I feel like that is becoming more dangerous by the minute."

Crowd: "TEN! NINE! EIGHT!"

Malachi Cross stands near center with his arms crossed. Silas Grimm and El Fantasma Oscuro 1 remain nearby. Graham Keel and Magnus Wolfe continue their technical war. Hakuryu and Samuel Scythe grind through another collision. Valentina, Lexi, and Bianca fight through the Women's Championship stakes, while Maxwell Jett stays low in the corner.

Crowd: "SEVEN! SIX! FIVE!"

Outside the ring, Dante Rivera is helped toward the back, still looking over his shoulder at the ring that just swallowed his opportunity.

Crowd: "FOUR! THREE! TWO! ONE!"

The buzzer sounds.

BUZZZZZZ!

The lights inside The O2 flicker.

Once.

Twice.

Then the titantron dissolves into static.

The ring is still full of movement. Maxwell Jett is low in the corner, clutching the ropes and complaining at anyone who comes within arm’s reach. Graham Keel and Magnus Wolfe are still locked in a cold technical exchange near the ropes. Silas Grimm, El Fantasma Oscuro 1, and Malachi Cross hold a disturbing triangle of influence near the center, while Hakuryu and Samuel Scythe keep colliding like ritual and blunt force. Valentina Blaze, Lexi Gold, and Bianca Page remain tangled in the dangerous Women’s Championship race.

Outside the ring, Bobby Dean and Maxx Mayhem remain beside commentary, both still active, both still waiting.

Then a distorted voice whispers through the speakers.

"Follow... the rabbit."

The O2 erupts.

The static explodes into a swirling rabbit mask, its grin painted in black ink across the massive screen.

A single white spotlight hits the stage.

The haunting melody of “White Rabbit” by Jefferson Airplane begins to roll through the arena.

John Phillips: "Oh my! Entrant number twenty-seven is Zhalia Fears!"

Mark Bravo: "The Ghost Flame is here! And John, in this field, with all this darkness already inside the ring, Zhalia Fears might be the exact kind of chaos that can cut through it!"

Zhalia Fears steps through the curtain in a long white cloak, hood drawn low, smoke wrapping around her boots as the crowd roars for her arrival.

She stands motionless at the top of the ramp.

Head tilted.

Breathing slow.

The rest of the arena is swallowed in shadow, with only that white spotlight holding her in place like an apparition caught between worlds.

Then she raises her head.

The hood slides back.

That half-smile appears.

Eerie.

Calm.

Alive.

John Phillips: "Zhalia Fears returned to UTA in unforgettable fashion against Jarvis Valentine in Brooklyn, and tonight she walks into the All or Nothing Rumble with the Women’s Championship race very much alive!"

Mark Bravo: "And remember, the final female remaining becomes UTA Women’s Champion. Valentina Blaze, Lexi Gold, Bianca Page, and now Zhalia Fears are all active. That changes everything again."

Inside the ring, Valentina turns toward the entrance first.

Lexi Gold follows.

Bianca Page narrows her eyes, immediately displeased that another woman has entered the field.

Maxwell Jett looks up at the screen and groans.

Maxwell Jett: "No. No. Absolutely not. This is becoming a theme park for unstable people."

Zhalia begins down the ramp.

She does not sprint at first.

She glides.

Serpentine.

Unbothered.

Fans reach over the barricade, trying to touch the cloak, and this time she does acknowledge them. A flick of her fingers. A crooked smile. A moment of strange warmth through all the smoke and surreal presentation.

Bobby Dean: "She seems nice."

Maxx Mayhem: "She seems nice in the way a haunted house gives out candy."

Bobby Dean: "That’s still candy."

Mark Bravo: "I cannot argue with that."

Zhalia reaches ringside, stops near Bobby and Maxx, and slowly turns her head toward the battle chair.

She smiles.

Zhalia Fears: "You two waiting for the rabbit too?"

Bobby Dean: "We are waiting for the right moment."

Maxx Mayhem: "And possibly snacks."

Zhalia nods like that makes perfect sense.

Zhalia Fears: "Careful. The right moment bites."

Then she suddenly dives head-first beneath the bottom rope and slides into the ring with unsettling grace.

She does not pop immediately to her feet.

Instead, she crawls to the center of the ring.

She presses one palm flat to the mat.

Tap.

Tap.

Tap.

The lights flash with each sound.

Then the arena bursts back to full brightness.

Magnus Wolfe attacks first.

Of course he does.

He sees the theatrical entrance, the crouched posture, the sudden pause, and decides to turn atmosphere into anatomy. Magnus charges low, reaching for Zhalia's wrist before she can fully stand.

Zhalia's head snaps toward him.

She rolls backward before his hand can close.

Magnus follows.

Zhalia pops to her feet, feints high, then kicks low into Magnus's shin.

Magnus grunts and reaches for her again.

She is gone.

She slips behind him and drives an elbow into the back of his neck.

John Phillips: "Zhalia Fears immediately bringing that unpredictable movement!"

Mark Bravo: "You cannot grab smoke, and Magnus Wolfe just tried to put smoke in a wristlock."

Magnus turns and swings a forearm.

Zhalia ducks under it, hits the ropes, and springboards back with a spinning wheel kick that catches Magnus flush across the jaw.

Magnus staggers backward into Graham Keel.

Keel grabs him by instinct, perhaps to use him as leverage, perhaps simply because Keel's hands always seem to be looking for a hold.

Magnus elbows backward, breaking free.

The two technical predators snarl at each other for a heartbeat.

Zhalia uses that heartbeat.

She rushes forward and leaps, catching Magnus with a deep arm drag that sends him skidding across the mat.

The crowd erupts.

John Phillips: "Arm drag by Zhalia! Magnus Wolfe is off balance!"

Mark Bravo: "That is a rare sight. Magnus usually makes other people move at his speed. Zhalia has him chasing rabbits already."

Bianca Page rushes Zhalia from the side, not waiting for the newest female entrant to find rhythm.

Bianca swings for a forearm.

Zhalia ducks, steps behind her, and whispers something into Bianca's ear.

Bianca jerks away, furious.

Bianca Page: "Do not do that."

Zhalia smiles wider.

Zhalia Fears: "Then don't listen."

Bianca lunges again, but Valentina Blaze cuts across and nails Bianca with a sharp kick to the ribs, forcing her toward Lexi Gold.

Lexi catches Bianca with a forearm of her own, and suddenly Bianca is once again trapped between women who know

exactly how dangerous the title stakes are.

John Phillips: "Bianca Page is caught between Valentina Blaze and Lexi Gold!"

Mark Bravo: "And Zhalia Fears just stirred the pot without even touching the ropes. That is what she does. She makes the room less predictable."

Samuel Scythe storms toward Valentina and Lexi to protect Bianca's space, but Hakuryu intercepts him with a sharp superkick to the ribs.

Scythe absorbs enough of it to keep moving, shoving Hakuryu backward into Malachi Cross.

Malachi turns slowly toward Hakuryu.

Hakuryu brings his hands together.

Silas Grimm watches them both.

El Fantasma Oscuro 1 crouches nearby, masked and still.

The ring's dark corner is becoming crowded with rituals, shadows, and violence.

Zhalia sees it.

She tilts her head.

Then she smiles and runs directly at it.

She ducks under a Malachi Cross Yakuza Kick, spins behind him, and shoves him forward into Samuel Scythe's path.

Scythe catches Malachi with a shoulder, not full force, but enough to make Malachi turn his tombstone eyes toward him.

Silas Grimm steps toward Zhalia from the side.

Zhalia turns before he can touch her.

For a moment, The Black Veil and The Ghost Flame stare at each other.

Silas tilts his head.

Zhalia tilts hers the opposite way.

Silas Grimm: "You mistake chaos for freedom."

Zhalia Fears: "You mistake silence for depth."

The O2 reacts loudly.

Mark Bravo: "Okay, I felt that one."

Silas steps forward with a palm strike.

Zhalia slips aside, but El Fantasma Oscuro 1 springboards in from the ropes, forcing her to duck low.

The masked phantom sails over her and lands in a crouch.

Zhalia rolls backward and pops up near the ropes.

Silas and El Fantasma turn toward her together.

She smiles again, but this time she backs off just enough to avoid being trapped.

John Phillips: "Zhalia Fears just stepped into the orbit of Silas Grimm and El Fantasma Oscuro 1 and got out before the door closed."

Mark Bravo: "That might be the smartest thing she could do. Poke the shadows, then move before they bite."

Maxwell Jett tries to crawl behind the whole exchange, staying beneath everyone's sightline.

Zhalia looks down and sees him.

Jett freezes.

Maxwell Jett: "No."

Zhalia crouches beside him.

Her smile widens.

Zhalia Fears: "Follow the rabbit, champ."

Maxwell Jett: "I do not follow woodland metaphors."

She grabs him by the wrist and starts pulling him toward the center.

The crowd roars.

Jett claws at the mat.

Maxwell Jett: "No! No! I am grounded! I have chosen ground!"

Valentina Blaze sees Zhalia dragging him and immediately joins in, grabbing Jett by the other arm.

Lexi Gold steps in too, moving with calm control.

For one glorious second, Maxwell Jett is being dragged by three women who all have very different reasons to dislike him.

John Phillips: "Zhalia, Valentina, and Lexi have Maxwell Jett!"

Mark Bravo: "The champion is in the worst tea party imaginable!"

Bianca Page breaks it up by raking Lexi across the back from behind.

Lexi releases Jett and turns on Bianca.

Valentina keeps hold of Jett until Samuel Scythe shoves through the cluster and knocks her backward.

Zhalia keeps hold for one second longer, just long enough to pull Jett halfway up.

Jett panics and drops dead weight, then rolls under the bottom rope to the apron before slipping immediately back inside beneath the bottom rope.

John Phillips: "Maxwell Jett escapes again!"

Mark Bravo: "This man treats the bottom rope like a vacation home."

Magnus Wolfe returns to the frame, furious now after Zhalia's early offense. He clips her from behind with a forearm to the back of the neck, then grabs her arm and twists hard.

Zhalia winces but does not panic.

Magnus wrenches again, trying to drag her toward the ropes.

Zhalia suddenly slaps her own cheek twice and laughs.

Magnus hesitates for half a second.

That is all she needs.

She rolls forward, twists under the arm, and pops up behind him.

Magnus turns.

Zhalia catches him with a short-arm headbutt to the jaw.

Magnus staggers.

John Phillips: "Lobotomy-style headbutt from Zhalia!"

Graham Keel steps toward Zhalia, but Magnus blindly swings an elbow trying to recover, catching Keel in the chest and forcing him back.

Zhalia hits the ropes.

She rebounds and catches Magnus with a springboard forearm that sends him staggering backward toward the ropes.

Magnus grabs the top rope to steady himself.

Zhalia charges.

Magnus tries to duck and back body drop her over.

Zhalia twists midair, lands on the apron, and immediately snaps a kick through the ropes into Magnus's jaw.

Magnus stumbles backward.

Valentina Blaze, seeing the opportunity, blasts Magnus with a spinning back kick to the ribs.

Lexi Gold follows with a sharp forearm.

Magnus turns, dazed, trying to grab anyone, anything.

Zhalia springboards from the apron.

Spinning wheel kick.

The kick catches Magnus high and sends him backward over the top rope.

Magnus grabs at the strand, fingertips scraping against it, but he cannot hold on.

He drops to the floor.

Both feet hit.

The official points immediately.

Ring Announcer: "Magnus Wolfe has been eliminated!"

John Phillips: "Magnus Wolfe is gone! Zhalia Fears enters the match and helps eliminate The Scarred Alpha!"

Mark Bravo: "That started with Zhalia getting inside his timing, and it ended with Valentina, Lexi, and Zhalia turning Magnus into a casualty of the Women's Championship storm!"

Magnus sits on the floor, jaw tight, furious at the suddenness of it. He glares back into the ring, first at Zhalia, then at Graham Keel, who did not save him, then at the wider chaos that swallowed him.

Zhalia lands inside the ring and crawls backward on her hands for a moment, eyes fixed on Magnus outside.

Then she tilts her head and waves with two fingers.

The crowd pops.

Zhalia Fears: "Bye-bye, wolf."

Graham Keel watches her carefully now.

Silas Grimm watches her too.

El Fantasma Oscuro 1 remains silent beside him.

Malachi Cross stands nearby with arms crossed, expression unchanged.

Hakuryu and Samuel Scythe continue to circle after their collision.

Bianca Page regroups near Scythe, visibly annoyed that another woman has entered and immediately changed the temperature of the match.

Valentina Blaze and Lexi Gold both turn toward Zhalia now.

The Women’s Championship race has gone from dangerous to volatile.

John Phillips: "Valentina Blaze, Lexi Gold, Bianca Page, and Zhalia Fears are all still active. One of those women could walk out as UTA Women’s Champion tonight if she is the final female remaining."

Mark Bravo: "And with Zhalia in there now, predicting the rhythm of that race just became impossible."

Maxwell Jett pulls himself up in the far corner, still shaken from nearly being dragged into disaster.

Maxwell Jett: "Everyone is focusing on me, and frankly, that is appropriate but inconvenient!"

Outside, Bobby Dean and Maxx Mayhem are still watching.

Bobby’s eyes remain fixed on Jett.

Maxx lightly taps the trash can lid again.

Maxx Mayhem: "Soon?"

Bobby Dean: "Soon."

The countdown clock appears.

15.

14.

13.

John Phillips: "Zhalia Fears has entered the All or Nothing Rumble, and Magnus Wolfe has been eliminated. Bobby Dean and Maxx Mayhem remain active outside the ring, Maxwell Jett remains active, and the field continues to grow more chaotic by the second."

Mark Bravo: "The Ghost Flame did not just enter. She changed the match’s language."

Crowd: "TEN! NINE! EIGHT!"

Zhalia Fears crouches near the ropes, smiling through strands of hair. Valentina Blaze, Lexi Gold, and Bianca Page all keep eyes on one another. Silas Grimm and El Fantasma Oscuro 1 stand near one side. Graham Keel resets near center. Malachi Cross remains stone-still. Hakuryu and Samuel Scythe prepare to collide again. Maxwell Jett hugs the corner like survival has become religion.

Crowd: "SEVEN! SIX! FIVE!"

Bobby Dean and Maxx Mayhem remain seated outside, both still active, both still waiting for the right moment.

Crowd: "FOUR! THREE! TWO! ONE!"

The buzzer sounds.

BUZZZZZZ!

The lights inside The O2 snap from the eerie white haze of Zhalia Fears' arrival into a sudden electric blue.

Thunder cracks through the building.

Not a sound effect buried beneath the music.

A full, arena-shaking crack that rolls through the rafters and sends the crowd into an instant roar.

Blue strobes sweep across the audience in fast, violent flashes, cutting through the fog still clinging near the ramp and turning it into storm cloud.

The opening pulse of "Thunder" by Imagine Dragons hits.

The O2 comes alive.

The screen flashes:

ATHENA STORM.

John Phillips: "Entrant number twenty-eight is Athena Storm! The Tempest has entered the All or Nothing Rumble!"

Mark Bravo: "And this Women's Championship race just got even crazier, John! Valentina Blaze, Lexi Gold, Bianca Page, Zhalia Fears, and now Athena Storm are all active in this match!"

Athena Storm bursts through the curtain with a glow staff spinning in one hand, blue light trailing in smooth circles around her body. She hits the top of the ramp with explosive energy, shoulders rolling with the beat, eyes bright, feeding off the roar from the London crowd.

She throws one arm overhead in a rolling motion.

Athena Storm: "London!"

The crowd roars louder.

Athena Storm: "Let it rain!"

Crowd: "LET IT RAIN! LET IT RAIN! LET IT RAIN!"

Athena grins, twirls the glow staff once behind her back, catches it clean, then sprints down the ramp as the chant spreads through The O2.

John Phillips: "Athena Storm, lightning-quick striker out of San Juan, Puerto Rico! Muay Thai, Capoeira, speed combinations, and she can change the rhythm of a match in seconds!"

Mark Bravo: "That is the key word — rhythm. This ring is getting clogged with monsters, technicians, ritual guys, ghosts, and Maxwell Jett hiding under furniture. Athena brings motion. She brings weather."

Inside the ring, the women already active all turn their attention toward the ramp.

Valentina Blaze, still breathing fire and still keeping one eye on Maxwell Jett.

Lexi Gold, composed and watchful.

Bianca Page, clearly annoyed by another female entrant threatening her path.

Zhalia Fears, crouched near the ropes with a crooked smile, watching Athena's blue light cut through the lingering smoke.

Across the ring, Silas Grimm and El Fantasma Oscuro 1 stand near one side, joined in that unsettling quiet. Malachi

Cross remains near center, arms crossed, eyes like tombstones. Graham Keel adjusts his wrist tape, calculating as always. Hakuryu and Samuel Scythe are still near one another, each man carrying the tension of their repeated collisions.

And Maxwell Jett?

Maxwell Jett is in the far corner, one arm wrapped around the top rope, looking personally offended by weather.

Maxwell Jett: "No! No more inspirational atmospheric conditions!"

At commentary, Bobby Dean and Maxx Mayhem remain seated outside the ring, both still officially active.

Bobby Dean: "She has a stick."

Maxx Mayhem: "Glow staff."

Bobby Dean: "That sounds safer."

Maxx Mayhem: "It isn't."

Athena reaches ringside, hands the glow staff off to an attendant, then hops onto the apron in one fluid motion. She looks out across The O2 and rolls her arm overhead again.

Crowd: "LET IT RAIN! LET IT RAIN! LET IT RAIN!"

Then she grabs the top rope with both hands, vaults over it clean, and lands in the ring before flowing straight into a capoeira step near center.

No pause.

No delay.

The storm hits immediately.

Bianca Page charges her first, trying to cut off the new arrival before Athena can build momentum.

Athena ducks beneath Bianca's forearm, spins behind her, and snaps a roundhouse kick into Bianca's ribs.

Bianca doubles over, stumbling toward Lexi Gold.

Lexi catches Bianca with a forearm and sends her backward into Athena's path again.

Athena leaps.

Jumping knee strike.

Bianca hits the canvas hard.

John Phillips: "Athena Storm catches Bianca Page right out of the gate!"

Mark Bravo: "Bianca tried to intercept the storm and got struck by lightning!"

Samuel Scythe turns toward Athena immediately, seeing Bianca go down.

He steps forward like a wall beginning to move.

Athena sees him.

She does not run away.

She hits the ropes.

Scythe swings a heavy arm.

Athena ducks under it, rebounds off the opposite side, and catches him with a tilt-a-whirl headscissors.

Scythe does not fully go over.

He is too big, too strong, too rooted.

But Athena’s momentum pulls him off balance and sends him stumbling into Hakuryu.

Hakuryu reacts with a sharp superkick to Scythe’s ribs, doubling The Reaper over.

John Phillips: "Athena Storm sends Scythe right into Hakuryu!"

Mark Bravo: "That is what speed can do in a crowded rumble. You may not eliminate the monster, but you can make the monster everybody else’s problem."

Athena lands on her feet and rolls one arm overhead again.

Athena Storm: "Let it rain!"

Crowd: "LET IT RAIN!"

Zhalia Fears suddenly appears in Athena’s path, smiling that eerie half-smile.

Athena slows for half a second.

Zhalia tilts her head.

Zhalia Fears: "Pretty storm."

Athena smiles back, still bouncing lightly.

Athena Storm: "Pretty ghost."

Zhalia laughs and darts forward with a sudden forearm.

Athena ducks, spins, and throws a roundhouse.

Zhalia bends backward beneath it, almost too smoothly, then pops upright and flicks a quick kick toward Athena’s knee.

Athena hops over it and turns the landing into a capoeira sweep that forces Zhalia to jump back.

The crowd pops for the rapid exchange.

John Phillips: "Athena Storm and Zhalia Fears, speed against unpredictability!"

Mark Bravo: "That looked like a storm trying to dance with a ghost. I don’t know how else to say it."

Before they can continue, Valentina Blaze charges in and catches Athena with a forearm across the shoulder.

Not personal.

Necessary.

Every woman is a threat now.

Athena absorbs it and fires back with one of her own.

Valentina throws a kick.

Athena checks it and answers with a quick jumping knee that Valentina barely blocks with both forearms.

Lexi Gold steps in, grabs Athena by the wrist, and tries to pull her into a short-arm strike.

Athena rolls through the grip, pops up, and catches Lexi with a rope-walk enzuigiri off the middle strand.

Lexi staggers but stays on her feet, impressed despite herself.

Lexi Gold: "Fast."

Athena Storm: "Always."

Bianca Page rises behind Athena and tries to shove her toward the ropes.

Athena hooks the top rope immediately, blocks the pressure, and elbows Bianca in the ribs.

Valentina grabs Bianca from the other side.

Lexi steps in too.

For one second, Bianca Page is in real trouble, trapped near the ropes by Athena, Valentina, and Lexi.

The crowd rises.

John Phillips: "Bianca Page may be going!"

Samuel Scythe shoves through the collision with Hakuryu, trying to get back to Bianca again.

Hakuryu cuts him off with another kick.

Scythe answers by grabbing Hakuryu and driving him backward into the ropes.

Malachi Cross suddenly steps in and catches Scythe with a Yakuza Kick to the side of the jaw.

Scythe stumbles, more angered than dropped.

Silas Grimm watches Malachi for half a second, then moves toward the women’s cluster himself.

El Fantasma Oscuro 1 moves with him.

El Fantasma springboards from the side and crashes into the group, breaking the leverage before Bianca can be lifted all the way over.

Everyone collapses inward.

No elimination.

Mark Bravo: "El Fantasma just saved Bianca Page by accident, on purpose, or because ghosts hate clean endings!"

John Phillips: "Either way, Bianca Page survives!"

Graham Keel uses the pile to grab Valentina Blaze by the arm, trying to isolate her shoulder and drag her away from the ropes. Valentina kicks him in the ribs, but Keel holds on.

Athena sees Keel controlling Valentina and charges.

Keel turns just in time.

Athena leaps for another headscissors, but Keel plants his feet and catches the movement halfway.

For a dangerous moment, Athena’s momentum stalls.

Keel tries to convert it into a mat return, but Athena twists out before he can fully clamp down, landing on one knee.

Keel immediately reaches for her arm.

Athena rolls through, pops up, and blasts him with a roundhouse kick to the shoulder.

Keel staggers one step.

Only one.

Graham Keel: "Careless."

Athena Storm: "Weather is."

She throws another kick.

Keel catches this one.

He twists her ankle, trying to force her down, but Zhalia Fears suddenly springboards in with a corkscrew forearm that catches Keel across the jaw.

Keel releases Athena and drops to one knee.

John Phillips: "Zhalia Fears saves Athena Storm from Graham Keel!"

Mark Bravo: "Or Zhalia just wanted to hit Keel. With her, charity and chaos look identical."

Athena looks at Zhalia.

Zhalia smiles.

Zhalia Fears: "You’re welcome. Maybe."

Athena grins and hits the ropes again.

Maxwell Jett, trying to stay invisible in the corner, looks up just in time to see Athena coming toward him.

Maxwell Jett: "No. No, no, no, no."

Athena comes in with a running knee strike.

Jett ducks and collapses flat to the mat, causing Athena to crash knees-first into the turnbuckles.

She recoils, grabbing at her leg.

Jett immediately scrambles up behind her and tries to lift her toward the ropes.

The crowd boos hard.

John Phillips: "Maxwell Jett trying to eliminate Athena Storm from behind!"

Mark Bravo: "Of course he is! If courage were a subscription service, Jett canceled years ago!"

Jett gets Athena halfway up.

Athena hooks the top rope with both hands.

Jett pushes harder.

Then Bobby Dean rises slightly from the battle chair.

Bobby Dean: "HEY!"

Jett turns his head.

That mistake costs him.

Athena drives an elbow backward into Jett’s jaw.

Jett staggers away.

Maxx Mayhem stands beside Bobby and raises the trash can lid like a shield.

Maxx Mayhem: "We’re watching you, fancy pants!"

Maxwell Jett: "You are both active competitors! Stop spectating with intent!"

Athena turns and catches Jett with a jumping knee strike that sends him bouncing backward into the corner.

The O2 erupts.

Athena Storm: "Let it rain!"

Crowd: "LET IT RAIN!"

Valentina Blaze rushes toward Jett next, but Bianca Page cuts her off by grabbing a handful of hair and yanking her backward.

Lexi Gold immediately grabs Bianca's wrist and twists, forcing Bianca to release.

Zhalia Fears slides low beneath all three women, pops up behind Bianca, and whispers something in her ear again.

Bianca turns sharply, furious.

Athena comes off the ropes and catches Bianca with a tilt-a-whirl headscissors, sending her skidding toward Samuel Scythe.

Scythe catches Bianca before she can roll too close to danger, but Hakuryu steps in and cracks Scythe across the ribs with another kick.

Scythe finally roars, shoving Hakuryu backward.

Malachi Cross and Silas Grimm both turn toward the sound.

El Fantasma Oscuro 1 crouches lower, ready to spring.

The ring is becoming too full again.

Too combustible.

Too many alliances, grudges, and championship paths crossing at once.

Graham Keel rises, rubbing his jaw from Zhalia's shot, and immediately grabs Athena from behind, twisting her arm sharply.

Athena winces.

Keel starts to drag her toward the ropes with cold efficiency.

Zhalia moves toward Keel, but Silas Grimm steps in front of her.

El Fantasma Oscuro 1 shifts beside him.

Zhalia stops.

She smiles, but this time there is more caution behind it.

Athena kicks backward, catching Keel in the thigh and breaking enough pressure to roll through.

She escapes the hold and lands near Valentina, who catches her by the arm for a half-second.

The two women look at each other.

Both know the stakes.

Then Bianca Page shoves them both from behind toward the ropes.

Valentina and Athena hook the top rope at the same time, stopping themselves from going over.

Lexi Gold nails Bianca with a forearm before she can finish the job.

John Phillips: "Athena and Valentina nearly shoved out by Bianca Page!"

Mark Bravo: "The Women's Championship race is a minefield now. One shove, one slip, one bad landing, and the title

picture changes instantly!"

Athena pulls herself back inside and shakes out her arm.

Valentina does the same.

Lexi, Bianca, Zhalia, and Athena all reset in different corners of the same storm.

For just a second, the camera catches all five women in the same frame.

Valentina Blaze.

Lexi Gold.

Bianca Page.

Zhalia Fears.

Athena Storm.

All active.

All threats.

All fighting for a path that could end with the UTA Women’s Championship.

John Phillips: "What a picture. Five women still active, and only one can be the last female standing."

Mark Bravo: "Marie Van Claudio may be the true leader of The Empire after what we saw earlier, but right now that Women’s Championship is hanging over every one of these exchanges."

Maxwell Jett pulls himself up again in the corner, jaw sore from Athena’s knee, ego somehow still intact enough to complain.

Maxwell Jett: "This match has become hostile to champions!"

Malachi Cross turns toward him.

Silas Grimm does too.

El Fantasma Oscuro 1 slowly rises beside them.

Jett immediately drops low again.

Maxwell Jett: "Not an invitation."

The countdown clock appears.

15.

14.

13.

John Phillips: "Athena Storm has entered the All or Nothing Rumble. No eliminations in this interval, but The Tempest has brought new speed and new danger to an already volatile Women’s Championship race."

Mark Bravo: "And Bobby Dean and Maxx Mayhem remain outside the ring, both still active, both still watching Maxwell Jett after what he did to Mike Best."

Bobby Dean: "Still mad."

Maxx Mayhem: "Still got a trash can lid."

John Phillips: "That may be more threatening than it sounds."

Crowd: "TEN! NINE! EIGHT!"

Athena Storm rolls her arm overhead and the crowd chants with her. Zhalia Fears crouches near the ropes, smiling. Valentina Blaze, Lexi Gold, and Bianca Page all keep moving in the title race. Graham Keel resets near center. Silas Grimm and El Fantasma Oscuro 1 stand side by side. Malachi Cross remains still. Hakuryu and Samuel Scythe prepare to crash together again. Maxwell Jett clings to the corner.

Crowd: "SEVEN! SIX! FIVE!"

Outside the ring, Bobby Dean and Maxx Mayhem remain seated beside commentary, waiting.

Crowd: "FOUR! THREE! TWO! ONE!"

The buzzer sounds.

BUZZZZZZ!

The lights inside The O2 drop into darkness.

Not mystical.

Not theatrical.

Industrial.

A low mechanical hum begins to vibrate beneath the arena floor, deep and ugly, like machinery waking up under London itself.

Then red warning lights pulse across the stage.

One.

Two.

Three.

A shower of sparks erupts from the entrance truss.

The opening riff of “I Stand Alone” by Godsmack slams through the speakers.

The O2 erupts in boos.

The screen flashes:

GIDEON GRAVES.

John Phillips: "Entrant number twenty-nine is Gideon Graves! The Iron Giant is here!"

Mark Bravo: "And look at Graham Keel! Look at Keel’s face! Iron Dominion is reunited inside the All or Nothing Rumble!"

Graham Keel, standing near center ring after the last stretch of chaos, turns toward the entrance ramp.

For the first time since entering, there is something different in his expression.

Not excitement.

Graham Keel does not do excitement.

Recognition.

Calculation.

Reinforcement.

Through the falling sparks, Gideon Graves steps onto the stage.

Six-foot-four.

Two hundred eighty-five pounds.

Heavy taped fists.

Jaw clenched like a steel vice.

He does not play to the crowd. He does not pose for them. He simply stands at the top of the ramp, staring into the ring like every active competitor has been placed on a work order.

Then he pounds one fist into his opposite palm.

THUD.

The sound cuts through the music.

John Phillips: "Gideon Graves, a former Pittsburgh steelworker, a brute forged in iron and fury. He bends opponents and rules until they break."

Mark Bravo: "And in a match where bodies are already tired, already hurt, already hanging onto ropes for dear life, this man is a nightmare. Gideon Graves is not coming in here to survive. He is coming in to demolish."

Inside the ring, Maxwell Jett sees Graves and immediately looks toward Graham Keel.

Maxwell Jett: "Oh, wonderful. The construction crew got backup."

Keel slowly turns his head toward Jett.

Jett immediately lowers himself closer to the bottom rope.

Maxwell Jett: "That was respect."

Silas Grimm and El Fantasma Oscuro 1 stand together near one side, watching the new arrival with that unsettling stillness. Malachi Cross remains near center, arms crossed, eyes fixed on the ramp. Hakuryu and Samuel Scythe are still near each other, each man battered from their repeated collisions. Valentina Blaze, Lexi Gold, Bianca Page, Zhalia Fears, and Athena Storm remain spread through the women’s title race, all active, all dangerous.

Outside the ring, Bobby Dean and Maxx Mayhem are still beside commentary, still active, still waiting.

Bobby Dean: "That guy is big."

Maxx Mayhem: "That guy looks like he eats forklifts."

Mark Bravo: "That is Gideon Graves, and I would strongly advise neither of you to say that where he can hear it."

Maxx Mayhem: "Too late?"

Gideon reaches ringside and stops near the bottom of the ramp.

He looks toward Bobby and Maxx.

Neither man moves.

Gideon’s eyes drop to the battle chair.

Then to Maxx’s trash can lid.

Then back to Bobby.

Gideon Graves: "Eventually, steel gets tested."

Bobby grips the handles of the battle chair a little tighter.

Bobby Dean: "I miss Mike."

Maxx Mayhem: "Same."

Gideon turns away and climbs onto the apron.

He steps over the top rope in one heavy motion.

The second his boot hits the canvas, Graham Keel steps beside him.

Iron Dominion stands together.

The crowd boos louder.

John Phillips: "Gideon Graves and Graham Keel. Iron Dominion now both active in the All or Nothing Rumble."

Mark Bravo: "One man breaks you with blunt force. The other one takes apart what is left. That is a horrible combination in this environment."

Samuel Scythe moves first.

The Reaper has been looking for a heavyweight collision all night, and when Gideon Graves enters, Scythe does not back up.

He steps forward.

Gideon meets him in the center.

The O2 rises.

Two monsters.

Two wrecking forces.

Scythe throws a European uppercut.

Gideon’s head snaps slightly to the side.

He slowly turns it back.

Then Gideon fires a forearm that lands like a hammer on steel.

Scythe staggers one step.

John Phillips: "Gideon Graves and Samuel Scythe trading heavy shots!"

Mark Bravo: "That is not striking. That is two buildings trying to win a zoning dispute."

Scythe swings again.

Gideon ducks under it and drives a shoulder into Scythe’s midsection, forcing him backward.

Scythe plants his boots, refusing to give too much ground.

Graham Keel steps in from the side and clips Scythe behind the knee.

Scythe drops to one knee.

The crowd boos.

John Phillips: "Keel attacks the leg! Iron Dominion already working together!"

Mark Bravo: "That is the nightmare. Graves hits high. Keel takes the base. You cannot brace for one without exposing

yourself to the other."

Bianca Page sees Scythe go down and immediately rushes toward him, but Athena Storm intercepts her with a jumping knee strike that knocks Bianca backward into the ropes.

Valentina Blaze follows with a kick to Bianca’s ribs.

Lexi Gold grabs Bianca by the wrist and tries to force her toward the top rope, but Bianca claws at the strand and refuses to be moved.

John Phillips: "Bianca Page’s protector may be in trouble, and the women’s field is not giving her room to breathe!"

Zhalia Fears slides into the picture upside down, hand-walking for a strange beat before snapping back to her feet and catching Bianca with a spinning back elbow.

Bianca drops to one knee, furious and dazed, while Scythe is still trapped by Iron Dominion near the center.

Gideon pulls Scythe up by the head and shoves him toward the ropes.

Scythe fires back with a headbutt.

Gideon staggers.

Scythe roars and charges.

Gideon cuts him off with a massive big boot.

The impact drops Scythe to one knee again.

John Phillips: "Big Boot by Gideon Graves!"

Mark Bravo: "Scythe is still moving, but Gideon just put a dent in him!"

Hakuryu suddenly enters the exchange, catching Gideon with a superkick to the ribs.

Gideon turns toward the WrestleZone Champion.

There is history there.

The crowd feels it instantly.

John Phillips: "And now Hakuryu and Gideon Graves! These two have been through war before!"

Mark Bravo: "Hakuryu knows what Gideon can do. Gideon knows exactly how hard it is to keep the White Dragon down."

Hakuryu brings his hands together in prayer.

Gideon glares.

Gideon Graves: "Steel bends. I don’t."

Hakuryu fires first with a kick to the thigh.

Gideon absorbs it and grabs Hakuryu by the shoulder.

Hakuryu slips free, spins, and lands another kick across the ribs.

Gideon staggers half a step, then surges forward with a corner lariat attempt.

Hakuryu ducks, but Gideon keeps moving and crashes into Samuel Scythe instead, driving The Reaper backward into the ropes.

Keel is there immediately.

He grabs Scythe’s bad leg, the one he already clipped, and lifts just enough to compromise the base.

Gideon drives another heavy forearm into Scythe’s jaw.

Scythe is on the ropes.

John Phillips: "Samuel Scythe may be in danger here!"

Mark Bravo: "Iron Dominion has him trapped!"

Bianca Page screams from across the ring and tries to break free from the women’s cluster.

Bianca Page: "Scythe!"

She shoves Lexi away and claws past Athena, but Valentina Blaze catches Bianca by the hair and yanks her backward before she can reach him.

Bianca swings wildly at Valentina.

Valentina ducks.

Athena catches Bianca with a roundhouse kick to the shoulder.

Zhalia laughs and pulls Bianca farther away from Scythe’s side.

John Phillips: "Bianca Page cannot get to Samuel Scythe!"

Mark Bravo: "The women’s field is cutting her off, and Scythe is isolated!"

Scythe fights back anyway.

He blasts Keel with a forearm, knocking The Hold Architect down to one knee.

Then he turns and catches Gideon with an uppercut.

Gideon staggers.

Scythe tries to muscle his way off the ropes.

Malachi Cross steps in.

Yakuza Kick.

The boot catches Scythe across the chest and sends him rocking backward into the top rope again.

Silas Grimm watches with a faint sneer.

El Fantasma Oscuro 1 remains crouched beside him, silent, unreadable.

John Phillips: "Malachi Cross just added to the damage!"

Mark Bravo: "Nobody wants Scythe in there fresh and upright. You can feel the whole ring understanding that at once."

Gideon grabs Scythe by the throat and shoulder.

Keel rises and takes the leg again.

Malachi steps back, arms crossing, content to let the destruction continue without him.

Gideon roars and heaves Scythe upward.

Keel lifts low.

The Reaper goes over the top rope.

Scythe lands on the apron for one heavy heartbeat, both hands gripping the top rope.

Bianca Page screams again and tries to lunge forward.

Lexi Gold catches her by the wrist.

Athena Storm hits the ropes.

Valentina Blaze charges from the opposite side.

Zhalia Fears drops low.

The women collapse into a fresh struggle, keeping Bianca trapped in place.

Scythe tries to pull himself back inside.

Gideon pounds one fist into his palm.

THUD.

Then he hits Scythe with a corner-style lariat through the ropes, blasting him off the apron.

Samuel Scythe drops to the floor.

Both feet hit.

The official points immediately.

Ring Announcer: "Samuel Scythe has been eliminated!"

John Phillips: "Samuel Scythe is gone! Gideon Graves and Graham Keel, Iron Dominion, eliminate The Reaper!"

Mark Bravo: "That was a pile-on, but it was calculated! Keel took the base, Gideon supplied the force, Malachi added the opening, and Scythe is out!"

Bianca Page breaks free a second too late.

She reaches the ropes and looks down at Scythe on the floor, her face twisted with fury and disbelief.

Bianca Page: "No! No, no, no!"

Scythe sits up slowly on the outside, glaring into the ring, breathing heavily, one hand on his ribs. Officials move toward him, but he shoves one away and rises under his own power.

Inside the ring, Gideon Graves and Graham Keel stand together.

Iron Dominion.

One violent statement made.

Bianca turns away from the ropes.

Lexi Gold is waiting.

Forearm.

Bianca stumbles backward.

Valentina Blaze catches her with a kick to the ribs.

Athena Storm springboards off the middle rope and clips Bianca with an enzuigiri.

Zhalia Fears crouches beside her as Bianca drops to a knee.

Zhalia Fears: "No wall now."

Bianca snarls and shoves Zhalia away, rolling under the bottom rope to the apron and immediately back inside to avoid

the top-rope danger.

John Phillips: "Bianca Page has lost Samuel Scythe as protection, and that may completely change her night!"

Mark Bravo: "She is still active, but the shield is gone."

Maxwell Jett, from the far corner, points at Scythe being led away.

Maxwell Jett: "See? That is why I avoid heroics. Look where it gets you."

Bobby Dean slowly turns his head from commentary.

Bobby Dean: "You also avoid loyalty."

The crowd reacts.

Jett looks offended.

Maxwell Jett: "I eliminated Mike Best and survived Samuel Scythe. I am the most loyal person here to winning."

Maxx Mayhem stands halfway from his chair.

Maxx Mayhem: "Eventually keeps getting closer."

Bobby’s hands tighten on the battle chair again.

Bobby Dean: "Soon."

Inside the ring, Hakuryu steps toward Gideon Graves again.

The White Dragon and the Iron Giant stare at each other, old violence simmering under the new chaos.

Graham Keel reaches for Hakuryu from the side, but Athena Storm cuts across with a jumping knee that forces Keel back a step.

Gideon turns toward Athena.

Athena looks up at him.

She rolls one arm overhead.

Athena Storm: "Let it rain."

Gideon glares.

Gideon Graves: "Storms pass."

Before Gideon can strike, Valentina Blaze clips him with a kick to the thigh, and Lexi Gold follows with a forearm to the jaw. Gideon staggers back one step, more irritated than hurt.

Silas Grimm and El Fantasma Oscuro 1 move along the far ropes, watching the Iron Dominion arrival with interest. Malachi Cross remains near them, arms folded, the three dark figures maintaining their own gravitational pull.

Graham Keel resets beside Gideon.

Maxwell Jett stays low.

Bianca Page regroups without Scythe.

The Women’s Championship race remains alive and volatile.

And outside, Bobby Dean and Maxx Mayhem remain at commentary, still active, still waiting, still locked onto Maxwell Jett.

The countdown clock appears.

15.

14.

13.

John Phillips: "Gideon Graves has entered the All or Nothing Rumble, Iron Dominion is reunited, and Samuel Scythe has been eliminated."

Mark Bravo: "That is a major elimination. Scythe was one of the biggest threats in the field, and Gideon Graves just made an immediate impact."

Bobby Dean: "Still mad at Maxwell."

Maxx Mayhem: "Still got the lid."

John Phillips: "Bobby Dean and Maxx Mayhem remain active outside the ring."

Mark Bravo: "And Maxwell Jett may want to stop antagonizing them before eventually becomes now."

Crowd: "TEN! NINE! EIGHT!"

Gideon Graves and Graham Keel stand together near center. Hakuryu watches them closely. Silas Grimm and El Fantasma Oscuro 1 remain together near the ropes. Malachi Cross stands still nearby. Athena Storm, Zhalia Fears, Valentina Blaze, Lexi Gold, and Bianca Page continue the dangerous Women’s Championship race. Maxwell Jett clings to the far corner.

Crowd: "SEVEN! SIX! FIVE!"

Outside the ring, Samuel Scythe is forced toward the back, still glaring over his shoulder as Bianca Page watches him go with fury in her eyes.

Crowd: "FOUR! THREE! TWO! ONE!"

The buzzer sounds.

BUZZZZZZ!

The lights inside The O2 shift suddenly.

Not into darkness.

Not into smoke.

Into flashbulbs.

White camera flashes explode across the arena in rapid bursts, snapping from the stage to the upper decks to the floor seats as a red carpet graphic unrolls across the massive video wall.

Then the screen fills with gold trim, paparazzi silhouettes, and a familiar Hall of Fame shine.

The words appear:

MIKEY UNLIKELY.

The O2 erupts.

Not just a reaction.

A legacy reaction.

A Hall of Fame reaction.

John Phillips: "Oh my! Entrant number thirty is Mikey Unlikely!"

Mark Bravo: "The World’s Greatest Entertainer is here! UTA Hall of Famer, Hollywood Bruv, former Dynasty member, WTFC founder, and one of the most charismatic men to ever walk through a UTA curtain!"

The entranceway glows in Hollywood gold as Mikey Unlikely steps through the curtain.

Aviators.

Swagger.

That grin.

The kind of grin that says he already knows the camera found him and is only disappointed it took this long.

Mikey stops at the top of the ramp, looks out over The O2, and slowly spreads both arms like the entire building has been waiting for the movie star to arrive.

John Phillips: "Mikey Unlikely has been part of some of the most unforgettable eras in UTA history. WTFC, Dynasty, the Hollywood Bruvs, Hall of Fame induction, classic rivalries, gold, controversy, and entertainment at the highest level."

Mark Bravo: "And remember who is sitting out here beside us, John. Bobby Dean. WTFC. Bobby and Mikey go way back."

The camera cuts to Bobby Dean at ringside in the battle chair.

Bobby’s eyes go huge.

For the first time since Maxwell Jett eliminated Mike Best, the grief lifts from Bobby’s face.

Bobby Dean: "Mikey?"

Mikey starts down the ramp, pointing toward fans, soaking in the sound, giving every camera exactly enough attention to make it feel underpaid.

Inside the ring, Maxwell Jett is still low in the corner, immediately irritated that yet another Hall of Fame name has entered the match.

Maxwell Jett: "No. Absolutely not. How many alumni does this company have?!"

Gideon Graves and Graham Keel stand near center, Iron Dominion still newly reunited. Silas Grimm and El Fantasma Oscuro 1 remain together near the ropes. Malachi Cross watches from nearby with arms folded. Hakuryu stands composed after the elimination of Samuel Scythe. Athena Storm, Zhalia Fears, Valentina Blaze, Lexi Gold, and Bianca Page keep the Women’s Championship race alive and volatile.

But none of that matters to Bobby Dean right now.

Mikey reaches ringside and does not go to the steps.

He does not slide into the ring.

He turns straight toward commentary.

Bobby Dean rises as much as the battle chair allows, arms spreading wide, emotion written all over his face.

Bobby Dean: "Mikey!"

Mikey Unlikely: "Bobby Dean!"

The crowd cheers as Mikey steps over to the battle chair and leans down, pulling Bobby into a big, theatrical,

genuine-looking hug.

John Phillips: "Look at this. Mikey Unlikely and Bobby Dean reunited here at ringside."

Mark Bravo: "That is WTFC history right there. That is UTA history. Bobby has had a rough few minutes after Mike Best was eliminated, but seeing Mikey Unlikely just lit him up."

Mikey pulls back and looks Bobby over.

Mikey Unlikely: "Look at you! Still beautiful. Still dangerous. Still apparently refusing to enter a rumble."

Bobby Dean: "Strategy."

Mikey Unlikely: "Obviously."

Bobby beams, then turns excitedly toward Maxx Mayhem, who is standing beside the extra chair, trash can lid in one hand.

Bobby Dean: "Mikey, this is Maxx! Maxx, this is Mikey! He’s my buddy! We haven’t seen each other in forever!"

Mikey turns toward Maxx with that movie-star grin, extending a hand.

Mikey Unlikely: "Maxx, any friend of Bobby Dean is—"

BAM!

The trash can lid cracks across Mikey Unlikely’s face.

The O2 gasps and roars all at once.

Mikey collapses backward against the barricade, aviators flying off his face and clattering to the floor.

John Phillips: "Oh! Trash can lid to the face! Maxx Mayhem just blasted Mikey Unlikely!"

Mark Bravo: "Why?! Why would he do that?!"

Bobby Dean is frozen.

His mouth hangs open.

His hands hover uselessly in front of him, like his brain has not yet decided whether this is betrayal, confusion, or just Maxx being Maxx.

Bobby Dean: "What’d ya do that for?"

Maxx Mayhem looks down at the dented trash can lid.

Then at Mikey.

Then at Bobby.

He shrugs.

Maxx Mayhem: "Dunno, bruv. Why does the cat bark at oak trees?"

There is a long pause.

John Phillips says nothing.

Mark Bravo says nothing.

The crowd makes a confused noise that somehow becomes laughter, booing, and cheers at the same time.

Bobby Dean slowly nods.

Bobby Dean: "Oh."

He nods again, deeper this time.

Bobby Dean: "Yeah. Okay. I get it."

Mark Bravo: "You get it?"

Bobby Dean: "Yeah."

John Phillips: "Can you explain it?"

Bobby Dean: "No."

Maxx Mayhem: "Nobody can explain truth, John."

Mark Bravo: "That is not truth. That is head trauma with poetry."

Mikey Unlikely is still down near the barricade, clutching his face and trying to get his bearings. Maxx reaches down, grabs Mikey by the back of his jacket, and hauls him up.

Mikey Unlikely: "What the hell..."

Maxx Mayhem: "Welcome back!"

Maxx turns and hurls Mikey under the bottom rope into the ring.

Mikey rolls across the canvas, stunned, one hand on his face as he tries to rise.

Then Maxx Mayhem finally slides into the ring after him.

The O2 erupts again.

John Phillips: "Maxx Mayhem has finally entered the ring! After waiting at commentary since entrant twenty-three, Maxx Mayhem is now officially in the fight!"

Mark Bravo: "And he did it by concussing a Hall of Famer for reasons only Bobby Dean understands!"

Bobby Dean remains outside, still active, still seated in the battle chair, watching Maxx enter with conflicted pride.

Bobby Dean: "That’s my friend Mikey."

Mark Bravo: "The one Maxx just hit?"

Bobby Dean: "Yeah."

John Phillips: "Bobby, are you upset?"

Bobby thinks hard.

Bobby Dean: "I’m processing."

Inside the ring, Mikey Unlikely staggers up near the ropes, and Maxwell Jett immediately points at him from the far corner.

Maxwell Jett: "Yes! Great! Another Hall of Famer already damaged! I support this trend!"

Mikey turns slowly toward Jett.

The grin is gone now.

Maxwell’s face tightens.

Mikey Unlikely: "You talk too much."

The crowd pops.

Mikey starts toward Jett, but Maxx Mayhem cuts across and grabs Mikey from behind in a loose waistlock.

Mikey fires a back elbow into Maxx’s jaw.

Maxx laughs.

Maxx Mayhem: "There he is!"

Maxx swings the trash can lid again, but Mikey ducks this time. The lid sails over him and cracks Graham Keel across the shoulder as Keel steps too close.

Keel staggers, then turns slowly toward Maxx.

Graham Keel: "Careless."

Maxx Mayhem: "Correct."

Keel reaches for Maxx’s arm, but Maxx swings the lid low, forcing Keel to jump back before he can secure the wrist. Gideon Graves steps forward beside Keel, glaring at Maxx like a steel mill has just identified a loose bolt.

Maxx looks up at Gideon.

Then at the lid.

Then back at Gideon.

Maxx Mayhem: "This might be a bad idea."

He swings anyway.

Gideon blocks the trash can lid with one forearm, the metal bending against his taped arm.

Maxx’s eyes widen.

Maxx Mayhem: "Oh, you’re one of those."

Gideon grabs Maxx by the throat and shoves him backward into the corner.

Before Gideon can crush him, Athena Storm springboards in and catches Gideon with a knee to the side of the head. Gideon staggers one step, enough for Maxx to drop under the grip and roll away.

John Phillips: "Athena Storm saves Maxx Mayhem from Gideon Graves!"

Mark Bravo: "Or she just wanted to hit Gideon. There are a lot of people in there worth hitting."

Zhalia Fears suddenly crawls into frame beside Maxx as he lands on his back.

She smiles down at him.

Zhalia Fears: "The cat barked."

Maxx Mayhem: "At oak trees."

Zhalia nods like she understands perfectly.

Zhalia Fears: "Of course."

Mark Bravo: "Nope. I am out."

Valentina Blaze and Lexi Gold use the distraction to drive Bianca Page toward the ropes again. Bianca hooks both arms over the top strand and kicks backward wildly, refusing to be lifted. Athena turns from Gideon and rushes toward Bianca too, but Malachi Cross steps into her path with a brutal Yakuza Kick attempt.

Athena ducks underneath and spins out, but Malachi’s boot catches Lexi Gold in the shoulder instead.

Lexi staggers backward, and Bianca uses the opening to rake Valentina across the face.

Valentina recoils, and Bianca drops low, crawling away from the ropes again.

John Phillips: "Bianca Page survives again! She is slippery without Samuel Scythe, but she is still active!"

Silas Grimm and El Fantasma Oscuro 1 move together toward Mikey Unlikely, who is still trying to clear the cobwebs from the trash can lid shot. Mikey sees them coming and raises both hands.

Mikey Unlikely: "Bruvs, I just got here."

El Fantasma rushes first, springboarding off the middle rope.

Mikey ducks under the phantom attack and catches Silas Grimm coming in with a sharp right hand.

Silas staggers back one step, surprised more by the timing than the impact.

Mikey follows with another shot, then grabs Silas by the wrist and tries to send him into the ropes.

Silas reverses, but Mikey holds on and pulls him back into a quick clothesline that drops The Black Veil to one knee.

John Phillips: "Mikey Unlikely still has fight in him after that ambush!"

Mark Bravo: "He is a Hall of Famer for a reason. You can ring the bell, but the man still knows where the spotlight is."

El Fantasma Oscuro 1 reappears behind Mikey and catches him with a low dropkick to the back of the knee.

Mikey drops to one knee, and Silas immediately grabs him by the chin from behind.

Before Silas can whisper whatever horror he had planned, Maxx Mayhem launches himself from the side with a shoulder tackle that knocks Silas away.

Mikey turns, confused and angry.

Mikey Unlikely: "Are you helping me now?"

Maxx Mayhem: "Maybe!"

El Fantasma springboards again, but Maxx throws the bent trash can lid into the air.

El Fantasma twists midair to avoid it, landing safely near the ropes instead of completing the attack.

Mark Bravo: "Maxx Mayhem just used trash as anti-air defense!"

John Phillips: "El Fantasma Oscuro 1 still lands safely, still active!"

Graham Keel charges Maxx from behind and finally catches the wrist, twisting sharply. Maxx yelps as Keel wrenches the arm behind him.

Graham Keel: "Structure corrects chaos."

Maxx Mayhem: "Chaos has poor posture!"

Keel’s expression tightens, as if that sentence offended him physically.

He wrenches harder.

Mikey Unlikely steps in and catches Keel with a right hand to the jaw, breaking the hold.

Maxx shakes out his arm.

Maxx Mayhem: "Thanks, bruv."

Mikey Unlikely: "Do not call me bruv after hitting me with kitchenware."

Maxx Mayhem: "Trashware."

Mikey Unlikely: "Not better."

Maxwell Jett tries to sneak behind Mikey again, just as he did with Mike Best earlier.

Bobby Dean spots it from commentary.

Bobby Dean: "MIKEY! BEHIND YOU!"

Mikey turns just in time.

Jett freezes.

Maxwell Jett: "Bobby! Stop helping Hall of Famers!"

Bobby Dean: "Stop throwing them out!"

Mikey lunges for Jett, but Jett immediately drops flat and slides under the bottom rope to the apron, then rolls back in beneath the bottom rope on the far side again, avoiding any top-rope danger.

John Phillips: "Maxwell Jett escapes Mikey Unlikely!"

Mark Bravo: "Jett saw what happened with Mike Best and tried to repeat the pattern, but Bobby Dean was not letting that happen twice!"

Gideon Graves grabs Maxx Mayhem again from behind and drives him backward into the corner with raw force. Keel joins in, trying to isolate Maxx's arm against the top rope. Maxx kicks wildly, laughing and yelling through the pressure.

Athena Storm and Zhalia Fears hit opposite ropes at the same time, both charging toward Iron Dominion.

Athena catches Keel with a jumping knee.

Zhalia clips Gideon with a spinning forearm to the side of the head.

Gideon staggers but does not fall.

He glares at both women.

Valentina Blaze joins with a kick to Gideon's thigh.

Lexi Gold follows with a forearm.

For one second, Gideon Graves is being swarmed by the same women's field that has been reshaping this match.

Gideon shoves forward and throws them off, not eliminating anyone, but creating enough space to stay upright.

John Phillips: "Gideon Graves just powered through Athena, Zhalia, Valentina, and Lexi!"

Mark Bravo: "That is a human blast door!"

Malachi Cross steps toward Mikey Unlikely next, perhaps sensing the Hall of Famer's disorientation. Mikey turns and meets him with a right hand.

Malachi absorbs it.

Mikey throws another.

Malachi absorbs that too.

Then Malachi catches Mikey in a Muay Thai clinch and drives a knee into the ribs.

Mikey doubles over, but Maxx Mayhem barrels in with a wild shoulder, knocking Malachi sideways before he can follow

up.

Mikey Unlikely: "Stop helping me weird!"

Maxx Mayhem: "I only know one speed!"

Bianca Page tries to use the chaos to attack Athena Storm from behind, but Zhalia Fears slides between them, grinning. Bianca recoils in irritation.

Bianca Page: "Move."

Zhalia Fears: "No wall. No Scythe. No hiding."

Bianca slaps Zhalia across the face.

Zhalia slowly turns back, smiling wider.

Valentina Blaze sees the exchange and moves in. Lexi Gold steps in from the other side. Athena Storm closes the third angle.

Bianca realizes she is surrounded again.

She drops low and rolls away under the bottom rope to the apron before any of them can force her over the top.

Mark Bravo: "Bianca Page is surviving by inches and instinct right now."

John Phillips: "The final female remaining becomes UTA Women’s Champion, and Bianca Page is doing everything she can to stay in that race."

Mikey Unlikely grabs the ropes and pulls himself up fully, finally finding his footing after the trash can lid shot. He looks out to Bobby Dean.

Mikey Unlikely: "Your new friend is insane!"

Bobby Dean: "Yeah, but he’s nice."

Mikey Unlikely: "He hit me in the face!"

Bobby Dean: "He does that."

Maxx Mayhem pops up beside Mikey, nodding proudly.

Maxx Mayhem: "It’s a love language."

Mikey stares at him.

Mikey Unlikely: "I hate this place."

Maxwell Jett, from the far corner, cannot resist.

Maxwell Jett: "Then leave over the top rope!"

Mikey turns toward him.

Bobby Dean turns toward him.

Maxx Mayhem turns toward him.

Jett immediately drops to the mat.

Maxwell Jett: "That was not an invitation either!"

The countdown clock appears.

15.

14.

13.

John Phillips: "Mikey Unlikely has entered the All or Nothing Rumble, Maxx Mayhem has finally entered the ring, and there are no eliminations in this interval."

Mark Bravo: "But Maxx Mayhem just blasted a UTA Hall of Famer in the face with a trash can lid, Bobby Dean somehow understood the explanation, and Maxwell Jett is still trying not to be murdered by consequences."

Bobby Dean: "Still processing."

Maxx Mayhem: "Processing is good."

Bobby Dean: "Mikey seems mad."

Maxx Mayhem: "That means he’s awake."

Crowd: "TEN! NINE! EIGHT!"

Mikey Unlikely stands near the ropes, shaking out the cobwebs and glaring at Maxx. Maxx Mayhem grins beside him. Gideon Graves and Graham Keel reset as Iron Dominion near center. Silas Grimm and El Fantasma Oscuro 1 remain aligned. Malachi Cross watches the swelling chaos. Hakuryu stays composed. Athena Storm, Zhalia Fears, Valentina Blaze, Lexi Gold, and Bianca Page continue the volatile Women’s Championship battle. Maxwell Jett clings to the safest corner he can find.

Crowd: "SEVEN! SIX! FIVE!"

Outside the ring, Bobby Dean remains in the battle chair, still active, still watching, still not quite sure how to feel about what just happened to his buddy.

Crowd: "FOUR! THREE! TWO! ONE!"

The buzzer sounds.

BUZZZZZZ!

The lights inside The O2 flash gold.

Not the elegant gold of Lexi Gold.

Not the Hollywood gold of Mikey Unlikely.

This gold feels obnoxious.

Expensive.

Entitled.

First Class.

The video wall fills with private jet imagery, designer luggage, velvet ropes, champagne flutes, and a spinning platinum credit card before the name appears:

JACOBY JACOBS.

The boos hit immediately.

John Phillips: "Entrant number thirty-one is Jacoby Jacobs!"

Mark Bravo: "And look at Maxwell Jett! The UTA Champion just got another First Class associate in this match!"

The camera cuts to Maxwell Jett, who has been hugging the far corner like it is a luxury panic room.

For the first time in a while, he smiles.

Maxwell Jett: "Yes! Finally! Competence has arrived!"

Jacoby Jacobs steps through the curtain with a grin already plastered across his face. He moves with the loose, arrogant swagger of someone who has spent the last few months standing behind Maxwell Jett, laughing too loud, talking too much, and acting like proximity to the UTA Championship makes him royalty by association.

He pauses on the stage and adjusts his wrist tape.

Then he points down toward Maxwell Jett.

Jacoby Jacobs: "I got you, champ!"

The O2 boos louder.

John Phillips: "Jacoby Jacobs, part of First Class alongside Maxwell Jett and Darian Darrington. Earlier in this rumble, Darian entered and was eliminated by Samuel Scythe. Now Jacoby is here, and Maxwell Jett may have backup again."

Mark Bravo: "That is bad news for everyone who enjoyed watching Jett panic alone. First Class is annoying by itself, but it gets dangerous when they start moving together."

Jacoby starts down the ramp, jawing at fans as he goes.

Jacoby Jacobs: "Look at you people! Booing from coach!"

He laughs at his own line and slaps the side of the barricade before reaching ringside.

Instead of immediately entering, he stops beside Bobby Dean’s battle chair.

Bobby looks up at him, still outside the ring, still active, still emotionally complicated after watching Maxx Mayhem blast Mikey Unlikely with a trash can lid.

Jacoby Jacobs: "Bobby Dean. Still sitting?"

Bobby Dean: "Still active."

Jacoby Jacobs: "That is a generous interpretation."

Maxx Mayhem, now inside the ring, leans over the ropes and points at Jacoby.

Maxx Mayhem: "Hey! Don’t mock the chair strategy!"

Jacoby Jacobs: "You hit a Hall of Famer with a trash can lid five seconds ago."

Maxx Mayhem: "That was unrelated strategy!"

Jacoby shakes his head, laughing, then slides into the ring.

Maxwell Jett immediately calls him over from the corner.

Maxwell Jett: "Jacoby! Here! Now!"

Jacoby pops to his feet and moves toward Jett, but Mikey Unlikely intercepts him halfway.

The crowd reacts as the UTA Hall of Famer steps in front of Jacoby, still rubbing his jaw from the trash can lid shot earlier, eyes narrowed behind the irritation.

Mikey Unlikely: "Bruv, you with him?"

Jacoby glances over Mikey’s shoulder at Maxwell.

Then back to Mikey.

Jacoby Jacobs: "I’m with First Class."

Mikey nods slowly.

Mikey Unlikely: "That’s unfortunate."

Mikey fires a right hand.

Jacoby stumbles backward, caught clean across the jaw.

The crowd cheers as Mikey follows with another shot, backing Jacoby toward the ropes.

John Phillips: "Mikey Unlikely going after Jacoby Jacobs!"

Mark Bravo: "Mikey has been hit with a trash can lid, attacked by shadows, and mocked by Maxwell Jett. He is not in the mood for First Class customer service."

Jacoby grabs the top rope and ducks low before Mikey can lift him.

Maxwell Jett rushes from behind, looking to take advantage of Mikey’s focus on Jacoby.

Bobby Dean sees it immediately from ringside.

Bobby Dean: "MIKEY!"

Mikey turns just in time.

Jett freezes again, caught trying to repeat the same trick that eliminated Mike Best.

Maxwell Jett: "Bobby! We discussed this!"

Bobby Dean: "No, we didn’t!"

Mikey swings for Jett, but Jett ducks and slides away on his knees, scrambling behind Jacoby like Jacoby is a very expensive human shield.

Maxwell Jett: "Jacoby, earn proximity!"

Jacoby Jacobs: "What does that even mean?"

Maxx Mayhem suddenly barrels in from the side, laughing wildly, and shoulder-checks Jacoby into Jett.

First Class collapses into the corner together, tangled and yelling.

Mark Bravo: "Maxx Mayhem just caused a luxury pileup!"

John Phillips: "Maxwell Jett and Jacoby Jacobs are down in the corner!"

Maxx looks down at them, then toward Bobby at commentary.

Maxx Mayhem: "That one was for Mike!"

Bobby Dean: "And Mikey?"

Maxx Mayhem: "And Mikey!"

Mikey Unlikely, standing nearby, points at Maxx.

Mikey Unlikely: "You don’t get to avenge me after you hit me."

Maxx Mayhem: "Healing is complicated!"

Before Mikey can respond, El Fantasma Oscuro 1 springboards off the ropes and comes flying into the frame, catching Maxx with a dropkick that sends him rolling away from the corner.

El Fantasma lands in a crouch.

Mikey turns toward the masked phantom.

Silas Grimm moves in from behind Mikey, slow and sinister.

Mikey senses something and turns before Silas can fully grab him.

Silas throws a palm strike.

Mikey blocks part of it and answers with a sharp right hand.

Silas staggers back one step.

El Fantasma moves beside him.

The two aligned shadows square up across from Mikey Unlikely.

John Phillips: "Mikey Unlikely now caught between Silas Grimm and El Fantasma Oscuro 1!"

Mark Bravo: "That is not where you want to be, especially after taking a trash can lid to the face."

Jacoby pulls himself up in the corner, holding his jaw. Maxwell Jett grabs him by the shoulder immediately.

Maxwell Jett: "Do not get punched by nostalgia again."

Jacoby Jacobs: "I just got here!"

Maxwell Jett: "Then improve faster."

Valentina Blaze rushes into the corner and catches Jett with a forearm before he can finish insulting Jacoby.

Jett stumbles into Jacoby again.

Lexi Gold follows, grabbing Jacoby by the wrist and pulling him out of the corner into a short-arm forearm.

Jacoby reels backward, right into Athena Storm, who leaps and catches him with a knee to the shoulder.

Jacoby drops to one knee.

John Phillips: "Jacoby Jacobs is getting battered from every direction!"

Mark Bravo: "Welcome to the rumble. First Class boarding is closed."

Bianca Page uses the cluster to attack Zhalia Fears from behind, grabbing her by the hair and trying to steer her toward the ropes. Zhalia laughs through the pull and suddenly drops her own body weight, sliding backward between Bianca’s legs and popping up behind her.

Bianca turns.

Zhalia flicks two fingers under Bianca’s chin.

Zhalia Fears: "Boo."

Bianca slaps her.

Zhalia’s smile fades for half a second.

Then returns wider.

Athena Storm catches Bianca with a roundhouse to the ribs from the side, while Valentina Blaze drives a kick into Bianca’s thigh. Lexi Gold grabs Bianca’s arm, and suddenly Bianca is again in danger near the ropes.

John Phillips: "Bianca Page trapped again! The women’s field keeps targeting her!"

Jacoby sees the women’s cluster near the ropes and shoves Lexi from behind, breaking her grip on Bianca before the elimination attempt can fully form.

Lexi turns slowly toward Jacoby.

Jacoby points both hands at Maxwell Jett.

Jacoby Jacobs: "Orders!"

Lexi drills him with a forearm anyway.

Jacoby staggers backward into Graham Keel.

Keel grabs Jacoby’s wrist immediately and twists it behind his back with precise irritation.

Graham Keel: "You are noise."

Jacoby Jacobs: "I’m expensive noise!"

Gideon Graves steps beside Keel, and Jacoby suddenly realizes he has backed into Iron Dominion instead of First Class safety.

Gideon grabs Jacoby by the throat and shoves him backward toward the ropes.

Jett sees it and rushes over, not out of loyalty, but because he just got his backup and does not want to lose him immediately.

Maxwell Jett: "No! No! He’s with me!"

Gideon looks at Jett.

Gideon Graves: "Then he breaks easier."

Gideon tries to lift Jacoby, but Hakuryu steps in and cracks Gideon with a superkick to the ribs, forcing The Iron Giant to release him.

Jacoby drops down and rolls away, clutching his throat.

Jett immediately grabs him by the arm and drags him toward the far corner.

Maxwell Jett: "See? That is why I tell people not to engage with steelworkers."

Jacoby Jacobs: "You did not tell me that!"

Maxwell Jett: "I implied it with vibes."

Hakuryu and Gideon Graves square off again, the WrestleZone Champion and the Iron Giant drawn back into each other’s orbit. Malachi Cross watches nearby, arms folded, while Silas Grimm and El Fantasma Oscuro 1 continue pressing Mikey Unlikely toward danger.

Mikey fights back with a right hand to Silas, then ducks an El Fantasma springboard attack. The masked man lands on the ropes, balances, and springs backward again, but Mikey moves just enough to send him flying past.

El Fantasma lands safely near the corner, still not eliminated.

Maxx Mayhem pops up beside Mikey and points toward El Fantasma.

Maxx Mayhem: "Ghost almost gotcha."

Mikey Unlikely: "I saw the ghost."

Maxx Mayhem: "That’s how they get ya."

Silas Grimm steps toward both men, but Maxx suddenly throws himself forward with a wild tackle, driving Silas backward into the ropes.

Silas hooks the top rope to stay safe.

Maxx tries to lift him.

Silas drives a palm strike into the side of Maxx’s head, forcing him away.

Malachi Cross steps in and catches Maxx with a Yakuza Kick to the chest, sending him down hard.

John Phillips: "Malachi Cross drops Maxx Mayhem!"

Mark Bravo: "Maxx finally got into the ring, and now he is discovering why Bobby stayed outside."

Bobby Dean winces from the battle chair.

Bobby Dean: "That looked bad."

Mark Bravo: "You could help him."

Bobby Dean: "I could."

Bobby does not move.

John Phillips: "Bobby Dean remains active outside the ring."

Inside, Jacoby and Jett try to regroup, but Athena Storm comes flying in with a springboard crossbody that takes Jacoby down again. Jett barely avoids it by diving behind the turnbuckles.

Valentina Blaze grabs Jett by the ankle and starts dragging him out of the corner.

Jacoby, still on his back, reaches up and grabs Valentina’s boot, stopping her for just long enough for Jett to scramble free.

Maxwell Jett: "Good! See? That is useful!"

Valentina stomps down near Jacoby’s hand, forcing him to release.

Lexi Gold catches Jett by the wrist anyway and pulls him toward the ropes.

The crowd roars as Jett gets dragged close to the top rope again.

Jacoby scrambles up and throws himself into Lexi’s back, breaking her hold before Jett can be lifted.

Jett rolls away, breathing hard.

Maxwell Jett: "That’s First Class efficiency!"

Jacoby Jacobs: "I’m saving you a lot!"

Maxwell Jett: "Do it quieter!"

Bianca Page, seeing Lexi off balance after Jacoby’s shove, grabs Lexi from behind and tries to dump her over the top rope.

Lexi hooks both arms over the rope immediately.

Bianca pushes harder.

Zhalia Fears crawls between them and suddenly bites Bianca’s boot lace.

Bianca looks down in horror.

Bianca Page: "What is wrong with you?!"

Zhalia releases the lace and smiles.

Zhalia Fears: "How much time do we have?"

Athena Storm hits Bianca with a running forearm, breaking the attempt on Lexi.

No elimination.

John Phillips: "Lexi Gold survives! Bianca Page nearly had her!"

Mark Bravo: "And Zhalia Fears continues to be the strangest emergency brake in wrestling."

Gideon Graves shoves Hakuryu backward into the ropes, but Hakuryu lands a sharp kick to the ribs and slips free before Keel can catch his leg. Graham Keel turns instead toward Athena Storm, trying to catch her arm as she passes, but Athena rolls through the grip and pops back to her feet.

Malachi Cross, Silas Grimm, and El Fantasma Oscuro 1 begin to drift toward the center again, their dark triangle threatening to reform.

Mikey Unlikely stands opposite them, still active, still recovering, still visibly annoyed.

Maxx Mayhem rolls beside him, groaning after the Yakuza Kick.

Mikey Unlikely: "You good?"

Maxx Mayhem: "The cat has doubts."

Mikey Unlikely: "I regret asking."

Jacoby Jacobs pulls himself to his feet beside Maxwell Jett in the corner.

First Class stands together again.

Jett points around the ring, clearly trying to issue a plan despite the match having become nearly impossible to control.

Maxwell Jett: "We survive. We stay low. We let the weird people fight the violent people, and we avoid all women with revenge-based cardio."

Jacoby Jacobs: "That last part feels specific."

Maxwell Jett: "Because they keep kicking me!"

Valentina Blaze hears him.

She turns.

Jett immediately points at Jacoby.

Maxwell Jett: "He said it!"

Jacoby stares at him.

Jacoby Jacobs: "Champ!"

Valentina charges.

Jacoby steps in front of Jett, either bravely or because Jett pulls him there.

Valentina blasts Jacoby with a spinning back kick to the midsection.

Jacoby folds over and drops to one knee.

Jett nods approvingly from behind him.

Maxwell Jett: "Excellent sacrifice."

The countdown clock appears.

15.

14.

13.

John Phillips: "Jacoby Jacobs has entered the All or Nothing Rumble, reuniting First Class with Maxwell Jett. No eliminations in this interval."

Mark Bravo: "But Jacoby has already saved Jett more than once, taken shots from Mikey Unlikely, Lexi Gold, Valentina Blaze, Athena Storm, and almost got folded by Iron Dominion. That is a rough first ninety seconds."

Bobby Dean: "He talked bad about the chair."

Mark Bravo: "You still remember that?"

Bobby Dean: "The chair remembers."

Crowd: "TEN! NINE! EIGHT!"

Maxwell Jett and Jacoby Jacobs regroup in the corner. Mikey Unlikely stands near Maxx Mayhem, still not trusting him. El Fantasma Oscuro 1 and Silas Grimm remain aligned near Malachi Cross. Graham Keel and Gideon Graves control space near center. Hakuryu watches Iron Dominion closely. Valentina Blaze, Lexi Gold, Bianca Page, Zhalia Fears, and Athena Storm continue the dangerous Women’s Championship race.

Crowd: "SEVEN! SIX! FIVE!"

Outside the ring, Bobby Dean remains in the battle chair, still active, still waiting.

Crowd: "FOUR! THREE! TWO! ONE!"

The buzzer sounds.

BUZZZZZZ!

For a moment, The O2 is still drowning in noise from the chaos already inside the ring.

Maxwell Jett and Jacoby Jacobs are trying to regroup in one corner, First Class suddenly alive again. Mikey Unlikely is still active and still glaring holes through Maxx Mayhem after the trash can lid shot. Maxx is laughing through the pain of the madness he created. Bobby Dean remains outside the ring in the battle chair, watching everything with concern, confusion, and unresolved feelings.

Gideon Graves and Graham Keel stand together as Iron Dominion near center. Silas Grimm and El Fantasma Oscuro 1 stay aligned near the ropes with Malachi Cross close enough to make that side of the ring feel cursed. Hakuryu watches the power structure carefully. Valentina Blaze, Lexi Gold, Bianca Page, Zhalia Fears, and Athena Storm continue to orbit one another with the UTA Women’s Championship hanging over every motion.

Then the arena goes black.

The sound of a bell echoes through the building.

GONG.

A single spotlight flashes above the stage.

GONG.

A second spotlight joins it.

GONG.

The video wall roars to life with the Texas flag, branded with the words:

TEXAS BORN.

TEXAS BRED.

TEXAS FOREVER.

Then “Hellraiser” by Motörhead with Ozzy Osbourne rips through The O2.

The crowd erupts.

The final image appears on the screen: two giant hands slowly closing into the unofficial birds of Texas before bold letters slam across the tron.

SCOTT STEVENS.

John Phillips: "Oh my God! Entrant number thirty-two is the General Manager himself! Scott Stevens has laced up his boots!"

Mark Bravo: "The Scorpion is here! Not in a suit! Not behind the desk! Scott Stevens is walking into the All or Nothing Rumble!"

Scott Stevens steps through the curtain.

The O2 explodes again.

He is not dressed like the overworked General Manager who has spent months trying to control a locker room full of egos, monsters, empires, reapers, wolves, and rich-kid champions.

Tonight, Scott Stevens is in full gear.

The Scorpion.

The Hall of Famer.

The veteran.

The man from The Great State of Texas.

He stands at the top of the ramp, icy glare locked directly on the ring, then slowly raises his right fist high into the air.

He lowers it.

Then gives the ring the unofficial state bird of Texas.

The crowd roars.

John Phillips: "Scott Stevens has had to manage chaos all year long. Tonight, apparently, he has decided to enter it himself!"

Mark Bravo: "He has dealt with Chris Ross losing his mind, Maxwell Jett running his mouth, Hakuryu demanding order, The Empire threatening everything, Gunnar Van Patton’s wolves trying to start wars, Eric Dane Jr. lawyering the Hardcore Championship into existence, and now he said, you know what? Give me boots and a number."

Inside the ring, Maxwell Jett stares at the entrance like his worst administrative nightmare just learned how to throw punches again.

Maxwell Jett: "No. No, absolutely not. Management cannot be talent. That feels like a conflict of interest!"

Jacoby Jacobs looks from Stevens to Jett.

Jacoby Jacobs: "Champ, he looks mad."

Maxwell Jett: "He always looks mad! That is his entire management style!"

Scott Stevens starts down the ramp.

He fist bumps a few fans along the aisle, raising his fist at a few louder critics, but his eyes keep coming back to the ring.

To Maxwell Jett.

To Jacoby Jacobs.

To the mess.

At commentary, Bobby Dean leans forward in the battle chair.

Bobby Dean: "Scott looks serious."

Mark Bravo: "Scott Stevens has looked serious since April."

Bobby Dean: "No, like fight serious."

Maxx Mayhem: "He has punch-the-building eyes."

John Phillips: "Maxx Mayhem, for once, that may be accurate."

Stevens reaches ringside and pauses near Bobby.

He looks at the battle chair.

Then at Bobby.

Then at the ring.

Scott Stevens: "You getting in or you decorating the floor?"

Bobby blinks.

Bobby Dean: "Still deciding."

Stevens gives him a look.

Scott Stevens: "Decide faster."

Bobby slowly nods.

Bobby Dean: "Yes, sir."

Stevens turns to the ring and climbs the steel steps.

He steps through the ropes.

The second both boots hit the canvas, Scott Stevens belongs to the All or Nothing Rumble.

Jacoby Jacobs rushes first.

Maybe to prove himself to Maxwell Jett.

Maybe because Jett shoves him forward.

Maybe both.

Jacoby charges with a wild forearm.

Stevens ducks under it.

Jacoby turns.

Stinger Splash.

Stevens crushes Jacoby into the corner with full veteran force, and the crowd explodes as Jacoby bounces out and collapses to one knee.

John Phillips: "Stinger Splash by Scott Stevens!"

Mark Bravo: "Jacoby Jacobs just learned that Scott Stevens did not come out here for paperwork!"

Maxwell Jett immediately tries to slide along the ropes away from the corner.

Stevens sees him.

Jett freezes.

Scott Stevens: "Where you going, champ?"

Maxwell Jett: "To a safer jurisdiction."

Jett drops low, but Stevens grabs him by the back of the gear and yanks him up before he can flatten fully to the mat.

The O2 roars.

John Phillips: "Scott Stevens has Maxwell Jett!"

Mark Bravo: "The GM has the UTA Champion by the scruff!"

Stevens spins Jett around and drives him down with the Double S Spinebuster.

The ring shakes.

Jett folds on impact, rolling to one side and clutching his back, screaming like his championship insurance has just been canceled.

Maxwell Jett: "Abuse of authority!"

Scott Stevens: "You entered the match."

Maxwell Jett: "Under protest!"

Jacoby Jacobs stumbles out of the corner and throws a desperate kick toward Stevens' knee brace.

Stevens absorbs enough of it to grimace, and that moment matters. Jacoby sees the bulky brace and goes after it again, clipping the veteran's right leg.

John Phillips: "Jacoby Jacobs targeting the knee brace!"

Mark Bravo: "That is smart, but it is also a great way to make Scott Stevens furious, which historically is bad for your dental future."

Jacoby grabs Stevens by the head and tries to drag him toward the ropes.

Jett crawls up behind them, eyes suddenly alive with opportunity.

First Class gets Stevens moving toward the top rope.

Jacoby lifts.

Jett pushes.

The crowd boos as Stevens is forced chest-first toward the top strand.

Maxwell Jett: "See? This is why corporate should stay corporate!"

Stevens hooks the top rope with both hands.

Jacoby tries to lift the bad leg.

Jett shoves harder.

For one dangerous second, Scott Stevens is nearly over.

Then Mikey Unlikely crashes into Jacoby from the side.

Jacoby stumbles backward, and Stevens drops back inside the ring.

John Phillips: "Mikey Unlikely breaks it up!"

Mark Bravo: "Mikey and Scott Stevens are allies. You can hear the crowd feel that history!"

Stevens turns from the ropes and catches Jacoby with a hard right hand.

Mikey follows with one of his own.

Jacoby staggers between them like a very expensive punching bag.

Jett sees Stevens and Mikey standing together and immediately drops to his knees.

Maxwell Jett: "Nope. Too much Hall of Fame-adjacent violence."

Maxx Mayhem pops up behind Jett.

Maxx Mayhem: "Boo."

Jett yelps and scrambles away on all fours.

Maxx gives chase for three steps before El Fantasma Oscuro 1 springboards in and catches Maxx with a dropkick to the shoulder, spinning Mayhem down to the mat.

Silas Grimm follows behind, palms open, eyes cold.

Stevens notices Silas moving through the ring and steps toward him.

Silas tilts his head.

Silas Grimm: "Authority enters the grave with everyone else."

Stevens smirks.

Scott Stevens: "Then start digging."

Silas throws a palm strike.

Stevens blocks part of it and answers with a stiff forearm that knocks Silas back one step.

El Fantasma Oscuro 1 springboards toward Stevens from the side.

Stevens ducks low, and El Fantasma sails over him, landing safely near the ropes.

Stevens turns and points at the masked phantom.

Scott Stevens: "You stay right there."

El Fantasma says nothing.

He does not stay right there.

He rolls away into the ropes and vanishes behind the motion of the match.

Mark Bravo: "Scott just tried to manage El Fantasma like a backstage problem."

John Phillips: "That has not worked for anyone tonight."

Graham Keel steps toward Stevens now, drawn by the veteran’s exposed knee and the chance to dismantle another major body in the field.

Keel reaches low.

Stevens catches him coming and blasts him with Remember the Alamo.

The superkick catches Keel across the jaw and sends The Hold Architect staggering backward.

John Phillips: "Remember the Alamo! Scott Stevens catches Graham Keel!"

Mark Bravo: "Keel went for the knee and got a Texas receipt!"

Gideon Graves steps in immediately, protecting his Iron Dominion partner with sheer mass. Stevens turns toward him.

The two big Texans stare at each other for one charged second.

Then Gideon throws a forearm.

Stevens throws one back.

Gideon rocks him.

Stevens rocks Gideon.

The O2 roars as the two heavy hitters trade in the center of the ring.

John Phillips: "Scott Stevens and Gideon Graves trading shots!"

Mark Bravo: "That is Texas and Pittsburgh steel colliding in London!"

Hakuryu steps in from the side and cracks Gideon with a kick to the ribs, forcing him to turn. Stevens takes the opening and drives a knee into Gideon’s midsection, but Malachi Cross enters the exchange with a Yakuza Kick attempt toward Stevens.

Stevens barely gets his arms up, absorbing enough of it to stumble backward.

Malachi advances.

Stevens fires back with The FIST, a Superman Punch that catches Malachi across the jaw.

Malachi staggers for the first time since entering.

John Phillips: "The FIST by Scott Stevens!"

Mark Bravo: "Malachi Cross just got cracked!"

Athena Storm uses the opening to leap toward Malachi with a jumping knee, and Zhalia Fears follows with a spinning forearm. Malachi drops to one knee under the combined pressure but does not go near the ropes.

Meanwhile, Valentina Blaze and Lexi Gold again force Bianca Page toward danger. Bianca hooks the top rope and screams as the two women try to lift her. Athena sees it and almost joins them, but Jacoby Jacobs cuts across and shoves Athena from behind.

Athena stumbles but catches herself before she hits the ropes.

Lexi turns toward Jacoby.

Valentina does too.

Jacoby immediately points to Maxwell Jett.

Jacoby Jacobs: "Again, orders!"

Stevens hears that.

He turns.

Jacoby slowly looks over.

Scott Stevens: "Boy, you better learn to take responsibility before I teach you how gravity works."

Jacoby backs away, straight into Mikey Unlikely.

Mikey spins him around and plants him with a fast right hand.

Jacoby drops to the mat, rolling toward Jett.

Jett grabs him by the shoulder and pulls him into the corner again.

Maxwell Jett: "Stop standing where consequences happen!"

Jacoby Jacobs: "Consequences are everywhere!"

Outside the ring, Bobby Dean leans forward in the battle chair as Stevens keeps cleaning house.

Bobby Dean: "Scott told me to decide faster."

Mark Bravo: "He did."

Bobby Dean: "I'm thinking faster now."

John Phillips: "Does that mean you are getting in the ring?"

Bobby pauses.

Bobby Dean: "I didn't say that."

Back inside, Stevens grabs Maxwell Jett by the head and tries to pull him out of the corner.

The O2 erupts as Jett's panic returns full force.

Maxwell Jett: "No! No! General Managers should not touch champions without a meeting!"

Stevens starts dragging him toward the ropes.

Jacoby leaps onto Stevens' back, trying to save Jett.

Stevens staggers but does not go down.

Mikey Unlikely grabs Jacoby and yanks him off, throwing him aside.

Maxx Mayhem swings back into the frame, trying to help by charging Jett, but Jett ducks and Maxx crashes chest-first into Stevens instead.

Stevens stumbles backward.

Jett slips free and dives under the bottom rope, then rolls back in on the far side yet again.

John Phillips: "Jett escapes Scott Stevens!"

Mark Bravo: "Maxx Mayhem tried to help and accidentally created an escape route. That is the Maxx Mayhem experience."

Stevens turns slowly toward Maxx.

Maxx smiles weakly.

Maxx Mayhem: "Good news. I meant well."

Scott Stevens: "That is not always helpful."

Before Stevens can say more, Silas Grimm and El Fantasma Oscuro 1 both attack from opposite sides. Silas catches Stevens with a palm strike to the ribs, while El Fantasma clips the bad knee with a low dropkick.

Stevens drops to one knee.

The crowd boos as the aligned shadows try to swarm the General Manager.

Malachi Cross steps toward them, but Hakuryu cuts into the lane with a sudden superkick to Malachi's midsection, forcing him to turn away.

Gideon Graves and Graham Keel reset, Iron Dominion watching for another opening.

Stevens pushes up from one knee, gritting his teeth through the pressure on the brace.

Silas moves in again.

Stevens fires a right hand into his midsection.

El Fantasma springboards.

Stevens ducks just enough for the masked phantom to sail past, still landing safely.

Mikey Unlikely steps beside Stevens now, and the two veterans briefly stand back-to-back as the field closes around them.

John Phillips: "Mikey Unlikely and Scott Stevens standing together!"

Mark Bravo: "That is a lot of UTA history in one frame!"

Maxwell Jett sees the visual and looks disgusted.

Maxwell Jett: "This match has become a museum with violence."

Valentina Blaze turns toward him.

Jett drops low immediately.

Maxwell Jett: "Not speaking to you!"

The countdown clock appears.

15.

14.

13.

John Phillips: "Scott Stevens has entered the All or Nothing Rumble! The General Manager himself has laced up his boots, and no eliminations in this interval, but Stevens has already made his presence felt!"

Mark Bravo: "He hit Jacoby with the Stinger Splash, planted Maxwell Jett with the Double S Spinebuster, cracked Malachi with The FIST, and reminded everybody he was not always behind a desk."

Bobby Dean: "He told me to decide faster."

Mark Bravo: "And?"

Bobby Dean: "I'm deciding."

Crowd: "TEN! NINE! EIGHT!"

Scott Stevens and Mikey Unlikely reset near center. Maxwell Jett and Jacoby Jacobs cling to the far corner. Graham Keel and Gideon Graves stand together as Iron Dominion. Silas Grimm and El Fantasma Oscuro 1 remain aligned near the ropes. Malachi Cross watches from nearby. Hakuryu stays composed. Valentina Blaze, Lexi Gold, Bianca Page, Zhalia Fears, and Athena Storm continue the dangerous Women's Championship race. Maxx Mayhem rolls back to a knee, grinning through the chaos.

Crowd: "SEVEN! SIX! FIVE!"

Outside the ring, Bobby Dean remains in the battle chair, still active, still thinking faster.

Crowd: "FOUR! THREE! TWO! ONE!"

The buzzer sounds.

BUZZZZZZ!

The O2 is already a warzone.

Scott Stevens and Mikey Unlikely stand near center ring, two UTA Hall of Fame names shoulder-to-shoulder while chaos swirls around them. Maxwell Jett and Jacoby Jacobs are crouched in the far corner, First Class trying to turn survival into strategy. Gideon Graves and Graham Keel remain together as Iron Dominion, cold and dangerous. Silas Grimm and El Fantasma Oscuro 1 keep their dark alignment intact near the ropes, with Malachi Cross close enough to make that side of the ring feel like a graveyard with turnbuckles.

Hakuryu watches everyone through that cold, ritual calm.

Valentina Blaze, Lexi Gold, Bianca Page, Zhalia Fears, and Athena Storm remain active in the Women's Championship race.

Maxx Mayhem is finally in the ring, grinning through pain and poor decisions.

Bobby Dean is still outside the ring in the battle chair, still active, still thinking faster, still not moving faster.

Then the arena lights fall.

Blood red bleeds across the stage.

The fog does not roll in cleanly.

It crawls.

Thick smoke pours from the entranceway, low and sinister, spreading like something toxic has been released beneath the ramp.

The opening pulse of "Dead Bite" by Hollywood Undead hits first, grimy and distorted, before the speakers twist into the ugly Rob Zombie grind of "House of 1000 Corpses."

The video wall flickers with skeletal flashes, crimson static, and one word written like a warning scratched into bone:

KAINE.

The crowd erupts.

John Phillips: "Entrant number thirty-three is Kaine! The Revenant has arrived!"

Mark Bravo: "And if this ring wasn't chaotic enough already, here comes a man who treats pain like proof he's having a good night!"

Something moves in the smoke.

Not walking.

Crawling.

Kaine drags himself out through the red haze on his hands and knees, skeletal face paint glowing under the UV light. His head twitches once. Twice. Then he stops at the top of the ramp, slowly rising to one knee.

His eyes are wide.

His grin is jagged.

Then he throws his head back and screams.

Kaine: "DEAD! BUT! ALIVE!"

The O2 roars the words back with him.

Crowd: "DEAD! BUT! ALIVE!"

John Phillips: "Kaine, a cult hero of the East Coast indies, known for hardcore wars, sick resilience, and the kind of chaos that makes opponents wonder if he can feel anything at all."

Mark Bravo: "He can feel it. That’s the problem. He likes it."

Kaine suddenly sprints halfway down the ramp.

Then stops dead.

He stares at the ring like he has just spotted prey.

Then he pounds his chest once.

Twice.

Again.

Inside the ring, several heads turn.

Zhalia Fears smiles immediately, like she recognizes a fellow thing that does not quite move right.

Malachi Cross watches Kaine without expression.

Silas Grimm tilts his head.

El Fantasma Oscuro 1 crouches lower.

Maxwell Jett looks toward the stage and throws both hands up.

Maxwell Jett: "No. No more face paint. No more fog. No more crawling. We have standards!"

Jacoby Jacobs glances at him.

Jacoby Jacobs: "Do we?"

Maxwell Jett: "We have preferences!"

Kaine reaches ringside, then veers toward commentary.

Bobby Dean stiffens in the battle chair.

Kaine crouches beside him, face paint glowing, eyes wide.

Kaine: "Dead but alive, Bobby."

Bobby nods slowly.

Bobby Dean: "I’ve had days like that."

Kaine looks at the battle chair.

Then at Bobby.

Then back at the ring.

Kaine: "Good chair."

Bobby Dean: "Thank you."

Mark Bravo: "Even Kaine respects the battle chair."

John Phillips: "At this point, I think the chair has more diplomatic credibility than anyone in the match."

Kaine suddenly lunges forward, slides under the bottom rope, and pops to his feet in one fluid, twitching motion.

He does not wait.

He explodes.

Maxx Mayhem is the first body in reach, and that feels appropriate.

Kaine charges him with a wild forearm.

Maxx sees him coming and laughs.

Maxx Mayhem: "Oh, we're doing this!"

The forearm lands.

Maxx staggers.

Then fires one back.

Kaine's head snaps to the side.

He turns back smiling.

Kaine: "GOOD!"

Kaine throws another forearm.

Maxx answers with a headbutt.

Kaine staggers backward, then lunges forward again and blasts Maxx with a pump kick that sends Mayhem crashing into the corner.

John Phillips: "Pump kick by Kaine! Maxx Mayhem just got rocked!"

Mark Bravo: "That is two different kinds of crazy colliding, and one of them just found the gas pedal!"

Kaine sprints across the ring, rebounds, and throws himself into Maxx with a diving cannonball into the corner.

The impact crushes Maxx against the turnbuckles and sends him slumping down to the mat.

Kaine rolls away, laughing, then pops up and screams to the crowd.

Kaine: "DEAD! BUT! ALIVE!"

Crowd: "DEAD! BUT! ALIVE!"

Scott Stevens turns from his exchange with Silas Grimm and sees Kaine tearing through the corner.

Scott Stevens: "Of course. Why not?"

Kaine rushes Stevens next.

No hesitation.

No fear of the General Manager.

No awareness that this may be a bad idea.

He throws himself forward with a flying knee strike.

Stevens sidesteps just enough, catches Kaine as he lands, and snaps him down with a Scorpion Death Drop.

The crowd erupts.

John Phillips: "Scorpion Death Drop! Scott Stevens plants Kaine!"

Mark Bravo: "Kaine came at the GM with everything, and Scott just reminded him Texas has gravity!"

Kaine hits hard.

For one second, he lies still.

Then his fingers twitch.

Then his shoulders rise.

Then he starts laughing.

Stevens looks down at him.

Scott Stevens: "You've got to be kidding me."

Kaine pushes up to one knee, face paint smeared, grin wider than before.

Kaine: "Pain is proof."

Mikey Unlikely steps into frame and looks at Stevens.

Mikey Unlikely: "Bruv, he's one of those."

Scott Stevens: "I noticed."

Kaine lunges from his knees at Mikey, grabbing him around the waist and driving him backward into the ropes.

Mikey hooks the top rope immediately, refusing to go over. Kaine tries to lift, but Mikey hammers down with clubbing forearms to the back.

Maxx Mayhem staggers out of the corner and joins Kaine, not because he has a plan, but because violence is happening and he wants to be near it.

Maxx grabs Mikey's leg.

Mikey's eyes widen.

Mikey Unlikely: "Again?!"

Maxx Mayhem: "Different kind of help!"

Bobby Dean rises slightly in the battle chair outside the ring.

Bobby Dean: "Don't eliminate Mikey!"

Maxx freezes for half a second.

Kaine does not.

Kaine keeps pushing.

Stevens grabs Kaine from behind and yanks him away from Mikey, spinning him around into a hard right hand.

Kaine staggers back into the path of Athena Storm, who comes off the ropes with a jumping knee strike that snaps his head sideways.

Kaine drops to one knee again.

Athena rolls one arm overhead.

Athena Storm: "Let it rain!"

Kaine looks up at her, smiling through the damage.

Kaine: "Let it bleed."

Athena’s smile fades just a touch.

She throws a roundhouse kick.

Kaine ducks under it, pops up, and catches her with a running senton-like collision that drives her down to the canvas.

John Phillips: "Kaine just threw his whole body into Athena Storm!"

Mark Bravo: "That’s not technique. That’s a haunted shopping cart with elbows!"

Zhalia Fears slides in beside Kaine as he rises.

They stare at each other.

The Ghost Flame and The Revenant.

Zhalia tilts her head.

Zhalia Fears: "You’re fun."

Kaine tilts his head the other way.

Kaine: "You smell like trouble."

Zhalia Fears: "Thank you."

Zhalia suddenly throws a forearm.

Kaine eats it and laughs.

Zhalia throws another.

Kaine staggers but fires back with one of his own.

The two trade in the middle of the ring, each shot uglier and less defensive than the last, both of them smiling like pain is the punchline.

John Phillips: "Zhalia Fears and Kaine are trading shots!"

Mark Bravo: "This feels like two horror movies fighting over the same midnight time slot."

Bianca Page sees Zhalia distracted and rushes from behind, grabbing her by the hair and trying to shove her toward the ropes.

Zhalia hooks the top rope with both hands before Bianca can lift her.

Valentina Blaze charges Bianca from the side with a kick to the ribs.

Lexi Gold follows with a forearm.

Bianca staggers away from Zhalia and right into Athena Storm, who catches her with a sharp knee to the shoulder.

For a second, Bianca is surrounded again.

Jacoby Jacobs rushes in and pulls Bianca out of the cluster by accident while trying to get to Lexi.

Bianca turns on him immediately.

Bianca Page: "Do not touch me."

Jacoby Jacobs: "I was helping!"

Bianca Page: "You were existing too close."

Lexi Gold drills Jacoby with a forearm before the argument can continue.

Jacoby stumbles backward into Maxwell Jett, who catches him only because Jacoby would otherwise fall into him.

Maxwell Jett: "Stop collecting damage!"

Jacoby Jacobs: "I am trying!"

Gideon Graves steps toward Kaine now.

The Revenant turns from Zhalia and looks up at the Iron Giant.

There is no hesitation.

Kaine runs at him.

Gideon swings a massive lariat.

Kaine ducks under, rebounds off the ropes, and launches a flying knee strike that catches Gideon high on the chest and jaw.

Gideon staggers one step.

The crowd reacts.

Kaine pounds his chest and charges again.

This time Gideon catches him.

Both hands around the upper body.

And hurls him overhead with a brutal belly-to-belly suplex.

Kaine crashes to the mat and skids toward the ropes.

John Phillips: "Gideon Graves just launched Kaine!"

Mark Bravo: "That man got mailed to the ropes without postage!"

Kaine lands near the side, rolls to the apron under the bottom rope, and almost falls, but catches himself before he can slip off. Since he went under the bottom rope, no elimination is possible there, but the landing still leaves him draped awkwardly across the apron.

Graham Keel moves in immediately, seeing a compromised body part, because Graham Keel always sees a compromised body part.

He grabs Kaine’s arm through the ropes and twists it around the middle strand.

Kaine screams, but the scream turns into laughter halfway through.

Kaine: "YES! WAKE IT UP!"

Keel’s face tightens with irritation.

Graham Keel: "You are structurally unpleasant."

Kaine yanks his own arm violently, not escaping clean so much as refusing to care about how much it hurts. He drags himself back inside beneath the bottom rope and catches Keel with a sudden headbutt to the ribs.

Keel staggers back.

Silas Grimm steps in from the side, palm open, eyes locked on Kaine.

Kaine slowly turns toward him.

Silas Grimm: "You wear death like costume jewelry."

Kaine smiles.

Kaine: "And you talk like a candle shop."

The O2 reacts loudly.

Mark Bravo: "I don’t know if that made sense, but I enjoyed it."

Silas throws a palm strike.

Kaine ducks it and blasts Silas with a pump kick that sends The Black Veil staggering into El Fantasma Oscuro 1.

El Fantasma catches Silas before he can fall, then springs forward himself.

Kaine swings wildly.

El Fantasma ducks, hits the ropes, springboards, and catches Kaine with a twisting dropkick that sends him rolling across the canvas.

Kaine immediately starts crawling back up.

John Phillips: "El Fantasma Oscuro 1 takes Kaine down, but The Revenant is already moving!"

Mark Bravo: "That is the problem. You hit him, and he treats it like an alarm clock."

Malachi Cross steps in now.

The ring seems to darken around him.

Kaine rises on one knee.

Malachi looks down at him.

Kaine looks up, grinning.

Kaine: "Dead but alive."

Malachi’s expression does not change.

Malachi Cross: "Then kneel like both."

Malachi blasts him with a Yakuza Kick.

Kaine collapses backward, landing flat on the mat near the ropes.

Malachi turns away, arms folding again as if the matter is settled.

It is not settled.

Kaine’s hand rises.

Then his shoulder.

Then he starts laughing again.

Malachi slowly turns back.

John Phillips: "Kaine is getting back up after Malachi's Yakuza Kick!"

Mark Bravo: "This is why people hate fighting him. Nothing feels final."

Hakuryu watches Kaine rise now.

Their eyes meet for a second.

There is history there, too.

Kaine has been through wars with men like Hakuryu, wars where chaos met ritual and only one man could leave with the answer.

Hakuryu brings his hands together.

Kaine crawls up to one knee and smiles through smeared paint.

Kaine: "Again?"

Hakuryu steps forward.

Before they can collide, Maxwell Jett shoves Jacoby Jacobs toward Kaine from behind.

Jacoby stumbles into Kaine's path.

Kaine grabs him instantly and snaps him over with a quick snap dragon suplex.

Jacoby lands hard on his shoulders and neck, rolling to the mat in a heap.

John Phillips: "Snap dragon suplex by Kaine!"

Maxwell Jett: "Great! Yes! Excellent distraction, Jacoby!"

Jacoby lifts one weak hand from the mat.

Jacoby Jacobs: "Not... voluntary..."

Kaine rises from the suplex and turns toward Jett.

Jett immediately drops flat and hugs the bottom rope.

Maxwell Jett: "Nope. I am not proof you are alive!"

Scott Stevens steps in and grabs Jett by the ankle, trying to drag him away from the rope.

The O2 roars.

Jett claws at the mat, screaming.

Maxwell Jett: "Scott! Scott, we can discuss this administratively!"

Stevens yanks him halfway toward center.

Jacoby, somehow still alive after the snap dragon, grabs Stevens' bad leg from the mat and clings to it, slowing him down.

Stevens grimaces as the knee brace shifts under the weight.

Jett kicks free and scrambles away again, sliding under the bottom rope and back in at the nearest safe angle.

Mark Bravo: "First Class survives again, mostly by becoming a pile of cowardice and ankle grabs."

John Phillips: "Maxwell Jett remains active, and Jacoby Jacobs continues taking punishment to keep him there."

Maxx Mayhem has recovered enough to roll toward Kaine, and the two chaotic bodies meet again near the ropes. Maxx swings a forearm. Kaine swings back. Maxx headbutts him. Kaine bites at the air near Maxx's forehead, causing Maxx to recoil.

Maxx Mayhem: "Teeth are cheating!"

Kaine: "Everything is allowed if you mean it!"

Maxx pauses.

Maxx Mayhem: "That's beautiful."

Kaine throws another forearm.

Maxx throws one back.

Bobby Dean watches from ringside, confused but moved.

Bobby Dean: "They're bonding."

Mark Bravo: "They are concussing each other."

Bobby Dean: "Same language."

Gideon Graves and Graham Keel move to shut the nonsense down. Gideon grabs Maxx by the back of the head and hurls him into the corner. Keel catches Kaine by the wrist and twists, trying to pull him into a controlled hold.

Kaine screams in Keel's face.

Kaine: "DEAD!"

He headbutts Keel.

Kaine: "BUT!"

Another headbutt.

Kaine: "ALIVE!"

A third headbutt breaks Keel's grip and sends The Hold Architect stumbling backward into Gideon.

Gideon steadies him with one hand, then glares at Kaine.

Kaine grins and beckons him forward.

Gideon starts to move.

But Mikey Unlikely cuts across, catching Jacoby Jacobs with another right hand and forcing First Class back into the corner. Scott Stevens follows, trying once again to get to Maxwell Jett. Valentina Blaze joins the pressure, and Jett suddenly finds himself with Stevens, Mikey, and Valentina all moving in his direction.

He reacts exactly as expected.

He screams.

Maxwell Jett: "Jacoby! Human resources!"

Jacoby throws himself in front of Jett again and eats a forearm from Valentina, a right hand from Mikey, and a shove from Stevens that sends him spinning back into the corner.

Jacoby Jacobs: "I hate this job!"

Maxwell Jett: "You're doing great!"

The women's cluster breaks apart again as Bianca Page tries to sneak behind Athena Storm. Zhalia Fears catches Bianca's wrist. Lexi Gold catches the other. Valentina turns from Jett and sees Bianca trapped.

For one second, Bianca's eyes widen.

Athena turns too.

Bianca drops to the mat immediately, refusing to stay upright long enough to be lifted.

Bianca Page: "Nope!"

Zhalia looks down at her.

Zhalia Fears: "Smart rabbit."

Bianca glares from the mat.

Bianca Page: "Do not call me that."

Kaine suddenly throws himself into the entire group with a running senton, not eliminating anyone but scattering bodies everywhere.

Lexi rolls away.

Athena stumbles to the ropes but hooks them safely.

Valentina falls to one knee.

Zhalia laughs from her back.

Bianca crawls away, furious and alive.

John Phillips: "Kaine just crashed into the Women's Championship field!"

Mark Bravo: "The Revenant has no lane discipline whatsoever!"

Silas Grimm and El Fantasma Oscuro 1 step back into formation near the ropes. Malachi Cross joins them at an angle. Hakuryu watches Kaine rise from the pile, eyes narrowing slightly, perhaps recognizing the old rhythm of chaos that refuses to stay buried.

Kaine gets to his knees.

He spreads both arms.

Kaine: "DEAD! BUT! ALIVE!"

The crowd roars back, louder than before.

Crowd: "DEAD! BUT! ALIVE!"

And then, as if the ring itself is rejecting the chance for anyone to breathe, the countdown clock appears.

15.

14.

13.

John Phillips: "Kaine has entered the All or Nothing Rumble, and there are no eliminations in this interval, but The Revenant has thrown himself into everyone's path."

Mark Bravo: "He fought Maxx, ate offense from Scott Stevens, traded weirdness with Zhalia, got launched by Gideon, mouthed off to Silas, got kicked by Malachi, and somehow he is still smiling. That is Kaine in ninety seconds."

Bobby Dean: "He likes the chair."

Mark Bravo: "Of course that is your takeaway."

Crowd: "TEN! NINE! EIGHT!"

Kaine rises near the center, face paint smeared, chest heaving, arms spread. Scott Stevens and Mikey Unlikely keep pressure on First Class. Maxwell Jett and Jacoby Jacobs cling to survival. Gideon Graves and Graham Keel reset as Iron Dominion. Silas Grimm and El Fantasma Oscuro 1 remain aligned. Malachi Cross stands near them, still and cold. Hakuryu watches from the side. Valentina Blaze, Lexi Gold, Bianca Page, Zhalia Fears, and Athena Storm continue the dangerous Women’s Championship race. Maxx Mayhem shakes out the cobwebs and laughs from the corner.

Crowd: "SEVEN! SIX! FIVE!"

Outside the ring, Bobby Dean remains in the battle chair, still active, still deciding faster.

Crowd: "FOUR! THREE! TWO! ONE!"

The buzzer sounds.

BUZZZZZZ!

The ring is packed with bodies, grudges, alliances, shadows, veterans, champions, chaos, and Maxwell Jett somehow still finding corners that feel safe enough to complain from.

Kaine has just thrown himself into the match like a burning horror movie, screaming “DEAD BUT ALIVE!” while fighting anyone who moves. Scott Stevens and Mikey Unlikely are trying to keep pressure on First Class. Jacoby Jacobs continues to absorb punishment on behalf of Maxwell Jett, who keeps calling it strategy. Gideon Graves and Graham Keel remain together as Iron Dominion. Silas Grimm and El Fantasma Oscuro 1 stay aligned near the ropes, with Malachi Cross lurking nearby in cold silence. Hakuryu watches everything with ritual calm.

The women’s championship race remains alive and dangerous.

Valentina Blaze.

Lexi Gold.

Bianca Page.

Zhalia Fears.

Athena Storm.

All still active.

Maxx Mayhem is in the ring now.

Bobby Dean remains outside in the battle chair, still active, still deciding faster, still apparently deciding in place.

Then the stage lights snap into blue and silver.

Stars scatter across the video wall.

A glossy graphic spins into view like a luxury commercial created by someone with too much confidence and not enough self-awareness.

The crowd begins booing before the name even appears.

Then it does.

ERIC DANE JR.

The boos get louder.

John Phillips: "Oh no. Entrant number thirty-four is the current UTA Hardcore Champion, Eric Dane Jr.!"

Mark Bravo: "And listen to this place! They know exactly who he is. They know exactly what he is. A walking ego with a famous last name, a Hardcore Championship, and enough poor judgment to fill this entire building."

Eric Dane Jr. steps through the curtain.

He is not dressed like a man entering a seventy-person rumble where every championship in UTA can change hands.

He is dressed like a man who believes the camera is legally required to love him.

Silver entrance jacket.

Sequined headband.

Wrap-around sunglasses.

A feather boa draped around his neck.

The UTA Hardcore Championship is fastened around his waist, and he keeps one hand on it like he expects someone, somewhere, to try and repossess it.

He takes three steps onto the stage and immediately starts yelling.

Eric Dane Jr.: "No! No, stop booing! This is generational excellence! You people are seeing history!"

The O2 boos harder.

John Phillips: "Eric Dane Jr., the current UTA Hardcore Champion, won that title from Bobby Dean at Victorious and has been living with Bobby Dean and Maxx Mayhem as a recurring problem ever since."

Mark Bravo: "Recurring problem? John, Bobby and Maxx have been haunting this man like a scooter-based curse. And now look at ringside. Bobby Dean is still outside in the battle chair. Maxx Mayhem is in the ring. Eric Dane Jr. just walked into both of them again."

Eric starts down the ramp, but he stops almost immediately when he sees the battle chair parked near commentary.

Bobby Dean slowly turns his head toward him.

The crowd rises.

Eric freezes.

Eric Dane Jr.: "No."

Bobby raises one hand from the battle chair.

Bobby Dean: "Evening, champ."

Eric points down at him.

Eric Dane Jr.: "Do not evening champ me! You should be in the ring! Why are you still in the scooter?"

Bobby Dean: "It’s a battle chair."

Eric Dane Jr.: "It is a mobility scooter with delusions of grandeur!"

The crowd boos.

Bobby looks offended.

Bobby Dean: "She heard that."

Inside the ring, Maxx Mayhem has stopped fighting Kaine long enough to hear Eric’s voice.

Slowly, Maxx turns toward the stage.

A smile stretches across his face.

Maxx Mayhem: "ERIC!"

Eric’s face drops.

Eric Dane Jr.: "No. No, no, no. You stay in there. I am not doing this again."

Maxx Mayhem: "We missed you!"

Bobby Dean: "Some of us."

Eric Dane Jr.: "Nobody misses me! I am the champion! I arrive when I want!"

Eric continues down the ramp, slower now, eyes darting between Bobby, the battle chair, Maxx in the ring, and the rest of the active field.

He passes commentary and points at John Phillips.

Eric Dane Jr.: "Say something nice about me."

John Phillips: "You are the current Hardcore Champion."

Eric Dane Jr.: "That is a fact. I asked for nice."

Mark Bravo: "Your headband is trying very hard."

Eric stops and glares at him.

Eric Dane Jr.: "This is imported."

Mark Bravo: "From where, a middle school dance?"

The crowd laughs and boos as Eric turns away in disgust.

He approaches the ring steps but hesitates again when Maxx leans over the top rope, waving eagerly.

Maxx Mayhem: "Come on in! The water’s terrible!"

Eric Dane Jr.: "I am not entering until he backs up."

The referee at ringside points toward the ring.

Referee: "Eric, you’re in the match. Get in."

Eric Dane Jr.: "I am preserving my entrance aura."

Bobby Dean: "The chair has an aura too."

Eric Dane Jr.: "Nobody asked the chair!"

The battle chair horn suddenly chirps.

SFX: HONK.

Eric jumps backward.

The O2 explodes with laughter and cheers.

Mark Bravo: "The battle chair has entered the conversation."

John Phillips: "Bobby Dean remains outside, but that scooter may have the psychological edge on the Hardcore Champion."

Eric storms up the steps, angry now, one hand still clutching the Hardcore Championship. He steps onto the apron and shouts through the ropes at Maxx.

Eric Dane Jr.: "You come near me, I swear to God, I will sue your haircut."

Maxx Mayhem: "My haircut accepts the challenge!"

Eric carefully steps through the ropes.

Both boots touch the canvas.

The UTA Hardcore Champion is officially in the All or Nothing Rumble.

Maxx Mayhem charges immediately.

Eric screams and ducks behind the nearest available body.

Unfortunately for Jacoby Jacobs, that body is Jacoby Jacobs.

Maxx crashes into Jacoby with a wild running forearm, sending him spinning backward into Maxwell Jett.

First Class collapses in the corner again.

Maxwell Jett: "Why is everyone using my associates as furniture?!"

Jacoby Jacobs: "Because you keep putting me in front!"

Eric points at the pile.

Eric Dane Jr.: "See? Excellent scouting. I found cover."

Maxx turns toward him slowly.

Eric backs up.

Then Kaine appears behind Eric.

Eric senses something and turns.

Kaine’s skeletal grin is inches from his face.

Kaine: "Dead but alive."

Eric Dane Jr.: "Absolutely not."

Eric throws a panicked elbow, but Kaine eats it and laughs. Kaine grabs Eric by the wrist and whips him toward the ropes.

Eric reverses at the last second, sending Kaine instead.

Kaine rebounds.

Eric leapfrogs.

Then immediately drops to the mat, trying to trip him.

Kaine jumps over him, hits the ropes again, and comes back with a running senton across Eric’s back before Eric can stand.

Eric flattens to the canvas.

John Phillips: "Running senton by Kaine! The Hardcore Champion just got crushed!"

Mark Bravo: "He tried flippy-dip strategy and got folded by horror gymnastics!"

Kaine rolls off and pounds his chest.

Kaine: "DEAD! BUT! ALIVE!"

Maxx Mayhem drops beside him, also pounding his chest despite not being invited.

Maxx Mayhem: "MAYHEM! BUT! CONFUSED!"

Kaine looks at him.

Then nods.

Kaine: "Good."

Mark Bravo: "I hate that they keep understanding each other."

Eric crawls toward the ropes, but Scott Stevens cuts him off.

The General Manager looks down at the Hardcore Champion.

Scott Stevens: "You having fun yet?"

Eric Dane Jr.: "This is employee harassment."

Scott Stevens: "You’re not my employee right now. You’re an entrant."

Stevens grabs Eric by the head and pulls him upright.

Eric suddenly jabs both fingers toward Stevens’ eyes.

Stevens jerks back, partially blinded.

John Phillips: "Eye rake by Eric Dane Jr.!"

Mark Bravo: "That is experience? No. That is fear wearing wrist tape."

Eric immediately leaps to the middle rope and springboards backward with a sloppy but effective back elbow that catches Stevens across the jaw.

Stevens staggers one step.

Eric lands, points to himself, and shouts to the camera.

Eric Dane Jr.: "That is what generational athleticism looks like!"

Mikey Unlikely steps into frame.

Mikey Unlikely: "Bruv, that looked like falling with confidence."

The crowd pops.

Eric turns toward Mikey, offended.

Eric Dane Jr.: "You are old Hollywood. I am new media."

Mikey’s eyebrows lift.

Mikey Unlikely: "New media?"

Eric Dane Jr.: "Viral. Marketable. Branded. You wouldn’t understand."

Mikey slowly looks toward Bobby Dean on the outside.

Mikey Unlikely: "Bobby, did he just call me old?"

Bobby Dean: "I think so."

Mikey Unlikely: "Rude."

Mikey drills Eric with a right hand.

Eric stumbles backward into the ropes and immediately hooks both arms over the top rope in panic.

Mikey grabs him by the legs and tries to lift.

The O2 rises.

John Phillips: "Mikey Unlikely trying to eliminate the Hardcore Champion!"

Eric kicks wildly, sunglasses finally flying from his face and landing near the corner.

Eric Dane Jr.: "No! No! My brand has layers!"

Jacoby Jacobs rushes over and clubs Mikey from behind, breaking the attempt.

Maxwell Jett immediately points toward Jacoby like a proud but deeply stressed supervisor.

Maxwell Jett: "Yes! Good! Save useful people!"

Eric slides down the ropes, gasping, then looks at Jacoby.

Eric Dane Jr.: "I did not need your help."

Jacoby Jacobs: "You were halfway horizontal!"

Eric Dane Jr.: "Artistically!"

Valentina Blaze cuts through the argument with a spinning back kick to Eric’s ribs.

Eric doubles over.

Lexi Gold catches him by the wrist and pulls him into a short-arm forearm.

Eric staggers into Athena Storm, who catches him with a jumping knee strike.

Eric falls to one knee, blinking hard.

John Phillips: "Eric Dane Jr. just ran into the Women’s Championship field, and that is not a safe place to be!"

Mark Bravo: "That division has been kicking people all night. Eric wandered in there like he was looking for compliments."

Bianca Page uses Eric’s collapse as a distraction, grabbing Lexi from behind and trying to shove her toward the ropes. Lexi hooks the top rope and blocks. Zhalia Fears slides low and catches Bianca’s ankle, tripping her flat to the mat.

Bianca kicks free, furious.

Bianca Page: "Stay away from my legs!"

Zhalia Fears: "They were there first."

Athena Storm comes off the ropes, but Graham Keel steps into her path and catches the wrist, twisting sharply. Athena winces, trying to roll through, but Keel follows her motion with smooth precision.

Graham Keel: "Speed is only useful until captured."

Before Keel can drag Athena toward the ropes, Gideon Graves steps forward and blasts Kaine with a big boot as The Revenant charges back into the center.

Kaine drops hard.

Maxx Mayhem sees it and rushes Gideon with both arms swinging.

Gideon catches him by the throat.

Maxx’s eyes widen.

Maxx Mayhem: "Still one of those."

Gideon shoves Maxx backward into Eric Dane Jr., who has just gotten up.

Eric catches Maxx by accident.

Maxx turns his head slowly.

Maxx Mayhem: "Hi."

Eric Dane Jr.: "No."

Maxx grabs Eric by the back of the head and charges, trying to throw him toward the ropes.

Eric drops low, dragging both men down before Maxx can get a clean lift.

They roll awkwardly across the mat, with Eric clawing toward the bottom rope and Maxx trying to pull him back by the feather boa.

The boa tears loose.

Eric gasps as if Maxx has committed a felony.

Eric Dane Jr.: "That was custom!"

Maxx Mayhem: "Now it’s shorter!"

Bobby Dean watches from ringside, suddenly alarmed.

Bobby Dean: "Careful with accessories. They have feelings."

Mark Bravo: "Bobby Dean, defender of scooters and boas."

Eric kicks Maxx away and scrambles to his feet. He spots his Hardcore Championship at ringside with the official attendants and points at it.

Eric Dane Jr.: "That is mine! None of you touch it!"

Kaine rises beside him, face paint smeared, eyes wild.

Kaine: "Gold is just a thing to bleed on."

Eric Dane Jr.: "That is why no one sponsors you."

Kaine lunges.

Eric ducks under and catches him with a quick headbutt, but immediately regrets it as much as Kaine seems to enjoy it.

Both men stagger.

Kaine laughs.

Eric clutches his own forehead.

Eric Dane Jr.: "Why is your skull like that?!"

Malachi Cross steps in and catches Kaine with a knee to the ribs, stopping him cold. Eric immediately tries to capitalize

by springboarding toward Malachi with a flying knee.

Malachi turns and catches him mid-flight enough to shove him away.

Eric crashes chest-first to the mat and rolls toward the ropes.

John Phillips: "Eric Dane Jr. tried to springboard at Malachi Cross and got swatted away!"

Mark Bravo: "That is the difference between confidence and math. Eric's confidence said yes. Gravity said absolutely not."

Silas Grimm approaches Eric now, palm open.

El Fantasma Oscuro 1 crouches beside him.

Eric looks up at both of them.

Eric Dane Jr.: "Nope. I don't do cult stuff. I have representation."

Silas tilts his head.

Silas Grimm: "Legacy without substance is just an echo."

Eric stares at him.

Eric Dane Jr.: "Was that about my dad?"

Silas smiles faintly.

Silas Grimm: "It was about your emptiness."

Eric's face twists with offense.

Eric Dane Jr.: "Oh, I hate you."

Eric throws a slap.

Silas barely moves with it.

The crowd reacts.

Eric realizes immediately that may have been a terrible decision.

El Fantasma Oscuro 1 springboards in, but Eric ducks under and dives behind Scott Stevens, using the General Manager as a shield.

Stevens turns slowly.

Scott Stevens: "Did you just hide behind me?"

Eric Dane Jr.: "No. I utilized management."

Stevens grabs Eric by the wrist and yanks him forward.

Eric screams as Stevens drags him toward the ropes.

The O2 rises again.

Mikey Unlikely steps in to help.

Maxx Mayhem steps in too, because Eric is there and that is reason enough.

Kaine crawls in from the side, grabbing one of Eric's boots.

For one glorious, chaotic second, Eric Dane Jr. is being dragged toward the top rope by Scott Stevens, Mikey Unlikely,

Maxx Mayhem, and Kaine.

John Phillips: "Eric Dane Jr. may be going! The Hardcore Champion is in trouble!"

Mark Bravo: "This is what happens when you make enemies across every possible genre!"

Eric flails wildly.

Jacoby Jacobs throws himself into Mikey Unlikely from behind.

Maxwell Jett clips Stevens' bad knee from the side and immediately rolls away before Stevens can grab him.

Bianca Page, trying to escape the women's cluster, crashes into Maxx Mayhem and breaks his grip.

Eric slips down from the ropes and drops flat to the mat, clutching the bottom rope like he learned directly from Maxwell Jett.

Eric Dane Jr.: "I am still champion!"

Maxwell Jett: "That was my technique!"

Eric Dane Jr.: "It was obvious!"

Jett looks offended.

Maxwell Jett: "Survival cowardice is an art!"

Mikey Unlikely: "At least you admitted it, bruv."

Jett drops lower.

Gideon Graves and Graham Keel suddenly surge into the cluster, Iron Dominion trying to take control while everyone else is tangled. Gideon clubs Maxx from behind, sending him down. Keel grabs Athena's arm again and tries to force her toward the ropes, but Valentina Blaze breaks it with a kick to Keel's ribs.

Lexi Gold catches Jacoby with a forearm as he tries to retreat back toward Jett. Zhalia Fears crawls up behind Eric and whispers near his ear.

Zhalia Fears: "Your aura is scared."

Eric shrieks and scrambles away.

Eric Dane Jr.: "Stop smelling my aura!"

Kaine laughs and launches himself at Eric again, but Eric sidesteps and sends Kaine stumbling into the ropes.

Kaine grabs the top strand, stopping himself before any danger.

Eric runs at him with a knee.

Kaine moves.

Eric's knee clips the middle rope, and he bounces backward awkwardly into Malachi Cross.

Malachi grabs Eric in a Muay Thai clinch.

Eric's eyes widen.

Eric Dane Jr.: "My father is famous!"

Malachi drives a knee into his ribs.

Eric folds.

Malachi Cross: "So was Rome."

Malachi releases him, and Eric collapses to the mat, gasping.

Mark Bravo: "That may be the coldest way anyone has ever kneed nepotism."

Outside, Bobby Dean leans forward in the battle chair.

Bobby Dean: "Should I go in now?"

John Phillips: "Bobby, you are still in the match."

Bobby Dean: "I know. That’s why I asked."

Mark Bravo: "I’m starting to think Bobby Dean’s entire strategy is to wait until everyone else has emotionally exhausted themselves."

Bobby Dean: "It’s working."

Inside the ring, Eric Dane Jr. crawls toward the corner, reaches for his fallen sunglasses, and puts them back on despite being on hands and knees.

Maxx Mayhem sees this and starts laughing.

Maxx Mayhem: "He armored up!"

Eric points at him from the mat.

Eric Dane Jr.: "These are prescription confidence."

Maxx rushes him.

Eric panics and pulls Jacoby Jacobs in front of him again.

Maxx blasts Jacoby with a forearm.

Jacoby drops.

Jacoby Jacobs: "Why is this my whole night?!"

Maxwell Jett: "Because you are positioned well!"

The countdown clock appears.

15.

14.

13.

John Phillips: "Eric Dane Jr. has entered the All or Nothing Rumble, and there are no eliminations in this interval, but the Hardcore Champion nearly became the target of the entire ring."

Mark Bravo: "He got crushed by Kaine, mocked by Mikey, chased by Maxx, stared down by Bobby’s battle chair, kneed by Malachi, insulted by Silas, and somehow still found time to put his sunglasses back on. That is commitment to the bit."

Bobby Dean: "He still has my title."

John Phillips: "Technically, the Hardcore Championship is on the line later in this match if Eric Dane Jr. reaches the final group or if the title assignment comes into play through the All or Nothing rules."

Bobby Dean: "Still feels like my title."

Crowd: "TEN! NINE! EIGHT!"

Eric Dane Jr. crawls beside Maxwell Jett and Jacoby Jacobs, creating one of the most self-important corners in rumble history. Scott Stevens and Mikey Unlikely reset near center. Maxx Mayhem and Kaine laugh through pain near the ropes. Gideon Graves and Graham Keel hold Iron Dominion's space. Silas Grimm and El Fantasma Oscuro 1 remain aligned, Malachi Cross standing near them. Hakuryu watches the ring with cold calm. Valentina Blaze, Lexi Gold, Bianca Page, Zhalia Fears, and Athena Storm continue the dangerous Women's Championship race.

Crowd: "SEVEN! SIX! FIVE!"

Outside the ring, Bobby Dean remains in the battle chair, still active, still deciding, still eyeing both Eric Dane Jr. and Maxwell Jett.

Crowd: "FOUR! THREE! TWO! ONE!"

The buzzer sounds.

BUZZZZZZ!

The noise inside The O2 is already enormous, but the stage cuts through it with something brighter.

A golden sun blooms across the video wall.

Not clean.

Not still.

It pulses with rhythm, ringed by red, green, and white flashes that move like painted light across ancient stone. The drumbeat hits first, fast and infectious, then the instrumental pulse of "Gasolina" by Daddy Yankee kicks through the arena.

The crowd immediately comes alive.

The screen flashes:

SOL AZTECA.

John Phillips: "Entrant number thirty-five is Sol Azteca!"

Mark Bravo: "From Puebla, Mexico, fighting by way of the Sendai Girls Dojo in Japan. Lucha libre roots, joshi discipline, and after what this woman has been through with Emily Hightower, you know there is fire under that mask."

Sol Azteca bursts through the curtain already moving with the rhythm.

She does not stalk.

She does not pose like the building belongs to her.

She invites the building with her.

Sol claps over her head, quick and bright, drawing the crowd into the beat. She points to one side of The O2, then the other, spinning once with fluid footwork before breaking into a fast jog down the ramp.

The mask gleams beneath the lights.

Sacred.

Unmistakable.

Part of her, not decoration.

John Phillips: "Sol Azteca has already shown incredible toughness in UTA. That tow chain war with Emily Hightower in Spain was one of the most violent debuts we have seen, and Emily crossed an unforgivable line when she attacked

Sol’s mask."

Mark Bravo: "For Sol, that mask is identity, culture, history. You do not disrespect it. You do not reach for it. Emily learned that Sol can survive a lot, but tonight Sol walks into a very different kind of chaos."

Inside the ring, the women active in the match all turn toward the stage.

Valentina Blaze, still burning.

Lexi Gold, still composed.

Bianca Page, still furious and still isolated without Samuel Scythe.

Zhalia Fears, smiling like the light has made the shadows more interesting.

Athena Storm, bouncing on her toes, rolling one arm overhead as the crowd energy rises.

Now Sol Azteca joins the race.

The final female remaining becomes UTA Women’s Champion.

John Phillips: "Valentina Blaze, Lexi Gold, Bianca Page, Zhalia Fears, Athena Storm, and now Sol Azteca are all active. The Women’s Championship race just got even more unpredictable."

Mark Bravo: "And Sol is built for this kind of match. She does not chase chaos. She moves through it. She survives while everyone else burns energy."

Sol reaches ringside and slaps hands along the barricade, quick and bright, but as she nears the ring, her expression shifts.

The smile fades into focus.

The rhythm remains in her feet, but the energy tightens.

She slides under the bottom rope, springs up in one fluid motion, and immediately pops to the nearest turnbuckle. She throws her arms wide as the crowd responds.

Crowd: "SOL! SOL! SOL!"

Sol drops back to the mat.

The moment her boots touch canvas, she is no longer performing.

She is reading.

Maxwell Jett and Jacoby Jacobs are still crouched in the far corner with Eric Dane Jr. nearby, creating a deeply obnoxious pocket of self-preservation. Scott Stevens and Mikey Unlikely stand near center, UTA history surrounded by chaos. Maxx Mayhem and Kaine are still grinning through pain near the ropes. Gideon Graves and Graham Keel keep Iron Dominion’s space. Silas Grimm and El Fantasma Oscuro 1 remain aligned, with Malachi Cross cold and still nearby. Hakuryu watches everyone.

Outside the ring, Bobby Dean remains in the battle chair.

Still active.

Still waiting.

Still Bobby.

Bobby Dean: "She’s very fast."

Mark Bravo: "She’s fast, composed, and smart. That is a dangerous combination in a rumble."

Bobby Dean: "I’m two of those."

John Phillips: "Which two?"

Bobby thinks.

Bobby Dean: "Still deciding."

Bianca Page moves first.

Maybe because she hates every new woman entering the match.

Maybe because Sol’s arrival has drawn too much attention.

Maybe because Bianca knows the field is turning against her and wants to strike before Sol can settle in.

Bianca rushes with a forearm.

Sol does not meet it head-on.

She pivots.

Bianca swings through empty space.

Sol catches the wrist, redirects the momentum, and snaps Bianca across the mat with a springboard arm drag after stepping off the middle rope in one seamless motion.

Bianca rolls through, furious, grabbing at the canvas to stop herself from sliding too close to the ropes.

John Phillips: "Springboard arm drag from Sol Azteca! Beautiful movement!"

Mark Bravo: "That is exactly it. Redirect first, strike second. Sol does not waste energy fighting your strength. She makes your own motion betray you."

Valentina Blaze steps toward Sol next, hands raised, not with hatred, but awareness.

Every woman in the ring is a threat.

Sol nods once.

Valentina throws a kick to the thigh.

Sol shifts with it, absorbing just enough, then circles away before Valentina can chain the next strike.

Valentina steps in again.

Sol drops low and clips her with a basement dropkick to the knee.

Valentina drops to one hand, but immediately rolls away from the ropes before Sol can capitalize.

John Phillips: "Sol targets the knee! That Sendai Girls discipline showing immediately."

Mark Bravo: "She is not trying to overpower Valentina. She is trying to take away the base, slow the fire down."

Athena Storm rushes in with speed, perhaps excited by the challenge more than threatened by it.

Athena swings a roundhouse.

Sol ducks under.

Athena spins through.

Sol handsprings away, comes back off the rebound, and snaps an enziguri toward Athena’s head.

Athena barely gets an arm up, absorbing enough to stagger rather than fall.

John Phillips: "Azteca Rush attempt! Athena Storm just barely blocked the enziguri!"

Mark Bravo: "That exchange had rhythm, speed, and purpose. These two could tear the house down one-on-one."

Athena grins despite the shot.

Athena Storm: "Fast."

Sol adjusts her stance, still moving.

Sol Azteca: "Always."

Zhalia Fears slides into the space between them upside down, hands on the canvas, hair falling toward the mat as she looks from Athena to Sol with a grin.

Zhalia Fears: "Sun. Storm. Ghost."

Sol’s head tilts, but her feet never stop shifting.

Sol Azteca: "You are the ghost?"

Zhalia Fears: "Depends who asks."

Zhalia springs up and throws a spinning back elbow.

Sol slips under it and answers with one of her own, catching Zhalia on the shoulder rather than the jaw as Zhalia bends away from the worst of it.

Zhalia laughs and rolls backward.

Sol does not chase.

She resets.

Composed.

Still moving.

John Phillips: "That is Sol’s awareness. She does not rush recklessly, not even when there is an opening."

Mark Bravo: "And in a match like this, that may keep her alive longer than sheer aggression."

Lexi Gold approaches from the side with calm control, and for a second, she and Sol circle.

Lexi reaches for a wrist.

Sol rolls through before the grip can settle and comes up behind Lexi.

Lexi turns, quick enough to avoid being caught clean.

Sol snaps a running kick into the thigh.

Lexi absorbs it and answers with a forearm that catches Sol across the upper chest.

Sol stumbles back two steps, then shifts her footing, regaining composure immediately.

Lexi Gold: "Disciplined."

Sol Azteca: "Still moving."

Before they can continue, Eric Dane Jr. stumbles backward into the women’s field, one hand on his ribs, sunglasses crooked, feather boa half-torn and dangling like defeated confidence.

He turns and finds Sol Azteca in front of him.

Eric Dane Jr.: "Hi. Huge fan of masks. Love the culture. Not my fight."

Sol takes one step toward him.

Eric immediately backs away.

Eric Dane Jr.: "Respectfully, I am currently being persecuted by a scooter."

Maxx Mayhem appears behind Eric.

Maxx Mayhem: "And by friendship!"

Eric jumps and turns into a Maxx forearm that knocks him sideways toward Kaine.

Kaine catches Eric by the shoulders.

Kaine: "Dead but alive."

Eric Dane Jr.: "You keep saying that like it helps!"

Kaine headbutts Eric.

Eric stumbles backward and drops near the ropes, immediately grabbing the bottom strand and refusing to rise.

Mark Bravo: "Eric Dane Jr. and Maxwell Jett are going to start a bottom-rope appreciation society."

John Phillips: "Both men have mastered survival through staying low."

Scott Stevens tries to get to Eric, but Jacoby Jacobs cuts him off with a desperate chop block to the braced knee.

Stevens drops to one knee, grimacing.

Mikey Unlikely immediately grabs Jacoby and spins him around.

Mikey Unlikely: "Bruv, bad idea."

Mikey drills Jacoby with a right hand.

Jacoby staggers backward into Maxwell Jett, who again uses him as a shield as Valentina Blaze turns toward them.

Maxwell Jett: "Jacoby, wall formation!"

Jacoby Jacobs: "I am a person!"

Maxwell Jett: "A person can be a wall with ambition!"

Valentina rushes anyway and kicks Jacoby in the ribs, folding him over. Jett immediately crawls away behind him.

Sol Azteca sees Jett crawling and steps into his path.

Jett freezes on all fours.

Maxwell Jett: "No."

Sol crouches slightly, balanced, mask angled down at him.

Sol Azteca: "Stand."

Maxwell Jett: "I choose not to."

Sol reaches for him, but Graham Keel intercepts, grabbing Sol’s wrist and twisting sharply.

The crowd boos as Keel turns her arm behind her back, trying to slow the newest entrant immediately.

John Phillips: "Graham Keel catches Sol Azteca!"

Mark Bravo: "That is exactly who you do not want grabbing a limb. Keel sees movement and wants to put it in a cage."

Sol breathes once.

Steady.

She does not panic.

She steps through the twist, rolls forward, and turns the pressure into a low sweep at Keel’s ankle.

Keel stumbles, not falling fully, but enough to release the wrist.

Sol pops up and snaps a spinning back elbow into Keel’s jaw.

Keel staggers one step.

Gideon Graves immediately steps in beside his Iron Dominion partner.

Sol looks up at Gideon.

She does not charge.

She circles away.

Mark Bravo: "Smart. Do not crash into the Iron Giant. Make him turn. Make him move. Make him spend energy."

Gideon reaches for her, but Athena Storm comes off the ropes and catches him with a jumping knee to the side of the head.

Gideon staggers.

Sol immediately follows with a running dropkick to Gideon’s knee.

The Iron Giant drops to one knee.

The crowd erupts.

John Phillips: "Athena and Sol combine to drop Gideon Graves to one knee!"

Mark Bravo: "That is not strength. That is timing. Strike high, attack the base, and even a mountain has to adjust."

Hakuryu steps in and catches Gideon with a sharp kick to the ribs, pushing the advantage. Gideon growls and shoves forward, forcing all three to scatter before he can be swarmed completely.

Silas Grimm watches Sol from across the ring now.

El Fantasma Oscuro 1 slowly rises beside him.

Malachi Cross remains nearby, arms folded, cold eyes tracking the new rhythm Sol has introduced.

Sol sees them watching.

She shifts her feet.

Still moving.

Silas steps toward her first.

Silas Grimm: "The sun also dies."

Sol’s posture tightens.

Sol Azteca: "Then it rises again."

The O2 reacts loudly.

Silas throws a palm strike.

Sol pivots away and fires a kick to the inside of his thigh.

El Fantasma rushes from the side, springboarding off the middle rope.

Sol ducks underneath the attack and rolls forward, escaping before Silas and El Fantasma can trap her between them.

John Phillips: "Sol Azteca avoids the Grimm and Fantasma trap!"

Mark Bravo: "That awareness matters. She saw the door closing and got out before the lock turned."

Bianca Page rushes Sol from behind, grabbing at her shoulder and reaching dangerously high toward the top of the mask while trying to yank her backward.

The change in Sol is immediate.

No smile.

No rhythm.

Her entire body snaps tight.

She grabs Bianca’s wrist with both hands before Bianca can touch the mask properly and twists hard.

Bianca cries out, dropping to one knee.

John Phillips: "Bianca went too close to the mask!"

Mark Bravo: "Wrong choice. Wrong, wrong choice."

Sol drives a sharp knee into Bianca’s shoulder.

Then another.

Then pulls her into Corona Strike, a springboard knee that catches Bianca clean as Sol rebounds off the middle rope.

Bianca collapses backward, dazed.

Valentina Blaze grabs Bianca immediately.

Lexi Gold joins her.

Athena Storm rushes in too.

Zhalia Fears appears low at Bianca’s legs.

For one electric second, Bianca Page is in tremendous danger, being dragged toward the top rope by nearly the entire women’s field.

John Phillips: "Bianca Page may be going! Bianca Page may be eliminated from the Women’s Championship race!"

Bianca screams, clawing at the ropes, trying to hook anything she can.

Sol steps in, eyes still sharp from the mask grab, and adds one hand to Bianca’s shoulder.

The crowd rises.

Bianca’s feet leave the canvas.

Then Eric Dane Jr. stumbles backward into the pile after being shoved by Kaine.

Eric crashes into Athena, who crashes into Lexi, and the leverage breaks.

Bianca drops back inside the ring, landing hard on her side but still active.

Mark Bravo: "Eric Dane Jr. just accidentally saved Bianca Page!"

Eric Dane Jr.: "That was not for you!"

Bianca Page: "Nobody thought it was!"

Sol turns toward Eric.

Eric points at the floor.

Eric Dane Jr.: "He pushed me!"

Kaine waves from behind him.

Kaine: "Dead but alive."

Eric Dane Jr.: "Stop confessing to things like that explains them!"

Maxx Mayhem suddenly tackles Eric from the side, and both men roll toward the ropes, tangled in wild punches and shrieking offense. Eric grabs the bottom rope before Maxx can drag him up, refusing elimination danger yet again.

Scott Stevens pulls himself back to his feet after Jacoby's chop block, visibly favoring the knee. He grabs Jacoby by the back of the head and hurls him toward the ropes, but Jacoby hooks the top rope with both arms and drops low before Stevens can finish.

Mikey Unlikely cuts off Maxwell Jett from behind again, forcing Jett to scramble back into the same self-important corner he shares with Eric whenever possible.

Graham Keel rises, rubbing his jaw from Sol's elbow, and stares at her with renewed calculation.

Gideon Graves stands beside him.

Iron Dominion watches Sol Azteca now, not dismissing her as just another fast entrant.

They have seen enough.

Sol keeps moving.

Never stationary.

Never panicked.

Even with giants, veterans, monsters, ghosts, champions, and chaos pressing around her, she circles, resets, and breathes.

The countdown clock appears.

15.

14.

13.

John Phillips: "Sol Azteca has entered the All or Nothing Rumble, and there are no eliminations in this interval, but she has immediately changed the rhythm of this match."

Mark Bravo: "She nearly helped eliminate Bianca Page, escaped Silas and El Fantasma, avoided Iron Dominion's control, and even brought Gideon Graves to one knee. That is a tremendous first ninety seconds."

Bobby Dean: "She told Maxwell to stand."

Mark Bravo: "He did not."

Bobby Dean: "No, but it was nice that she asked."

Crowd: "TEN! NINE! EIGHT!"

Sol Azteca circles near the ropes, still in motion, mask untouched but eyes sharper after Bianca's mistake. Valentina Blaze, Lexi Gold, Bianca Page, Zhalia Fears, and Athena Storm remain active around her in the Women's Championship race. Maxwell Jett and Jacoby Jacobs cling to First Class survival near Eric Dane Jr. Scott Stevens and Mikey Unlikely continue fighting through the chaos. Maxx Mayhem and Kaine brawl near the lower ropes. Gideon Graves and Graham Keel reset as Iron Dominion. Silas Grimm and El Fantasma Oscuro 1 remain aligned, with Malachi Cross standing near them. Hakuryu watches all of it with cold calm.

Crowd: "SEVEN! SIX! FIVE!"

Outside the ring, Bobby Dean remains in the battle chair, still active, still waiting, still eyeing Eric Dane Jr., Maxwell Jett, and the swelling chaos in front of him.

Crowd: "FOUR! THREE! TWO! ONE!"

The buzzer sounds.

BUZZZZZZ!

The O2 is still roaring from Sol Azteca's arrival, the ring now packed so deep with bodies and agendas that every camera angle feels crowded.

Sol stays in motion near one side, mask bright beneath the lights, feet never still, eyes sharper after Bianca Page made the mistake of reaching too close to something sacred. Valentina Blaze, Lexi Gold, Bianca Page, Zhalia Fears, and Athena Storm continue to circle with the Women's Championship implications hanging over every breath. Maxwell Jett, Jacoby Jacobs, and Eric Dane Jr. have formed the most self-important pocket of panic in the match. Scott Stevens and Mikey Unlikely keep trying to bring order and history into a fight that wants neither. Maxx Mayhem and Kaine brawl like two different emergency rooms fighting over the same patient. Gideon Graves and Graham Keel hold Iron Dominion's territory. Silas Grimm and El Fantasma Oscuro 1 remain aligned near the ropes. Malachi Cross stands near them, cold and punishing. Hakuryu watches it all with eerie patience.

And outside the ring, Bobby Dean still sits in the battle chair.

Still active.

Still waiting.

Still somehow part of the match and not part of the match at the same time.

Then the stage turns violent neon.

Sharp pinks.

Sick greens.

Hard white flashes like light reflecting off broken glass.

The video wall fills with spinning razor blades, cutting across a black Detroit skyline. Each blade slices through static until the name appears in jagged silver letters.

NANCY RHODES.

The opening of "Razor's Edge" hits the speakers.

Nancy Rhodes strides through the curtain.

No smile.

No warm connection.

No attempt to charm London.

She walks out like she has already decided somebody in the ring owes her skin.

John Phillips: "Entrant number thirty-six is Nancy Rhodes!"

Mark Bravo: "Detroit grit, underground fight-scene edge, elbows for days, and absolutely no mercy in this woman. Nancy Rhodes is not coming in here to dance around the chaos. She is coming in to carve through it."

Nancy rolls her shoulders at the top of the ramp, then drags one thumb slowly across her own throat, not theatrically enough to be flashy, but cold enough to make the front row react.

Nancy Rhodes: "I don't break bones..."

She starts walking.

Nancy Rhodes: "I slice souls."

The O2 boos, but there is curiosity in it too. Nancy carries herself with the confidence of someone who knows she may not be the biggest name in the match, but she is absolutely willing to be the ugliest problem in it.

John Phillips: "Nancy Rhodes was one of the women involved at ringside back at Victorious during the Amy Harrison and Marie Van Claudio Lumberjill Match, so she is no stranger to being around high-tension women's division chaos."

Mark Bravo: "And now she is inside it, John. That is a very different thing. Final female remaining becomes UTA Women's Champion, and Nancy Rhodes just joined Valentina Blaze, Lexi Gold, Bianca Page, Zhalia Fears, Athena Storm, and Sol Azteca in that race."

Nancy reaches ringside and turns her head toward Bobby Dean in the battle chair.

Bobby looks up at her.

Bobby Dean: "Hello."

Nancy looks at the chair.

Then at Bobby.

Nancy Rhodes: "You hiding or healing?"

Bobby thinks about that.

Bobby Dean: "Strategizing."

Nancy snorts.

Nancy Rhodes: "Same smell."

She turns and slides into the ring under the bottom rope.

She does not go to the corner.

She does not give the crowd one more look.

She comes up swinging.

Athena Storm is closest, and Nancy cracks her with a knife-edge chop across the chest that echoes through the building.

Athena stumbles back a step, more shocked than hurt, and Nancy immediately follows with a spinning razor elbow that catches Athena across the jaw.

John Phillips: "Spinning Razor Elbow by Nancy Rhodes!"

Mark Bravo: "That is the weapon right there. Those elbows come fast, sharp, and mean."

Valentina Blaze rushes Nancy from the side with a kick.

Nancy takes part of it on the thigh, grits her teeth, and fires back with a knife-edge chop that catches Valentina high across the chest.

Valentina answers with a forearm.

Nancy answers with another elbow.

Valentina’s head snaps back, but she stays upright, eyes burning.

Valentina Blaze: "You hit hard."

Nancy Rhodes: "I hit honest."

Nancy goes low next, driving a sliding dagger dropkick into Valentina’s knee. Valentina drops to one hand and rolls away from the ropes, smart enough not to stay vulnerable near the top strand.

John Phillips: "Nancy Rhodes already targeting limbs, trying to slow Valentina Blaze down!"

Mark Bravo: "That is her approach. Hurt the joints, take away the base, then squeeze until something gives."

Lexi Gold steps in now, composed as ever, trying to catch Nancy by the wrist before the Detroit fighter can build momentum.

Nancy lets her take it.

For half a second.

Then Nancy drops hard to one knee like her leg gave out beneath her.

Lexi hesitates, instinctively checking the sudden change.

That is all Nancy needs.

She explodes upward with an elbow beneath Lexi’s jaw, catching her clean and knocking her backward.

John Phillips: "Nancy Rhodes feigned the injury and trapped Lexi Gold!"

Mark Bravo: "That is dirty, smart, and exactly in her wheelhouse. She will fake a limp just to get your chin in range."

Sol Azteca moves in behind Nancy with that constant motion, looking to redirect before striking.

Nancy turns at the last second and swings a back elbow.

Sol ducks underneath, steps through, and snaps a quick kick to Nancy’s calf.

Nancy snarls and reaches for Sol’s mask.

She does not get close.

Sol’s entire demeanor changes instantly.

Her hands snap up and catch Nancy’s wrist, twisting it away with sudden, serious force.

Nancy’s eyes narrow.

Sol Azteca: "No."

Nancy smiles through the pressure.

Nancy Rhodes: "Found the nerve."

Sol drives a knee into Nancy's arm and follows with a spinning back elbow of her own, catching Nancy across the cheek. Nancy stumbles, then laughs through clenched teeth and charges back in with a Bloodletting Clothesline attempt.

Sol ducks beneath it and keeps moving, refusing to be flattened head-on.

John Phillips: "Sol Azteca avoids the Bloodletting Clothesline!"

Mark Bravo: "Nancy went close to the mask and immediately found out Sol's calm has limits."

Zhalia Fears crawls into Nancy's path from the side, grinning.

Zhalia Fears: "Sharp lady."

Nancy looks down at her.

Nancy Rhodes: "Creepy floor girl."

Zhalia laughs and pops up with a forearm.

Nancy blocks enough of it to drive a knee into Zhalia's ribs. Zhalia folds, and Nancy grabs her by the head, snapping her over with a Shark Bite Suplex that dumps Zhalia hard near the center of the ring.

John Phillips: "Shark Bite Suplex by Nancy Rhodes!"

Mark Bravo: "That was nasty. Zhalia moves weird, but Nancy just grabbed her and bit into the opening."

Bianca Page sees Zhalia down and immediately tries to use the moment, rushing toward the ropes to put distance between herself and the rest of the women. Nancy catches Bianca's movement out of the corner of her eye and steps in front of her.

Bianca stops short, irritated.

Bianca Page: "Move."

Nancy Rhodes: "Make me."

Bianca swings for a forearm, but Nancy ducks and catches her leg as Bianca tries to step around her, twisting into the opening grip for Scarlet Scissors.

Bianca panics immediately, knowing that being tied up in the middle of a rumble can be as dangerous as being near the ropes.

Nancy starts to cinch across the ribs, but Athena Storm comes flying in with a running knee, catching Nancy in the shoulder before the hold can fully lock.

Bianca rolls away, clutching at her side and glaring at everyone.

John Phillips: "Athena Storm breaks up the Scarlet Scissors attempt!"

Mark Bravo: "That might have saved Bianca Page, but in this match, it may have only saved her for someone else to eliminate later."

Across the ring, Maxwell Jett crawls behind Jacoby Jacobs and Eric Dane Jr., trying to keep the pile of egos between himself and everyone dangerous.

Nancy spots the crawling champion.

She steps over Bianca and moves toward him.

Maxwell Jett: "No. No thank you. I don’t accept Detroit-based threats."

Nancy reaches down and grabs Jett by the hair.

Jett yelps as she yanks him up.

Nancy Rhodes: "Stand up, pretty boy."

Maxwell Jett: "That’s the second woman to request that, and I still decline!"

Jacoby Jacobs rushes Nancy from behind to save Jett, but Nancy drops suddenly to one knee again, feigning the same leg issue as before.

Jacoby slows for a split second, confused.

Nancy turns and blasts him with the Edge Cutter Kick, catching him across the side of the head.

Jacoby collapses into the ropes and nearly spills over before grabbing the top strand.

John Phillips: "Edge Cutter Kick! Jacoby Jacobs almost went over!"

Mark Bravo: "He hesitated because he thought she was hurt. That is how Nancy Rhodes gets you. She baits sympathy, then punishes you for having it."

Jett uses the distraction to drop flat and roll away under the bottom rope, then back in on the far side yet again.

Maxwell Jett: "Excellent work, Jacoby!"

Jacoby Jacobs: "I got kicked in the skull!"

Maxwell Jett: "And it mattered!"

Eric Dane Jr. gets to his feet near Nancy, sunglasses still crooked, Hardcore Championship safely away at ringside but apparently still emotionally attached to him.

Eric Dane Jr.: "Look, I respect blade imagery. Big fan. Very brandable. But I am currently unavailable for pain."

Nancy chops him across the chest.

Eric screams and clutches himself.

Eric Dane Jr.: "That was not a booking request!"

Maxx Mayhem suddenly grabs Eric from behind and tries to shove him toward Nancy, because in Maxx’s mind this is probably teamwork.

Eric flails.

Nancy steps in and catches Eric with a spinning razor elbow, while Maxx releases him too late and Eric spins away into Kaine.

Kaine headbutts Eric for no clear reason other than proximity.

Eric drops to the mat.

Mark Bravo: "Eric Dane Jr. is becoming the match’s community punching bag."

John Phillips: "He is still active, but he has taken punishment from nearly every direction."

Kaine turns from Eric toward Nancy.

Nancy steps forward.

Kaine grins, face paint smeared.

Kaine: "Dead but alive."

Nancy Rhodes: "Bleed but breathe."

Kaine laughs like that is the best answer he has heard all night and lunges in with a wild forearm. Nancy ducks and comes back with a knife-edge chop. Kaine eats it and fires one back. Nancy answers with an elbow. Kaine answers with a headbutt.

Both stagger.

Both keep coming.

John Phillips: "Nancy Rhodes and Kaine trading in the center!"

Mark Bravo: "That is two people who think pain is a handshake."

Malachi Cross steps between them with a Yakuza Kick aimed at Kaine, but Kaine ducks and the boot catches Nancy in the shoulder instead.

Nancy spins from the impact and drops to one knee.

Malachi looks down at her.

Nancy slowly looks back up, jaw clenched.

Nancy Rhodes: "That all?"

Malachi’s expression does not change.

Malachi Cross: "No."

Before he can follow, Scott Stevens crashes into Malachi with a hard forearm, forcing the punisher backward. Mikey Unlikely joins Stevens, and the two veterans again try to push Malachi toward the ropes.

Silas Grimm and El Fantasma Oscuro 1 move immediately, not necessarily to save Malachi, but to keep the shape of their dangerous corner intact.

El Fantasma springboards in, forcing Mikey to release.

Silas clips Stevens near the braced knee with a palm strike to the thigh.

Stevens staggers but stays upright.

John Phillips: "Silas and El Fantasma break up Stevens and Mikey’s pressure on Malachi!"

Mark Bravo: "That dark side of the ring keeps protecting its own geometry. Whether it is an alliance or just shared danger, it keeps working."

Nancy rises near the women’s cluster again, where Valentina Blaze has Bianca Page trapped against the ropes with Lexi Gold. Athena Storm moves in from the side, and Sol Azteca circles, waiting for the right angle rather than rushing.

Nancy sees Bianca trapped.

She smiles.

Not kindly.

She charges.

Sliding Dagger Dropkick to Bianca’s knee.

Bianca drops lower against the ropes, screaming as the pressure on her base breaks.

Valentina and Lexi try to lift her.

Athena joins.

Sol steps in, hands on Bianca’s shoulder, adding controlled pressure.

Nancy grabs the other leg.

The O2 rises as Bianca’s body starts to tilt over the top rope.

John Phillips: "Bianca Page is in trouble again! Every woman in this field knows what it means if Bianca is gone!"

Mark Bravo: "Final female remaining becomes champion. This is not personal for all of them. This is math with elbows!"

Bianca claws at the top rope, screaming, eyes wide. She has no Samuel Scythe now. No wall. No shield. No easy escape.

Eric Dane Jr. crawls backward from Kaine and accidentally backs into the pile again.

For the second time in as many intervals, Eric’s useless survival instinct disrupts a near-elimination.

His shoulder clips Nancy’s leg, forcing her to stumble sideways and lose Bianca’s foot.

Bianca drops back down inside the ring, still active.

Eric Dane Jr.: "Sorry! My bad! Also not sorry!"

Nancy turns slowly toward him.

Nancy Rhodes: "You."

Eric points at Kaine.

Eric Dane Jr.: "Him."

Kaine waves.

Kaine: "Dead but alive."

Nancy lunges at Eric, but Eric scrambles away on all fours, sliding under the bottom rope and back in near Maxwell Jett, who looks offended to have his technique copied again.

Maxwell Jett: "Stop stealing my survival routes!"

Eric Dane Jr.: "They’re open source!"

Bobby Dean watches from outside, hands on the battle chair controls, eyes narrowing at Eric and then Jett.

Bobby Dean: "They keep crawling."

Mark Bravo: "They do."

Bobby Dean: "The chair does not crawl."

John Phillips: "No, Bobby, it rolls."

Bobby nods slowly, as though this has given him something to consider.

Inside, Nancy turns back into a sudden confrontation with Sol Azteca. Sol stays in motion, circling right. Nancy steps left, trying to cut the lane. Sol redirects and snaps a kick to the leg. Nancy feigns another limp, but Sol does not bite this time.

Sol simply waits.

Nancy’s smirk fades slightly.

Sol Azteca: "No trick twice."

Nancy snarls and charges with a Bloodletting Clothesline.

Sol ducks and rebounds off the ropes.

Nancy turns.

Sol launches with Solar Flare, the springboard corkscrew crossbody catching Nancy clean and taking her to the mat.

John Phillips: "Solar Flare! Sol Azteca takes down Nancy Rhodes!"

Mark Bravo: "That was gorgeous timing. Nancy tried to bait her earlier, and Sol adjusted. That is the Sendai discipline meeting lucha creativity."

Nancy rolls away, clutching her ribs, but stays safely inside the ring.

Bianca Page crawls to the ropes, glaring at the entire women's field with pure hatred. Valentina Blaze resets with one hand on her knee. Lexi Gold rolls her shoulders. Athena Storm keeps bouncing, though one hand checks her jaw. Zhalia Fears smiles from near the lower rope. Sol Azteca keeps moving. Nancy Rhodes pushes up, furious, but still active.

The Women's Championship race has become an entire match within the match.

And nobody in it is giving anyone a clean path.

Gideon Graves suddenly storms through the center and knocks Maxx Mayhem down with a brutal forearm. Graham Keel grabs Kaine by the wrist and tries to trap him against the ropes, but Kaine headbutts free. Scott Stevens catches Jacoby Jacobs with another right hand. Mikey Unlikely keeps Maxwell Jett from sneaking behind him again. Hakuryu steps between Gideon and Malachi, creating another tense three-way collision of force, ritual, and punishment.

Nancy Rhodes pulls herself up by the ropes, eyes locked on Sol Azteca.

Sol keeps circling.

Nancy spits to the side.

Nancy Rhodes: "I'll slice that calm right out of you."

Sol adjusts her stance.

Sol Azteca: "Try."

Nancy starts forward, but Lexi Gold cuts her off with a forearm to the ribs, pulling Nancy into the women's storm again before that issue can continue.

The countdown clock appears.

15.

14.

13.

John Phillips: "Nancy Rhodes has entered the All or Nothing Rumble, and there are no eliminations in this interval, but she immediately brought a brutal, limb-targeting edge to the Women's Championship race."

Mark Bravo: "She nearly helped eliminate Bianca Page, she rocked Athena, trapped Lexi with a fake injury, targeted Valentina's knee, and learned very quickly that Sol Azteca does not play games when the mask is threatened."

Bobby Dean: "She said the chair was hiding."

Mark Bravo: "She said you were hiding."

Bobby Dean: "The chair took it personally."

Crowd: "TEN! NINE! EIGHT!"

Nancy Rhodes pushes back to her feet, still glaring through the women's field. Sol Azteca circles. Valentina Blaze, Lexi Gold, Bianca Page, Zhalia Fears, and Athena Storm remain active. Maxwell Jett, Jacoby Jacobs, and Eric Dane Jr. cling to survival near the ropes. Scott Stevens and Mikey Unlikely keep fighting through the center. Maxx Mayhem and Kaine continue to collide. Gideon Graves and Graham Keel reset as Iron Dominion. Silas Grimm and El Fantasma Oscuro 1 remain aligned near Malachi Cross. Hakuryu watches, ready for the next collision.

Crowd: "SEVEN! SIX! FIVE!"

Outside the ring, Bobby Dean remains in the battle chair, still active, still apparently closer to whatever decision he has been making for nearly the entire match.

Crowd: "FOUR! THREE! TWO! ONE!"

The buzzer sounds.

BUZZZZZZ!

The O2 is still buzzing from Nancy Rhodes carving her way into the Women's Championship race, and the ring looks less like a wrestling match now and more like a storm system made of bodies.

Nancy Rhodes pushes up near the ropes, still glaring at Sol Azteca after getting caught by Solar Flare. Sol keeps moving, feet light, mask bright, eyes sharp. Valentina Blaze, Lexi Gold, Bianca Page, Zhalia Fears, and Athena Storm remain active around them, all aware that the final female standing leaves as UTA Women's Champion.

Elsewhere, Maxwell Jett, Jacoby Jacobs, and Eric Dane Jr. cling to survival and arrogance near the lower ropes. Scott Stevens and Mikey Unlikely continue forcing movement through the center. Maxx Mayhem and Kaine keep colliding in bursts of joyful damage. Gideon Graves and Graham Keel hold Iron Dominion's space like a threat carved into steel. Silas Grimm and El Fantasma Oscuro 1 remain aligned. Malachi Cross stands near them, expressionless and cold. Hakuryu watches everything, waiting for the next opening.

Outside the ring, Bobby Dean remains in the battle chair.

Still active.

Still watching.

Still deciding faster, apparently.

Then the lights change.

Soft blue washes over the stage.

No explosion.

No grand fire.

No screaming guitar.

Just a minimalist electronic hum pulsing through the building, cold and precise, each beat landing like a cursor blinking on a blank screen.

The video wall turns black.

A thin blue grid forms across it.

Numbers flicker.

Angles calculate.

Joint diagrams flash and vanish.

Then the name appears in clean, sterile lettering:

JUNO SAGE.

John Phillips: "Entrant number thirty-seven is Juno Sage!"

Mark Bravo: "The Cold Equation is here, John. Former biomechanical engineering student turned submission artist. She does not wrestle like she is fighting people. She wrestles like she is solving bodies."

Juno Sage steps through the curtain.

Calm.

Quiet.

Eyes cold.

She stops beneath the soft blue light and cracks her knuckles one by one.

Not for drama.

Like switches being activated.

She does not look at the crowd.

She does not acknowledge the boos.

She does not hurry.

John Phillips: "Juno Sage has been around high-tension women’s division warfare before, including the Amy Harrison and Marie Van Claudio Lumberjill Match at Victorious. Tonight, she enters the All or Nothing Rumble with the Women’s Championship race very much alive."

Mark Bravo: "And that field is getting crowded. Valentina Blaze, Lexi Gold, Bianca Page, Zhalia Fears, Athena Storm, Sol Azteca, Nancy Rhodes, and now Juno Sage. Only one of those women can be the final female remaining."

Juno begins her walk down the ramp.

No wasted motion.

No emotion.

She glances once at her wrist as she walks, like she is checking a calculation only she can see.

Inside the ring, Nancy Rhodes notices first.

The Detroit fighter narrows her eyes.

Sol Azteca keeps moving, but even she shifts her attention toward the ramp.

Lexi Gold watches with interest, recognizing control when she sees it.

Bianca Page looks annoyed that yet another woman has entered the race.

Zhalia Fears smiles.

Athena Storm rolls one arm overhead, ready to move.

Valentina Blaze shakes out the leg Nancy clipped and turns toward the newest arrival.

Juno reaches ringside and pauses near Bobby Dean.

Bobby looks up from the battle chair.

Bobby Dean: "Hello."

Juno studies him for one beat.

Juno Sage: "I have no useful data for this."

Bobby nods slowly.

Bobby Dean: "That happens."

Mark Bravo: "Juno Sage may be the first person tonight to admit the battle chair breaks science."

Juno turns from Bobby and slides beneath the bottom rope.

She enters low, rises smoothly, and immediately steps away from the ropes before anyone can trap her there.

Her eyes move across the field.

Valentina favoring the knee.

Athena checking the jaw.

Nancy’s ribs tender after Sol’s crossbody.

Sol protecting the mask lane.

Bianca breathing harder than she wants anyone to notice.

Zhalia smiling too wide.

Lexi composed, but with her shoulders carrying the wear of the match.

Juno glances at her wrist again.

Juno Sage: "Variables identified."

Nancy Rhodes comes at her first.

There is no feeling-out process. Nancy steps in with a knife-edge chop, but Juno shifts half a step back, letting the chop skim instead of land flush. Nancy follows with a spinning razor elbow.

Juno ducks under it.

Nancy turns.

Juno snaps a low roundhouse kick into Nancy’s already-tender ribs.

Nancy grimaces and fires back with a forearm.

Juno absorbs just enough of it, catches the wrist, and uses Nancy’s forward pressure to drag her down into an armbar attempt.

John Phillips: "Juno Sage immediately going after the arm!"

Mark Bravo: "That is Juno. She does not care how tough Nancy is. Toughness does not change joint direction."

Nancy rolls through before the hold can fully lock, kicking free and scrambling to one knee.

Juno does not chase wildly.

She stands.

Watches.

Calculates.

Nancy Rhodes: "You always this cold?"

Juno Sage: "Emotion is a liability. Precision is power."

Nancy spits to the side.

Nancy Rhodes: "Then I'll make you messy."

Nancy charges, but Juno sidesteps and catches her with Dead Code — spinning backfist into a sweep. Nancy's head snaps to the side, then her legs are cut out beneath her, sending her crashing to the mat.

John Phillips: "Dead Code! Juno Sage just took Nancy Rhodes down!"

Mark Bravo: "Backfist to disrupt the brain, sweep to remove the base. That is not flash. That is engineering."

Sol Azteca moves in next, circling fast, refusing to give Juno a static target.

Juno's eyes track her.

Sol feints a kick, pivots, then snaps a real one toward the thigh.

Juno withdraws the leg by inches.

Sol handsprings away and rebounds off the ropes.

Juno drops low as Sol comes back, trying to catch the ankle.

Sol flips over her shoulder and lands behind her.

The crowd reacts at the fluid exchange.

John Phillips: "Sol Azteca avoids Juno's trap!"

Mark Bravo: "That is a fantastic contrast. Sol refuses to become an equation by refusing to stop moving."

Juno turns.

Sol steps in with a forearm.

Juno blocks, drags the arm, feints backward, then suddenly blasts Sol with a left elbow to the jaw.

Calculated Precision.

Sol staggers into the ropes but hooks the top strand with one arm, keeping herself from bouncing dangerously backward.

John Phillips: "Calculated Precision catches Sol Azteca!"

Mark Bravo: "Juno just found the timing. That fast."

Athena Storm rushes in from the side before Juno can capitalize, throwing a roundhouse kick toward her shoulder. Juno ducks under, but Athena spins through and catches her with the second kick across the upper arm.

Juno takes one step back.

One step only.

Then she watches Athena's footwork.

Athena bounces, rolls one arm overhead, and comes in again.

Athena Storm: "Let it rain!"

Juno’s eyes do not blink.

Juno Sage: "Pattern repetitive."

Athena throws a jumping knee.

Juno sidesteps, catches the arm as Athena lands, and tries to pull her straight into Binary Lock.

Athena panics for a rare half-second as Juno’s legs start to climb toward the triangle position.

John Phillips: "Juno looking for Binary Lock on Athena Storm!"

Valentina Blaze breaks it with a kick to Juno’s back before Juno can cinch the armbar-triangle hybrid.

Juno releases and rolls away, immediately resetting to one knee.

Mark Bravo: "Valentina saved Athena there, but not because they are friends. She saved one less variable from being removed too early."

Valentina steps toward Juno now, favoring the knee but still dangerous.

Juno looks down at the leg Nancy attacked earlier.

Valentina sees the look.

Valentina Blaze: "Don’t even think about it."

Juno Sage: "Already did."

Juno fires a low roundhouse toward the knee.

Valentina checks it, wincing from the impact, then answers with a forearm. Juno slips to the side and catches Valentina with a standing STO, driving her down hard.

John Phillips: "Standing STO from Juno Sage!"

Valentina rolls away from the ropes immediately, keeping herself safe despite the impact.

Bianca Page sees Juno rising and tries to attack from behind, but Juno turns before the contact comes.

Bianca stops short.

Bianca Page: "What?"

Juno Sage: "Predictable."

Bianca snarls and swings anyway.

Juno ducks, grabs the wrist, and snaps Bianca down with a quick arm drag. Bianca rolls through and comes up furious, but Lexi Gold is waiting with a forearm that sends Bianca stumbling toward the ropes.

Zhalia Fears appears low, catching Bianca’s ankle.

Sol Azteca steps in from one side.

Athena Storm moves in from the other.

Valentina pushes back up.

Nancy Rhodes rises too, holding her ribs but recognizing the chance.

For one sudden heartbeat, Bianca Page is again surrounded by nearly the entire women’s field.

John Phillips: "Bianca Page is trapped again!"

Mark Bravo: "No Scythe. No wall. No safe lane. Bianca has been living on borrowed seconds since Samuel Scythe was eliminated."

Juno watches the cluster.

She does not rush in emotionally.

She glances at her wrist.

Then steps forward and targets Bianca’s arm, twisting it behind her back as the others try to lift.

Bianca screams as her shoulder is compromised.

Her feet leave the canvas.

The O2 rises.

Then Eric Dane Jr. comes flying sideways into the pile after Maxx Mayhem slings him away from Kaine.

Eric crashes into Athena and Nancy, breaking just enough leverage for Bianca to drop back inside the ring again.

John Phillips: "Eric Dane Jr. accidentally saves Bianca Page again!"

Mark Bravo: "This is the second straight interval where Eric’s cowardice has become Bianca’s guardian angel!"

Bianca rolls away, clutching her shoulder, eyes wild with fury.

Bianca Page: "Stop falling into my business!"

Eric points at Maxx.

Eric Dane Jr.: "He threw me into your business!"

Maxx Mayhem: "Business looked open!"

Bobby Dean watches from outside, slowly nodding.

Bobby Dean: "That does sound like Maxx."

Juno Sage turns toward Eric Dane Jr., expression unreadable.

Eric looks at her and immediately holds up both hands.

Eric Dane Jr.: "Nope. I do not consent to math violence."

Juno steps toward him.

Eric backs into Maxwell Jett and Jacoby Jacobs.

Maxwell Jett looks over Eric’s shoulder at Juno.

Maxwell Jett: "Ah. No. First Class does not participate in STEM-based submissions."

Jacoby Jacobs, still half-dazed from the punishment he has taken, nods.

Jacoby Jacobs: "We barely participate in regular ones."

Juno steps closer.

Maxwell Jett immediately shoves Jacoby forward.

Maxwell Jett: "Associate variable!"

Jacoby stumbles toward Juno.

Jacoby Jacobs: "Stop making me variables!"

Juno catches Jacoby with a low roundhouse to the thigh, then a snapmare driver that plants him near the center of the ring.

John Phillips: "Snapmare Driver by Juno Sage!"

Mark Bravo: "Jacoby Jacobs just got solved."

Maxwell Jett applauds once from behind Eric Dane Jr.

Maxwell Jett: "Excellent data collection, Jacoby!"

Eric looks at Jett.

Eric Dane Jr.: "You are a terrible friend."

Maxwell Jett: "I am an incredible survivor."

Scott Stevens hears that from across the ring and starts toward the self-important corner again.

Jett sees him coming and instantly drops low behind Eric.

Eric sees Stevens too and tries to drop lower than Jett.

The two men nearly collide trying to be the lowest coward in the same space.

Mark Bravo: "They are fighting over the bottom rope like it’s beachfront property."

Mikey Unlikely joins Stevens, but Silas Grimm and El Fantasma Oscuro 1 cut them off from the side. Silas catches Stevens with a palm strike to the ribs, while El Fantasma springboards toward Mikey.

Mikey ducks beneath the springboard attack, but El Fantasma lands safely, still silent and still active.

Malachi Cross steps toward Mikey, but Kaine barrels into Malachi from the side, laughing as the two crash toward the ropes.

Malachi hooks the top rope to stay safe, then drives a knee into Kaine’s ribs.

Kaine folds, laughs, and comes back with a headbutt.

John Phillips: "Kaine and Malachi Cross colliding again!"

Mark Bravo: "That is not a fight. That is a punishment contest."

Gideon Graves and Graham Keel decide to move through the center, and that creates immediate danger for the women’s field. Gideon shoves Athena Storm aside with raw power. Keel grabs Nancy Rhodes by the wrist, perhaps irritated by her own limb-targeting tactics, and twists hard.

Nancy grimaces and tries to fake a knee buckle again.

Keel does not bite.

Graham Keel: "Transparent."

He wrenches the arm harder.

Juno Sage steps beside him, looking down at Nancy’s captured limb.

For a strange second, Graham Keel and Juno Sage share the same analytical space.

Two people who see bodies as mechanisms.

Keel glances at Juno.

Juno glances at Nancy’s shoulder.

Juno Sage: "External rotation weak."

Graham Keel: "Obviously."

Nancy snarls.

Nancy Rhodes: "Both of you can shut up."

She drives a boot backward into Keel’s knee, then elbows Juno in the ribs to break free from both.

The crowd pops despite Nancy’s attitude, simply because nobody wants to see her dissected by two cold technicians at once.

John Phillips: "Nancy Rhodes fights out of Graham Keel and Juno Sage’s shared pressure!"

Mark Bravo: "That was the nerdiest mugging I have ever seen."

Sol Azteca rushes back in and catches Juno with a quick kick to the thigh, then spins into a back elbow. Juno blocks part of it, but Sol’s movement forces her backward toward the ropes.

Sol steps in fast, trying to lift Juno toward elimination.

Juno immediately hooks the top rope with one arm and shifts her weight down, making herself heavy.

Sol tries to adjust.

Juno catches Sol’s wrist and twists, trapping her arm over the top rope instead.

John Phillips: "Juno Sage using the ropes to trap Sol Azteca’s arm!"

Athena Storm breaks it with a jumping knee to Juno’s shoulder, freeing Sol before Juno can drag her deeper into danger.

Juno releases and rolls inward, safely away from the top rope.

Mark Bravo: "Juno almost turned Sol’s elimination attempt into an arm trap. That is real-time adaptation."

Zhalia Fears appears beside Juno as she rises.

Zhalia smiles.

Zhalia Fears: "You count ghosts too?"

Juno looks at her.

Juno Sage: "Only patterns."

Zhalia Fears: "Good luck."

Zhalia lunges with a sudden forearm.

Juno ducks and sweeps.

Zhalia jumps the sweep and lands behind her.

Juno turns into a grin.

Zhalia flicks two fingers under Juno’s chin.

Zhalia Fears: "No pattern."

Juno answers with a short hop Reactive Stomp after a quick rope rebound, catching Zhalia across the shoulder as she tries to duck away.

Zhalia rolls to the mat, laughing and clutching the arm.

Juno Sage: "Pattern found."

Before Juno can follow, Lexi Gold grabs her from behind and tries to pull her toward the ropes. Juno drops her weight and reaches for Lexi's arm, but Lexi keeps the grip short, careful not to let the submission artist have enough space to twist.

Valentina Blaze joins Lexi, driving a forearm into Juno's side.

Juno is forced toward the ropes.

The crowd rises.

John Phillips: "Juno Sage may be in trouble here!"

Nancy Rhodes comes in too, looking to pay Juno back for the earlier armbar attempt.

Juno grabs the top rope with both hands before they can lift.

Bianca Page, seeing three women focused elsewhere, crawls away from the group, trying to reset.

Sol Azteca catches Bianca's movement and steps into her path.

Bianca freezes, then points behind Sol.

Bianca Page: "Juno's going out."

Sol does not look.

Sol Azteca: "So are you, eventually."

Bianca's face hardens.

She lunges at Sol, and the two collide near the ropes, neither going over.

Juno, meanwhile, uses Lexi and Valentina's pressure against them, slipping one shoulder low and dragging Lexi's arm across the top rope. Lexi releases with a grimace. Valentina keeps pushing, but Juno kicks low into the bad leg again.

Valentina drops back a step, and Juno slips free.

Mark Bravo: "Juno escapes! She attacked Lexi's arm and Valentina's damaged leg to break the elimination attempt!"

Nancy charges at Juno with the Bloodletting Clothesline.

Juno ducks.

Nancy's momentum carries her toward the ropes.

She catches herself before going over, but Juno immediately rushes behind her and tries to lift one leg.

Nancy kicks backward hard, catching Juno in the ribs and forcing her away.

John Phillips: "Nancy Rhodes survives the counter attempt!"

Gideon Graves suddenly shoves through the women's field, forcing everyone to scatter. Keel follows, and Iron Dominion retakes center space. Scott Stevens limps into the frame and throws a hard right hand at Gideon. Gideon answers. Mikey Unlikely catches Keel with a shot. El Fantasma springboards into the moving bodies and forces all four to shift.

The ring becomes motion again.

No clean control.

No clean alliances beyond the ones already forming.

Only survival, violence, calculation, and timing.

Juno Sage backs into a corner, not hiding, not panicking.

She glances at her wrist again.

Then at the women still active.

Valentina Blaze.

Lexi Gold.

Bianca Page.

Zhalia Fears.

Athena Storm.

Sol Azteca.

Nancy Rhodes.

All variables.

All threats.

All paths to the Women’s Championship.

The countdown clock appears.

15.

14.

13.

John Phillips: "Juno Sage has entered the All or Nothing Rumble, and there are no eliminations in this interval, but The Cold Equation has already made the Women’s Championship race even more dangerous."

Mark Bravo: "She nearly trapped Athena in Binary Lock, took Nancy down with Dead Code, escaped Sol, kicked Valentina’s bad leg, and almost helped finish Bianca’s night. That is a lot of damage for ninety seconds."

Bobby Dean: "She said she had no useful data for the chair."

Mark Bravo: "Honestly, neither do I."

Bobby Dean: "That means the chair is unpredictable."

John Phillips: "That may be true."

Crowd: "TEN! NINE! EIGHT!"

Juno Sage resets in the corner, calm and watchful. Nancy Rhodes glares at her from one side. Sol Azteca keeps moving. Valentina Blaze checks her knee. Lexi Gold shakes out her arm. Bianca Page clings to the ropes, breathing hard. Zhalia Fears smiles from the mat. Athena Storm rolls one shoulder and bounces back to her feet.

Crowd: "SEVEN! SIX! FIVE!"

Maxwell Jett, Jacoby Jacobs, and Eric Dane Jr. remain clustered near the lower ropes. Scott Stevens and Mikey Unlikely fight through the center. Maxx Mayhem and Kaine keep trading chaos. Gideon Graves and Graham Keel stand as Iron Dominion. Silas Grimm and El Fantasma Oscuro 1 remain aligned, with Malachi Cross nearby. Hakuryu

waits, still composed. Outside, Bobby Dean remains in the battle chair, still active.

Crowd: "FOUR! THREE! TWO! ONE!"

The buzzer sounds.

BUZZZZZZ!

The O2 is already in a state of beautiful disaster.

Juno Sage has added cold calculation to the Women’s Championship race. Nancy Rhodes is still hunting for elbows and vulnerable joints. Sol Azteca keeps moving with constant rhythm. Valentina Blaze checks her knee but refuses to slow. Lexi Gold shakes out her arm. Bianca Page clings to survival, angry and isolated. Zhalia Fears smiles from strange angles. Athena Storm keeps bouncing, ready to strike again.

Maxwell Jett, Jacoby Jacobs, and Eric Dane Jr. remain collected near the ropes in the most arrogant disaster triangle imaginable. Scott Stevens and Mikey Unlikely are still fighting through the center. Maxx Mayhem and Kaine keep finding one another with the kind of gravitational pull usually reserved for car crashes. Gideon Graves and Graham Keel hold Iron Dominion’s territory. Silas Grimm and El Fantasma Oscuro 1 remain aligned with Malachi Cross looming nearby. Hakuryu watches the entire field like a man waiting for fate to blink first.

And outside the ring, Bobby Dean remains in the battle chair.

Still active.

Still waiting.

Still somehow becoming more suspicious the longer he does nothing.

Then red and white strobes explode across the stage.

The beat hits hard.

Latin EDM surges through The O2, bright and infectious, cutting through the darkness, the fog, the industrial threat, the creepy rituals, and every self-important corner of the rumble.

The video wall flashes in rhythmic bursts:

RED ROCKET.

Then the name slams across the screen:

TYLER CRUZ.

The O2 erupts.

John Phillips: "Entrant number thirty-eight is Tyler Cruz! The Red Rocket is here!"

Mark Bravo: "And if this match needed oxygen, here it comes! Tyler Cruz is pure speed, swagger, lucha heritage, and enough showmanship to make half this ring look like they’re moving through wet cement!"

Tyler Cruz bursts through the curtain already moving with the music.

Red and white strobes sync to the beat as Cruz dances at the top of the ramp, shoulders rolling, hips snapping, arms raised high as he claps above his head.

The crowd instantly joins him.

Crowd: "CLAP! CLAP! CLAP! CLAP!"

Tyler grins wide, points to the fans on one side, then the other, and calls out to the entire arena.

Tyler Cruz: "Ride the rocket — ¡vamos!"

The crowd roars.

John Phillips: "Tyler Cruz, a flamboyant second-generation luchador from San Antonio, Texas, blending traditional tecnica with new-age showboating. One half of Velocity Vanguard, and one of the most exciting young athletes in UTA."

Mark Bravo: "He handsprings, flips, claps, dances, and then kicks your head sideways before you remember you were supposed to be defending yourself."

Tyler starts down the ramp with a chain of handsprings, each one cleaner than the last, red and white lights flashing across his body as he lands, pops up, spins, and keeps clapping to the rhythm.

Inside the ring, El Fantasma Oscuro 1 slowly rises from his crouch.

There is history there.

Velocity Vanguard and El Fantasma.

Speed against dread.

Light against suffocation.

Tyler sees him from the ramp and points directly at the masked figure.

Tyler Cruz: "I see you!"

El Fantasma says nothing.

He never does.

John Phillips: "Tyler Cruz and El Fantasma Oscuro 1 have crossed paths before, and you saw El Fantasma react the moment that music hit."

Mark Bravo: "Tyler knows what that mask means. He knows what that pressure feels like. But he also knows how to make ghosts chase rhythm."

Tyler reaches ringside and immediately cuts toward Bobby Dean’s battle chair.

Bobby looks up.

Tyler claps twice.

Bobby, after a beat, claps twice back from the chair.

Tyler Cruz: "You coming in, Bobby?"

Bobby Dean: "Eventually."

Tyler Cruz: "That’s a long entrance."

Bobby Dean: "It’s dramatic."

Tyler nods like he accepts that answer completely.

Tyler Cruz: "Respect."

Then Tyler turns, leaps onto the apron, and vaults over the top rope in one clean motion.

He lands in a crouch.

Claps once.

The crowd claps with him.

Then the Red Rocket launches.

Jacoby Jacobs is the first target, because Jacoby is unfortunately upright and too close.

Tyler hits the ropes, rebounds, and snaps into a tilt-a-whirl headscissors that sends Jacoby flying across the ring and crashing near Maxwell Jett.

John Phillips: "Tilt-a-whirl headscissors by Tyler Cruz!"

Mark Bravo: "Jacoby Jacobs has spent this entire match being punished for knowing Maxwell Jett!"

Maxwell Jett immediately grabs Jacoby by the shoulder and points at him like he is making a strategic note.

Maxwell Jett: "You absorbed that very professionally."

Jacoby Jacobs: "I didn’t absorb it! I was thrown!"

Tyler rushes them both.

Jett screams and drops flat.

Jacoby tries to stand and eats a back-flip dropkick from Cruz that sends him tumbling backward into Eric Dane Jr.

Eric catches Jacoby, then immediately regrets it.

Eric Dane Jr.: "Why is everyone landing on me now? I am the Hardcore Champion!"

Tyler pops up and claps overhead again.

Crowd: "CLAP! CLAP! CLAP! CLAP!"

Eric points at him.

Eric Dane Jr.: "No. No rhythm. No crowd participation. I am injured spiritually."

Tyler grins and charges.

Eric swings wildly.

Tyler ducks, steps onto the middle rope, and launches backward with a rope-walk arm drag that sends Eric flipping across the canvas.

Eric lands hard and instantly crawls toward the bottom rope, sunglasses somehow still on his face.

John Phillips: "Rope-walk arm drag! Eric Dane Jr. just got launched!"

Mark Bravo: "The Red Rocket has cleared First Class and the Hardcore Champion in about twenty seconds!"

Maxx Mayhem sees Tyler flying around and throws both arms up.

Maxx Mayhem: "Do me!"

Tyler pauses.

Tyler Cruz: "What?"

Maxx Mayhem: "Throw me cool!"

Kaine, standing beside Maxx, nods seriously.

Kaine: "Cool pain."

Tyler blinks, then shrugs and rushes Maxx. Maxx lowers his head way too early, and Tyler rolls over his back into a

pop-up rana position, using Maxx’s own lift to swing through and send Mayhem flipping across the mat.

Maxx lands, rolls, pops up dizzy, and points at Tyler.

Maxx Mayhem: "Again later!"

Kaine claps once, approving.

Kaine: "Alive."

Mark Bravo: "Maxx Mayhem just requested being hit with offense like it was dessert."

Tyler turns from Maxx directly into Kaine.

Kaine grins through smeared face paint.

Kaine: "Dead but alive."

Tyler Cruz: "Fast but faster."

Tyler darts in with a feint, claps once, ducks Kaine’s wild forearm, hits the ropes, and catches him with a rope-skip enzuigiri that clips Kaine across the side of the head.

Kaine staggers backward into the ropes, laughing through the shot.

Tyler charges, perhaps thinking elimination.

Kaine drops low and rolls under the bottom rope to the apron to avoid the danger, then slides right back in before Tyler can adjust.

John Phillips: "Kaine avoids the elimination attempt!"

Mark Bravo: "Tyler came in hot, but Kaine’s too weird to be predictable."

El Fantasma Oscuro 1 moves now.

Silent.

Quick.

He springboards from the far ropes toward Tyler.

Tyler turns at the last second and ducks beneath the attack, then handsprings forward and pops up facing the masked man.

The O2 rises instantly.

John Phillips: "Tyler Cruz and El Fantasma Oscuro 1!"

Mark Bravo: "Here we go! Red Rocket and the phantom!"

El Fantasma rushes.

Tyler leapfrogs.

El Fantasma rebounds.

Tyler drops flat.

El Fantasma springboards instead of stepping over, twisting backward into a moonsault attack.

Tyler rolls through beneath it, pops to his feet, and catches El Fantasma with a back-flip dropkick that sends the masked man staggering toward the ropes.

The crowd explodes.

John Phillips: "Tyler Cruz caught El Fantasma!"

Tyler charges immediately, looking to capitalize.

Silas Grimm steps into the lane.

Palm strike to the ribs.

Tyler folds for half a second, and El Fantasma recovers, grabbing the ropes before Tyler can reach him again.

Mark Bravo: "Silas Grimm saves El Fantasma Oscuro 1 from real danger!"

Tyler looks up at Silas, one hand at his ribs.

Tyler Cruz: "You always ruin the fun?"

Silas Grimm: "Fun is a shallow grave."

Tyler considers that.

Tyler Cruz: "So yes."

Tyler throws a quick forearm at Silas.

Silas absorbs part of it and reaches for him, but Tyler spins behind him and snaps off a rope-skip enzuigiri attempt.

Silas ducks just enough for the kick to graze, then Malachi Cross appears in Tyler’s path.

Tyler skids to a stop.

Malachi stares down at him.

Malachi Cross: "Movement is not salvation."

Tyler Cruz: "It’s pretty useful though."

Tyler ducks under Malachi’s Yakuza Kick and sprints to the ropes.

On the rebound, he leaps for a pop-up rana, but Malachi catches him in midair by sheer force and tries to hurl him toward the ropes.

Tyler twists free before the throw can become an elimination, lands on the apron through the middle rope, then springboards back in with a missile-style dropkick to Malachi’s chest.

Malachi staggers backward one step.

Only one.

John Phillips: "Tyler Cruz with a springboard dropkick to Malachi Cross!"

Mark Bravo: "And Malachi moved one step. That’s like kicking a crypt door."

Graham Keel steps in next, reaching for Tyler’s wrist mid-motion.

Tyler slips the grip, cartwheels away, and claps once to the crowd.

Keel’s eyes narrow.

Graham Keel: "Wasteful."

Tyler Cruz: "Stylish."

Keel shoots again, this time catching the wrist.

Tyler rolls through, but Keel follows, trying to trap the arm. Tyler kips up off the mat and uses the momentum to twist

into a quick arm drag that sends Keel sliding one step backward.

Keel does not fall.

He simply adjusts his stance.

Gideon Graves steps beside him.

Tyler looks up at both members of Iron Dominion.

Tyler Cruz: "That’s a lot of serious."

Gideon lunges.

Tyler dives between his legs and pops out behind him.

Gideon turns into a springboard back elbow from Athena Storm, followed by a quick basement dropkick from Sol Azteca to the knee. Tyler adds a running corner tornillo-style Rocket Burst to Gideon’s chest as The Iron Giant stumbles back into the buckles.

The O2 erupts as Gideon is briefly swarmed.

John Phillips: "Rocket Burst from Tyler Cruz! Athena, Sol, and Tyler all combining against Gideon Graves!"

Mark Bravo: "That is how you deal with a monster. You do not line up. You hit him from everywhere and hope he forgets which direction hurts most."

Gideon shoves out of the corner, throwing all three back with raw power, but the burst has slowed him.

Juno Sage moves in immediately, not to help, but to target Tyler’s landing pattern. She catches his arm as he turns from the corner and twists him into a quick trap.

Tyler winces.

Juno Sage: "Trajectory predictable after flourish."

Tyler Cruz: "You say that like flourish is bad."

He flips forward through the grip, lands on his feet, and arm-drags Juno away before she can transition into Binary Lock.

Juno rolls through and rises immediately, eyes colder now.

John Phillips: "Tyler Cruz escapes Juno Sage before she can trap him!"

Mark Bravo: "That was a good escape, but Juno just learned something. That’s the scary part."

Nancy Rhodes rushes Tyler from the side with a Bloodletting Clothesline.

Tyler ducks under and springs to the middle rope.

Nancy turns directly into a rope-walk arm drag that sends her tumbling toward the ropes.

Nancy grabs the top strand and stops herself before going over.

Tyler claps once.

Nancy glares at him.

Nancy Rhodes: "Cute."

Tyler Cruz: "Effective."

Nancy charges again, but Lexi Gold catches her with a forearm from the side, keeping the Women’s Championship

race violent and crowded.

Bianca Page tries to crawl behind the women’s cluster, but Zhalia Fears appears beside her on all fours.

Zhalia Fears: "Where are we going?"

Bianca Page: "Away from you."

Bianca scrambles up and shoves Zhalia toward the ropes. Zhalia hooks them and laughs, but Valentina Blaze catches Bianca with a kick to the ribs before Bianca can follow up.

Athena Storm charges from the other side.

Sol Azteca steps in.

Juno Sage, Nancy Rhodes, and Lexi Gold all turn toward the same target again.

Bianca’s eyes widen.

John Phillips: "Bianca Page is surrounded again!"

Mark Bravo: "The whole women’s field knows Bianca has survived too many close calls!"

They surge toward her, but Tyler Cruz comes flying through the cluster with a Spiral Tap-style twisting splash onto Kaine and Maxx Mayhem, who have brawled too close to the women’s side. The impact scatters bodies, clips Athena’s shoulder, bumps Nancy, and causes the entire elimination attempt on Bianca to break down before it starts.

Bianca drops flat to the mat and rolls away, still alive.

Mark Bravo: "Tyler Cruz just accidentally saved Bianca Page this time!"

John Phillips: "The Red Rocket’s impact scattered the field!"

Tyler rolls through the landing and pops up, apologizing quickly toward Athena and Sol.

Tyler Cruz: "My bad! Crowded airspace!"

Athena shakes her head but keeps moving.

Athena Storm: "Watch your flight path!"

Maxx Mayhem rises from the splash and points at Tyler with wild approval.

Maxx Mayhem: "He fell fancy!"

Kaine sits up beside him.

Kaine: "Alive fancy."

Eric Dane Jr., still crawling near the ropes, looks up at Tyler.

Eric Dane Jr.: "You think you’re flashy? I invented flashy."

Tyler looks at Eric’s crooked sunglasses and torn boa.

Tyler Cruz: "You look like flashy lost a fight."

The crowd pops.

Eric gasps, deeply wounded.

Eric Dane Jr.: "This boa has been through war!"

Tyler rushes him.

Eric screams and pulls Maxwell Jett into the path by the wrist.

Jett screams louder.

Tyler adjusts mid-run, springboards to the ropes, and comes back with a crossbody that wipes out both Eric and Jett, with Jacoby Jacobs getting crushed underneath them because that is apparently his role tonight.

John Phillips: "Tyler Cruz wipes out Eric Dane Jr., Maxwell Jett, and Jacoby Jacobs!"

Mark Bravo: "That is the most satisfying pile of cowards I have seen all night!"

Scott Stevens steps into the scene and grabs Maxwell Jett as Jett tries to crawl away from the pile.

The crowd roars.

Scott Stevens: "Still running?"

Maxwell Jett: "Still surviving!"

Stevens starts to drag him toward the ropes, but Jacoby grabs Stevens' bad leg from the mat again, stopping the movement. Eric rolls away. Tyler turns, looking to help, but El Fantasma Oscuro 1 springboards back into the frame and catches Tyler with a sharp dropkick to the chest.

Tyler hits the mat and rolls, but stays active.

El Fantasma lands in a crouch.

Tyler pops to one knee.

They stare at each other again.

The crowd rises.

John Phillips: "Tyler Cruz and El Fantasma Oscuro 1 keep finding each other in this interval!"

Mark Bravo: "That tag team history does not disappear just because the match is bigger."

Tyler stands and claps once.

El Fantasma slowly tilts his head.

Silas Grimm steps beside the masked man.

Tyler glances at Silas.

Tyler Cruz: "You brought the fun police again."

Silas says nothing.

He simply lunges.

Tyler ducks beneath the palm strike, hits the ropes, and comes back fast.

El Fantasma lowers himself for a counter.

Tyler leaps over him and lands near the opposite ropes, but Graham Keel is there to cut off the lane.

Keel reaches for the arm.

Tyler barely pulls free, but Keel catches enough wrist to yank him off balance.

Gideon Graves steps forward, looking to crush him.

Hakuryu suddenly cuts in with a sharp kick to Gideon's ribs, breaking the Iron Giant's path and allowing Tyler to roll clear.

Tyler lands near Hakuryu and looks up.

Tyler Cruz: "Thanks."

Hakuryu does not look at him.

He simply brings his hands together for a brief moment.

Mark Bravo: "Hakuryu just saved Tyler Cruz from becoming a stain under Gideon Graves."

John Phillips: "Whether intentional or not, Tyler remains alive."

Tyler sees the opening, hits the ropes one more time, and launches toward the crowded center with a high springboard crossbody that knocks Jacoby Jacobs, Juno Sage, and Nancy Rhodes apart in the scramble.

Juno rolls out safely.

Nancy clutches her ribs.

Jacoby lands flat on his back.

Jacoby Jacobs: "I hate rockets!"

Tyler pops back up, clapping with the crowd as the entire ring tries to absorb the burst of movement he has injected into it.

No eliminations yet.

But the pace has changed.

The crowd is louder.

The bodies are more scattered.

And El Fantasma Oscuro 1 has not taken his eyes off Tyler Cruz.

The countdown clock appears.

15.

14.

13.

John Phillips: "Tyler Cruz has entered the All or Nothing Rumble, and there are no eliminations in this interval, but The Red Rocket has brought a major speed burst to this already chaotic field."

Mark Bravo: "He hit Jacoby, Eric, Jett, Maxx, Kaine, tangled with El Fantasma, escaped Juno, irritated Graham Keel, and somehow made Bobby Dean clap from a battle chair. That is a productive ninety seconds."

Bobby Dean: "He respected the entrance."

Mark Bravo: "The chair entrance?"

Bobby Dean: "Long-term storytelling."

Crowd: "TEN! NINE! EIGHT!"

Tyler Cruz claps with the London crowd near the ropes, still bouncing, still smiling, still dangerous. El Fantasma Oscuro 1 and Silas Grimm watch him from the other side. Graham Keel and Gideon Graves reset as Iron Dominion. Mikey Unlikely and Scott Stevens continue working through the center. Maxwell Jett, Jacoby Jacobs, and Eric Dane Jr. remain alive near the lower ropes. Maxx Mayhem and Kaine keep crawling back toward violence. Malachi Cross stands cold near the shadows. Hakuryu remains composed.

Crowd: "SEVEN! SIX! FIVE!"

The women’s field remains crowded and volatile: Valentina Blaze, Lexi Gold, Bianca Page, Zhalia Fears, Athena Storm, Sol Azteca, Nancy Rhodes, and Juno Sage all still active, all still fighting toward the same championship path.

Crowd: "FOUR! THREE! TWO! ONE!"

The buzzer sounds.

BUZZZZZZ!

The O2 is still clapping from Tyler Cruz’s burst of motion when the arena suddenly falls into darkness.

Not the cold darkness of El Fantasma.

Not the funeral shadow of Malachi Cross.

This darkness feels suspended.

Waiting.

Then white orbs begin to float across the arena.

Small at first.

Then dozens.

Then shimmering gold streaks cut down from the rafters, moving in frantic rhythm across the blackened building. Deep navy pulses beat through the shadows, each one syncing with the ethereal guitar intro of “Healing Pool” by Safest Ledge.

The crowd rises, unsure at first, then louder as the stage begins glowing white and gold.

The video wall flashes:

THE ARCHANGEL.

Then the name appears in brilliant white:

SAVIOR HAWKINS.

John Phillips: "Entrant number thirty-nine is Savior Hawkins! The Archangel is making his official UTA debut in the All or Nothing Rumble!"

Mark Bravo: "What a stage for a debut, John! Seventy-person rumble, every championship in play, The O2 in London, and Savior Hawkins walks into the most chaotic match UTA can possibly offer!"

The first explosive climax of the song hits.

White and gold pyrotechnics detonate across the stage.

Savior Hawkins bursts through the curtain like he has been launched by the light itself.

He sprints to the edge of the ramp, arms waving, rallying the London crowd instantly. White, dark blue, and gold catch across his gear as he plants his feet, draws back an invisible bow, and screams with the building.

Savior Hawkins: "SHOWTIME!"

The O2 answers.

Crowd: "SHOWTIME!"

John Phillips: "Savior Hawkins from Orlando, Florida, born in San Juan, Puerto Rico. A young man with enormous

expectations on his shoulders, a hybrid competitor who blends technical wrestling, aerial offense, and striking with real purpose."

Mark Bravo: "And listen to this reaction! They may not know every chapter yet, but they can feel the energy. He is not walking into UTA quietly."

Savior bypasses the ring at first, taking a high-energy lap around ringside. He tags hands along the barricade, hops briefly onto the rail to lean into the front row, then drops back down and keeps moving like stopping would betray something inside him.

Inside the ring, almost everyone notices.

Tyler Cruz keeps clapping to the rhythm, grinning as another high-energy athlete enters the storm.

Athena Storm rolls one arm overhead, feeling the crowd surge.

Sol Azteca watches the footwork.

Juno Sage studies the movement like an equation already beginning to form.

Graham Keel’s eyes narrow at the ankle, the stance, the mechanics.

Maxwell Jett groans from the self-important survival corner.

Maxwell Jett: "No. No more inspirational athletes. This match is over capacity for hope."

Jacoby Jacobs, still battered from being used as a shield, looks at Jett.

Jacoby Jacobs: "He looks fresh."

Maxwell Jett: "Then make him stale."

Jacoby Jacobs: "I hate when you say things like that."

Savior finishes the lap and pauses near Bobby Dean’s battle chair.

Bobby looks up.

Savior, chest heaving from the sprint, gives him a respectful nod.

Savior Hawkins: "You still in this?"

Bobby Dean: "Technically and spiritually."

Savior looks at the battle chair, then back at Bobby.

Savior Hawkins: "Then keep moving forward."

Bobby considers that deeply.

Bobby Dean: "It rolls forward."

Mark Bravo: "That may be the most meaningful thing anyone has said to Bobby Dean all match."

Savior pivots back toward the ring as the song reaches another swell. He sprints toward the apron, slides under the bottom rope, and pops up instantly to his feet.

He scales the nearest turnbuckle in one fluid burst.

The white and gold lights flash behind him.

Savior draws the invisible bow again, holding the pose for one cinematic heartbeat as the crowd roars.

Savior Hawkins: "SHOWTIME!"

Crowd: "SHOWTIME!"

Then he hops down.

The smile fades.

The crowd connection remains, but it tightens into focus.

Savior begins bouncing lightly on the balls of his feet, shifting into that rhythmic boxing-style footwork. The Archangel's eyes lock onto the chaos in front of him.

Then he moves.

Jacoby Jacobs rushes him first, perhaps because Maxwell Jett shoved him, perhaps because Jacoby has learned nothing, perhaps because both things can be true.

Jacoby throws a forearm.

Savior slips inside it.

Flying forearm.

Jacoby staggers.

Savior hits the ropes.

Second flying forearm.

Jacoby stumbles backward toward the corner.

Savior rebounds again.

Third flying forearm.

Jacoby reels out of the corner, dazed, arms loose, eyes blinking in panic.

Savior plants, turns, and explodes upward with a shattering knee strike that catches Jacoby under the jaw.

John Phillips: "Divine Blitz! Savior Hawkins just leveled Jacoby Jacobs!"

Mark Bravo: "That was crisp! Three forearms building the crowd higher and higher, then that knee landed right when the building peaked!"

Maxwell Jett reaches out from the corner, trying to pull Jacoby back to safety.

Savior catches Jett's wrist.

The crowd erupts.

Maxwell Jett: "No. Let go. I am not part of your debut package."

Savior yanks Jett forward and catches him with a sharp forearm to the jaw.

Jett collapses to one knee, immediately grabbing the middle rope with both hands.

Maxwell Jett: "Rope! Rope! I have rope-based immunity!"

Savior tries to drag him up, but Eric Dane Jr. suddenly springboards in from the side with a sloppy flying knee aimed at Savior's head.

Savior sees it late.

Too late to fully avoid it.

He turns enough that Eric clips him across the shoulder instead of the jaw.

Savior stumbles, jaw clenching.

Eric lands and points to himself.

Eric Dane Jr.: "That is championship instinct!"

Savior turns back toward him, eyes sharper now.

Savior Hawkins: "That was desperate."

Eric looks offended.

Eric Dane Jr.: "Desperation is just instinct with better lighting."

Savior charges.

Eric ducks behind Jacoby again, but Jacoby is barely standing. Savior leapfrogs over Jacoby's bent body, lands in front of Eric, and catches the Hardcore Champion with a flying forearm that sends Eric crashing backward into the ropes.

Eric hooks the top rope with both arms instantly.

Eric Dane Jr.: "Nope! I have learned from watching champions!"

Maxwell Jett nods from the mat despite himself.

Maxwell Jett: "Finally, someone respects the craft."

Tyler Cruz rushes into the frame and claps once near Savior.

Tyler Cruz: "Nice speed."

Savior Hawkins: "Nice rhythm."

They both turn as Kaine and Maxx Mayhem barrel toward them from opposite sides, still tangled in their own chaotic orbit.

Savior ducks Kaine's wild forearm.

Tyler ducks Maxx's swinging arm.

Both Savior and Tyler hit opposite ropes.

They come back at the same time.

Tyler catches Maxx with a rope-skip enzuigiri.

Savior catches Kaine with a flying forearm.

Kaine staggers backward, laughing.

Maxx collapses to one knee, laughing too.

Kaine: "Alive!"

Maxx Mayhem: "Dizzy!"

Mark Bravo: "The amount of people enjoying head trauma in this ring is alarming."

Gideon Graves steps into Savior's path next, and the difference in size is immediate.

Savior looks up.

No fear.

But there is focus.

Gideon reaches for him.

Savior uses quick boxing footwork to shift outside the grasp and fires a forearm into Gideon’s ribs.

Another.

A third.

Gideon absorbs them and swings a massive arm.

Savior ducks and comes off the ropes with a slingshot superkick that catches Gideon across the side of the head.

Gideon staggers one step.

Graham Keel immediately steps in and kicks Savior’s ankle.

Not hard enough to injure.

Precise enough to notice.

Savior’s reaction is instant.

A flash of panic crosses his face.

Not pain alone.

Something deeper.

Something ugly behind the eyes.

John Phillips: "Graham Keel targeted the ankle, and Savior Hawkins did not like that at all."

Mark Bravo: "That was more than discomfort, John. That was a crack in the composure."

Keel sees it.

Of course Keel sees it.

Graham Keel: "There."

Savior’s jaw tightens.

His breathing changes.

For one second, the warm debut energy is gone.

He lunges at Keel with sudden intensity, throwing a forearm harder than the previous ones.

Keel blocks part of it but is still rocked backward.

Savior follows too fast, almost too angry, and Gideon Graves catches him from the side with a heavy shoulder block.

Savior hits the mat and rolls toward the ropes, stopping himself before danger.

John Phillips: "That ankle shot changed Savior’s emotional temperature immediately."

Mark Bravo: "That is something to watch. For all that talent, all that energy, there may be pressure points beneath the surface."

Savior pushes up on one knee, breathing hard, staring at Keel.

Then he blinks.

As if forcing something back down.

He rises again.

Forward.

Always forward.

Juno Sage steps toward him now, eyes flicking briefly to the ankle, then to the footwork.

Juno Sage: "Compensation noted."

Savior looks at her.

Savior Hawkins: "You don’t know me."

Juno Sage: "I don’t need to."

Juno shoots low for the leg, but Savior reads it and sprawls back, catching her with a sharp knee to the shoulder as she comes in. Juno rolls through, avoiding further damage, but Savior springs to the middle rope and comes back with a corkscrew moonsault that crashes across Juno and Nancy Rhodes as Nancy steps too close.

John Phillips: "Corkscrew moonsault by Savior Hawkins!"

Nancy rolls away clutching her ribs again, furious. Juno slides back to a knee, more annoyed than hurt, already recalculating.

Savior pops up into another roar from the crowd.

He turns and sees Bianca Page trying once more to crawl out of the women’s cluster.

Valentina Blaze grabs Bianca by one arm.

Lexi Gold grabs the other.

Sol Azteca steps in front of her.

Athena Storm moves in from the side.

Zhalia Fears appears behind Bianca like a bad thought.

Nancy Rhodes, despite the moonsault, sees the chance and reaches for Bianca’s leg.

Juno Sage rises and targets the shoulder.

This time, Savior does not interrupt.

He sees the women’s field closing in and backs away, respecting the stakes.

John Phillips: "Bianca Page is surrounded again! Every active woman in this match has had enough of her escaping!"

Bianca screams, clawing at the mat, but there is nowhere left.

They pull her up.

Valentina and Lexi drive her backward.

Sol keeps one hand high at the shoulder, careful and controlled.

Athena adds pressure.

Zhalia hooks the leg with a laugh.

Nancy grabs the other leg.

Juno twists the arm just enough to break Bianca’s grip before it can find the rope.

Bianca Page goes over the top rope.

She lands on the apron, both hands wildly grasping at the top strand.

For a heartbeat, she survives.

Then Sol Azteca snaps a quick kick through the ropes into Bianca’s forearm.

Valentina Blaze follows with a sharp kick to the ribs.

Athena Storm hits the opposite ropes and blasts Bianca with a jumping knee through the ropes.

Bianca’s grip breaks.

She falls to the floor.

Both feet hit.

The official points immediately.

Ring Announcer: "Bianca Page has been eliminated!"

John Phillips: "Bianca Page is gone! Bianca Page has been eliminated from the All or Nothing Rumble and from the Women’s Championship race!"

Mark Bravo: "She survived near fall after near fall after near fall, but without Samuel Scythe, without a shield, the entire women’s field finally overwhelmed her!"

Bianca sits on the floor, stunned.

Her eyes are wide.

Not just angry.

Humiliated.

She looks back at the ring, where Valentina Blaze, Lexi Gold, Zhalia Fears, Athena Storm, Sol Azteca, Nancy Rhodes, and Juno Sage all remain active.

The Women’s Championship race has lost one contender.

But it has not become less dangerous.

John Phillips: "The final female remaining becomes UTA Women’s Champion, and Bianca Page will not be that woman."

Inside the ring, Savior Hawkins uses the momentary shift in focus to grab Jacoby Jacobs, who is still barely holding himself together near the ropes.

Savior pulls Jacoby up into a waistlock from behind.

He looks past Jacoby toward the crowd.

The O2 senses it instantly.

Savior draws the invisible bow again.

Savior Hawkins: "SHOWTIME!"

Crowd: "SHOWTIME!"

He lifts Jacoby over his shoulder and spins through with Invictus, the fireman’s carry 360-rotation facebuster planting Jacoby hard into the canvas.

John Phillips: "Invictus! Savior Hawkins plants Jacoby Jacobs!"

Maxwell Jett sees Jacoby down and immediately panics.

Maxwell Jett: "No! My associate variable!"

Savior drags Jacoby up with urgency, not wasting the opening.

Jacoby is out on his feet.

Savior charges, driving Jacoby backward with a final flying forearm that sends him over the top rope.

Jacoby hits the floor.

Both feet land.

The official points again.

Ring Announcer: "Jacoby Jacobs has been eliminated!"

John Phillips: "Jacoby Jacobs is gone! Savior Hawkins eliminates Jacoby Jacobs in his official UTA debut!"

Mark Bravo: "And Maxwell Jett just lost his First Class backup!"

Maxwell Jett stares down at Jacoby on the floor.

Then slowly looks at Savior Hawkins.

Then at Scott Stevens.

Then at Mikey Unlikely.

Then at Valentina Blaze.

Then at Tyler Cruz.

Then at everyone else in the match who has wanted to hit him for the last hour.

Maxwell Jett: "This is fine."

He immediately drops flat and hugs the bottom rope.

Mark Bravo: "It is not fine."

Savior stands near the ropes, chest heaving, the crowd roaring around him.

For one second, he looks proud.

Then his eyes flick to Graham Keel again.

The ankle memory returns.

The pressure returns.

The smile almost fades.

He forces it back into place.

Forward.

Always forward.

El Fantasma Oscuro 1 watches from across the ring.

Silas Grimm watches beside him.

Graham Keel watches the ankle.

Mikey Unlikely turns and nods once, acknowledging the debut impact.

Eric Dane Jr. crawls farther away from Savior, protecting his own survival.

Bobby Dean watches from the battle chair, still outside, still active.

Bobby Dean: "That was a good debut."

John Phillips: "It certainly was."

Bobby Dean: "I'm still not getting in yet."

Mark Bravo: "Of course not."

The countdown clock appears.

15.

14.

13.

John Phillips: "Savior Hawkins has officially debuted in UTA, Bianca Page has been eliminated from the Women's Championship race, and Jacoby Jacobs has been eliminated by Savior Hawkins!"

Mark Bravo: "That is how you arrive. Savior Hawkins came in with light, speed, pressure, and purpose, but we also saw the first crack when Graham Keel targeted that ankle. There is a story under the surface with this young man."

Crowd: "TEN! NINE! EIGHT!"

Savior Hawkins resets near the ropes, bouncing on the balls of his feet again. Maxwell Jett clings to the bottom rope without Jacoby Jacobs beside him. Eric Dane Jr. stays low nearby. Tyler Cruz and Savior briefly exchange a nod across the chaos. Scott Stevens and Mikey Unlikely remain active near center. Maxx Mayhem and Kaine keep crawling toward one another. Gideon Graves and Graham Keel stand as Iron Dominion. Silas Grimm and El Fantasma Oscuro 1 remain aligned, with Malachi Cross nearby. Hakuryu watches from the side.

Crowd: "SEVEN! SIX! FIVE!"

The women's field has shifted: Valentina Blaze, Lexi Gold, Zhalia Fears, Athena Storm, Sol Azteca, Nancy Rhodes, and Juno Sage remain active. Bianca Page is gone.

Outside the ring, Bobby Dean remains in the battle chair, still active, still waiting.

Crowd: "FOUR! THREE! TWO! ONE!"

The buzzer sounds.

BUZZZZZZ!

The ring is still shaking from Savior Hawkins' debut impact.

Bianca Page is gone.

Jacoby Jacobs is gone.

Maxwell Jett is suddenly without First Class backup and has responded to that terrifying new reality by flattening himself against the bottom rope like a man trying to become part of the canvas. Eric Dane Jr. remains nearby, also low, also terrified, also convinced his sunglasses are still providing some kind of championship protection.

Savior Hawkins bounces near the ropes, chest heaving, eyes occasionally flicking toward Graham Keel after that ankle shot exposed something raw beneath the surface. Tyler Cruz claps with the London crowd. Scott Stevens and Mikey

Unlikely keep trying to control the middle of the chaos. Maxx Mayhem and Kaine continue to exist in their own violent language. Gideon Graves and Graham Keel stand together as Iron Dominion. Silas Grimm and El Fantasma Oscuro 1 remain aligned near Malachi Cross. Hakuryu watches everything in cold silence.

The Women’s Championship field has shifted.

Valentina Blaze.

Lexi Gold.

Zhalia Fears.

Athena Storm.

Sol Azteca.

Nancy Rhodes.

Juno Sage.

All still active.

All still chasing the same impossible truth.

The final female remaining becomes UTA Women’s Champion.

Then the entire atmosphere changes.

The sporting event becomes a digital production.

The house lights dim into a soft magenta glow. The video wall glitches into a luxury livestream interface, complete with floating hearts, live-comment bubbles, diamond icons, and a follower count spinning upward too fast to be real.

From above the ramp, a custom gold drone descends into view.

The Santorino Sentinel.

Its ring light flickers in rapid paparazzi-style bursts, strobing across the stage as the opening notes of “Obsessed” by Mariah Carey pulse through The O2.

The crowd reaction is immediate.

Loud.

Curious.

Conflicted.

Then the screen flashes:

THE DOMINICAN DIAMOND.

QUEEN OF CLICKS.

SELINA SANTORINO.

John Phillips: "Entrant number forty is Selina Santorino! The Dominican Diamond is making her official UTA debut!"

Mark Bravo: "Six feet tall, high fashion, high impact, high engagement, and absolutely convinced the entire world is low-res compared to her. Selina Santorino is here!"

Selina Santorino steps through the curtain.

She does not look at the crowd first.

She looks at the drone.

Of course she does.

The Santorino Sentinel hovers in front of her, capturing every angle as Selina stands in the magenta glow with runway posture, chin lifted, lips pursed in a flawless bored pout.

She is tall, polished, glittering, and utterly convinced the building has become better because she entered it.

She turns slightly to give the drone the perfect side profile.

Selina Santorino: "London. Try to keep up."

The O2 boos and cheers in the same breath.

John Phillips: "Selina Santorino, born in Santo Domingo, Dominican Republic, billed from Miami, Florida. Social media sensation, high-end athlete, and a competitor who treats the ring like a content studio."

Mark Bravo: "And make no mistake, John, beneath all of the influencer talk and camera angles, she can go. She is dangerous because opponents think the vanity is the whole package. Then the bell rings and suddenly they're getting spiked by a six-foot highlight reel."

As the lyric hits, Selina struts down the ramp and stops beside a fan leaning over the barricade with both hands cupped around his mouth.

He says something the cameras do not catch.

Selina turns slowly.

She leans toward him, singing directly into his face.

Selina Santorino: "Why are you so obsessed with me?"

The fan tries to respond, but Selina lifts a flat palm between them, cutting him off with a sharp, dismissive gesture.

Selina Santorino: "Love me. Hate me. It's all the same."

She pivots back toward the drone and smirks.

Selina Santorino: "Because I'm just simply better."

Inside the ring, Nancy Rhodes glares toward the ramp.

Juno Sage studies the drone.

Sol Azteca keeps moving, eyes on Selina's height and footwork.

Athena Storm rolls one arm overhead, ready.

Valentina Blaze narrows her eyes.

Lexi Gold watches without expression.

Zhalia Fears smiles like the drone might be haunted if it gets too close.

John Phillips: "The Women's Championship race just added Selina Santorino. Valentina, Lexi, Zhalia, Athena, Sol, Nancy, Juno, and now Selina are all active."

Mark Bravo: "And if Selina can be the final female remaining, her official debut could end with the UTA Women's Championship. Can you imagine what her feed would look like after that?"

Selina reaches ringside and pauses near Bobby Dean's battle chair.

The drone hovers beside her.

Bobby looks up at the drone, then at Selina.

Bobby Dean: "Hello."

Selina looks at the battle chair.

Then at Bobby.

Then back at the drone.

Selina Santorino: "Everyone, we have found vintage content."

Bobby Dean: "The chair is modern."

Selina Santorino: "It has character."

Bobby nods slowly.

Bobby Dean: "She liked that."

Mark Bravo: "The battle chair has now been reviewed by Selina Santorino."

Selina turns toward the ring, vaults onto the apron with smooth ease, and steps through the ropes.

The Santorino Sentinel hovers just above the ropes outside, its LIVE light blinking red.

Selina ignores the match for one impossible second.

She walks to the center of the ring.

Then sprints across the canvas and launches into a perfect frontflip, landing in a flat split dead-center.

The O2 reacts loudly.

She spins a full 360 degrees on the mat, long limbs sweeping out with gymnastic precision, then rolls backward and rises in slow, fluid grace to her full height.

The house lights cut to black.

The drone spotlight pins her in place.

Selina crosses her legs in a model stance, raises both hands to her temples, and slowly mimes lowering an invisible crown onto her head.

She looks directly into the drone lens.

Selina Santorino: "Subscribe... to become influential."

One massive strobe flash erupts from the drone.

Then the lights return.

Nancy Rhodes is already charging.

Nancy swings a Bloodletting Clothesline at Selina’s head.

Selina ducks beneath it with a disgusted expression, like the attack has interrupted her lighting.

Nancy turns.

Selina cracks her with a corkscrew enzuigiri that snaps Nancy sideways and sends her stumbling into the ropes.

John Phillips: "Corkscrew enzuigiri by Selina Santorino!"

Mark Bravo: "That was not influencer fluff. That was a six-foot athlete cracking Nancy Rhodes in the jaw!"

Nancy hooks the top rope, stopping herself from bouncing too close to elimination, and sneers through the shot.

Nancy Rhodes: "You hit pretty."

Selina adjusts her hair.

Selina Santorino: "I hit premium."

Nancy lunges again.

Selina catches her, spins, and plants her with Block — the pumphandle X-Factor driving Nancy face-first into the canvas.

John Phillips: "Block! Selina Santorino just planted Nancy Rhodes!"

Mark Bravo: "Firewall activated!"

Juno Sage steps in immediately, targeting Selina’s arm before the newcomer can pose too long.

Juno catches the wrist and twists.

Selina’s face flashes with offense more than pain.

Selina Santorino: "Do not grab the hardware."

Juno Sage: "Structure indicates leverage vulnerability."

Selina yanks her wrist free with a sharp elbow to Juno’s ribs, then pulls Juno into a jumping clothesline and kips up immediately after impact.

She lands on her feet and looks directly to the drone.

Selina Santorino: "Clip that."

Juno rolls away, already recalculating.

John Phillips: "Selina Santorino is making an immediate impression!"

Mark Bravo: "And doing it while directing her own production crew!"

Athena Storm rushes in next with a roundhouse kick.

Selina ducks late, taking part of it across the shoulder, but uses the momentum to spin out and shove Athena toward the ropes.

Athena hooks the top strand immediately and turns back with a jumping knee.

Selina steps aside, then catches Athena with a jumping corner clothesline that drives The Tempest into the turnbuckles.

Athena staggers out, but Sol Azteca comes in fast, catching Selina with a kick to the thigh.

Selina stumbles one step.

Sol stays in motion.

Selina turns toward her, eyes narrowing.

Selina Santorino: "Oh, you’re high frame rate."

Sol Azteca: "And you talk too much."

Sol fires another kick.

Selina checks it, then shoves her backward with both hands. Sol rolls through the motion and rises safely, refusing to be trapped.

Valentina Blaze charges Selina from the other side, still favoring the knee but still burning.

Selina catches Valentina’s momentum and hoists her up suddenly.

Pop-up powerbomb.

Valentina crashes hard to the canvas.

Selina stands over her, points up at the Santorino Sentinel, and shouts.

Selina Santorino: "Subscribe to me, my Influencies!"

John Phillips: "Mandatory Subscription! Selina Santorino just drove Valentina Blaze down!"

Mark Bravo: "That is ridiculous branding, but the impact was real!"

Lexi Gold wastes no time.

She grabs Selina from behind and tries to force her toward the top rope.

The crowd rises as Selina’s feet slide toward danger.

Selina hooks the top rope with one arm and throws a back elbow into Lexi’s jaw.

Lexi absorbs it and pushes again.

Zhalia Fears appears beside them, smiling up at the drone.

Zhalia Fears: "Does it blink?"

The Santorino Sentinel drops a few inches lower.

Selina’s head snaps toward it.

Selina Santorino: "Do not threaten my camera."

That half-second distraction lets Lexi nearly tip Selina over.

Selina gasps, lands with one foot briefly on the apron, but keeps her other leg tangled over the middle rope and yanks herself back inside before Lexi can finish.

John Phillips: "Selina nearly eliminated after getting distracted by the drone!"

Mark Bravo: "There is the liability! The production apparatus is part of the act, but it can become a target."

Selina scrambles back inside and immediately shoves Lexi away.

Zhalia laughs.

Selina turns toward her.

Selina Santorino: "You are bad for engagement."

Zhalia Fears: "I’m great for nightmares."

Zhalia rushes.

Selina side-steps and sends Zhalia toward the ropes, but Zhalia rolls through beneath the bottom rope and back inside before any elimination danger can happen.

Selina turns back to Nancy Rhodes, who is pulling herself up after Block.

Nancy, furious, swings another elbow.

Selina ducks, catches Nancy from behind, and hooks the waist.

The drone dips to eye level.

Selina forces Nancy’s face toward the lens for one sharp flash.

Selina Santorino: "Canceled."

She spins Nancy into the fireman’s carry 360-rotation facebuster, spiking her into the canvas with one smooth, uninterrupted motion.

John Phillips: "Cancel! Selina Santorino just hit Cancel on Nancy Rhodes!"

Mark Bravo: "Nancy got deleted from the feed!"

Selina rises and looks toward the nearest corner.

The crowd buzzes.

She points to the drone.

Selina Santorino: "Content."

Selina climbs to the second rope.

The drone hovers above her, LIVE light blinking.

John Phillips audibly pauses.

John Phillips: "No way."

Mark Bravo: "John. John, I think we’re about to get content."

Selina looks over her shoulder, gives the drone the exact angle she wants, then launches backward into the Twerking Moonsault.

It is absurd.

It is athletic.

It is somehow executed with frightening confidence.

And it lands across Nancy Rhodes.

The O2 explodes in a reaction that is half shock, half laughter, half roar, and mathematically impossible in the way only professional wrestling can be.

John Phillips: "Selina Santorino hit the Twerking Moonsault!"

Mark Bravo: "Content, people! Content!"

Selina rolls off Nancy, sits up, and points directly into the drone lens.

Selina Santorino: "Trending."

Nancy rolls toward the ropes, dazed and furious, trying to use them to recover.

Selina sees the chance.

So does Athena Storm.

So does Sol Azteca.

So does Valentina Blaze, who is pushing up after Mandatory Subscription.

Lexi Gold moves in too.

Juno Sage, perhaps recognizing the value in removing another variable, steps in from the side.

Nancy Rhodes suddenly finds herself battered, disoriented, and trapped near the top rope.

John Phillips: "Nancy Rhodes is in trouble!"

Nancy swings wild elbows, catching Athena in the shoulder and Sol across the arm, but Selina catches Nancy with another corkscrew enzuigiri that knocks her against the top rope.

Lexi grabs one leg.

Valentina grabs the other.

Juno twists Nancy’s arm away from the rope.

Selina plants both hands against Nancy’s shoulders.

Selina Santorino: "Unfollowed."

They shove.

Nancy Rhodes flips over the top rope.

She lands hard on the floor.

Both feet hit.

The official points immediately.

Ring Announcer: "Nancy Rhodes has been eliminated!"

John Phillips: "Nancy Rhodes is gone! Selina Santorino makes her official UTA debut and helps eliminate Nancy Rhodes!"

Mark Bravo: "The Women’s Championship field loses another contender, and Selina Santorino just arrived with a drone, a moonsault, and an elimination!"

Nancy sits on the floor, jaw tight, eyes murderous. She looks back into the ring at Selina, who simply turns toward the drone and gives a bored little wave.

Selina Santorino: "Low-res exit."

Nancy lunges toward the apron, but officials get between her and the ring, forcing her back.

Inside the ring, the remaining women reset around Selina.

Valentina Blaze.

Lexi Gold.

Zhalia Fears.

Athena Storm.

Sol Azteca.

Juno Sage.

Selina Santorino.

Seven women remain active.

One will become UTA Women’s Champion if she outlasts the rest.

John Phillips: "Selina Santorino has changed the Women’s Championship race immediately."

Mark Bravo: "And every woman in that ring now knows two things. One, the act is ridiculous. Two, the athlete is very real."

Across the ring, Maxwell Jett watches from the bottom rope, eyes wide.

Maxwell Jett: "Does the drone count as a competitor?"

Eric Dane Jr. adjusts his crooked sunglasses beside him.

Eric Dane Jr.: "If it does, it has better lighting than you."

Maxwell Jett: "Do not turn on me now. We are the last luxury corner standing."

Savior Hawkins steps forward, still bouncing, still breathing hard. Tyler Cruz circles nearby. Scott Stevens and Mikey Unlikely keep pushing through the center. Maxx Mayhem and Kaine collide again near the ropes. Gideon Graves and Graham Keel stand as Iron Dominion. Silas Grimm and El Fantasma Oscuro 1 remain aligned, watching the new arrival with unreadable interest. Malachi Cross remains cold. Hakuryu waits.

Selina sees El Fantasma’s mask across the ring and lifts one eyebrow.

Selina Santorino: "That aesthetic needs better lighting."

El Fantasma says nothing.

Silas Grimm tilts his head.

Silas Grimm: "Vanity burns quickly."

Selina smiles at him through the drone lens.

Selina Santorino: "Only if you can afford the match."

The crowd reacts loudly as the countdown clock appears.

15.

14.

13.

John Phillips: "Selina Santorino has officially debuted in UTA, Nancy Rhodes has been eliminated, and the Women’s Championship race continues to narrow."

Mark Bravo: "She arrived like a livestream, hit like a highlight reel, and just made the entire field adjust to her presence. That is a debut."

Bobby Dean: "The drone liked the chair."

John Phillips: "I am not sure that happened."

Bobby Dean: "It hovered respectfully."

Crowd: "TEN! NINE! EIGHT!"

Selina Santorino stands near the ropes with the Santorino Sentinel hovering outside, its LIVE light blinking. Valentina Blaze, Lexi Gold, Zhalia Fears, Athena Storm, Sol Azteca, and Juno Sage circle around her in the remaining Women’s Championship field. Maxwell Jett and Eric Dane Jr. stay low near the ropes. Savior Hawkins and Tyler Cruz keep the pace alive. Scott Stevens and Mikey Unlikely continue fighting through the middle. Maxx Mayhem and Kaine laugh

through violence. Gideon Graves and Graham Keel hold center as Iron Dominion. Silas Grimm and El Fantasma Oscuro 1 remain aligned, with Malachi Cross nearby. Hakuryu watches from the side.

Crowd: "SEVEN! SIX! FIVE!"

Outside the ring, Bobby Dean remains in the battle chair, still active, still waiting, still somehow collecting reviews from half the roster.

Crowd: "FOUR! THREE! TWO! ONE!"

The buzzer sounds.

BUZZZZZZ!

The O2 is still recovering from Selina Santorino's debut.

The Santorino Sentinel drone hovers outside the ropes, its LIVE light blinking as Selina stands inside the ring with the expression of someone who has already checked the numbers and decided her arrival is outperforming the entire event. Nancy Rhodes is gone. Bianca Page is gone. The Women's Championship field is shrinking, but the danger is only getting louder.

Valentina Blaze pulls herself up near the ropes, still favoring the knee. Lexi Gold shakes out her jaw after the chaos of the last exchange. Zhalia Fears smiles from a crouch, eyes moving between Selina and the drone like she is trying to decide which one would scream louder. Athena Storm rolls one shoulder and bounces lightly. Sol Azteca keeps circling, mask bright under the lights. Juno Sage watches from a corner, cold and analytical.

Elsewhere, Maxwell Jett and Eric Dane Jr. remain low near the ropes, two champions of survival and self-importance. Savior Hawkins keeps moving, but his eyes still flick toward Graham Keel and that ankle. Tyler Cruz claps with the London crowd, trying to keep rhythm alive inside chaos. Scott Stevens and Mikey Unlikely battle through the middle. Maxx Mayhem and Kaine continue to collide like bad ideas with running starts. Gideon Graves and Graham Keel hold Iron Dominion's space. Silas Grimm and El Fantasma Oscuro 1 remain aligned, with Malachi Cross standing nearby like a judgment nobody asked for. Hakuryu watches everything.

Outside the ring, Bobby Dean remains in the battle chair.

Still active.

Still waiting.

Still somehow collecting more commentary than most people who actually entered the ring.

Then The O2 goes quiet.

For one beat.

Then the first hard hit of "Catch Me If You Can" by BABYMETAL cuts through the dark.

A green spotlight slices through smoke at the top of the stage.

On the next beat, a cannon of green and black confetti explodes outward, showering the entranceway in a burst of color.

The crowd erupts.

Through the hanging confetti appears Brittany Reid.

Twin ponytails.

Big pom-pom bows.

Green, black, and white gear with HORNETS across her chest.

She is already bouncing before she takes a step, smile wide, gloves flashing beneath the lights as she throws both arms into the air.

John Phillips: "Entrant number forty-one is Brittany Reid! The Killer Bee is here!"

Mark Bravo: "And there is your sugar rush with springboards, John! Brittany Reid walks into The O2 with every championship on the line, and the Women's Championship race just got another burst of pure speed!"

Brittany looks out over the London crowd like she has just walked into the biggest pep rally of her life.

Brittany Reid: "Oh my gosh! London, hiiiiii!"

The crowd cheers louder.

Brittany clasps both hands over her heart, gasping dramatically at the reaction, then points up toward a fan holding a bright green sign that reads BUZZ BUZZ BRITTANY.

Brittany Reid: "That is, like, soooooo cute!"

John Phillips: "Brittany Reid, from Charlotte, North Carolina. Five-foot-one, one hundred five pounds, trained in cheerleading, gymnastics, and later under the masked Japanese high-flyer known as The Kaiju Kid. She is a compact lucha-cruiserweight, and she can change direction in midair like most people change their mind."

Mark Bravo: "She is tiny, she is bright, she is adorable, and if you blink she has already springboarded into your face. Killer Bee is not just a cute nickname. She stings fast."

Brittany starts down the ramp in rhythm with the music.

Step.

Clap.

Step.

Clap.

The London crowd joins the pattern almost immediately.

Crowd: "CLAP! CLAP! CLAP! CLAP!"

Brittany darts from one side of the aisle to the other, slapping hands, squeezing a kid's hand near the barricade, blowing a kiss toward another fan with green ribbons in her hair.

Brittany Reid: "Twinsies! You look amazing!"

Inside the ring, the women active in the match all turn toward the stage.

Selina Santorino lifts one eyebrow, then glances at the drone.

Selina Santorino: "Oh. Budget sparkle."

Sol Azteca watches Brittany's footwork closely.

Athena Storm grins at the energy.

Valentina Blaze nods once, ready for another high-speed threat.

Juno Sage's eyes move from Brittany's ankles to her shoulders, already measuring movement patterns.

Lexi Gold keeps calm.

Zhalia Fears smiles like she has just found a new toy that might bite back.

John Phillips: "Valentina Blaze, Lexi Gold, Zhalia Fears, Athena Storm, Sol Azteca, Juno Sage, Selina Santorino, and now Brittany Reid all remain in the Women’s Championship race. The final female remaining becomes UTA Women’s Champion."

Mark Bravo: "And Brittany Reid knows what it is like to fight from underneath. She has made larger opponents look slow before. In this kind of field, that speed could keep her alive."

Brittany reaches ringside and pauses beside Bobby Dean’s battle chair.

She looks at Bobby.

Then at the chair.

Then back at Bobby, smiling brightly.

Brittany Reid: "Oh my gosh, are you still in the match?"

Bobby Dean: "Yes."

Brittany Reid: "That is, like, weirdly inspiring."

Bobby nods, touched.

Bobby Dean: "Thank you."

Mark Bravo: "Bobby Dean has now been called vintage, confusing, strategic, and inspiring. The battle chair tour continues."

Brittany gives Bobby a quick double thumbs-up, then turns toward the ring.

Three paces from the apron, she plants her feet.

She folds into a compact cartwheel, hands hitting the apron cleanly as her legs snap through with gymnastic precision. She lands facing the ring with no wasted motion, pops onto the apron, pivots smoothly, and steps through the ropes in one fluid movement.

Once inside, she bounces once.

Then races to the nearest corner.

Brittany climbs the turnbuckle with quick, confident steps and turns to the London crowd, hitting a bright cheerleader pose with arms wide and chin up.

Brittany Reid: "Let’s freakin’ gooooo, London!"

The O2 roars.

Brittany dips slightly on the turnbuckle, then launches into a tight, controlled forward flip dismount. She lands on both feet in the center of the ring, chest up, steady, like she has just finished a competition routine in front of judges.

John Phillips: "Beautiful dismount by Brittany Reid!"

Mark Bravo: "She landed that like gravity had a crush on her and didn’t want to make it awkward."

Brittany throws one last wink toward the fans.

Then she turns.

And Selina Santorino is already in front of her.

The drone hovers behind Selina, catching the contrast in real time.

The Dominican Diamond and The Killer Bee.

Premium influencer against bright babyface dynamo.

Selina Santorino: "Cute entrance."

Brittany Reid: "Thanks! Yours was, like, very extra."

Selina’s smile freezes.

Selina Santorino: "Extra means expensive."

Brittany Reid: "Not always!"

Selina throws a fast clothesline.

Brittany ducks beneath it and instantly snaps into an arm drag that sends Selina skidding across the canvas.

The crowd pops.

Selina rolls through, more offended than hurt.

Brittany is already moving.

She hits the ropes, comes back fast, and catches Selina with a tilt-a-whirl head scissors that sends the Queen of Clicks spinning toward the ropes.

John Phillips: "Brittany Reid immediately using that speed! Arm drag! Head scissors!"

Mark Bravo: "Selina’s bitrate just buffered!"

Selina hooks the top rope and stops herself before any elimination danger.

Brittany rushes in, but Selina ducks low and slips away under the bottom rope to the apron, then immediately back inside, mimicking the survival routes Maxwell Jett and Eric Dane Jr. have abused all night.

Selina Santorino: "I don’t do low-res eliminations."

Maxwell Jett, from the far ropes, points at her.

Maxwell Jett: "Finally! Someone understands rope-based strategy!"

Selina looks at him with complete disgust.

Selina Santorino: "Do not compare yourself to me."

Eric Dane Jr.: "She’s right. Her lighting is way better."

Maxwell Jett: "Why are you like this?"

Brittany claps above her head, pulling the crowd back with her.

Crowd: "BUZZ! BUZZ! BUZZ! BUZZ!"

Juno Sage steps in behind Brittany, looking to catch the newest entrant while she plays to the fans.

Juno grabs Brittany’s wrist and twists sharply.

Brittany gasps, then rolls forward through the pressure, pops to her feet, and cartwheels out before Juno can transition into a deeper trap.

Juno Sage: "High mobility. Low mass."

Brittany Reid: "Um, rude?"

Juno shoots for the arm again.

Brittany ducks under, rebounds off the ropes, and catches Juno with a quick dropkick that sends The Cold Equation backward into the corner.

John Phillips: "Brittany Reid escapes Juno Sage and catches her with the dropkick!"

Mark Bravo: "Juno tried to solve her, but Brittany is the kind of math problem with glitter all over it."

Athena Storm comes in next, smiling as she tests the new entrant’s pace.

Athena throws a roundhouse.

Brittany ducks beneath it, handsprings away, and pops back up with a bright grin.

Brittany Reid: "You are so fast!"

Athena Storm: "So are you!"

Athena throws another kick.

Brittany slips aside, catches the momentum, and snaps off another arm drag.

Athena rolls through beautifully and lands on one knee, grinning wider.

Athena Storm: "Okay!"

Brittany claps once.

Brittany Reid: "Okay!"

Before they can continue, Valentina Blaze rushes in and catches Brittany with a kick to the ribs, reminding both women that the stakes are not friendly.

Brittany doubles over, and Valentina tries to steer her toward the ropes.

Brittany hooks the middle rope with both hands, kicks backward, and catches Valentina in the chest. Valentina staggers back.

Brittany flips herself through the ropes to the apron, then springboards back in with a crossbody that knocks Valentina down.

John Phillips: "Springboard crossbody by Brittany Reid!"

Brittany rolls through and pops up, but Sol Azteca is there.

Sol and Brittany circle for half a second, both small, fast, and precise, both built on movement and timing.

Sol Azteca: "Stay moving."

Brittany Reid: "Always!"

Sol feints a kick.

Brittany jumps it.

Brittany feints a head scissors.

Sol pivots away.

The crowd reacts to the rapid exchange before either woman even lands anything clean.

Brittany suddenly cartwheels past Sol, grabs her by the head mid-motion, and tries to spin into a tornado DDT.

Sol counters by planting her feet and shoving Brittany away before the DDT can land.

Brittany rolls through safely and lands on her feet.

Mark Bravo: "That exchange looked like two acrobats fighting over a launch pad!"

Zhalia Fears crawls into Brittany’s path next, smiling.

Zhalia Fears: "Buzz buzz."

Brittany pauses.

Brittany Reid: "Oh! You get it!"

Zhalia pops up with a sudden forearm.

Brittany barely ducks, squeals, and catches Zhalia with a quick hurricanrana that sends The Ghost Flame rolling toward the ropes.

Zhalia hooks the bottom rope and laughs from the mat.

Zhalia Fears: "Sting sting."

Brittany Reid: "That is, like, less cute when you say it!"

Lexi Gold steps in, calm and measured, catching Brittany with a forearm before Brittany can fully turn around. Brittany sells it big, flipping backward and landing on her stomach with dramatic impact that makes the crowd gasp.

John Phillips: "Lexi Gold catches Brittany Reid, and Brittany hit hard!"

Mark Bravo: "She bumps huge. She makes everyone look like they fired her out of a cannon."

Lexi grabs Brittany and pulls her toward the ropes, looking for a quick elimination while the newest entrant is stunned.

Brittany’s feet leave the mat for a moment.

The crowd rises.

Brittany hooks one arm over the top rope and kicks both legs frantically, ponytails bouncing as she fights not to go over.

Brittany Reid: "Nope! Nope! Nope!"

Selina Santorino steps in and, for one second, appears ready to help Lexi eliminate Brittany.

Then the Santorino Sentinel drone dips slightly toward the ropes, trying to capture the shot.

Selina looks at the drone.

Selina Santorino: "Higher. This angle is trash."

That distraction is all Brittany needs.

She swings both legs up, catches Lexi around the head, and snaps her down with a desperate head scissors that pulls Brittany back inside and sends Lexi rolling away.

John Phillips: "Brittany Reid survives! Lexi Gold almost had her!"

Mark Bravo: "And Selina’s camera direction just cost the elimination!"

Selina turns back just in time to see Brittany pop to her feet.

Brittany Reid: "Thanks!"

Selina Santorino: "I did not help you."

Brittany Reid: "Still worked!"

Selina charges, irritated now.

Brittany ducks under, hits the ropes, and comes back looking for another tilt-a-whirl head scissors.

Selina catches her this time.

Selina holds Brittany high and turns toward the drone.

Selina Santorino: "Subscribe to me, my Influencies!"

She tries to drop Brittany with Mandatory Subscription, but Brittany flips through the pop-up motion, lands behind Selina, and jumps instantly.

Hornet’s Sting.

The sudden Diamond Cutter spikes Selina to the mat out of nowhere.

John Phillips: "Hornet’s Sting! Brittany Reid caught Selina Santorino out of nowhere!"

Mark Bravo: "That is the counter! That is the sting! Brittany can hit that from anywhere!"

The crowd erupts as Selina rolls to her side, stunned and furious.

Brittany sits up, eyes wide, almost surprised herself, then throws both arms up.

Brittany Reid: "Buzz buzz!"

The O2 answers.

Crowd: "BUZZ! BUZZ! BUZZ! BUZZ!"

Juno Sage sees Brittany playing to the crowd again and immediately moves in, grabbing Brittany from behind and trying to force her toward the ropes.

Sol Azteca steps toward Juno to break it, but Athena Storm cuts through the middle with a jumping knee aimed at Juno’s shoulder. Juno releases Brittany and rolls away before she can be hit clean.

Valentina Blaze grabs Brittany next, trying to take advantage of the traffic.

Brittany ducks beneath Valentina’s grip, springs to the middle rope, and launches back with a flying arm drag that sends Valentina tumbling into Athena.

Athena catches Valentina before either woman hits the ropes dangerously, but both are forced to reset.

John Phillips: "Brittany Reid is moving at an incredible pace already!"

Mark Bravo: "Short bursts, John. She is not overpowering anybody. She is surviving through motion."

Across the ring, Maxwell Jett has pulled himself up just enough to see Brittany flying around.

Maxwell Jett: "Too much movement. Unacceptable."

Eric Dane Jr. nods, still low beside him.

Eric Dane Jr.: "She makes me tired."

Brittany hears them.

She turns.

Her smile brightens.

Brittany Reid: "Hi!"

Both men immediately try to crawl in opposite directions.

Brittany hits the ropes and comes back with a low dropkick that catches Eric in the ribs and sends him rolling into Maxwell Jett. Jett shoves Eric off him with immediate disgust.

Maxwell Jett: "Stop being thrown at me!"

Eric Dane Jr.: "She said hi first!"

Brittany pops back up, but Graham Keel is suddenly there.

He grabs her wrist.

Brittany’s smile fades a touch as Keel twists with cold precision.

Graham Keel: "Small frame. High velocity. Easy to redirect."

Brittany winces and tries to roll through, but Keel follows her motion, stopping the escape halfway.

Gideon Graves steps forward beside him.

The crowd boos as Iron Dominion closes in on Brittany.

John Phillips: "Brittany Reid may be in trouble here with Iron Dominion!"

Mark Bravo: "This is the worst place for her. If Keel traps the limb and Gideon supplies the force, Brittany’s speed means nothing."

Gideon reaches for Brittany.

Tyler Cruz springboards in and catches Gideon with a dropkick to the shoulder, staggering the Iron Giant back one step.

Savior Hawkins follows with a flying forearm to Gideon’s ribs.

That opens just enough space.

Brittany flips forward through Keel’s wrist control, lands on her feet, and catches Keel with the Super Duper Kick, throwing all of her bodyweight into the shot. Because of the height difference, she leaves her feet slightly, the kick snapping against Keel’s mouth.

Keel staggers backward, stunned but still standing.

John Phillips: "Super Duper Kick to Graham Keel!"

Mark Bravo: "She put everything into that one!"

Brittany lands on her back from the force of her own kick and rolls toward the ropes, clutching her hip for half a second before pushing back up.

Graham Keel wipes at his mouth, eyes colder than before.

Silas Grimm and El Fantasma Oscuro 1 watch the new arrival from the far side, their alignment still intact. Malachi Cross stands near them, arms folded.

Brittany backs into the ropes, breathing hard, but still smiling.

Brittany Reid: "Okay. Ow. Still worth it."

Zhalia Fears pops up beside her.

Zhalia Fears: "Stings hurt."

Brittany Reid: "That’s, like, the whole point!"

Zhalia laughs and suddenly shoves Brittany toward the ropes.

Brittany catches herself, twists, and springs off the middle rope backward into a tornado DDT on Zhalia that spikes The Ghost Flame into the canvas.

John Phillips: "Tornado DDT by Brittany Reid!"

Brittany rolls through to her feet, and the London crowd is roaring now.

The Killer Bee looks around at the chaos, the bodies, the ropes, the enormous stakes.

Then, because she cannot help herself, she gives the crowd a wink.

That is the opening.

Juno Sage steps in behind her again.

But this time Brittany seems to feel it.

She ducks low before Juno can grab her, darts to the ropes, and rebounds with a fast tope-style feint that forces Juno to brace.

Brittany stops short, claps once, and rolls away safely instead of overcommitting.

Mark Bravo: "That was smarter than it looked. Brittany wanted the big crowd moment, but she did not launch herself into a trap."

Selina Santorino has recovered near the ropes, one hand at her neck from the Hornet’s Sting. She looks absolutely livid.

The drone hovers near her face.

Selina Santorino: "Do not post that."

Brittany waves from across the ring.

Brittany Reid: "You should post it! It was super cool!"

Selina points at her.

Selina Santorino: "You are getting blocked."

Brittany Reid: "Aw."

Selina charges again, but Lexi Gold catches her from the side with a forearm, reminding everyone that Selina has not entered a two-person fight. Valentina Blaze steps in and kicks Lexi. Athena Storm hits the ropes and catches Valentina with a flying knee. Sol Azteca darts through with a springboard arm drag on Athena. Juno Sage grabs Sol’s wrist. Brittany rushes in and dropkicks Juno away before the trap can set.

For one incredible second, the remaining women’s field is a blur of motion.

Valentina.

Lexi.

Zhalia.

Athena.

Sol.

Juno.

Selina.

Brittany.

Eight women remain active.

One path to the UTA Women’s Championship.

John Phillips: "What a field this has become!"

Mark Bravo: "And Brittany Reid has entered like a lightning bug fired out of a cannon!"

Gideon Graves suddenly barrels through the center and knocks Tyler Cruz down with a massive forearm. Savior Hawkins moves toward him, but Graham Keel clips the ankle again, and Savior immediately flinches with that same dangerous emotional spark.

Scott Stevens pulls Maxwell Jett up from the bottom rope, trying again to bring the UTA Champion into real danger. Mikey Unlikely cuts off Eric Dane Jr. before Eric can crawl away. Maxx Mayhem and Kaine crash into Malachi Cross, forcing the punisher back one step. Silas Grimm and El Fantasma Oscuro 1 reform near the ropes, watching the field narrow and swell at the same time.

Bobby Dean watches from the battle chair, eyes wide.

Bobby Dean: "She moves a lot."

John Phillips: "She certainly does."

Bobby Dean: "The chair could not do that."

Mark Bravo: "The chair should not try."

Brittany Reid lands near the ropes after another quick exchange with Selina, then points up to the corner.

The O2 rises.

John Phillips: "Brittany may be thinking Queen Bee already!"

She starts toward the turnbuckle, but Juno Sage, Selina Santorino, and Lexi Gold all converge, each understanding that letting Brittany climb in this crowded ring could be disastrous.

Brittany stops short, sees the traffic, and wisely rolls away instead.

Brittany Reid: "Okay! Maybe later!"

Mark Bravo: "Smart. That double-rotation moonsault is spectacular, but this is not the place to take flight unless the runway is clear."

Brittany pops up near the ropes and gives the crowd another bright wink.

She is breathing harder now.

The smile is still there.

But the ring is crowded, dangerous, and unforgiving.

The countdown clock appears.

15.

14.

13.

John Phillips: "Brittany Reid has entered the All or Nothing Rumble. No eliminations in this interval, but The Killer Bee has immediately injected speed, counters, and high-flying danger into the Women's Championship race."

Mark Bravo: "She survived Lexi, escaped Juno, caught Selina with Hornet's Sting, kicked Graham Keel in the mouth, and somehow still had time to compliment people. That is Brittany Reid in ninety seconds."

Bobby Dean: "She said I was inspiring."

Mark Bravo: "She did."

Bobby Dean: "That feels important."

Crowd: "TEN! NINE! EIGHT!"

Brittany Reid bounces near the ropes, ponytails moving with every breath. Selina Santorino glares at her from near the drone. Valentina Blaze, Lexi Gold, Zhalia Fears, Athena Storm, Sol Azteca, and Juno Sage remain active in the women's field. Maxwell Jett and Eric Dane Jr. fight to stay low. Savior Hawkins tries to shake off the ankle pressure. Tyler Cruz resets. Scott Stevens and Mikey Unlikely keep working through the center. Maxx Mayhem and Kaine keep laughing through damage. Gideon Graves and Graham Keel hold Iron Dominion's space. Silas Grimm and El Fantasma Oscuro 1 remain aligned, with Malachi Cross nearby. Hakuryu watches from the side.

Crowd: "SEVEN! SIX! FIVE!"

Outside the ring, Bobby Dean remains in the battle chair, still active, still waiting, and now apparently inspired.

Crowd: "FOUR! THREE! TWO! ONE!"

The buzzer sounds.

BUZZZZZZ!

The O2 is still buzzing from Brittany Reid's arrival, the Women's Championship race now moving like a storm of speed, desperation, ego, and survival.

Brittany bounces near the ropes, still smiling through the danger. Selina Santorino glares at her from near the hovering Santorino Sentinel. Valentina Blaze, Lexi Gold, Zhalia Fears, Athena Storm, Sol Azteca, and Juno Sage remain active around them, each woman aware that every second brings them closer to either history or heartbreak.

Across the ring, Maxwell Jett has retreated back to the lower ropes, but the loss of Jacoby Jacobs has changed the look in his eyes. He is still smug. Still loud. Still convinced the entire world exists to serve his championship story.

But now he is alone.

Eric Dane Jr. is nearby, sure, but Eric is not an ally. Eric is another coward with better sunglasses and worse instincts.

Scott Stevens and Mikey Unlikely continue fighting through the center. Savior Hawkins keeps bouncing, though every glance toward Graham Keel carries that flash of anger from the ankle shot. Tyler Cruz claps with the crowd, still trying to keep motion alive. Maxx Mayhem and Kaine keep finding each other in pain and laughter. Gideon Graves and Graham Keel stand as Iron Dominion. Silas Grimm and El Fantasma Oscuro 1 remain aligned, with Malachi Cross nearby. Hakuryu watches from the side, still composed, still dangerous.

Outside the ring, Bobby Dean remains in the battle chair.

Still active.

Still waiting.

Still somehow one of the most successful strategies in this entire match.

Then the arena lights explode into red, white, and blue strobes.

The opening pulse of “Light ’Em Up” by Fall Out Boy blasts through The O2.

The reaction is immediate.

Big.

Bright.

Hopeful.

The video wall flashes:

THE HOMETOWN HERO.

Then the name slams across the screen:

JAXSON RYDER.

John Phillips: "Entrant number forty-two is Jaxson Ryder! The Hometown Hero is here!"

Mark Bravo: "And look at Maxwell Jett! Look at the champion’s face! Jaxson Ryder and Maxwell Jett have history, John, and Jett does not want any part of this!"

Maxwell Jett’s head snaps toward the stage the moment the music hits.

Whatever color was left in his face drains.

Maxwell Jett: "No. No, no, no. Not him. Absolutely not him."

Eric Dane Jr. lifts his sunglasses just enough to look toward the ramp.

Eric Dane Jr.: "You know this one?"

Maxwell Jett: "Unfortunately."

Eric Dane Jr.: "Did you wrong him?"

Maxwell Jett: "I beat him."

Eric Dane Jr.: "So yes."

Jaxson Ryder explodes through the curtain with his arms thrown wide, feeding off the crowd before he even takes a full step. He turns to one side of the stage, then the other, slapping his chest once before pointing out across The O2.

Jaxson Ryder: "LET’S GO, LONDON!"

The crowd roars back.

John Phillips: "Jaxson Ryder from Dayton, Ohio. High-energy, never-say-die babyface, clean technique, big-match endurance, and a man who has come heartbreakingly close to championship gold before."

Mark Bravo: "And do not forget, he has tangled with Maxwell Jett. Jett beat him back at Victory, and Jett did it the Jett way. Cheap shots, deception, arrogance, and then pretending it was genius."

Jaxson starts down the ramp, slapping hands on both sides, but there is a purpose beneath the smile.

He sees Jett.

Jett knows he sees him.

Jaxson points into the ring, directly at the UTA Champion.

Jaxson Ryder: "The Ace always rises!"

The O2 repeats it in scattered pockets.

Crowd: "THE ACE ALWAYS RISES!"

Jett instantly drops lower near the ropes.

Maxwell Jett: "The Ace can rise somewhere else!"

Jaxson reaches ringside and pauses briefly beside Bobby Dean’s battle chair.

Bobby looks up at him.

Jaxson Ryder: "Bobby, you still active?"

Bobby Dean: "Yes."

Jaxson Ryder: "That might be genius."

Bobby nods slowly, as if more and more people are finally catching up to something he has known all along.

Bobby Dean: "It might be."

Mark Bravo: "The battle chair has received another endorsement."

John Phillips: "At some point, Bobby Dean does have to enter the ring."

Bobby Dean: "Does he?"

Jaxson grins, then turns and slides under the bottom rope into the ring.

He pops to his feet immediately, hits the near ropes, rebounds once, then sprints to the corner and climbs to the middle turnbuckle.

The red, white, and blue strobes flash across the London crowd as he raises both arms.

Jaxson Ryder: "I hear you! I hear all of you!"

The O2 erupts.

Jaxson hops down.

The second his boots hit the canvas, he turns straight toward Maxwell Jett.

Jett tries to hide behind Eric Dane Jr.

Eric notices and steps away immediately.

Eric Dane Jr.: "Nope. I am luxury-adjacent, not shield-adjacent."

Maxwell Jett: "Coward!"

Eric Dane Jr.: "Correct."

Jaxson charges.

Jett screams and tries to dive under the bottom rope, but Jaxson catches him by the ankle before he can escape fully.

The crowd explodes.

John Phillips: "Jaxson Ryder has Maxwell Jett!"

Mark Bravo: "The UTA Champion has been running from consequences all night, and Jaxson Ryder just caught one by the boot!"

Jett claws at the apron, half under the bottom rope, half inside the ring, desperately trying to drag himself away.

Maxwell Jett: "No! This is illegal! I was transitioning!"

Jaxson yanks him back into the ring.

Jett scrambles to his knees and begs off instantly.

Maxwell Jett: "Jaxson. Jax. Buddy. Think about this. Think about the optics."

Jaxson looks out to the crowd.

Jaxson Ryder: "Should I think about it?"

The O2 roars with a unified answer.

Crowd: "NO!"

Jaxson turns back and blasts Jett with a dropkick that sends the UTA Champion rolling backward into the corner.

John Phillips: "Dropkick by Jaxson Ryder!"

Mark Bravo: "That was for Houston, Portugal, and probably every person Maxwell has annoyed since birth!"

Jaxson charges into the corner with a flying forearm.

Jett staggers out.

Jaxson grabs him by the head and runs forward.

Running bulldog.

Jett’s face hits the canvas, and the crowd explodes again.

John Phillips: "Running bulldog! Jaxson Ryder is all over the UTA Champion!"

Jaxson pops up and points to the corner, but before he can go any farther, Graham Keel steps into his path.

The mood changes instantly.

Keel’s eyes move from Jaxson’s shoulder to his ribs to his stance.

Graham Keel: "Reckless acceleration."

Jaxson Ryder: "Clean fight, Graham. You ever try one?"

Keel reaches for the arm.

Jaxson slips away and fires a forearm to the jaw.

Keel staggers back half a step, but Gideon Graves immediately moves beside him.

Iron Dominion closes space.

John Phillips: "Jaxson Ryder just ran into Iron Dominion!"

Mark Bravo: "That’s a bad neighborhood for a clean babyface with momentum."

Gideon swings a massive lariat.

Jaxson ducks under, hits the ropes, and comes back with a springboard crossbody that catches Gideon across the chest.

Gideon staggers, but he does not go down.

Jaxson lands, rolls through, and pops back up.

Tyler Cruz rushes in from the side, clapping once as he joins the motion.

Tyler Cruz: "Need speed?"

Jaxson Ryder: "Always!"

Tyler and Jaxson hit opposite ropes.

Tyler catches Graham Keel with a rope-skip enzuigiri.

Jaxson catches Gideon Graves with a superkick to the jaw.

Iron Dominion both stagger backward at the same time, not falling, but forced to reset.

John Phillips: "Jaxson Ryder and Tyler Cruz rocking Iron Dominion!"

Mark Bravo: "Speed may not solve everything, but it sure makes the big scary guys blink!"

Savior Hawkins moves in next, eyes still flicking toward Keel. He sees Jaxson and Tyler keeping the pace high, and for a moment the three high-energy competitors share the same lane.

Keel tries to clip Savior's ankle again.

Savior hops over it this time, rage flashing in his eyes.

Jaxson grabs Keel from the side before Savior can lose himself in that anger.

Jaxson Ryder: "Stay up! Stay focused!"

Savior breathes hard, eyes locked on Keel.

Then he nods once.

Jaxson whips Keel toward the ropes, but Keel reverses and sends Jaxson instead.

Jaxson rebounds, ducks under a Keel grab, and catches him with a spinning neckbreaker that finally takes The Hold Architect down to one knee and then to the canvas.

John Phillips: "Spinning neckbreaker! Jaxson Ryder takes Graham Keel down!"

Gideon steps toward Jaxson again, but Hakuryu intercepts with a sharp kick to the ribs.

Gideon turns toward Hakuryu.

Their tension resumes instantly, drawing Iron Dominion's attention away from Jaxson for the moment.

Jaxson turns back toward Maxwell Jett.

Jett has crawled halfway under the bottom rope again.

Jaxson Ryder: "Oh, come on!"

Jaxson rushes over and grabs Jett again.

Eric Dane Jr. suddenly appears and clips Jaxson from behind with a forearm to the back of the head.

The crowd boos hard.

Eric Dane Jr.: "Sorry! Champion solidarity!"

Jaxson drops to one knee.

Jett scrambles free and rolls away, laughing breathlessly.

Maxwell Jett: "Yes! Thank you, lesser champion!"

Eric Dane Jr.: "I hate how you say things."

Eric turns back toward Jaxson and grabs him by the head, trying to drag him toward the ropes.

Jaxson fires an elbow into Eric’s ribs.

Another.

Eric loosens the grip.

Jaxson spins out and catches Eric with a snap suplex that drops the Hardcore Champion hard in the center.

John Phillips: "Snap suplex by Jaxson Ryder!"

Mark Bravo: "Champion solidarity lasted about twelve seconds!"

Jett tries to crawl past again, but Jaxson sees him and cuts him off.

Jett rises quickly, panicked, and throws a cheap kick toward Jaxson’s midsection.

Jaxson catches the foot.

The crowd roars.

Jaxson Ryder: "Not tonight."

Jaxson spins Jett around.

Hook kick.

It catches Jett clean.

Jett wobbles.

Jaxson underhooks him.

John Phillips: "Ace Driver! Jaxson Ryder looking for Ace Driver on the UTA Champion!"

The O2 comes unglued.

Before Jaxson can lift, Silas Grimm glides in and drives a palm strike into Jaxson’s ribs.

Jaxson releases Jett and drops back, clutching his side.

El Fantasma Oscuro 1 springboards in right after, clipping Jaxson with a dropkick that sends him rolling toward the ropes.

Mark Bravo: "Silas Grimm and El Fantasma just saved Maxwell Jett from the Ace Driver!"

John Phillips: "I don’t know if they intended to save Jett or simply attack Jaxson, but the result is the same!"

Jett collapses flat on his back, staring at the lights.

Maxwell Jett: "I was never worried."

Mikey Unlikely, fighting nearby with Malachi Cross, looks over at him.

Mikey Unlikely: "Bruv, you screamed."

Maxwell Jett: "Strategically."

Jaxson pulls himself up near the ropes as El Fantasma closes in again.

Tyler Cruz cuts across, intercepting the masked man with a forearm.

El Fantasma ducks and rebounds.

Tyler leapfrogs.

Jaxson joins the sequence, catching El Fantasma on the rebound with a dropkick to the chest.

El Fantasma staggers into the ropes but hooks them immediately, staying safe.

John Phillips: "Jaxson Ryder and Tyler Cruz almost had El Fantasma Oscuro 1 in trouble!"

Silas Grimm grabs Tyler from behind and tries to dump him over the top rope, but Savior Hawkins comes in with a flying forearm to break it up.

Malachi Cross steps toward Savior, but Scott Stevens catches Malachi with a hard right hand before he can finish the thought.

The center of the ring erupts again.

In the women's field, Brittany Reid and Athena Storm hit opposite ropes almost at the same time, both trying to avoid Selina Santorino and Juno Sage closing in on them. Brittany ducks a Juno grab, Athena dodges Selina's clothesline, and the two babyfaces nearly collide before both cartwheel out of the way in different directions.

Sol Azteca slips between them and catches Selina with a kick to the thigh. Valentina Blaze grabs Juno by the wrist. Lexi Gold steps in with a forearm. Zhalia Fears crawls around the entire cluster, smiling like she knows a secret no one else wants.

John Phillips: "The Women's Championship race continues to move at an unbelievable pace!"

Mark Bravo: "And the field is still stacked. Every time someone gets close to elimination, another body crashes into the math."

Jaxson Ryder sees Maxwell Jett trying to rise again.

He starts toward him.

But Gideon Graves suddenly catches Jaxson with a massive forearm from the side.

Jaxson spins and drops to one knee.

Gideon grabs him by the back of the head and tries to drive him toward the ropes.

Jaxson hooks the top rope with both arms before Gideon can lift.

Gideon powers forward.

Jaxson's boots leave the mat for a terrifying second.

John Phillips: "Jaxson Ryder may be going!"

The crowd rises.

Jaxson kicks wildly, refusing to let his body tilt fully over.

Tyler Cruz rushes in and kicks Gideon in the thigh.

Savior Hawkins follows with a forearm to the ribs.

Hakuryu adds a superkick to the side of Gideon's body.

Gideon finally releases Jaxson, turning with fury toward all three men.

Jaxson drops back safely inside the ring and collapses to one knee, breathing hard.

Mark Bravo: "Jaxson survives, but Gideon Graves almost launched him out like a sack of mail!"

Maxwell Jett crawls over and leans close to Jaxson while he is down.

Maxwell Jett: "That is why I avoid heroic posture."

Jaxson slowly turns his head toward him.

Jett realizes the mistake immediately.

Maxwell Jett: "I regret this conversation."

Jaxson lunges, but Jett dives away, rolling behind Eric Dane Jr. again.

Eric, still recovering from the snap suplex, looks at Jett in disbelief.

Eric Dane Jr.: "Stop using me as emotional cover!"

Jaxson starts after both of them, but Kaine suddenly barrels across the ring and collides with Eric, knocking him sideways into Jett and sending both arrogant champions crashing into the corner.

Maxx Mayhem follows with a wild splash into the same corner, crushing Kaine, Eric, and Jett in one ridiculous pile.

Maxx Mayhem: "For the chair!"

Bobby Dean, outside, perks up.

Bobby Dean: "For the chair?"

Mark Bravo: "Apparently."

Jaxson takes the opening and rallies the crowd, one arm raised, chest heaving.

Jaxson Ryder: "COME ON!"

The O2 responds.

He turns toward the corner, but there are too many bodies, too many threats, too much traffic for Victory Lane. He starts to climb anyway, emotion pulling him toward the moment.

Mikey Unlikely looks over from the center.

Mikey Unlikely: "Careful, bruv!"

Jaxson pauses on the middle rope, sees Gideon Graves already moving toward him, sees Silas Grimm circling, sees El Fantasma crouched nearby, and wisely drops back down to the mat.

John Phillips: "Jaxson thought about going up, but there was no safe runway."

Mark Bravo: "That may be maturity right there. The Phoenix Splash is spectacular, but in this match, the sky is crowded."

Jaxson turns right into a sudden confrontation with Scott Stevens.

The veteran General Manager and the Hometown Hero lock eyes.

For one second, neither man swings.

Stevens nods once.

Scott Stevens: "You still standing?"

Jaxson Ryder: "Always."

Then Malachi Cross crashes into both of them from the side, and the moment disappears back into the rumble.

Jaxson stumbles but stays upright, firing back with a forearm to Malachi’s jaw. Stevens adds a right hand. Mikey Unlikely joins with another shot. Malachi staggers, but does not fall.

Silas and El Fantasma move toward the cluster, but Tyler and Savior intercept them, keeping the ring in motion.

In the corner, Maxwell Jett pulls himself out from beneath Eric Dane Jr. and Kaine, gasping, hair messy, face twisted with panic and indignation.

Maxwell Jett: "This match is hostile to excellence!"

Jaxson hears him again.

He points.

Jaxson Ryder: "I'm not done with you!"

Jett immediately drops flat again.

Maxwell Jett: "I am done with me!"

The countdown clock appears.

15.

14.

13.

John Phillips: "Jaxson Ryder has entered the All or Nothing Rumble. No eliminations in this interval, but The Hometown Hero immediately went after Maxwell Jett and nearly hit the Ace Driver on the UTA Champion!"

Mark Bravo: "Jaxson brought fire, history, and heart. He rocked Jett, suplexed Eric Dane Jr., teamed with Tyler and Savior for bursts of speed, and survived Gideon Graves trying to throw him into next week. That is a huge first ninety seconds."

Bobby Dean: "He thinks the chair is genius."

John Phillips: "He said it might be."

Bobby Dean: "That counts."

Crowd: "TEN! NINE! EIGHT!"

Jaxson Ryder resets near the ropes, still staring toward Maxwell Jett whenever the champion dares to rise. Jett remains low in the corner, Eric Dane Jr. nearby and equally unwilling to be brave. Tyler Cruz and Savior Hawkins keep moving. Scott Stevens and Mikey Unlikely fight through the center. Maxx Mayhem and Kaine continue to create chaos. Gideon Graves and Graham Keel hold Iron Dominion's space. Silas Grimm and El Fantasma Oscuro 1 remain aligned, with Malachi Cross nearby. Hakuryu watches from the side.

Crowd: "SEVEN! SIX! FIVE!"

The Women's Championship field remains active and dangerous: Valentina Blaze, Lexi Gold, Zhalia Fears, Athena Storm, Sol Azteca, Juno Sage, Selina Santorino, and Brittany Reid all still fighting toward the same prize.

Outside the ring, Bobby Dean remains in the battle chair, still active, still waiting, still rolling toward whatever moment he has apparently been saving all night.

Crowd: "FOUR! THREE! TWO! ONE!"

The buzzer sounds.

BUZZZZZZ!

The O2 is already beyond crowded, bodies moving in every direction, every rope occupied, every corner dangerous, every second threatening to change the entire shape of the All or Nothing Rumble.

Jaxson Ryder has just entered and brought a burst of red, white, and blue fire with him, immediately targeting Maxwell Jett and reminding the UTA Champion that old problems have a way of coming back with new momentum.

Jett is low near the ropes again, wide-eyed and furious, one hand on the bottom strand like it is the last piece of solid ground in London. Eric Dane Jr. is nearby, still wearing crooked sunglasses and still acting like being Hardcore Champion makes cowardice look expensive.

Tyler Cruz and Savior Hawkins keep the pace alive. Scott Stevens and Mikey Unlikely are still battling through the center. Maxx Mayhem and Kaine continue to laugh through violence. Gideon Graves and Graham Keel hold Iron Dominion's space. Silas Grimm and El Fantasma Oscuro 1 remain aligned, with Malachi Cross standing nearby. Hakuryu watches from the side, cold and composed.

The Women's Championship field remains furious and crowded.

Valentina Blaze.

Lexi Gold.

Zhalia Fears.

Athena Storm.

Sol Azteca.

Juno Sage.

Selina Santorino.

Brittany Reid.

Eight women still active. One eventual Women's Champion.

Outside the ring, Bobby Dean remains in the battle chair.

Still active.

Still waiting.

Still somehow becoming more dangerous the less he does.

Then the lights go red.

Not theatrical red.

Warning red.

A heavy industrial beat drops through The O2 like machinery being lowered into a pit.

The video wall fills with cracked concrete, rusted steel, and smoke. A massive fist slams into the screen, spiderwebbing it with digital fractures.

Then the name appears:

BRICK BRONSON.

The opening fury of "Walk with Me in Hell" by Lamb of God tears through the arena.

The crowd erupts.

John Phillips: "Entrant number forty-three is Brick Bronson! The Concrete Fist! The former UTA Champion is here!"

Mark Bravo: "Oh, this just got heavier. Brick Bronson does not bring speed. He does not bring glitter. He does not bring drones, claps, bows, or inspirational slogans. He brings blunt force trauma and bad intentions."

Brick Bronson steps through the curtain.

No pose.

No smile.

No wasted motion.

Jaw clenched.

Eyes locked on the ring.

He cracks his knuckles once.

Then again.

Slow.

Deliberate.

Like he is testing the tools before a job.

John Phillips: "Brick Bronson, former UTA Champion, from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. A no-nonsense powerhouse with catch wrestling and MMA in his background. Before wrestling, he was a steelworker and an undefeated underground fighter."

Mark Bravo: "That means two things, John. One, he knows how to hurt people. Two, he probably considers this ring softer than most job sites."

Brick begins the march down the ramp with heavy, measured steps.

He does not slap hands.

He does not look left.

He does not look right.

He looks at the ring like the entire thing has been built wrong, and he has arrived to tear it down by hand.

Inside the ring, several competitors turn toward the entrance.

Maxwell Jett sees him and immediately exhales in irritation.

Maxwell Jett: "Great. Concrete nostalgia."

Eric Dane Jr. looks up from beside him.

Eric Dane Jr.: "Is everyone from the past angry?"

Maxwell Jett: "In UTA? Yes."

Gideon Graves turns toward the ramp.

There is no smile.

But there is recognition.

Two Pittsburgh-forged bruisers. Two men of steel, pressure, and violence.

Graham Keel glances between Gideon and Brick, already measuring the possible collision.

John Phillips: "Look at Gideon Graves. Brick Bronson and Gideon Graves both carry that Pittsburgh steel, but they are not allies in this match."

Mark Bravo: "There is only so much heavy machinery one ring can hold before the floor starts asking questions."

Brick reaches ringside and stops near Bobby Dean’s battle chair.

Bobby looks up.

Brick looks down.

He studies the chair for one beat.

Then Bobby.

Brick Bronson: "You getting in?"

Bobby Dean: "Eventually."

Brick grunts.

Brick Bronson: "Don’t wait too long."

Bobby nods, taking this more seriously than half the things said to him tonight.

Bobby Dean: "That sounded like advice."

Mark Bravo: "From Brick Bronson, that might be a threat."

Brick turns to the ring, climbs onto the apron, and steps through the ropes.

The second he enters, the ring feels smaller.

He rolls his shoulders once.

Then he moves.

Tyler Cruz is the first body in range, still bouncing with rhythm and speed.

Tyler claps once and tries to slip around Brick.

Brick does not chase.

He waits half a beat.

Then he cuts Tyler off with a back elbow that knocks The Red Rocket sideways and sends him tumbling toward the ropes.

John Phillips: "Back elbow by Brick Bronson! Tyler Cruz just got stopped cold!"

Mark Bravo: "That is how Brick handles speed. He does not race it. He builds a wall and lets you hit it."

Savior Hawkins rushes in next, flying forearm ready.

Brick catches him on the way in with a stiff headbutt.

Savior drops to one knee, stunned, one hand flying to his face.

Graham Keel immediately notices Savior’s ankle again and starts toward him, but Jaxson Ryder cuts Keel off with a forearm before he can attack the same weakness.

Jaxson Ryder: "Not happening!"

Keel turns toward Jaxson.

Brick turns toward both of them.

For half a second, the ring hangs there.

Then Gideon Graves steps forward.

The O2 rises.

John Phillips: "Oh my. Brick Bronson and Gideon Graves!"

Mark Bravo: "Pittsburgh just showed up twice, and neither man is built to yield."

Brick and Gideon meet near center.

Graham Keel stays slightly behind Gideon, ready to exploit whatever breaks.

Brick stares up slightly at the Iron Giant.

Gideon stares down at The Concrete Fist.

Gideon Graves: "Steel bends."

Brick’s jaw tightens.

Brick Bronson: "Concrete cracks skulls."

They collide.

Forearm from Gideon.

Forearm from Brick.

Another from Gideon.

Another from Brick.

The O2 roars with every shot as two massive forces trade blows in the center of the ring.

John Phillips: "Bronson and Graves trading heavy forearms!"

Mark Bravo: "This is not wrestling. This is city infrastructure fighting itself!"

Gideon rocks Brick with a shot to the jaw.

Brick stumbles one step.

Then he answers with a lariat that staggers Gideon backward into the ropes.

Gideon rebounds with a massive shoulder block.

Brick stays on his feet.

The crowd roars again.

Brick hits the ropes and charges.

Shoulder block.

Gideon stays up.

Both men reset.

Then Brick lowers his head and drives forward with raw force, backing Gideon two full steps before Keel clips Brick from the side with a kick to the knee.

The crowd boos.

John Phillips: "Graham Keel goes to the knee!"

Mark Bravo: "Of course he does. That man sees a hinge and wants to ruin the door."

Brick turns slowly toward Keel.

Keel’s expression does not change.

Graham Keel: "Base compromised."

Brick lunges and clubs Keel with a forearm that knocks him backward into the ropes.

Keel hooks the top strand and stays safely inside.

Gideon grabs Brick from behind.

Brick fires a back elbow.

Gideon absorbs it.

Brick fires another.

Gideon loosens the grip.

Brick turns and drives Gideon down with a snap spinebuster that shakes the ring.

John Phillips: "Snap Spinebuster! Brick Bronson plants Gideon Graves!"

Mark Bravo: "That is a former UTA Champion dropping a monster in the middle of the ring!"

Gideon rolls to one side, not eliminated, not broken, but finally down.

Brick rises over him, jaw clenched.

Then Malachi Cross steps in.

Brick turns toward him.

Malachi throws a Yakuza Kick.

Brick catches part of it on the shoulder, staggers back, then surges forward with a lariat that knocks Malachi down to one knee.

Malachi’s expression barely changes.

Brick grabs him and muscles him up.

Exploder suplex.

Malachi crashes near the ropes, but immediately hooks the lower strand to stay safe.

John Phillips: "Exploder suplex by Brick Bronson!"

Mark Bravo: "Brick is throwing bodies now!"

Maxx Mayhem charges Brick next, because of course he does.

Maxx Mayhem: "Concrete party!"

Brick catches him with a brutal lariat.

Maxx flips inside out and hits the mat hard.

Kaine sees this and immediately smiles.

Kaine: "Dead but alive."

Brick looks at him.

Brick Bronson: "Stay down anyway."

Kaine laughs and rushes.

Brick eats one forearm, then another, then answers with a stiff headbutt that stops Kaine in place.

Brick hooks Kaine and lifts him with a gutwrench.

The O2 rises as Brick powers him up.

Gutwrench Powerbomb.

Kaine crashes spine-first into the canvas.

John Phillips: "Gutwrench Powerbomb by Brick Bronson!"

Mark Bravo: "Kaine might be dead but alive, but Brick just tested both parts!"

Kaine rolls toward the ropes, laughing and coughing at the same time.

Brick turns and sees Eric Dane Jr. trying to crawl away.

Eric freezes.

Eric Dane Jr.: "No. Former champion to current champion, surely there is a code."

Brick stares at him.

Brick Bronson: "No."

Eric scrambles backward on all fours.

Brick reaches down and hauls him up by the back of the gear.

Eric flails wildly.

Eric Dane Jr.: "I have a famous father!"

Brick Bronson: "Congratulations."

Brick launches Eric with a running powerslam that drives him hard into the mat.

John Phillips: "Running Powerslam! Brick Bronson just flattened the Hardcore Champion!"

Maxwell Jett watches from the corner, eyes wide.

Brick slowly turns toward him.

Jett immediately points toward Jaxson Ryder.

Maxwell Jett: "He wants me more!"

Jaxson Ryder, nearby, nods.

Jaxson Ryder: "I do."

Brick looks between Jaxson and Jett.

Then steps aside slightly, as if he has no problem with Jaxson getting his shot.

Jett’s face drops.

Maxwell Jett: "That is unsportsmanlike cooperation!"

Jaxson charges.

Jett ducks low, but Jaxson catches him with a forearm before he can slip through the ropes. Jett staggers backward toward Brick.

Brick levels him with a back elbow.

Jett spins from the impact into Jaxson.

Jaxson catches him with a superkick.

Jett collapses to the mat in a heap.

John Phillips: "Jett just got ping-ponged between Jaxson Ryder and Brick Bronson!"

Mark Bravo: "For once, Maxwell Jett's networking has failed him!"

Brick reaches down for Jett.

Before he can pull him up, El Fantasma Oscuro 1 springboards in and catches Brick with a dropkick to the chest.

Brick staggers back one step.

Silas Grimm follows with a palm strike to the ribs.

Brick turns toward Silas.

The Black Veil does not retreat.

Silas Grimm: "Concrete breaks beneath time."

Brick's expression does not change.

Brick Bronson: "Then hurry up."

Silas throws another palm strike.

Brick catches him with a lariat that sends Silas crashing down near the ropes.

El Fantasma springboards again, but Brick catches him midair enough to stop the momentum and shove him backward.

El Fantasma lands on his feet near the ropes and immediately hooks the top strand, staying safe.

John Phillips: "Brick Bronson nearly caught El Fantasma Oscuro 1!"

Mark Bravo: "That phantom is slippery, but Brick almost turned him into a stain."

The women's field breaks into motion as Brick's arrival scatters bodies through the center. Brittany Reid ducks under a Selina Santorino clothesline and cartwheels away. Selina turns and nearly walks into Sol Azteca, who kicks her in the thigh. Juno Sage catches Brittany's wrist for a split second, but Brittany flips out before the trap can settle. Valentina Blaze and Lexi Gold both try to force Zhalia Fears toward the ropes, but Zhalia drops low and rolls through their legs, laughing as she escapes. Athena Storm springboards in with a knee that clips Juno and forces her to release Sol's arm.

John Phillips: "The Women's Championship race is still chaotic, still wide open!"

Mark Bravo: "And Brick Bronson's arrival just made the whole ring shake. Everyone is adjusting to where the big bodies are landing."

Brick turns back toward the center, and this time Scott Stevens steps toward him.

The former champion and the General Manager stand face to face.

UTA history in one frame.

John Phillips: "Brick Bronson and Scott Stevens now!"

Mark Bravo: "Two men who have carried weight in this company. One carries authority. One carries concrete fists."

Stevens throws a right hand.

Brick answers with a forearm.

Stevens fires back.

Brick answers again.

Mikey Unlikely watches for a beat, then steps in to help Stevens.

Brick catches Mikey with a forearm to the chest, backing him up a step.

Mikey shakes it off and grins despite himself.

Mikey Unlikely: "Still hit hard, bruv."

Brick does not respond.

He just drives forward with another forearm.

Stevens clips Brick with Remember the Alamo, the superkick catching him across the jaw.

Brick staggers.

Mikey follows with a right hand.

Brick staggers again.

Stevens and Mikey both grab him, trying to force him toward the ropes.

The O2 rises.

John Phillips: "They're trying to eliminate Brick Bronson!"

Brick hooks the top rope with one arm and drives a back elbow into Mikey's jaw.

Then another into Stevens' ribs.

He powers back inside, refusing to be moved.

Mark Bravo: "Brick Bronson is not going anywhere yet!"

Gideon Graves rises behind him.

Brick turns.

The two monsters collide again, and this time the ring seems to bend around them.

Gideon drives Brick backward.

Brick drives Gideon sideways.

Keel comes in low.

Hakuryu cuts Keel off with a kick to the ribs.

Savior Hawkins rushes Keel too, but stops himself before anger over the ankle takes over. Jaxson Ryder claps him on the shoulder once and immediately turns back into the fight.

Jaxson Ryder: "Forward, not blind!"

Savior nods again, jaw tight.

Brick and Gideon keep trading.

Then Brick gets the better of one exchange, driving Gideon into the corner with a corner avalanche.

The impact crushes Gideon against the buckles.

Brick turns and grabs Maxx Mayhem, who has wandered too close while laughing at Kaine.

Brick hoists Maxx up.

Uranage Slam.

Maxx hits hard.

John Phillips: "Uranage Slam! Brick Bronson is cleaning house!"

Mark Bravo: "When Brick gets rolling, the match stops being athletic and starts being demolition!"

Kaine crawls toward Brick again, grinning.

Brick looks down at him.

Kaine laughs through blood at the corner of his mouth.

Kaine: "Again."

Brick reaches for him, but Malachi Cross steps in and catches Brick with a knee to the ribs.

Brick grunts and fires a forearm back.

Malachi answers.

Silas Grimm rises beside Malachi.

El Fantasma Oscuro 1 crouches nearby.

For a second, Brick finds himself facing the darker side of the match.

He does not retreat.

He lowers his head and charges.

Brick blasts Silas with a shoulder.

He clubs Malachi with a forearm.

El Fantasma springboards over him and lands safely behind, forcing Brick to turn.

That opens the lane for Malachi to hit a Yakuza Kick into Brick’s shoulder.

Brick staggers into the ropes but hooks the top strand immediately.

Silas tries to lift from one side.

Malachi steps in from the other.

For a dangerous second, Brick’s upper body tilts over the top rope.

John Phillips: "Brick Bronson may be in trouble!"

Then Brick roars and drives both elbows backward, one into Silas, one into Malachi, breaking the pressure. He drops back inside the ring and immediately clotheslines Silas down.

Malachi steps back, recalculating.

El Fantasma stays low and silent.

Mark Bravo: "That was close, but Brick just powered through three different nightmares."

Maxwell Jett, still low, looks around at the field and realizes Brick has turned away from him.

Jett starts crawling toward a safer corner.

Jaxson Ryder sees him again.

So does Brick.

Jett stops dead as both men look down at him.

Maxwell Jett: "Gentlemen. I feel we are all emotionally heightened."

Eric Dane Jr. crawls past behind him.

Eric Dane Jr.: "You’re on your own."

Maxwell Jett: "Traitor champion!"

Jaxson reaches for Jett.

Brick reaches too.

But Gideon Graves suddenly crashes back into Brick from behind, and the two heavyweights spill into another collision near the center.

Jett slips away by inches, rolling under the bottom rope and right back in on the far side, gasping like he has survived a natural disaster.

John Phillips: "Maxwell Jett escapes again!"

Mark Bravo: "This man has built a career on inches, shortcuts, and other people being too busy to finish the job."

Brittany Reid suddenly flies across the screen with a springboard crossbody that catches Eric Dane Jr. in the chest and knocks him down again. Selina Santorino tries to cut Brittany off, but Athena Storm catches Selina with a knee. Sol Azteca slips behind Juno Sage before Juno can trap Athena’s arm. Lexi Gold grabs Zhalia Fears near the ropes, but Zhalia collapses bonelessly to the mat and slips away under the grip.

The ring is moving too fast for anyone to control for long.

Except Brick Bronson is not trying to control it.

He is trying to flatten whatever enters his reach.

He grabs Tyler Cruz again and shoves him hard into the corner, but Jaxson Ryder rushes in to help Tyler, catching Brick with a dropkick to the side.

Brick stumbles one step.

Savior Hawkins adds a flying forearm.

Brick stumbles another.

Tyler hits the ropes and comes back with a rope-skip enzuigiri.

Brick finally drops to one knee.

John Phillips: "The speed trio brings Brick Bronson down to one knee!"

Mark Bravo: "Jaxson, Tyler, and Savior just did what one man could not!"

Brick looks up from one knee.

His eyes are hard.

Annoyed.

Not afraid.

He rises.

Slowly.

The three younger, faster men spread out.

Behind Brick, Gideon Graves is also back on his feet.

And suddenly the ring has two monsters standing upright again.

The countdown clock appears.

15.

14.

13.

John Phillips: "Brick Bronson has entered the All or Nothing Rumble. No eliminations in this interval, but the former UTA Champion has made an immediate, violent impact!"

Mark Bravo: "He dropped Gideon Graves with a spinebuster, flattened Eric Dane Jr., nearly got his hands on Maxwell Jett, threw Maxx Mayhem, battled Scott Stevens and Mikey Unlikely, and still ended the interval standing. That is Brick Bronson."

Bobby Dean: "He told me not to wait too long."

John Phillips: "Are you taking that advice?"

Bobby looks at the ring.

He looks at Brick.

He looks at Maxwell Jett.

He looks at Eric Dane Jr.

Then he grips the controls of the battle chair a little tighter.

Bobby Dean: "Maybe."

Crowd: "TEN! NINE! EIGHT!"

Brick Bronson stands near center, jaw clenched, eyes moving between Gideon Graves, Maxwell Jett, and the next body brave enough to step in front of him. Gideon and Graham Keel reset as Iron Dominion. Jaxson Ryder, Tyler Cruz, and Savior Hawkins keep moving around the heavyweights. Scott Stevens and Mikey Unlikely remain active. Maxx Mayhem and Kaine recover near the ropes. Silas Grimm and El Fantasma Oscuro 1 remain aligned, with Malachi Cross nearby. Hakuryu watches from the side.

Crowd: "SEVEN! SIX! FIVE!"

The Women’s Championship field remains active: Valentina Blaze, Lexi Gold, Zhalia Fears, Athena Storm, Sol Azteca, Juno Sage, Selina Santorino, and Brittany Reid, all still fighting toward the same championship future.

Outside the ring, Bobby Dean remains in the battle chair, still active, still waiting, but perhaps, finally, a little closer to moving.

Crowd: "FOUR! THREE! TWO! ONE!"

The buzzer sounds.

BUZZZZZZ!

Brick Bronson has barely had time to finish reshaping the match with brute force before The O2 shifts again.

The ring is still trembling from the former UTA Champion's arrival. Brick stands near center, jaw clenched, concrete fists ready, with Gideon Graves and Graham Keel still holding Iron Dominion's territory across from him. Jaxson Ryder, Tyler Cruz, and Savior Hawkins keep circling with speed, trying not to be swallowed by the heavyweights. Scott Stevens and Mikey Unlikely remain active in the middle. Maxx Mayhem and Kaine are still laughing through damage. Silas Grimm and El Fantasma Oscuro 1 remain aligned, with Malachi Cross nearby. Hakuryu watches everything with the same cold calm he has carried since entering.

Maxwell Jett is low near the ropes.

Eric Dane Jr. is low near a different rope.

Neither champion is proud enough to stand for very long.

The Women's Championship field remains crowded and vicious.

Valentina Blaze.

Lexi Gold.

Zhalia Fears.

Athena Storm.

Sol Azteca.

Juno Sage.

Selina Santorino.

Brittany Reid.

Eight women active.

One path to the UTA Women's Championship.

Outside the ring, Bobby Dean remains in the battle chair.

Still active.

Still waiting.

Still maybe getting closer.

Then the speakers growl.

"In Walks Barbarella" by Clutch kicks through The O2 with a dirty, grinding swagger that feels almost too casual after the explosions, drones, strobes, and chaos of the last several entrants.

The video wall does not erupt into fire.

It does not bloom with icons.

It does not descend into horror, luxury, or lightning.

It simply displays:

KIRSTY MCKINNEY.

Then Kirsty steps through the curtain.

No pose.

No smile.

No “London!”

No attempt to win the room.

She appears at the top of the ramp with that focused, almost-neutral expression, pale eyes moving over the building like she is taking inventory of the inconvenience.

John Phillips: "Entrant number forty-four is Kirsty McKinney!"

Mark Bravo: "And there she is, John. Amherst, Massachusetts. Goat farm background. Amateur wrestling prodigy. Olympic dreams ended by the weight cuts, and now professional wrestling has to deal with someone who looks offended that entrances exist."

Kirsty stands there for one beat.

Not for drama.

Not for timing.

She just looks at the packed ring, then lets out a tiny sigh.

Like this is going to be a chore.

John Phillips: "Kirsty McKinney is detached, irritable, and efficient. She wants to drag opponents to the mat, ride the hips, trap limbs, stack shoulders, and make every escape feel impossible."

Mark Bravo: "Some wrestlers come in looking for their big move. Kirsty looks like she wants to end the fight in forty seconds with a weird cradle and then complain that everyone made it take too long."

A heckler near the ramp shouts something toward her.

Kirsty turns her head slowly.

No anger.

No amused smirk.

Just a dead, irritated side-eye that somehow lands like a slap.

The fan immediately sits back.

Mark Bravo: "That man just got outwrestled emotionally."

Kirsty starts walking down the ramp.

Measured.

Direct.

Hands low.

Shoulders loose.

Halfway down, she picks up into a jog.

Not because the music swelled.

Not because she wants momentum.

Because walking is apparently wasting time.

She reaches ringside and pauses near Bobby Dean.

Bobby looks up from the battle chair.

Kirsty looks down at him.

Then at the chair.

Then back at him.

Kirsty McKinney: "Still?"

Bobby Dean: "Yes."

Kirsty blinks once.

Kirsty McKinney: "Huh."

She says it like she has not decided whether that is smart or embarrassing.

Bobby Dean: "People are starting to understand."

Kirsty McKinney: "That seems unlikely."

She drops flat, slides under the bottom rope, and rolls smoothly to her knees.

Then she stands in the ring.

No pose.

No grand gesture.

Just Kirsty McKinney, in the middle of the All or Nothing Rumble, looking like the entire seventy-person concept is inefficient.

She lowers into one deep squat.

Then another.

Powerful.

Controlled.

Showing the kind of lower-body strength that does not need to be announced because it makes itself obvious.

She rolls one shoulder.

Then the other.

Then flicks her hair out of her face with sharp contempt.

That is apparently the whole entrance.

John Phillips: "Kirsty McKinney has entered, and that means the Women’s Championship race just added one of the most dangerous pure grapplers in UTA."

Mark Bravo: "This is a nightmare for the high-speed women in this field. Brittany, Athena, Sol, even Selina with all that length and athleticism — Kirsty only needs one bad landing, one wrist, one leg, one hip angle."

Brittany Reid is closest.

Still bouncing.

Still bright.

Still buzzing.

Brittany Reid: "Hi! You're Kirsty, right?"

Kirsty looks at her.

Kirsty McKinney: "Unfortunately."

Brittany's smile falters for half a second.

Brittany Reid: "Okay! Cool!"

Brittany rushes in with speed, looking to repeat the same kind of fast headscissors offense that has kept her alive since entering.

Kirsty drops her level.

Not dramatically.

Just enough.

Brittany jumps for the headscissors.

Kirsty catches the hips before the rotation can build, shifts one knee forward, and dumps Brittany flat onto her back with a sudden mat return.

Brittany hits the canvas with a shocked yelp.

John Phillips: "Kirsty catches Brittany Reid out of the air!"

Mark Bravo: "That is the trap! Brittany needs motion. Kirsty turns motion into a landing problem."

Kirsty immediately rides the hips, one arm controlling Brittany's wrist, the other trapping a leg.

Brittany kicks, twists, and tries to scramble free.

Kirsty floats with her.

Not fast-looking.

Not flashy.

Just always in the right place.

She stacks Brittany's shoulders for a second, then remembers pinfalls do not matter here and looks briefly annoyed by the match type itself.

Kirsty McKinney: "Right. Stupid."

She releases the stack and instead drags Brittany toward the ropes, trying to roll her body under and force her upward into top-rope danger.

Brittany panics, grabbing the middle rope, then the bottom rope, trying to stay low.

Brittany Reid: "Nope! Nope! Nope!"

Athena Storm rushes in and catches Kirsty with a forearm to the side of the head.

The crowd reacts, remembering Madrid. Remembering the way Kirsty trapped Athena. Remembering that this is not a fresh matchup so much as unfinished stylistic tension thrown into a rumble.

John Phillips: "Athena Storm immediately going after Kirsty McKinney!"

Mark Bravo: "Athena knows exactly what it feels like to get folded by this woman. She is not waiting around for a

replay."

Kirsty releases Brittany and slowly rises.

She wipes at the side of her head where Athena’s forearm landed.

Then looks at Athena.

Annoyed.

Not angry.

Worse.

Kirsty McKinney: "Again?"

Athena Storm: "Let it rain."

Kirsty sighs.

Kirsty McKinney: "Weather people."

Athena charges with a jumping knee.

Kirsty sidesteps, catches the landing leg, and immediately turns it into a single-leg trip. Athena hits the mat, rolls through before Kirsty can fully secure the leg, and pops up near the ropes.

Kirsty follows lower, already reaching.

Sol Azteca cuts in from the side with a sharp kick to Kirsty’s thigh.

Kirsty’s leg dips.

She turns toward Sol.

Sol keeps moving, refusing to give her a static target.

Sol Azteca: "Stay moving."

Kirsty gives her a flat look.

Kirsty McKinney: "You too?"

Sol darts in with a second kick.

Kirsty absorbs enough of it, catches the ankle, and yanks Sol inward. Sol tries to roll through, but Kirsty follows, trapping one leg between hers and reaching for the opposite arm.

John Phillips: "Kirsty McKinney trying to tie up Sol Azteca!"

Mark Bravo: "Sol lives on rhythm. Kirsty just turned the music off."

Sol twists hard, plants one hand, and uses a burst of lucha leverage to roll out before the entanglement can fully form.

She backs away quickly, mask bright, eyes sharper now.

Kirsty rises to one knee and gives the smallest nod.

Kirsty McKinney: "Better."

Juno Sage steps toward Kirsty.

The Cold Equation and the irritable wrestling-room nightmare meet near center, both reading limbs, posture, weight, and angles.

For a second, the chaos around them seems to narrow into something clinical.

Juno Sage: "Lower-body strength above field average."

Kirsty looks at her.

Kirsty McKinney: "Don’t make it weird."

Juno shoots low for the leg.

Kirsty sprawls instantly, hips heavy, hands posting on Juno’s shoulders. Juno tries to transition to the arm. Kirsty blocks the wrist, circles behind, and snaps into a waist ride.

Juno rolls.

Kirsty follows.

Juno reaches for an ankle.

Kirsty steps over, denies it, and rides again.

The crowd reacts to the sudden technical exchange inside all the chaos.

John Phillips: "Kirsty and Juno trading mat control!"

Mark Bravo: "This is like watching two people argue in a language made of knees and spite."

Juno finally rolls through and escapes to one knee.

Kirsty rises too, flicking hair from her face.

Juno Sage: "Efficient."

Kirsty McKinney: "Obviously."

Selina Santorino steps in next, drone hovering just outside the ropes, catching her best angle as she looks Kirsty up and down.

Selina Santorino: "You know, minimalist can work if it’s intentional."

Kirsty looks at the drone.

Then at Selina.

Kirsty McKinney: "Is that thing necessary?"

Selina Santorino: "For people with a following, yes."

Kirsty reaches for Selina’s wrist.

Selina pulls away and swings a long clothesline.

Kirsty ducks, steps behind, and snaps into a rear waistlock.

Selina’s eyes widen as Kirsty lifts.

Back-to-belly suplex.

Selina hits hard and rolls toward the ropes, immediately reaching for the bottom strand and checking the drone’s position at the same time.

John Phillips: "Back-to-belly suplex by Kirsty McKinney!"

Mark Bravo: "Selina just got posted without a filter."

The Santorino Sentinel dips to capture Selina’s recovery.

Kirsty gives the drone the same irritated side-eye she gave the heckler.

The drone rises a few inches.

Mark Bravo: "Even the drone backed up."

Lexi Gold grabs Kirsty from behind, trying to use the opening while Kirsty is distracted by technology she disapproves of.

Lexi drives a forearm into Kirsty’s upper back and tries to force her toward the ropes.

Kirsty immediately drops her weight and turns her hips.

Lexi pushes.

Kirsty refuses to move.

Then Kirsty hooks Lexi’s near leg and rolls backward into a sudden amateur-style scramble, pulling Lexi down and almost stacking her into a folded position near the ropes.

Again, pinfalls do not matter.

But the position does.

Kirsty uses the stack to push Lexi’s body upward toward the bottom of the ropes, trying to create enough leverage to dump her over.

Lexi kicks free at the last second and rolls away, breathing harder.

John Phillips: "Kirsty nearly turned Lexi Gold’s attack into elimination danger!"

Mark Bravo: "That is the nightmare. You think you are shoving her. Suddenly you are folded like laundry and your legs are higher than your judgment."

Valentina Blaze steps in with a kick to Kirsty’s ribs.

Kirsty absorbs it with a grimace and catches the second kick attempt.

Valentina hops on one leg, trying to keep balance.

Kirsty yanks the leg across her body and dumps Valentina with a dragon screw-style mat return, twisting the already-tender knee from earlier damage.

Valentina cries out and rolls away quickly.

John Phillips: "Kirsty goes right after Valentina’s knee!"

Mark Bravo: "She saw the limp. Of course she saw the limp. Kirsty notices anything that makes you easier to control."

Zhalia Fears crawls up beside Kirsty, smiling.

Zhalia Fears: "Goat girl."

Kirsty looks down at her.

Kirsty McKinney: "Floor girl."

Zhalia laughs.

Then lunges for Kirsty’s leg.

Kirsty sprawls on her again, heavy hips smothering the attempt. She floats around to Zhalia’s back and starts threading

one arm around the neck, looking for the Pitty Choke angle.

John Phillips: "Kirsty may be looking for that bulldog choke!"

Mark Bravo: "Pitty Choke! And if she gets that in, Zhalia may have to find out how ghosts breathe!"

Zhalia twists violently, bending in a strange angle that would make most wrestlers lose position, and slips just enough of her chin free to avoid the full choke.

She rolls under the bottom rope and back in, escaping without going over the top.

Kirsty sits back on one knee, unimpressed.

Kirsty McKinney: "Annoying."

Zhalia smiles from the mat.

Zhalia Fears: "Thank you."

Across the ring, Brick Bronson has Eric Dane Jr. by the back of the gear again and is trying to force him upright. Eric flails and grabs the bottom rope. Maxwell Jett uses the distraction to crawl behind Jaxson Ryder, but Jaxson turns before Jett can cheap-shot him.

Jaxson Ryder: "You’re not that slick."

Maxwell Jett: "I am historically slick."

Jett tries to escape, but Tyler Cruz cuts him off with a clap and a grin. Savior Hawkins steps in from the other side. Jett suddenly realizes he is boxed in by three fast babyfaces and immediately points toward Kirsty.

Maxwell Jett: "Look! New person! Amateur wrestling!"

None of them look.

Jett swallows hard.

Before they can attack, Gideon Graves barrels through and knocks Tyler down with a massive forearm. Graham Keel clips Savior’s ankle again, and Savior’s face flashes with anger so sudden it almost changes the air.

Jaxson grabs Savior’s shoulder again.

Jaxson Ryder: "Forward, not blind!"

Savior breathes once.

Twice.

He nods, but his eyes stay on Keel.

Kirsty sees the ankle exchange from the women’s side.

She glances at Savior’s footwork.

Then at Graham Keel.

Then rolls her eyes, as if offended someone else is also making body mechanics their entire personality.

Juno Sage notices Kirsty noticing.

For half a second, the two cold technicians exchange a look that says they both saw the same weakness.

Neither says anything.

They do not need to.

Brittany Reid suddenly comes flying back into Kirsty’s frame, trying to catch her with a springboard crossbody while Kirsty’s attention is split.

Kirsty catches her again.

Not fully clean this time.

Brittany’s momentum drives Kirsty backward toward the ropes.

The O2 rises as Kirsty’s back hits the top strand.

Brittany keeps pushing, feet kicking, trying to topple the grappler over before she can reset.

John Phillips: "Brittany Reid has Kirsty McKinney in trouble!"

Kirsty grits her teeth, turns her hips, and drops suddenly, dragging Brittany down with her into a tight legscissor cradle position.

Again, pinfalls do not matter.

But Brittany’s body is trapped.

Kirsty looks directly into the hard camera with a bored expression as Brittany kicks frantically, caught in Shear Cradle geometry.

Brittany Reid: "This is not helpful!"

Kirsty sighs.

Kirsty McKinney: "It is for me."

Selina Santorino rushes in and kicks Kirsty in the shoulder, breaking the cradle before Brittany can be rolled toward the ropes.

Brittany scrambles free, gasping.

Selina looks down at Kirsty.

Selina Santorino: "Nobody watches mat content."

Kirsty rises slowly, rubbing her shoulder.

Kirsty McKinney: "People who win do."

Selina swings.

Kirsty ducks and grabs the waist again.

This time Selina hooks the top rope immediately before Kirsty can lift.

Selina elbows backward and escapes, stumbling into Juno Sage, who reaches for her arm. Selina yanks free and points toward the drone.

Selina Santorino: "Do not film that."

The drone continues filming.

Selina looks betrayed.

On the far side, Athena Storm charges Kirsty again, this time lower, perhaps learning from their previous fight. Kirsty drops to sprawl, but Athena feints, hops over the reach, and snaps a rope-bounce enzuigiri across Kirsty’s head.

The crowd erupts.

John Phillips: "Athena caught Kirsty again with the enzuigiri!"

Mark Bravo: "That was the Madrid lesson! Make Kirsty guess wrong, hit her before she can reset!"

Kirsty drops to both hands.

Athena hits the ropes again.

She comes back with speed.

Kirsty reaches from the mat and hooks the ankle as Athena passes.

Athena crashes chest-first to the canvas.

Kirsty crawls forward and immediately traps the leg.

Kirsty McKinney: "Still goats."

Athena kicks free before Kirsty can tie it up, rolling away with wide eyes.

Mark Bravo: "That is horrifying awareness. She got kicked in the head and still found the ankle."

Valentina Blaze comes in and catches Kirsty with a forearm, then Lexi Gold joins, trying to finally force Kirsty toward the ropes while she is dazed. Sol Azteca adds controlled pressure from the side. Juno Sage watches for a moment, then steps in too, targeting Kirsty's arm. Brittany Reid, recovered, sees the chance and rushes forward.

Suddenly, Kirsty McKinney is being driven toward the ropes by almost the entire women's field.

John Phillips: "Kirsty McKinney may be going! The women's field is trying to eliminate the newest threat!"

Kirsty hooks the top rope with one arm.

Valentina pushes.

Lexi lifts.

Sol controls the hip.

Juno twists the arm.

Brittany adds her whole bodyweight with a high-pitched yell.

Kirsty's feet leave the mat.

For one second, she is halfway over.

Then Brick Bronson's brawl with Gideon Graves crashes into the same side of the ring, shaking the ropes and breaking the women's leverage. Everyone staggers.

Kirsty drops back inside, landing hard on one knee.

She looks up at Brick and Gideon with complete irritation.

Kirsty McKinney: "Move."

Brick Bronson does not even seem to hear her.

Gideon Graves certainly does not care.

Kirsty exhales through her nose like this whole match has become an especially stupid group project.

Mark Bravo: "Kirsty almost got eliminated, and now she's mad at the heavyweights for causing inefficient traffic."

Kaine rolls into the frame, laughing, trying to crawl toward the same pile. Kirsty catches his wrist on instinct and twists him down into a short arm ride.

Kaine laughs louder.

Kaine: "Dead but alive."

Kirsty looks down at him.

Kirsty McKinney: "Everyone keeps saying things."

Maxx Mayhem barrels in and accidentally breaks Kaine free by crashing into both of them. Kirsty rolls away before Maxx can land fully across her, then pops up with a kitchen sink knee that folds Maxx over.

Maxx drops to the mat, clutching his stomach.

Maxx Mayhem: "Goat punch!"

Kirsty McKinney: "Knee."

Bobby Dean watches from outside, gripping the battle chair controls.

Bobby Dean: "She is very practical."

John Phillips: "That is one word for Kirsty McKinney."

Inside, Kirsty turns back toward the women’s field, only for Selina Santorino to charge in with a jumping clothesline.

Kirsty ducks.

Selina flies past and nearly collides with the ropes, hooking them just in time.

Brittany Reid rushes Selina from behind, but Selina drops low and Brittany bounces off her back awkwardly, landing near the ropes.

Juno Sage grabs Brittany’s ankle.

Sol Azteca kicks Juno’s arm away.

Athena Storm catches Sol with a forearm.

Valentina Blaze kicks Athena in the ribs.

Lexi Gold grabs Valentina by the wrist.

Zhalia Fears crawls underneath all of them, laughing.

Kirsty looks at the pile.

She does not dive in.

She waits.

Then, when Brittany tries to scramble out of the mess, Kirsty catches her by the waist and lifts.

For a brief, stunning second, Kirsty hoists Brittany with a stalling gutwrench, showing that farm-built and wrestling-room strength.

K-Lift.

Brittany flails upside down.

Brittany Reid: "Oh my gosh, no thank you!"

Kirsty walks her two steps toward the ropes, clearly intending to dump her out.

Brittany kicks, twists, and manages to hook Kirsty’s head, turning the lift into a frantic hurricanrana escape that sends Kirsty stumbling forward.

Kirsty catches herself on the ropes.

Brittany lands inside, rolling away safely.

John Phillips: "Brittany Reid escapes the K-Lift!"

Mark Bravo: "That may have saved her rumble. Kirsty was carrying her toward elimination like she was moving a feed sack."

Kirsty turns, more visibly annoyed now, and starts toward Brittany.

Athena Storm steps between them.

Sol Azteca steps in beside Athena.

Valentina Blaze and Lexi Gold move too.

Juno Sage watches from the side.

Selina Santorino gets to one knee near the drone, checking the angle even now.

Zhalia Fears smiles near the bottom rope.

The women’s field has fully recognized Kirsty as a problem.

And Kirsty looks annoyed that they noticed.

Across the ring, Brick Bronson and Gideon Graves crash shoulder to shoulder again. Scott Stevens and Mikey Unlikely try to force Malachi Cross away from the ropes. Tyler Cruz and Jaxson Ryder keep Maxwell Jett from sneaking into safety, though Jett somehow still keeps finding the bottom rope. Eric Dane Jr. crawls near the corner and points at everyone like he is supervising his own survival. Savior Hawkins keeps one eye on Graham Keel. El Fantasma Oscuro 1 and Silas Grimm remain aligned, watching for the next opening.

The countdown clock appears.

15.

14.

13.

John Phillips: "Kirsty McKinney has entered the All or Nothing Rumble. No eliminations in this interval, but she immediately changed the Women’s Championship race with mat control, leverage, and pure efficiency."

Mark Bravo: "She trapped Brittany, tangled with Athena again, shut down Sol’s rhythm, traded technique with Juno, suplexed Selina, attacked Valentina’s knee, almost got eliminated by the whole field, and somehow looked irritated that it all took ninety seconds."

Bobby Dean: "She said eventually was unlikely."

Mark Bravo: "She might be right."

Bobby Dean: "She might not be."

Bobby’s thumb hovers over the battle chair controls.

Crowd: "TEN! NINE! EIGHT!"

Kirsty McKinney resets near the ropes, flat-eyed and breathing steady. Brittany Reid bounces farther away now, a little more careful. Athena Storm keeps watching Kirsty’s hands. Sol Azteca circles. Valentina Blaze checks her knee. Lexi Gold shakes out her wrist. Juno Sage studies. Selina Santorino argues quietly with her drone. Zhalia Fears smiles from

low to the mat.

Crowd: "SEVEN! SIX! FIVE!"

Brick Bronson and Gideon Graves keep trading heavy pressure near center. Graham Keel and Silas Grimm watch for openings. El Fantasma Oscuro 1 remains silent and active. Mikey Unlikely and Scott Stevens battle through the traffic. Jaxson Ryder and Tyler Cruz keep moving. Savior Hawkins breathes through the ankle tension. Maxwell Jett and Eric Dane Jr. remain low. Maxx Mayhem and Kaine crawl back toward violence. Hakuryu watches from the side.

Outside the ring, Bobby Dean remains in the battle chair, still active, still waiting, still maybe not waiting much longer.

Crowd: "FOUR! THREE! TWO! ONE!"

The buzzer sounds.

BUZZZZZZ!

Kirsty McKinney is still near the ropes, flat-eyed and annoyed, after entering the match and immediately making the Women's Championship race feel like a wrestling room nobody asked to visit. Brittany Reid keeps distance now, still bouncing, but a little more cautious. Athena Storm watches Kirsty's hands. Sol Azteca keeps circling. Valentina Blaze favors her knee. Lexi Gold resets her stance. Juno Sage studies every shift. Selina Santorino glares between the women's field and her hovering drone. Zhalia Fears smiles from low near the mat like none of this is normal enough to interest her unless it gets worse.

Across the ring, Brick Bronson and Gideon Graves are still trading violent pressure. Graham Keel watches for weak joints. Silas Grimm and El Fantasma Oscuro 1 remain aligned, with Malachi Cross nearby like a shadow with fists. Mikey Unlikely and Scott Stevens keep fighting through the middle. Jaxson Ryder and Tyler Cruz are still moving. Savior Hawkins is still trying to keep his temper from chasing Graham Keel's attacks on his ankle. Maxx Mayhem and Kaine keep crawling back toward each other like pain has a magnet inside it.

Maxwell Jett remains low.

Eric Dane Jr. remains low.

At this point, both men may legally qualify as furniture.

Outside the ring, Bobby Dean remains in the battle chair.

Still active.

Still waiting.

Still maybe listening to Brick Bronson's advice not to wait too long.

Then the lights turn red.

Deep.

Sleek.

Sinister.

The opening grind of "Going to Hell" by The Pretty Reckless cuts through The O2, and a wave of boos rises before the name even appears.

The video wall fills with crimson smoke, diamond-gloss typography, and a slow-motion silhouette strutting through firelit haze.

Then the name appears:

SELENA VEX.

The boos grow louder.

John Phillips: "Entrant number forty-five is Selena Vex!"

Mark Bravo: "Oh, here we go. Miami arrogance, dirty tricks, privilege wrapped in a fake self-made story, and a woman who treats boos like oxygen. Selena Vex is here, and she is not coming in clean."

Selena Vex steps through the curtain with a smug smirk already carved across her face.

She does not rush.

She does not play to the crowd with joy or energy or fire.

She struts.

Slow.

Controlled.

Insulting fans with her mouth before she ever needs a microphone.

She gestures toward one section of the London crowd and laughs at whatever they are shouting back at her.

Selena Vex: "Your boos mean nothing — but keep going. I love breathing."

The O2 boos harder.

John Phillips: "Selena Vex has been around major women's division moments already, including that volatile Lumberjill environment back at Victorious. Tonight, she enters the All or Nothing Rumble with the Women's Championship race still very much alive."

Mark Bravo: "And she enters at a dangerous time. The field has been softened. People are hurt. People are tired. Selena Vex is exactly the type to walk in late, find the cheapest possible opening, and call it brilliance."

Selena reaches the middle of the ramp and stops for a fan leaning over the barricade, yelling right in her direction.

She slowly turns toward him.

Smiles.

Then mouths something ugly enough that the fan recoils while the people around him roar.

Mark Bravo: "She has been in the match for zero seconds and has already started three arguments."

Selena continues toward ringside, eyes flicking briefly toward Bobby Dean's battle chair.

Bobby looks up.

Selena looks at him.

Then at the chair.

Then back to him.

Selena Vex: "Is this performance art or cowardice?"

Bobby Dean: "Strategy."

Selena smirks wider.

Selena Vex: "Sure. Call it whatever helps."

Bobby watches her turn away.

Bobby Dean: "She’s not very nice."

Mark Bravo: "No, Bobby, she is not."

Bobby Dean: "The chair noticed."

Selena slides under the bottom rope and immediately rises with a hand on the middle rope, taking her time stepping fully into the ring. She pauses halfway through the ropes, turning her head toward the hard camera and smiling like the boos have been delivered directly to her table.

She steps through.

Both boots hit the canvas.

Selena Vex is officially in the All or Nothing Rumble.

And she immediately does not fight.

She looks around.

Calculating.

Not like Juno Sage, with cold numbers.

Not like Graham Keel, with structural cruelty.

Selena calculates like a thief looking for unlocked doors.

She sees Valentina Blaze favoring the knee.

She sees Brittany Reid breathing harder.

She sees Kirsty McKinney near the ropes.

She sees Selina Santorino’s drone, then rolls her eyes at the name collision and the production circus.

Selena Vex: "Great. Another Selina. Less taste, more camera."

Selina Santorino’s head snaps toward her.

Selina Santorino: "Excuse me?"

Selena Vex: "You heard me, discount livestream."

The crowd reacts immediately.

John Phillips: "Selena Vex and Selina Santorino already at odds!"

Mark Bravo: "Same name pronunciation territory, completely different brands of awful. One has a drone. One has a personality made of eye rakes."

Selina Santorino steps toward Selena Vex, the Santorino Sentinel hovering just outside the ropes, LIVE light blinking.

Selina Santorino: "You are not on my level."

Selena Vex: "No. I can win without a camera reminding people I exist."

Selina Santorino swings first, long arm cutting through the air.

Selena Vex ducks beneath it and instantly rakes the eyes.

The crowd boos hard.

John Phillips: "Eye rake! Of course!"

Mark Bravo: "She has been in for maybe ten seconds, and the playbook is already filthy."

Selina Santorino staggers backward, one hand over her face, the other reaching toward the drone as if it can somehow protect her image. Selena Vex grabs her by the hair and slams her face-first into the mat with a hair-pull mat slam.

Selina Santorino rolls away, furious and blinded, shouting toward the Sentinel.

Selina Santorino: "Do not post that!"

Selena Vex: "Post it twice."

Brittany Reid rushes in from the side with a quick dropkick attempt.

Selena sidesteps at the last second and helps Brittany's momentum carry her toward the ropes with a shove between the shoulders.

Brittany catches the top strand, eyes wide, feet kicking as she stops herself from going over.

Brittany Reid: "Oh my gosh!"

Selena grabs Brittany by the hair and tries to dump her, but Kirsty McKinney suddenly grabs Selena around the waist from behind and drags her backward with a mat return.

Selena hits the canvas and rolls away immediately, scowling.

Kirsty McKinney: "Hair is lazy."

Selena Vex: "Winning is winning."

Kirsty drops low, reaching for a leg, but Selena suddenly grabs at her own knee and collapses backward, crying out dramatically.

The referee nearby glances over.

Kirsty pauses for exactly half a second.

Not because she believes it.

Because she is annoyed someone would try it.

That half-second is enough.

Selena kicks upward and rakes Kirsty across the eyes with her boot laces.

Kirsty recoils, furious now in the most understated way possible.

Mark Bravo: "Possum play by Selena Vex! She feigned the injury and caught Kirsty!"

John Phillips: "That is exactly what makes her dangerous. Selena does not care how she gets an opening."

Selena pops up and catches Kirsty with a swinging neckbreaker, snapping the Amherst grappler down to the mat.

Kirsty rolls toward the ropes, one hand at her neck, eyes flat and murderous.

Selena Vex: "See? Self-made."

The boos roar again.

Valentina Blaze steps toward Selena now, still favoring the knee but refusing to let the newest heel control the field.

Valentina Blaze: "You talk a lot."

Selena Vex: "You limp a lot."

Valentina swings a forearm.

Selena ducks and kicks the bad knee immediately.

Valentina drops to one hand, grimacing.

Selena grabs her by the head and snaps her throat-first across the middle rope.

Then she steps onto the back of Valentina’s neck, pressing her boot down in a blatant choke against the rope.

John Phillips: "Corner choke foot press by Selena Vex! Come on!"

The referee starts counting, even though the rumble rules are broader and the chaos around them is worse than anything he can reasonably control.

Referee: "Get off the rope! Back up!"

Selena lifts both hands innocently while keeping the boot pressed down a second longer than necessary.

Selena Vex: "I’m just standing here."

Sol Azteca runs in and kicks Selena’s standing leg out from under her.

Selena crashes down, releasing Valentina, and immediately rolls toward the apron to avoid follow-up danger.

Sol steps after her, mask bright, eyes sharp.

Sol Azteca: "Get up."

Selena Vex: "Bossy."

Selena slides under the bottom rope to the apron and then immediately back in, using the same survival route that Maxwell Jett and Eric Dane Jr. have treated like scripture.

Maxwell Jett, still low across the ring, points toward her.

Maxwell Jett: "Finally, another intellectual!"

Selena Vex: "Don’t talk to me."

Eric Dane Jr.: "She gets it."

Sol comes at Selena with a sharp kick.

Selena catches enough of the leg to shove Sol backward, then grabs the mask line.

The change in Sol is immediate.

The entire women’s field seems to notice.

Selena’s fingers only brush the edge before Sol clamps both hands onto her wrist.

Sol Azteca: "No."

Selena smirks, even with her wrist trapped.

Selena Vex: "Found the button."

Sol twists the wrist hard and drives a knee into Selena’s ribs. Selena stumbles, but as Sol goes to follow, Selena throws another dirty thumb toward the eye.

This time Sol ducks it.

Sol spins behind Selena and kicks her hard in the thigh.

Selena drops to one knee.

Athena Storm comes flying in with a knee strike that catches Selena across the shoulder, knocking her sideways.

John Phillips: "Sol and Athena make Selena pay for going near the mask!"

Mark Bravo: "Selena Vex is good at finding buttons, but sometimes you push one that shocks back."

Juno Sage steps in behind Athena and grabs her wrist, looking to trap the arm, but Selena uses the opening to roll behind Juno and shove her into Athena. Both women collide shoulder-first, not enough to eliminate either, but enough to break rhythm.

Selena rises and laughs.

Selena Vex: "You're welcome."

Lexi Gold catches Selena with a forearm across the jaw.

Selena staggers backward into the ropes, hooks them instantly, and ducks low before Lexi can lift her.

Lexi grabs for her anyway, trying to drag her upward.

Selena hooks one leg around the middle rope and screams dramatically toward the official.

Selena Vex: "She's choking me!"

Lexi Gold: "I am not."

Selena Vex: "She admitted it!"

Lexi blinks in disbelief.

Selena uses the distraction to poke Lexi in the eye.

Lexi recoils, and Selena grabs her by the head, trying to set up a snap suplex into the ropes.

Lexi blocks.

Selena tries again.

Lexi blocks again and reverses, lifting Selena instead.

Selena kicks wildly and lands on her feet behind Lexi, then drives a knee into her back, sending Lexi stumbling into the ropes.

Selena rushes in for a running clothesline with full theatrics, throwing her hair back and shouting at the crowd mid-run.

Selena Vex: "Watch greatness!"

Lexi ducks.

Selena almost goes over the top rope from her own momentum, but catches herself just in time, eyes wide.

Mark Bravo: "She almost watched herself leave!"

Lexi grabs Selena from behind and tries to dump her.

The O2 rises.

Selena kicks backward desperately, catching Lexi low enough in the thigh and hip to break her stance. She drops to the mat and rolls inward, safe, immediately pointing at the referee like Lexi did something wrong.

Selena Vex: "Illegal!"

John Phillips: "Illegal? This is a rumble!"

Mark Bravo: "Facts have never stopped Selena Vex."

Zhalia Fears crawls into Selena’s path and looks up at her with that bright, unsettling grin.

Zhalia Fears: "Your boos are oxygen?"

Selena looks down.

Selena Vex: "Yes."

Zhalia Fears: "Then choke."

Zhalia lunges up with a sudden forearm.

Selena ducks halfway, but the shot still catches her across the temple. Selena stumbles sideways, and Zhalia rushes again.

Selena grabs the top rope and drops low, causing Zhalia to tumble over her back toward the apron.

Zhalia lands on the apron, both hands hooked around the top rope.

The crowd rises.

John Phillips: "Zhalia Fears is on the apron!"

Selena immediately gets up and steps toward her, looking to finish the elimination.

Zhalia smiles through the ropes.

Zhalia Fears: "Careful."

Selena does not listen.

She reaches through the ropes, grabbing for Zhalia’s face.

Zhalia catches her fingers and bends them backward.

Selena screams and staggers away, clutching her hand.

Zhalia slides back under the bottom rope and inside safely, still active.

Mark Bravo: "Selena tried to eliminate Zhalia and got her fingers rearranged for the effort."

Selena turns away from Zhalia and finds Brittany Reid already flying toward her.

Brittany springboards off the middle rope, looking for a crossbody.

Selena drops flat.

Brittany sails over her and crashes chest-first into Selina Santorino, who had just gotten up and was trying to re-center herself for the drone.

Both women go down in a heap.

Selina Santorino: "My angle!"

Brittany Reid: "Sorry!"

Selena Vex rises on one knee, pointing at both of them and laughing.

Selena Vex: "This is why cheerleaders shouldn’t fly and influencers shouldn’t stand."

Selina Santorino sits up slowly.

Brittany Reid sits up beside her.

They both turn toward Selena Vex.

Selena’s smile fades just a little.

Selena Vex: "Oh, don’t bond over incompetence."

Brittany rushes first.

Selina Santorino follows, not because she likes Brittany, but because nobody insults her standing.

Selena Vex tries to back away, but Athena Storm cuts off one side. Sol Azteca cuts off the other. Lexi Gold steps in behind her. Juno Sage watches with cold interest. Kirsty McKinney stays low, ready to grab a leg. Zhalia Fears smiles from the mat.

John Phillips: "Selena Vex is surrounded by the remaining women!"

Mark Bravo: "That is what happens when you enter and insult literally everybody in under a minute!"

Selena puts both hands up.

Selena Vex: "Ladies. Think. I’m new. Fresh. Useful. We can eliminate someone else."

She points suddenly toward Valentina’s knee.

Selena Vex: "Her leg’s basically gone."

Valentina’s eyes narrow.

Valentina Blaze: "Bad choice."

Valentina lunges.

Selena drops dramatically, grabbing her own face and screaming like she has been struck before contact even happens.

Valentina pulls up, confused for half a second.

The referee looks over.

Selena suddenly rolls forward and grabs Valentina’s bad leg, yanking it out from under her.

Valentina drops to the mat with a cry, and Selena instantly transitions into Vexed Out, the inverted STF, grinding elbow strikes into Valentina’s ribs while pulling back with cruel leverage.

John Phillips: "Vexed Out! Selena Vex has Vexed Out on Valentina Blaze!"

Mark Bravo: "There are no submissions in this rumble, but she doesn’t care! She’s weakening the field!"

Valentina yells through clenched teeth, reaching for the ropes more out of instinct than necessity.

Sol Azteca kicks Selena in the shoulder to break the hold.

Athena Storm follows with a knee.

Selena rolls away, laughing even while clutching her ribs.

Selena Vex: "You’re welcome. I made her easier."

Before Athena can chase, the men’s side crashes into the women’s side again. Brick Bronson and Gideon Graves collide near the ropes, forcing everyone nearby to scatter. Tyler Cruz springboards away from danger. Jaxson Ryder pulls Savior Hawkins out of the path as Graham Keel reaches again for the ankle. Mikey Unlikely clubs Malachi Cross from behind. Scott Stevens grabs Maxwell Jett by the back of the gear, but Eric Dane Jr. accidentally backs into Stevens, giving Jett another opening to drop flat and slither away.

Maxwell Jett: "Still alive!"

Eric Dane Jr.: "Stop saying that near Kaine!"

Kaine pops up behind Eric.

Kaine: "Dead but alive."

Eric Dane Jr.: "See?!"

Maxx Mayhem crashes into Kaine and Eric both, sending the Hardcore Champion scrambling again.

Selena Vex uses that men’s-side chaos to slide toward the ropes and catch her breath, smirking as the women’s field momentarily shifts away from her.

But Kirsty McKinney is still watching.

Kirsty grabs Selena by the ankle and drags her back toward center.

Selena Vex: "Get off me, farm girl!"

Kirsty looks at her.

Kirsty McKinney: "No."

Kirsty starts to turn Selena into another leg entanglement, but Selena kicks backward with her free foot, catching Kirsty near the nose. Kirsty recoils just enough for Selena to scramble away and hook the bottom rope.

Juno Sage steps in, trying to trap Selena’s arm as she rises.

Selena immediately turns her body toward the referee and screams.

Selena Vex: "She’s twisting my arm!"

Juno Sage: "Accurate."

The honesty catches Selena off guard for half a second.

Juno pulls harder.

Selena uses the pull to swing around and poke Juno in the eyes too.

The crowd boos louder than ever.

Mark Bravo: "That’s three! Three eye attacks since she entered!"

John Phillips: "And every one of them has turned the tide for a second!"

Juno backs away, blinking. Selena rises, arrogant again, and takes one step toward the ropes as if she may climb for the slingshot leg drop on somebody downed.

Brittany Reid cuts her off with a sudden low dropkick to the knee.

Selena drops forward onto the middle rope, draped across it, vulnerable.

Selina Santorino, still angry, sees her there.

The drone hovers outside.

Selina Santorino: "Now this is content."

Selina Santorino rushes in and drives a knee into Selena Vex’s ribs, knocking her off the rope and back into the ring.

Selena Vex rolls through, gasping, but still active.

Selena Vex: "I hate influencers."

Selina Santorino: "Followers hate you back."

The remaining women collapse into motion again.

Valentina Blaze limps up and fires at Selena Vex.

Lexi Gold cuts off Selina Santorino.

Brittany Reid springboards past Juno Sage.

Sol Azteca ducks under Athena Storm’s kick and keeps moving.

Kirsty McKinney grabs Zhalia Fears by the waist and tries to mat return her, only for Zhalia to slip weirdly underneath and crawl free.

Selena Vex staggers toward the ropes, sees Valentina coming, and suddenly drops to one knee again, clutching at her face like she has been hurt worse than she has.

Valentina does not stop this time.

She blasts Selena with a forearm that knocks her backward into the ropes.

The O2 erupts.

John Phillips: "Valentina did not fall for it twice!"

Valentina tries to lift Selena over the top.

Selena hooks both arms around the rope and wraps one leg through the middle strand.

She will not go.

Sol comes in to help Valentina.

Athena joins.

Brittany rushes too.

For one second, Selena Vex is in real danger.

Then Brick Bronson and Gideon Graves crash into the ropes again from the center, shaking the entire side of the ring and forcing everyone to break their leverage.

Selena drops back inside, gasping, hair messy, face furious.

Mark Bravo: "The heavyweights just saved Selena Vex by accident!"

Selena Vex: "I had it handled!"

No one believes her.

Outside the ring, Bobby Dean grips the battle chair controls and watches the collision of bodies.

Bobby Dean: "A lot of people are being saved by accident."

John Phillips: "That has been a recurring theme."

Bobby Dean: "The chair saves on purpose."

Mark Bravo: "Does it?"

Bobby does not answer.

Inside, Selena Vex crawls to one corner and pulls herself up with the ropes, immediately mouthing at the crowd again despite barely surviving.

Selena Vex: "Keep booing. I’m still here."

The boos rise.

She smiles.

Oxygen.

The countdown clock appears.

15.

14.

13.

John Phillips: "Selena Vex has entered the All or Nothing Rumble. No eliminations in this interval, but she has immediately brought dirty tricks, eye rakes, possum play, and pure manipulation into the Women’s Championship race."

Mark Bravo: "She attacked Selina Santorino, tried to dump Brittany, went near Sol’s mask, worked Valentina’s knee, trapped her in Vexed Out, poked half the ring in the eyes, and nearly got eliminated for all of it. That is Selena Vex in ninety seconds."

Bobby Dean: "She insulted the chair."

John Phillips: "She did."

Bobby Dean: "The chair remembers."

Crowd: "TEN! NINE! EIGHT!"

Selena Vex pulls herself up in the corner, smug even through the damage. Selina Santorino glares at her from near the drone. Brittany Reid bounces nearby, more careful now. Kirsty McKinney watches from a low stance. Athena Storm, Sol Azteca, Valentina Blaze, Lexi Gold, Zhalia Fears, and Juno Sage remain active in the shrinking but increasingly dangerous Women’s Championship race.

Crowd: "SEVEN! SIX! FIVE!"

Brick Bronson and Gideon Graves keep battering each other near center. Graham Keel and Silas Grimm watch for openings. El Fantasma Oscuro 1 remains silent and active. Malachi Cross stands near the shadows. Mikey Unlikely and Scott Stevens continue fighting through traffic. Jaxson Ryder and Tyler Cruz keep moving. Savior Hawkins keeps fighting through ankle-focused anger. Maxwell Jett and Eric Dane Jr. remain low. Maxx Mayhem and Kaine continue crawling back toward pain. Hakuryu watches from the side.

Outside the ring, Bobby Dean remains in the battle chair, still active, still waiting, still maybe less patient than he was ninety seconds ago.

Crowd: "FOUR! THREE! TWO! ONE!"

The buzzer sounds.

BUZZZZZZ!

The red glow from Selena Vex’s arrival has barely faded before The O2 begins to rumble with something different.

Older.

Heavier.

Not nostalgia exactly.

Legacy.

The lights drop hard.

For one second, the ring is swallowed in darkness, all the bodies inside reduced to silhouettes: Brick Bronson and Gideon Graves still stalking each other near center, Graham Keel and Silas Grimm lurking near the edges, El Fantasma Oscuro 1 crouched in silence, Mikey Unlikely still active, Maxwell Jett low near the ropes, Selena Vex recovering in the corner after a dirty and chaotic entrance, and Bobby Dean still outside in the battle chair, watching with wide eyes.

Then the video wall flickers.

A single word appears.

STAR.

The crowd reacts instantly.

Then another word.

ONLY.

The reaction grows louder.

Then the full name hits the screen in bold, unmistakable letters.

ERIC DANE.

The O2 explodes.

Not Eric Dane Jr.

Not the sunglasses.

Not the boa.

Not the desperate crawling, inherited ego, and loudmouth panic.

The Only Star.

Eric Dane Sr.

John Phillips: "Oh my God."

Mark Bravo: "No way. No way!"

John Phillips: "Entrant number forty-six is The Only Star himself! Eric Dane Sr. is here!"

The arena erupts as Eric Dane Sr. steps through the curtain.

There is no wild sprint.

No overproduced entrance trick.

No need for it.

He simply walks out, and the room understands.

Shoulders squared.

Eyes forward.

The posture of a man who has been through wars, won wars, caused wars, and never needed to tell the room he mattered because the room always knew.

John Phillips: "UTA history walking down that ramp! Eric Dane Sr., The Only Star, a name that carries weight in this industry and in this company."

Mark Bravo: "And look in the ring, John! Look at Eric Dane Jr.!"

The camera cuts to Eric Dane Jr.

The Hardcore Champion is frozen.

For once, he is not crawling.

For once, he is not talking.

For once, he is not trying to hide behind Maxwell Jett, the bottom rope, a corner, a pair of sunglasses, or whatever scraps of dignity he thinks he still has left.

He just stares.

His father is here.

And he did not know.

Eric Dane Jr.: "No..."

Maxwell Jett, still low beside the ropes, looks from Junior to the stage.

Maxwell Jett: "Is that your dad?"

Eric Dane Jr. does not answer immediately.

Eric Dane Jr.: "Why is he here?"

Maxwell Jett: "I'm going to take that as yes."

Outside the ring, Bobby Dean shoots upright in the battle chair.

His face lights up.

Bobby Dean: "ERIC!"

Bobby waves with both hands like he has just seen someone arrive at a family reunion instead of a seventy-person championship war.

Bobby Dean: "ERIC DANE!"

Mark Bravo: "Bobby Dean is excited! He knows The Only Star!"

John Phillips: "A lot of people know Eric Dane Sr., but I don't think anybody expected him here tonight."

Eric Dane Sr. walks down the ramp and, for the first time, lets his eyes move away from the ring.

He sees Bobby.

He gives the smallest nod.

Bobby looks like he has been personally blessed.

Bobby Dean: "He nodded! He nodded at me!"

Mark Bravo: "Bobby Dean just had a spiritual experience in the battle chair."

Eric Dane Sr. reaches ringside and stops at the steps.

He looks into the ring.

He looks at Eric Dane Jr.

Then he climbs.

One step.

Then another.

The crowd builds with each movement.

Inside the ring, Eric Dane Jr. starts shaking his head.

Eric Dane Jr.: "No. No, this is not happening."

The Only Star steps onto the apron.

He steps through the ropes.

Both boots hit the canvas.

Eric Dane Sr. is officially in the All or Nothing Rumble.

And immediately, the father and son lock eyes.

The ring keeps moving around them.

Brick Bronson and Gideon Graves still shove and strike near center.

Kirsty McKinney and Juno Sage still stalk ankles and wrists in the women’s field.

Selena Vex still mouths off from the corner.

Tyler Cruz and Jaxson Ryder keep shifting around danger.

Silas Grimm and El Fantasma Oscuro 1 remain aligned in shadow.

But for this moment, the camera knows where the story is.

Eric Dane Jr. walks toward his father, jaw clenched, face red with embarrassment and anger.

Eric Dane Jr.: "What are you doing here?"

Eric Dane Sr. stands still.

Eric Dane Sr.: "Entering the match."

Eric Dane Jr.: "No, no, no. Don’t do that. Don’t do that thing where you act like this is simple."

Senior looks at his son, unimpressed.

Eric Dane Sr.: "It is simple."

Junior laughs, but there is no humor in it.

Eric Dane Jr.: "Of course. Of course you show up now. Of all nights. Of all matches. Of all moments. You just had to come out here and steal my spotlight."

The crowd boos Junior loudly.

John Phillips: "Eric Dane Jr. accusing his father of stealing his spotlight?"

Mark Bravo: "That kid’s been crawling around the bottom rope for twenty minutes and thinks he had a spotlight."

Eric Dane Sr. slowly looks around the ring.

At the chaos.

At the bodies.

At the Hardcore Champion standing in front of him, more wounded by attention than by anything else tonight.

Eric Dane Sr.: "Your spotlight?"

Eric Dane Jr.: "Yes. Mine. I’m the Hardcore Champion. I’m the one active right now. I’m the one building something. But you couldn’t let me have it, could you?"

Senior steps closer.

Eric Dane Sr.: "You’ve spent this entire match hiding."

The O2 reacts hard.

Eric Dane Jr.: "I’ve spent this match surviving."

Eric Dane Sr.: "No. You’ve spent this match embarrassing yourself."

Junior’s face changes.

The anger gets sharper now.

Eric Dane Jr.: "There it is. There it is. Always the lecture. Always the disappointment. Always me standing in your shadow no matter what I do."

Senior does not soften.

That may make it worse.

Eric Dane Sr.: "You’re not in my shadow because I put you there."

He points at Junior.

Eric Dane Sr.: "You’re in my shadow because every time you get a chance to step out, you crawl under the bottom rope."

The crowd explodes.

Mark Bravo: "Oh! That one hit harder than any punch!"

Junior steps forward, chest heaving.

Eric Dane Jr.: "You don’t get to talk to me like that."

Eric Dane Sr.: "I taught you better than this."

Eric Dane Jr.: "You taught me how to be second to you."

Eric Dane Sr.: "I taught you how to fight."

Junior’s voice cracks with rage now, buried resentment spilling out in front of the entire world.

Eric Dane Jr.: "No. You taught me that nothing I do matters unless it has your name on it."

Senior’s expression hardens.

Eric Dane Sr.: "You are a spoiled brat."

The line lands like a brick.

Junior’s eyes widen.

Eric Dane Sr.: "And I taught you better than that."

For one second, Eric Dane Jr. looks like he might swallow it.

Like the anger may become shame.

Like somewhere under the sunglasses, the torn boa, the Hardcore Championship bravado, and the loudmouth act, the son has heard the father.

Then his face twists.

Eric Dane Jr.: "You don’t get to come back and judge me."

Junior swings.

The crowd gasps.

Eric Dane Sr. catches the arm.

Clean.

Immediate.

Like he knew it was coming before Junior decided to throw it.

John Phillips: "Senior caught him!"

Junior’s eyes go wide.

Senior pulls him in close.

Eric Dane Sr.: "Bad choice."

Then The Only Star unloads.

A right hand cracks Junior across the jaw.

Another sends him staggering backward.

A third backs him into the ropes as the crowd erupts.

Mark Bravo: "Daddy’s home, and he brought receipts!"

Junior covers up, shouting through the barrage, but Senior stays on him with veteran precision. Not wild. Not emotional enough to get sloppy. Each shot is measured. Each step cuts off the escape.

Junior tries to drop low and crawl away.

Senior grabs him by the back of the gear and yanks him upright.

Eric Dane Sr.: "No crawling."

The O2 roars.

Senior whips Junior into the ropes.

Junior rebounds, panicked.

Senior catches him with a brutal spinebuster in the middle of the ring.

The impact shakes the canvas.

John Phillips: "Spinebuster! Eric Dane Sr. just planted his own son!"

Mark Bravo: "That was discipline with a receipt attached!"

Maxwell Jett, still low nearby, watches with eyes wide.

Maxwell Jett: "This is a very unhealthy family dynamic."

Mikey Unlikely, across the ring, glances toward the scene while trading shots with Malachi Cross.

Mikey Unlikely: "Classic Dane behavior, bruv."

Bobby Dean is standing as much as the battle chair allows outside the ring, yelling toward Senior.

Bobby Dean: "GET HIM, ERIC!"

Junior rolls over, clutching his back and trying to crawl toward the bottom rope again.

Senior steps over him and blocks the path.

Junior looks up, desperate and furious.

Eric Dane Jr.: "You don't get to do this to me!"

Eric Dane Sr.: "Then stop making it easy."

Senior drags Junior up and hurls him into the corner.

Junior hits hard, chest heaving.

Senior follows with a heavy corner clothesline that folds him against the buckles.

Junior stumbles forward.

Senior hooks him again.

Short-arm clothesline.

Junior flips to the mat.

John Phillips: "Eric Dane Sr. is dismantling the Hardcore Champion!"

Mark Bravo: "And the Hardcore Champion is his son! Thanksgiving is going to be wild!"

Selena Vex, recovering nearby, watches the beating and smirks.

Selena Vex: "Family issues. Cute."

Kirsty McKinney glances at her.

Kirsty McKinney: "Shut up."

Selena recoils, offended.

Selena Vex: "Rude."

Inside the center ring chaos, Brick Bronson and Gideon Graves crash into each other again, forcing Tyler Cruz and Jaxson Ryder to scatter. Savior Hawkins narrowly avoids Graham Keel's reach, his eyes flashing again as Keel keeps threatening the ankle. El Fantasma Oscuro 1 springs past the ropes, barely avoiding Maxx Mayhem, while Silas Grimm keeps cutting lanes beside him.

But the camera keeps returning to the Danes.

Junior is on his knees now, one hand on the middle rope, breathing hard.

Senior grabs him by the head.

Junior suddenly shoves both hands into Senior's chest, trying to create distance.

Eric Dane Jr.: "I hate you!"

Senior pauses.

Not hurt.

Not visibly.

But the pause is enough to be human.

Junior sees it and tries to cheap-shot him again, this time going low with a kick.

Senior catches the leg.

He shakes his head.

Eric Dane Sr.: "Still cheating badly."

Senior spins Junior around and blasts him with a lariat that turns him inside out.

The crowd erupts.

John Phillips: "What a lariat!"

Junior lands near the ropes, limp for a second, the Hardcore Championship dream of inherited greatness looking very far away.

Senior reaches down and pulls him up again.

He does not yell this time.

He does not lecture.

He simply muscles Junior toward the ropes.

The crowd rises, realizing what is coming.

John Phillips: "Eric Dane Sr. has Eric Dane Jr. near the ropes!"

Mark Bravo: "He’s gonna throw out his own son!"

Junior hooks the top rope, screaming.

Eric Dane Jr.: "Dad! Dad, don’t! Don’t do this! I’m your son!"

Senior stops for one breath.

Looks at him.

Then answers quietly.

Eric Dane Sr.: "Then act like it."

Senior shoves.

Junior flips over the top rope.

He lands on the apron, clutching desperately at the top strand.

For a second, he is still alive.

His feet have not touched the floor.

Senior steps in.

Junior’s eyes go wide.

Eric Dane Jr.: "No—"

Senior hits him with one final right hand.

Junior falls backward from the apron.

Both feet hit the floor.

The official points immediately.

Ring Announcer: "Eric Dane Jr. has been eliminated!"

John Phillips: "Eric Dane Jr. is gone! The Only Star eliminates his own son!"

Mark Bravo: "The Hardcore Champion is out, and he got thrown out by his father!"

Eric Dane Jr. sits on the floor, stunned.

His mouth hangs open.

He looks up at his father in the ring, humiliation and fury twisting together across his face.

Bobby Dean cheers from the battle chair.

Bobby Dean: "ERIC DID IT!"

Inside the ring, Eric Dane Sr. stands at the ropes, staring down at his son.

He does not celebrate.

He does not gloat.

He simply looks at him.

That is the mistake.

Because behind him, Maxwell Jett has risen.

The UTA Champion sees The Only Star’s back.

He sees the moment.

He sees the opening.

And Maxwell Jett does what Maxwell Jett always does.

He takes the shortcut.

Jett rushes from behind and drives both hands into Eric Dane Sr.’s back.

The Only Star is still near the ropes.

Still watching his son.

Still too close.

Senior pitches forward over the top rope.

The crowd gasps.

He grabs for the strand, but the angle is wrong, the shove is sharp, and the bodies nearby prevent a clean recovery.

Eric Dane Sr. tumbles over the top rope.

He hits the floor beside his son.

Both feet land.

The official points again.

Ring Announcer: "Eric Dane Sr. has been eliminated!"

John Phillips: "Maxwell Jett eliminates Eric Dane Sr.! The Only Star is gone!"

Mark Bravo: "That snake! That absolute snake! Senior eliminates Junior, and Jett immediately dumps Senior from behind!"

The O2 erupts in boos.

Maxwell Jett drops instantly back to the mat and rolls away from the ropes, both hands raised like he has just made the smartest move in recorded history.

Maxwell Jett: "That is strategy! That is survival! That is why I am the champion!"

Jaxson Ryder turns toward Jett immediately.

Brick Bronson turns too.

Scott Stevens turns.

Mikey Unlikely looks over from the center and shakes his head.

Mikey Unlikely: "Bruv, you just made a lot of bad decisions at once."

Jett looks around and realizes several very dangerous people have noticed what he did.

Maxwell Jett: "I regret the visibility of my excellence!"

He drops flat again, hugging the bottom rope with both arms.

John Phillips: "Maxwell Jett is still active, but after eliminating Eric Dane Sr. from behind, he may have just painted an even larger target on himself!"

On the floor, Eric Dane Jr. crawls backward, still holding his jaw, staring at his father.

Senior pushes up to one knee beside him.

For a second, father and son are both eliminated, both on the outside, both breathing hard.

Junior looks like he wants to say something vicious.

Senior looks like he already knows every word.

Eric Dane Jr.: "You still stole it."

Senior rises slowly.

He looks at Junior.

Eric Dane Sr.: "No. I showed up."

He turns away, jaw tight, while officials step closer to guide both Danes away from ringside.

Bobby Dean watches them go from the battle chair, excitement fading into something more conflicted.

Bobby Dean: "Both Erics are gone."

Mark Bravo: "They are."

Bobby Dean: "That was a lot."

John Phillips: "It certainly was."

Inside the ring, the match does not stop.

It never does.

The Danes are gone, but the chaos remains.

Brick Bronson shoves Gideon Graves backward into the ropes, and Graham Keel immediately attacks Brick's leg from the side. Tyler Cruz springboards toward El Fantasma Oscuro 1, only for Silas Grimm to cut him off with a palm strike. Savior Hawkins nearly lunges at Keel again after seeing the low attack, but Jaxson Ryder grabs him before he loses focus. Scott Stevens tries to get a hand on Maxwell Jett, but Jett crawls under the traffic and away.

The women's field keeps moving too.

Selena Vex takes advantage of the Dane drama to kick Valentina Blaze's bad knee again.

Valentina drops to one hand, furious.

Sol Azteca charges Selena and forces her backward with a series of sharp kicks. Selina Santorino blindsides Selena Vex with a forearm, still angry from the earlier insult. Brittany Reid springboards over both of them and catches Juno Sage with a crossbody. Kirsty McKinney grabs Brittany the second she lands and tries to tie her up again. Athena Storm breaks that with a knee to Kirsty's shoulder. Lexi Gold catches Athena with a forearm. Zhalia Fears crawls underneath all of them and laughs.

John Phillips: "The All or Nothing Rumble keeps moving! Eric Dane Jr. and Eric Dane Sr. have both been eliminated!"

Mark Bravo: "And Maxwell Jett survives again, the way he always does — from behind, from underneath, and with half the roster wanting to cave his face in."

Jett pulls himself up just enough to look toward the floor where the Danes are being escorted away.

Maxwell Jett: "You're welcome for the family therapy!"

That is enough.

Jaxson Ryder charges toward him.

Jett screams and drops back down.

Brick Bronson cuts across, trying to grab him too, but Gideon Graves crashes into Brick from behind and sends the heavyweights back into their own collision.

Scott Stevens reaches for Jett, but Selena Vex and Selina Santorino's fight spills into his path, forcing him to step aside.

Jett survives by inches again.

Mark Bravo: "How does this man keep getting away with this?!"

John Phillips: "Maxwell Jett remains active. Eric Dane Jr. and Eric Dane Sr. do not."

The countdown clock appears.

15.

14.

13.

John Phillips: "Eric Dane Sr. entered at number forty-six, confronted his son, eliminated Eric Dane Jr., and was immediately eliminated by Maxwell Jett from behind!"

Mark Bravo: "That was family drama, legacy, humiliation, and classic Maxwell Jett cowardice all in ninety seconds."

Bobby Dean: "Eric nodded at me."

John Phillips: "He did."

Bobby Dean: "Then he got eliminated."

Mark Bravo: "Also true."

Bobby looks toward Maxwell Jett in the ring.

His hands tighten around the battle chair controls again.

Bobby Dean: "I don’t like that."

Inside the ring, Maxwell Jett stays low, breathing hard, knowing he has survived another dangerous moment but also knowing more eyes are on him now than ever. Brick Bronson and Gideon Graves continue their heavyweight war. Graham Keel and Silas Grimm remain dangerous near the edges. El Fantasma Oscuro 1 stays silent and active. Mikey Unlikely and Scott Stevens fight through traffic. Jaxson Ryder and Tyler Cruz keep moving. Savior Hawkins tries to keep his focus. Maxx Mayhem and Kaine continue crawling toward violence. Hakuryu watches from the side.

Crowd: "TEN! NINE! EIGHT!"

The Women’s Championship field remains active and dangerous: Valentina Blaze, Lexi Gold, Zhalia Fears, Athena Storm, Sol Azteca, Juno Sage, Selina Santorino, Brittany Reid, Kirsty McKinney, and Selena Vex all still fighting toward the same prize.

Crowd: "SEVEN! SIX! FIVE!"

Outside the ring, Bobby Dean remains in the battle chair, still active, still watching Maxwell Jett, still waiting.

But maybe not much longer.

Crowd: "FOUR! THREE! TWO! ONE!"

The buzzer sounds.

BUZZZZZZ!

The O2 is still roaring from the double Dane elimination.

Eric Dane Jr. is gone.

Eric Dane Sr. is gone.

Maxwell Jett, the UTA Champion, is still alive because he did what he always does — waited until someone better, stronger, or more emotionally invested turned their back, then struck from behind.

And now the ring has noticed.

Jaxson Ryder keeps looking for him.

Brick Bronson keeps trying to get his hands on him.

Scott Stevens keeps cutting through traffic toward him.

Bobby Dean, still seated outside in the battle chair, has not taken his eyes off him.

But the rumble does not wait for justice.

It only counts down.

And when the next entrance hits, The O2 becomes a concert hall.

The lights snap into violent strobes.

White.

Blue.

Gold.

Then red guitar-line flashes rip across the stage like someone plugged the entire arena into an amplifier.

A screaming guitar riff tears through the speakers, followed by a bass-heavy drum hit that shakes the floor.

The video wall glitches into a massive production booth graphic: audio meters bouncing, turntables spinning, sound waves pulsing outward until they form three giant letters.

F.

X.

Then the name explodes across the screen:

SHAWN FX.

The O2 erupts.

John Phillips: "Entrant number forty-seven is Shawn FX!"

Mark Bravo: "The Soundstage Superstar! The Audio Alchemist! DJ FX himself! Legacy SWF energy has just walked into the All or Nothing Rumble!"

Shawn FX steps through the curtain with long blond hair flying, sunglasses lowered just enough for him to look over the frames and take in the London crowd like he has just walked onto the biggest stage in the world.

Leather jacket.

Rock-and-roll swagger.

Head bobbing to his own beat.

He points to the left side of The O2.

Then the right.

Then he throws both hands up and hits the FX Signal.

The crowd answers with a roar.

John Phillips: "Shawn FX, billed from The FX Production Studio, the Soundstage Superstar, the Rock-and-Roll Ringleader, a reluctant cool hero with charisma, swagger, and that sudden explosive offense!"

Mark Bravo: "He is the guy who makes a fight feel like a live album, John. Everything has rhythm. Everything has timing. And when he hits Special.FX, the whole room drops with him."

Shawn starts down the ramp air-guitaring to the riff, but not in a parody way.

In a way that makes the crowd lean into it.

He slaps hands with fans on one side, spins across to the other, taps a kid’s sign that reads TURN IT UP, then points to the ring.

Shawn FX: "London! Let’s make some noise!"

The O2 responds loudly enough that the audio meters on the video wall spike into red.

Mark Bravo: "That man just made the soundboard sell for him."

Inside the ring, Tyler Cruz claps along immediately.

Savior Hawkins looks toward the ramp and nods, feeling the surge of babyface energy.

Jaxson Ryder grins despite the war around him.

Mikey Unlikely turns toward the entrance and gives a quick, approving nod.

Maxwell Jett looks horrified.

Maxwell Jett: "No. No more crowd-powered people. This is becoming a charity concert."

Selena Vex, still in the corner after nearly being eliminated, rolls her eyes.

Selena Vex: "Great. Dad rock with wrist tape."

Selina Santorino glances at her drone.

Selina Santorino: "His lighting is chaotic."

Brittany Reid bounces in place, smiling.

Brittany Reid: "I like it!"

Shawn reaches ringside and, before entering, cuts toward Bobby Dean.

Bobby sits upright in the battle chair, eyes lighting up again.

Bobby Dean: "Shawn!"

Shawn FX lowers his sunglasses and looks down at Bobby with a grin.

Shawn FX: "Bobby Dean, still stealing the show from a seated position."

Bobby Dean: "It’s strategy."

Shawn FX: "It’s production value."

Bobby nods, deeply pleased.

Bobby Dean: "The chair likes him."

John Phillips: "The battle chair has found another supporter."

Mark Bravo: "At this point, Bobby Dean may leave this match with endorsements."

Shawn taps the side of Bobby’s battle chair like he is checking a stage monitor, then points back toward the ring.

Shawn FX: "Keep the levels hot, Bobby."

Bobby Dean: "I don’t know what that means, but yes."

Shawn turns, sprints toward the apron, and slides into the ring like he is diving onto a stage monitor.

He pops up immediately, hits the nearest corner, and throws the FX Signal high over his head.

The O2 roars with him.

Then he hops down.

And the soundstage becomes a fight.

Maxx Mayhem rushes him first, laughing, arms wide.

Maxx Mayhem: "Play something weird!"

Shawn ducks under the wild swing and catches Maxx on the turn with a Soundstage SuperKick, the strike landing with rhythmic precision right under the jaw.

Maxx drops backward to the canvas, arms spread.

John Phillips: "Soundstage SuperKick! Shawn FX catches Maxx Mayhem!"

Mark Bravo: "He tuned Maxx right out of the mix!"

Kaine pops up beside Shawn next, smeared face paint and all, grinning through the noise.

Kaine: "Dead but alive."

Shawn looks at him for half a beat.

Shawn FX: "Then let’s give the dead a soundtrack."

Kaine lunges with a forearm.

Shawn takes part of it across the shoulder, staggers, then fires back with a right hand.

Kaine laughs and throws another.

Shawn ducks, spins behind him, and hooks him for Special.FX.

But Kaine shoves him away before the diamond cutter can land.

Shawn hits the ropes.

Kaine charges.

Shawn rebounds and leaps.

Special.FX.

The sudden jumping diamond cutter spikes Kaine face-first into the canvas.

John Phillips: "Special.FX! Special.FX on Kaine!"

Mark Bravo: "That hit like the drop after the chorus!"

Kaine rolls to his back, staring at the lights, still somehow smiling through the damage.

Shawn pops to his feet, throws a quick air-guitar strum, and turns directly into Selena Vex.

Selena jabs a thumb toward his eye.

Shawn catches her wrist before she can rake him.

The crowd cheers.

Shawn FX: "Wrong button."

He twists her arm and sends her spinning away into Brittany Reid, who catches Selena with a quick dropkick that sends Vex rolling back toward the ropes.

Brittany Reid: "Buzz buzz!"

Selena clutches her ribs, furious.

Selena Vex: "I hate happy people!"

Selina Santorino steps toward Shawn next, drone hovering near her shoulder.

Selina Santorino: "Do you have clearance for this much retro?"

Shawn looks at the drone.

Then at Selina.

Shawn FX: "Darlin', I was viral before your camera had wings."

The O2 pops.

Selina's face hardens.

Selina Santorino: "Absolutely not."

She swings a long clothesline.

Shawn ducks, spins, and catches her with a sudden Soundstage SuperKick to the shoulder and jaw that sends her stumbling backward into the ropes.

Selina hooks the top rope immediately, saving herself from bouncing over.

The Santorino Sentinel dips toward her, filming.

Selina Santorino: "Cut the feed!"

Shawn points to the drone.

Shawn FX: "No, keep rolling. That was a good take."

Juno Sage steps in behind Shawn and grabs his wrist, looking to cut off his momentum with cold precision.

Juno Sage: "High confidence. Rhythm-dependent."

Shawn looks down at the grip.

Shawn FX: "You analyzing the beat?"

Juno Sage: "I am removing it."

Juno twists the arm hard.

Shawn winces, drops to one knee, then rolls forward through the pressure, using the momentum to kip back up and reverse into an arm drag that sends Juno sliding across the mat.

Juno rolls through and rises in a crouch, eyes narrowing.

John Phillips: "Shawn FX escapes Juno Sage!"

Mark Bravo: "You can't remove the beat if the man keeps remixing the hold!"

Kirsty McKinney appears next, less impressed.

She shoots low, grabs Shawn's leg, and dumps him backward with a clean single-leg takedown.

Shawn hits the mat and immediately tries to roll away, but Kirsty rides the hip and traps one ankle.

Kirsty McKinney: "Loud."

Shawn FX: "That's the idea."

Kirsty tries to turn him toward the ropes with leverage, but Athena Storm cuts in with a jumping knee to Kirsty's shoulder, breaking the ride.

Shawn rolls free and pops back to one knee, nodding toward Athena.

Shawn FX: "Appreciate the backup vocals."

Athena Storm: "Let it rain."

Shawn points upward.

Shawn FX: "And let it play."

Across the ring, Brick Bronson and Gideon Graves collide again, and this time Shawn gets pulled into the orbit. Brick shoves Gideon backward. Gideon answers with a forearm. Graham Keel tries to clip Brick's base. Hakuryu kicks Keel back. Jaxson Ryder and Tyler Cruz both move around the collision, trying to keep Maxwell Jett from slipping away yet again.

Shawn sees Jett crawling.

So does half the arena.

Shawn FX: "Hey, champ!"

Maxwell Jett freezes.

Slowly, he turns his head.

Maxwell Jett: "No. I do not accept requests."

Shawn starts toward him.

Jaxson Ryder comes from the other side.

Tyler Cruz claps once and cuts off the nearest escape lane.

Savior Hawkins steps forward too, though his eyes flick to Graham Keel for half a second before he refocuses.

Maxwell Jett suddenly finds himself surrounded by a wall of babyface rhythm, speed, and resentment.

Maxwell Jett: "This feels targeted."

Jaxson Ryder: "It is."

Jett scrambles backward, but Shawn catches him by the wrist.

The crowd explodes.

John Phillips: "Shawn FX has Maxwell Jett!"

Shawn pulls Jett in, looking for Special.FX.

Jett shoves him away desperately and drops flat to the mat.

Shawn staggers forward into Graham Keel, who immediately grabs the arm and twists.

Keel tries to turn Shawn toward the ropes, but Shawn fires a back elbow and breaks the grip.

Savior Hawkins charges Keel, anger flaring again, but Jaxson Ryder grabs him just enough to redirect him into a flying forearm rather than a reckless tackle.

Savior catches Keel across the jaw.

Keel staggers back into Gideon Graves.

Mark Bravo: "Jaxson Ryder just kept Savior Hawkins from losing his head again!"

John Phillips: "Graham Keel keeps poking at that ankle, that pressure point, and Savior is fighting himself as much as

the match right now."

Maxwell Jett uses the distraction to roll under the bottom rope and back in near the far side.

Bobby Dean sees him.

Outside the ring, Bobby’s hands tighten on the battle chair controls.

Bobby Dean: "He keeps doing that."

Mark Bravo: "He does."

Bobby Dean: "People don’t like it."

John Phillips: "No, they do not."

Bobby nods slowly.

Bobby Dean: "The chair is aware."

Inside, Kaine has rolled toward the ropes after the Special.FX, pulling himself up with a laugh that sounds rougher now.

Maxx Mayhem, still dazed from the Soundstage SuperKick, crawls toward him.

Maxx Mayhem: "That guy rocks."

Kaine: "Dead but alive."

Maxx Mayhem: "Loud but painful."

Shawn hears them and grins, but Brick Bronson suddenly shoves Gideon Graves hard enough that the Iron Giant crashes into Shawn from the side.

Shawn stumbles backward into the ropes.

Silas Grimm appears immediately, palm open, trying to help dump him while he is off balance.

El Fantasma Oscuro 1 springboards in from the side too.

John Phillips: "Shawn FX may be in trouble!"

Silas pushes.

El Fantasma clips Shawn in the shoulder.

Shawn’s upper body tilts over the top rope.

The crowd rises.

Tyler Cruz rushes over and catches Silas with a forearm.

Jaxson Ryder grabs Shawn by the back of the jacket and yanks him inward just enough.

Shawn drops back into the ring, landing hard on one knee.

John Phillips: "Shawn FX survives!"

Mark Bravo: "Tyler and Jaxson kept the Soundstage Superstar alive!"

Shawn looks up at both men.

Shawn FX: "Good save. Nice harmony."

Silas Grimm turns toward Tyler, while El Fantasma Oscuro 1 keeps his eyes on both Tyler and Shawn. The dark alliance resets again, never fully broken, never fully gone.

On the women’s side, Selena Vex tries to sneak behind Valentina Blaze again and grab the bad leg, but Sol Azteca cuts her off with a sharp kick. Selina Santorino blindsides Sol with a forearm, then immediately turns toward the drone to check her angle. Brittany Reid springboards onto the middle rope, but Kirsty McKinney steps into her path and forces Brittany to abandon the flight. Juno Sage uses the hesitation to grab Brittany’s wrist, only for Athena Storm to break it with a knee to Juno’s shoulder. Lexi Gold catches Athena with a forearm. Zhalia Fears crawls through the entire pile and laughs like she has found a secret tunnel.

John Phillips: "The Women’s Championship field remains wild! Ten women still active after Selena Vex entered moments ago!"

Mark Bravo: "Every time one of them gets close to control, three more styles crash into the picture. Speed, submissions, drones, eye rakes, goat-farm leverage, storms, masks, and whatever Zhalia is."

Shawn FX rises near center just as Kaine charges again.

Kaine wants more.

Of course he does.

Shawn ducks a wild forearm and catches Kaine with another Soundstage SuperKick.

Kaine staggers backward into the ropes, arms over the top strand.

Shawn looks at the crowd.

The O2 rises.

Shawn FX: "One more note!"

He charges.

Kaine swings.

Shawn ducks, rebounds off the opposite ropes, and comes back with a spinning jumping knee strike — Future Shock DDT in its explosive impact form — catching Kaine clean under the jaw.

Kaine snaps backward over the top rope.

For one second, he hangs there, legs kicking, hands reaching.

Maxx Mayhem lunges toward him, maybe to help, maybe to fight him more, maybe because he does not know the difference.

But he is a half-second too late.

Kaine tumbles over the top rope and crashes to the floor.

Both feet hit.

The official points immediately.

Ring Announcer: "Kaine has been eliminated!"

John Phillips: "Kaine is gone! Shawn FX eliminates Kaine!"

Mark Bravo: "The Revenant finally got knocked off the playlist!"

Kaine sits on the floor, breathing hard, face paint smeared almost beyond recognition.

For a second, he looks dazed.

Then he starts laughing.

Kaine: "Dead... but alive."

Officials move in to guide him away.

Maxx Mayhem leans over the ropes, genuinely disappointed.

Maxx Mayhem: "Goodbye, weird friend!"

Kaine points back at him from the floor.

Kaine: "Stay alive wrong!"

Maxx nods solemnly.

Maxx Mayhem: "I will."

Shawn FX turns from the elimination and throws the FX Signal to the crowd.

The O2 roars.

John Phillips: "What an impact by Shawn FX! He enters, rocks the ring, survives danger from Silas and El Fantasma, and eliminates Kaine!"

Maxwell Jett, still low, points from a safe distance.

Maxwell Jett: "That was unnecessary showboating!"

Shawn slowly turns toward him.

Shawn FX: "You're next on the setlist."

Jett immediately drops flat again.

Maxwell Jett: "Encore declined!"

Brick Bronson and Gideon Graves crash into each other again, forcing Shawn to step aside before the heavyweights flatten him. Graham Keel uses the movement to grab Tyler Cruz by the wrist. Tyler flips out and rolls away. Savior Hawkins rushes Keel but checks himself again before the anger gets too big. Jaxson Ryder keeps stalking Maxwell Jett. Mikey Unlikely and Scott Stevens battle through the traffic while Malachi Cross stands firm against both.

Silas Grimm and El Fantasma Oscuro 1 watch Shawn now.

They saw the elimination.

They saw the crowd respond.

And in this match, attention is danger.

Shawn FX sees them looking.

He lowers his sunglasses back into place.

Shawn FX: "Plenty of tracks left."

The countdown clock appears.

15.

14.

13.

John Phillips: "Shawn FX has entered the All or Nothing Rumble, and Kaine has been eliminated!"

Mark Bravo: "The Soundstage Superstar came in hot, checked the battle chair, rocked Maxx Mayhem, traded with the

women’s field, survived the shadows, and knocked Kaine out with the final note. That is a legacy entrant making the most of ninety seconds."

Bobby Dean: "He said the chair has production value."

John Phillips: "He did."

Bobby Dean: "That feels right."

Bobby looks from Shawn FX to Maxwell Jett.

Then to Maxx Mayhem.

Then back to the ring.

His thumb hovers near the controls again.

Crowd: "TEN! NINE! EIGHT!"

Shawn FX resets near the ropes, throwing the FX Signal once more. Maxwell Jett stays low, suddenly with one more crowd-favorite problem in the match. Brick Bronson and Gideon Graves continue their heavyweight war. Graham Keel and Silas Grimm remain dangerous near the edges. El Fantasma Oscuro 1 stays silent and active. Mikey Unlikely and Scott Stevens continue fighting through traffic. Jaxson Ryder and Tyler Cruz keep moving. Savior Hawkins breathes through the ankle-focused anger. Maxx Mayhem watches Kaine being escorted away, then turns back toward the violence. Hakuryu remains composed. Malachi Cross waits near the shadows.

Crowd: "SEVEN! SIX! FIVE!"

The Women’s Championship field remains active: Valentina Blaze, Lexi Gold, Zhalia Fears, Athena Storm, Sol Azteca, Juno Sage, Selina Santorino, Brittany Reid, Kirsty McKinney, and Selena Vex all still fighting toward the same prize.

Outside the ring, Bobby Dean remains in the battle chair, still active, still waiting, still aware.

Crowd: "FOUR! THREE! TWO! ONE!"

The buzzer sounds.

BUZZZZZZ!

The O2 is still buzzing from Shawn FX knocking Kaine out of the match, the Soundstage Superstar’s legacy arrival adding one more live wire to a ring that already feels overcharged.

Kaine is gone.

Eric Dane Jr. is gone.

Eric Dane Sr. is gone.

Maxwell Jett is still in, still low, still surviving by inches, shortcuts, and the growing hatred of nearly everyone around him.

Brick Bronson and Gideon Graves continue to shove and club each other near center, two heavyweights refusing to accept that the other one gets to exist upright. Graham Keel lingers close enough to attack any exposed joint. Silas Grimm and El Fantasma Oscuro 1 remain aligned near the ropes. Mikey Unlikely is still active, still moving through the chaos with veteran timing. Jaxson Ryder keeps stalking Jett. Tyler Cruz and Savior Hawkins keep the pace fast. Shawn FX resets near the ropes, sunglasses back in place, still feeding off the crowd. Maxx Mayhem looks strangely sad about Kaine’s elimination but not sad enough to stop fighting. Malachi Cross waits near the shadows. Hakuryu watches from the side with cold patience.

The Women’s Championship field remains wild and dangerous.

Valentina Blaze.

Lexi Gold.

Zhalia Fears.

Athena Storm.

Sol Azteca.

Juno Sage.

Selina Santorino.

Brittany Reid.

Kirsty McKinney.

Selena Vex.

Ten women still active.

One path to the UTA Women’s Championship.

Outside the ring, Bobby Dean remains in the battle chair.

Still active.

Still watching Maxwell Jett.

Still waiting.

Then the lights dip into deep purple and gold.

A bassline begins to thump through The O2 like a heartbeat under concrete.

The crowd rises almost immediately.

On the video wall, quick flashes of speed, impact, and championship history cut across the screen. A big man sprinting. A corner cannonball. A powerbomb snapping through the canvas. The words appear in heavy gold letters:

THE MACK ATTACK.

The beat drops harder.

Then the name hits.

TREY MACK.

John Phillips: "Entrant number forty-eight is Trey Mack! The Mack Attack is here!"

Mark Bravo: "Two hundred ninety pounds from Long Beach, California, built like a wrecking ball and wired like a sprinter! Trey Mack brings impact, rhythm, and a whole lot of bad news for anyone standing still!"

Trey Mack steps through the curtain with that grin across his face.

He knows exactly what the building is thinking.

He knows exactly what the ring is seeing.

And he dares everyone to say it out loud.

Trey rolls his shoulders once, loose and confident, then slaps his own chest hard enough that the motion carries through the front rows.

Trey Mack: "MACK ATTACK!"

The O2 answers immediately.

Crowd: "MACK ATTACK!"

John Phillips: "Trey Mack has held championship gold in UTA before, and while he does not currently enter this match with a title around his waist, this entire match is about opportunity. Every championship can change hands tonight."

Mark Bravo: "And Trey Mack is dangerous in a rumble because he does not need a lot of space to turn momentum into a car crash. If he gets rolling, people are going over, through, or under something."

Trey starts down the ramp with a loose bounce, moving like a man half his size and twice as dangerous. He points to the London crowd on one side, then the other, calling for more noise.

Halfway down the ramp, the bounce becomes a burst.

Trey suddenly sprints the last stretch, sliding under the bottom rope with shocking speed for his size.

He pops up fast, throws both arms wide, and roars with the crowd.

Trey Mack: "MACK ATTACK!"

The chant catches again, louder this time.

And then Trey turns serious.

His eyes narrow.

Because across the ring, Graham Keel and Gideon Graves have both noticed him.

Iron Dominion.

Recent history.

Bad blood.

Pressure and impact waiting to collide again.

John Phillips: "Trey Mack has no love lost for Iron Dominion. He knows exactly what Gideon Graves and Graham Keel are capable of."

Mark Bravo: "And Iron Dominion knows what Trey can do too. They know about that speed. They know about that bounce. They know that if The Mack Attack hits the gas, everybody feels it."

Graham Keel steps forward first.

Not Gideon.

Keel.

The Hold Architect’s eyes go directly to Trey’s legs, then his shoulders, then his hips, already studying the engine before it can accelerate.

Graham Keel: "Momentum is removable."

Trey grins.

Trey Mack: "Then come take it."

Keel shoots low, trying to get to a wrist and angle away from the collision.

Trey sprawls just enough to stop the clean entry, then clubs Keel across the upper back with a forearm that drops him

to one knee.

Keel immediately reaches again for the arm.

Trey yanks him upright instead and launches him with a belly-to-belly suplex that sends Keel skidding across the canvas.

John Phillips: "Belly-to-belly suplex by Trey Mack! Graham Keel just got thrown!"

Mark Bravo: "Keel wanted to remove momentum. Trey answered by mailing him to another zip code!"

Gideon Graves steps in immediately.

The O2 rises.

Trey turns toward the Iron Giant.

Gideon does not speak.

He just lifts one taped fist and pounds it into his opposite palm.

THUD.

Trey nods, bouncing once on the balls of his feet.

Trey Mack: "Yeah. I remember."

Gideon swings first with a massive forearm.

Trey ducks underneath, hits the ropes, and comes back with a running crossbody.

Two hundred ninety pounds crashes into Gideon Graves.

Gideon staggers backward into the ropes but does not go down.

The crowd reacts.

John Phillips: "Running crossbody! Trey Mack rocks Gideon Graves!"

Mark Bravo: "That would have folded most people in half. Gideon Graves just turned it into a weather event!"

Trey does not hesitate.

He hits the opposite ropes again.

This time Brick Bronson steps into the lane, still caught in his own war with Gideon and unwilling to let Trey take the whole collision for himself.

Brick and Trey nearly crash shoulder to shoulder, both men stopping short.

For one second, The Concrete Fist and The Mack Attack stare at each other.

Brick Bronson: "Move."

Trey Mack: "You first."

Gideon tries to capitalize, rushing both men.

Brick and Trey turn at the same time.

Double shoulder block.

Gideon staggers backward again, deeper into the ropes.

The crowd erupts.

John Phillips: "Brick Bronson and Trey Mack combine to stagger Gideon Graves!"

Mark Bravo: "That is a lot of beef moving in the same direction, John!"

Graham Keel comes from the side and clips Trey behind the knee, dropping The Mack Attack to one knee before he can charge again.

Brick turns toward Keel, but Gideon catches Brick with a forearm that sends him back into the center of the heavyweight collision.

John Phillips: "Keel right back to the leg! He knows how dangerous Trey is when he gets moving!"

Mark Bravo: "That is the blueprint. Slow the big man before the big man becomes a runaway truck."

Keel grabs Trey’s wrist, trying to twist him down into a control position, but Trey powers up from one knee and drives a nasty body shot into Keel’s ribs.

Keel folds.

Trey hits another body shot.

Then a clubbing forearm across the back.

He grabs Keel by the wrist and whips him hard into the corner.

Keel hits the turnbuckles.

Trey’s grin comes back.

The O2 feels it before he moves.

Trey Mack: "MACK ATTACK!"

Trey charges across the ring.

Cannonball in the corner.

Keel gets crushed.

John Phillips: "Cannonball! Trey Mack flattens Graham Keel!"

Mark Bravo: "Big man flies! Graham Keel just got hit by rush-hour traffic!"

Keel slumps down in the corner, dazed, and Trey pulls himself back to his feet, feeding off the roar.

Maxwell Jett is nearby.

Unfortunately for Maxwell Jett.

Jett sees Trey turn.

His eyes widen.

Maxwell Jett: "No. No, no, no. I respect your work from a distance."

Trey steps toward him.

Trey Mack: "Then get some respect up close."

Jett tries to drop flat and roll away, but Trey catches him by the back of the gear and hauls him up with one arm.

The O2 erupts.

John Phillips: "Trey Mack has Maxwell Jett!"

Jaxson Ryder immediately turns toward the scene.

So does Shawn FX.

So does Bobby Dean from outside.

Jett flails wildly.

Maxwell Jett: "Think of my value to the brand!"

Trey Mack: "I am."

Trey scoops Jett like he weighs nothing, looking for a slam.

But Selena Vex and Selina Santorino’s fight spills into Trey’s legs from the side, forcing him to stumble before he can throw Jett.

Jett slips free, drops to all fours, and crawls away as fast as dignity will allow.

Mark Bravo: "Maxwell Jett survives again because two different spellings of Selena crashed into traffic!"

John Phillips: "That is one of the stranger accurate calls you have made tonight."

Selena Vex and Selina Santorino both end up against the ropes, each blaming the other.

Selena Vex: "Watch where you’re being irrelevant!"

Selina Santorino: "Your existence is bad lighting!"

Brittany Reid springs in and dropkicks Selena Vex away from Selina Santorino, then immediately realizes she has accidentally helped the influencer.

Brittany Reid: "Oh. Ew."

Selina Santorino adjusts her hair.

Selina Santorino: "Useful. Briefly."

Kirsty McKinney grabs Brittany from behind, trying to trap her waist again, but Sol Azteca cuts across with a kick to Kirsty’s thigh. Juno Sage tries to snatch Sol’s wrist. Athena Storm breaks that with a knee. Lexi Gold catches Athena with a forearm. Zhalia Fears crawls behind Lexi and grabs at the ankle, laughing as Lexi has to step away to avoid being tripped.

John Phillips: "The Women’s Championship race is still moving in every direction!"

Mark Bravo: "Nobody can hold control in that field for more than three seconds. It is like watching ten different storms argue over the same weather map."

Trey turns back from the women’s cluster and gets caught by Maxx Mayhem, who charges him with both arms swinging.

Maxx Mayhem: "Big buddy fight!"

Trey absorbs one wild forearm.

Then another.

Maxx winds up for a third.

Trey cuts him off with a spinning back elbow that drops Maxx to one knee.

Trey hits the ropes and comes back with a rolling senton across Maxx’s chest.

The ring shakes.

John Phillips: "Rolling senton by Trey Mack!"

Mark Bravo: "Maxx Mayhem asked for a big buddy fight and got a big buddy boulder!"

Maxx rolls toward the ropes, gasping and laughing.

Maxx Mayhem: "Worth it!"

Shawn FX steps beside Trey and looks down at Maxx.

Shawn FX: "He takes requests weird."

Trey Mack: "He takes everything weird."

The two babyfaces turn at the same time as Silas Grimm and El Fantasma Oscuro 1 move toward them.

Silas targets Shawn.

El Fantasma targets Trey.

El Fantasma springboards first, twisting toward Trey with a dropkick.

Trey catches enough of him mid-flight to stop the full impact, staggering backward but keeping his feet.

He tries to shove El Fantasma down, but the masked phantom slips away and lands near the ropes, still safe, still silent.

John Phillips: "El Fantasma Oscuro 1 stays slippery!"

Silas catches Shawn with a palm strike, but Shawn fires back with a right hand. Trey steps in to help, but Graham Keel grabs Trey from behind and wraps an arm around the waist, trying to drag the big man backward toward the ropes.

Trey widens his base.

Keel cannot move him.

Gideon Graves sees it and charges.

Trey sees Gideon coming too late.

Gideon crashes into Trey with a brutal shoulder block that drives both Trey and Keel backward toward the ropes.

For a dangerous second, Trey’s upper body tilts over the top rope.

The O2 rises.

John Phillips: "Trey Mack may be going!"

Keel lifts from behind.

Gideon presses forward.

Trey kicks hard, one leg swinging over the middle rope, both arms wrapping the top strand.

Brick Bronson barrels into Gideon from the side, breaking the pressure.

Jaxson Ryder clips Keel with a dropkick, forcing him to release Trey’s waist.

Trey drops back inside the ring, landing hard on one knee but still active.

Mark Bravo: "Trey Mack survives! Brick Bronson and Jaxson Ryder just kept him from getting dumped by Iron Dominion!"

John Phillips: "Trey Mack was almost eliminated within his first ninety seconds!"

Trey pulls himself up, breathing harder now, and nods toward Jaxson.

Trey Mack: "Good looking out."

Jaxson Ryder: "Forward, not out."

Brick Bronson does not look at Trey.

He is already back on Gideon Graves.

Trey sees Brick and Gideon colliding again, then sees Keel rising near the corner after the dropkick.

Trey’s eyes narrow.

He starts toward Keel.

Savior Hawkins suddenly cuts across, fired up at Keel for another attempted low attack earlier. Trey catches him by the shoulder before Savior can sprint past.

Trey Mack: "He wants you mad."

Savior’s jaw tightens.

He looks at Keel.

Then back at Trey.

Savior Hawkins: "I know."

Trey Mack: "Then hit him smart."

Savior nods once, then charges with more control, catching Keel with a flying forearm instead of diving low and reckless.

Keel staggers into Trey.

Trey scoops him up.

Pop-up powerslam.

Keel hits hard in the center of the ring.

John Phillips: "Pop-up powerslam! Trey Mack plants Graham Keel!"

Mark Bravo: "That was a little Mack Attack mentorship right there!"

Trey rises, rolling his shoulders again, the grin returning through the fatigue.

He turns just as Maxwell Jett tries to crawl past him one more time.

Trey reaches down.

Jett screams before Trey even touches him.

Maxwell Jett: "I have diplomatic immunity!"

Trey Mack: "From Long Beach?"

Trey grabs him by the back of the gear again and pulls him up.

The crowd roars.

Bobby Dean leans forward outside.

Jaxson Ryder starts toward them too.

Shawn FX points from the side.

Jett flails like a man fighting gravity, history, and everyone’s patience.

Before Trey can drive him into the ropes, El Fantasma Oscuro 1 springboards in and catches Trey across the back with a dropkick. Trey stumbles forward and releases Jett.

Jett drops flat immediately.

Maxwell Jett: "Still champion! Still low!"

Trey turns toward El Fantasma, annoyed now.

Silas Grimm steps between them.

Silas Grimm: "Momentum is a lie bodies tell before impact."

Trey stares at him.

Trey Mack: "Man, I just hit people."

The crowd pops.

Trey throws a forearm at Silas.

Silas absorbs part of it, but Shawn FX adds a Soundstage SuperKick from the side that knocks Silas backward into the ropes.

El Fantasma catches Silas before he can spill too far, and the dark alliance remains intact.

John Phillips: "Shawn FX and Trey Mack working together for a moment!"

Mark Bravo: "That is sound and impact, baby!"

On the far side, Mikey Unlikely catches Selena Vex trying to use him as a shield from Valentina Blaze and simply steps aside, letting Valentina blast Selena with a forearm.

Mikey Unlikely: "Not today, love."

Selena Vex staggers backward into Kirsty McKinney, who immediately tries to tie up her arm. Selena screams and reaches for the ropes. Selina Santorino laughs at her, which gets Brittany Reid to shove Selina into Sol Azteca, which gets Sol to kick Selina in the thigh, which gets Juno Sage to grab Sol’s wrist, which gets Athena Storm to hit Juno with another knee.

Mark Bravo: "The women’s field has become a domino chain with better hair and worse intentions."

Trey Mack rises from the center again and looks toward Iron Dominion.

Graham Keel is down.

Gideon Graves is tied up with Brick Bronson.

For one second, Trey has space.

He hits the ropes.

The O2 rises with him.

Trey rebounds into full sprint.

And crashes shoulder-first into Gideon Graves from the side, adding his momentum to Brick Bronson’s pressure.

Gideon staggers backward, dangerously close to the ropes.

Brick grabs Gideon high.

Trey grabs low.

The crowd explodes.

John Phillips: "They may eliminate Gideon Graves!"

Keel suddenly rises and chop blocks Trey again from behind.

Trey drops to one knee, and the lift breaks.

Gideon shoves Brick backward, staying alive.

Mark Bravo: "Graham Keel saves Gideon Graves! Iron Dominion survives again!"

Trey pounds the mat once, frustrated, then starts pushing back up.

Keel tries to grab the leg again.

Trey kicks him away this time.

Trey Mack: "Enough of that."

He gets back to his feet, chest heaving, sweat already catching in the purple and gold remnants of his entrance lights.

The countdown clock appears.

15.

14.

13.

John Phillips: "Trey Mack has entered the All or Nothing Rumble. No eliminations in this interval, but The Mack Attack immediately went after Iron Dominion and nearly got his hands on Maxwell Jett twice!"

Mark Bravo: "He threw Graham Keel, rocked Gideon Graves, hit the cannonball, survived a near elimination, flattened Keel with the pop-up powerslam, and kept Savior Hawkins from letting anger make him stupid. That is a strong ninety seconds from Trey Mack."

Bobby Dean: "He almost got Jett."

John Phillips: "He did."

Bobby Dean: "A lot of people almost get Jett."

Mark Bravo: "That has been the story of this match."

Bobby looks at Maxwell Jett, who is still hugging the bottom rope across the ring.

Then Bobby looks at Maxx Mayhem.

Then at Trey Mack.

Then back to Jett.

His thumb settles over the battle chair controls again.

Crowd: "TEN! NINE! EIGHT!"

Trey Mack resets near center, breathing hard but grinning, eyes still on Iron Dominion. Brick Bronson and Gideon Graves continue their heavyweight collision. Graham Keel remains dangerous from low angles. Silas Grimm and El

Fantasma Oscuro 1 stay aligned. Shawn FX and Tyler Cruz keep the crowd moving. Savior Hawkins checks his temper. Jaxson Ryder keeps stalking Maxwell Jett. Mikey Unlikely and Scott Stevens continue fighting through traffic. Maxx Mayhem recovers near the ropes. Malachi Cross waits. Hakuryu watches from the side.

Crowd: "SEVEN! SIX! FIVE!"

The Women's Championship field remains active: Valentina Blaze, Lexi Gold, Zhalia Fears, Athena Storm, Sol Azteca, Juno Sage, Selina Santorino, Brittany Reid, Kirsty McKinney, and Selena Vex all still fighting toward the same prize.

Outside the ring, Bobby Dean remains in the battle chair, still active, still waiting, still deciding.

Crowd: "FOUR! THREE! TWO! ONE!"

The buzzer sounds.

BUZZZZZZ!

The O2 is still chanting for Trey Mack after his arrival turned the ring into another collision zone, but the countdown does not care about momentum. It does not care about exhaustion. It does not care that the ring already looks like a battlefield with too many wars happening at once.

It only opens the door for the next one.

The lights drop.

Not into glamour.

Not into gold.

Not into fire.

Into headlights.

Two harsh beams cut through the darkness at the top of the ramp, pointed straight down the aisle like something old, loud, and mean has just turned onto the road outside The O2.

The opening of "The Outsiders" by Eric Church hits.

The crowd reaction is immediate.

Loud.

Complicated.

Respectful, but tense.

Because they remember Spain.

They remember the tow chain.

They remember Sol Azteca's blood.

They remember Emily Hightower winning, but not cleanly enough for the memory to sit easy.

The video wall flashes rust, scrap metal, chain links, and a battered Hightower red logo before the name cuts through it all.

EMILY HIGHTOWER.

Then, underneath it:

THE JUNKYARD BITCH.

John Phillips: "Entrant number forty-nine is Emily Hightower!"

Mark Bravo: "And that Women’s Championship race just got meaner. Emily Hightower is rugged, country strong, junkyard tough, and she is walking into this match with no fear of getting ugly."

A battered, rugged 1978 Chevy pickup rolls into view from the stage side, headlights glaring, engine growling beneath the music.

The truck does not roll all the way to the ring, but it comes far enough to make the entrance feel like Emily has brought West Memphis steel, dust, oil, and bad intentions into London with her.

The driver’s door opens.

Emily Hightower hops out.

She is not smiling.

Not tonight.

She has one energy drink in hand, takes one last drink from it, then crushes the can in her fist and tosses it aside without looking.

She cracks her neck once.

Then rolls her shoulders like it is time to put in a shift.

John Phillips: "Emily Hightower, daughter of former UTA superstar David Hightower. She was born and bred in scrap yards, but unlike her father, she trained formally. That makes her a terrifying blend of bar-room brawling, athletic movement, and actual technique."

Mark Bravo: "She can bite you, suplex you, fly at you, claw your skull, or powerbomb you through your own bad decisions. Fighting Emily Hightower is like getting into a scrap with a snorting bull that learned moonsaults."

Emily starts down the ramp.

No David.

No Buck.

No Dakota.

Just Emily.

The camera catches Sol Azteca inside the ring immediately.

Sol stops moving.

Her mask turns toward the ramp.

Whatever rhythm she had been keeping inside the women’s field pauses.

Emily sees her.

Of course she does.

They lock eyes from opposite ends of the building.

And the memory of Spain walks into The O2 with both of them.

John Phillips: "There is Sol Azteca, still active in this match. Emily Hightower defeated Sol in that brutal Tow Chain Match in Spain, but Mark, that was not something anyone just forgets."

Mark Bravo: "Emily won that fight by referee stoppage. Sol did not tap. Sol did not quit. Emily had to choke her

unconscious with that chain. You don’t go through that and come out normal on either side."

Emily reaches ringside and stops near Bobby Dean’s battle chair.

Bobby looks up at her.

Emily looks at Bobby.

Then the chair.

Then Bobby again.

Emily Hightower: "You still sittin’ out here?"

Bobby Dean: "Still active."

Emily snorts.

Emily Hightower: "Well, hell. That might be the smartest thing anybody’s done tonight."

Bobby’s eyes brighten.

Bobby Dean: "She gets it."

Mark Bravo: "Emily Hightower has endorsed the battle chair strategy. That may be the most frightening endorsement yet."

Emily turns away from Bobby and looks into the ring again.

Sol Azteca is still watching her.

Valentina Blaze notices.

Athena Storm notices.

Kirsty McKinney notices in the irritated way she notices everything.

Selena Vex notices and smirks.

Selina Santorino’s drone hovers outside, already trying to find the best angle for the tension.

Emily climbs onto the apron.

She steps through the ropes.

Both boots hit the canvas.

Emily Hightower is officially in the All or Nothing Rumble.

And the Women’s Championship race changes instantly.

Valentina Blaze, Lexi Gold, Zhalia Fears, Athena Storm, Sol Azteca, Juno Sage, Selina Santorino, Brittany Reid, Kirsty McKinney, Selena Vex, and now Emily Hightower.

Eleven women active.

One will eventually be the final female remaining.

One will become UTA Women’s Champion.

Emily looks right at Sol.

Sol steps forward.

The O2 rises.

John Phillips: "Emily Hightower and Sol Azteca are standing across from each other again!"

Mark Bravo: "No chain tonight. No cuffs. No Hightowers at ringside. But all that damage is still in the air."

Emily cracks her knuckles.

Emily Hightower: "You still mad?"

Sol does not blink.

Sol Azteca: "I remember."

Emily nods once.

Emily Hightower: "Good."

Sol rushes first.

Emily meets her head-on.

Sol fires a kick to the thigh.

Emily absorbs it and blasts Sol with a forearm.

Sol answers with another kick.

Emily answers with a body shot.

Sol snaps a forearm across Emily’s jaw.

Emily comes back with one of her own, heavier, rougher, less pretty.

The O2 roars as the two women trade in the center of the ring, not chained now, but still attached by everything that happened between them.

John Phillips: "Emily and Sol throwing hands!"

Mark Bravo: "This is not about winning the whole rumble right now. This is about unfinished violence."

Sol ducks under a wild Emily swing and kicks the back of Emily’s leg.

Emily drops to one knee.

Sol hits the ropes.

Emily surges up with a big boot that catches Sol in the chest and knocks her backward into the ropes.

Sol hooks the top strand immediately, staying safe from elimination danger.

Emily charges.

Sol drops low and pulls the rope down just enough that Emily has to stop herself short before tumbling over.

Emily plants her boots, catches balance, then grabs Sol by the mask line for half a second.

The crowd reacts with alarm.

Sol’s whole body changes.

Emily lets go almost immediately.

Not out of fear.

Out of memory.

Sol steps forward slowly.

Sol Azteca: "No."

Emily lifts both hands slightly.

Emily Hightower: "Wasn’t pullin’."

Sol Azteca: "Do not touch it."

Emily’s jaw tightens.

Emily Hightower: "Then keep it outta reach."

Sol explodes with a forearm, and the fight is back on.

Before either woman can build more, Selena Vex rushes from the side and clips Sol across the back with a cheap forearm, then immediately tries to grab Emily by the hair from behind.

Emily turns before Selena can get a clean grip.

Selena freezes.

Selena Vex: "Hi. Team-up?"

Emily grabs her by the face.

Emily Hightower: "Nope."

Emily drives Selena backward into the corner with a brutal shoulder thrust.

Then another.

Then a third.

Selena folds over the top of Emily’s shoulder, gasping.

Emily backs away three steps.

Then sprints forward.

Corner splash.

Selena Vex is crushed against the turnbuckles.

Emily keeps running, hits the opposite ropes, and comes back with the big boot as Selena staggers out.

John Phillips: "Hit And Run! Emily Hightower runs through Selena Vex!"

Mark Bravo: "Selena asked for a team-up and got a truck stop receipt!"

Selena drops flat, rolling toward the ropes and clutching her ribs.

Emily points down at her.

Emily Hightower: "Stay there."

Brittany Reid springboards in next, trying to use the opening while Emily is still turning from the corner.

Brittany flies for a crossbody.

Emily catches her.

Brittany’s eyes go wide.

Brittany Reid: "Oh no."

Emily looks at her for one second.

Emily Hightower: "Cute."

Then she tosses Brittany overhead with a basic but powerful fallaway-style suplex, sending The Killer Bee rolling hard across the mat.

John Phillips: "Emily Hightower catches Brittany Reid out of the air!"

Mark Bravo: "Brittany flies. Emily swats."

Brittany rolls to the ropes but stays safely inside, blinking at the lights.

Selina Santorino steps toward Emily now, drone hovering nearby.

Selina Santorino: "You know, rugged could work if it was curated."

Emily looks at the drone.

Then at Selina.

Emily Hightower: "That thing waterproof?"

Selina Santorino: "Excuse me?"

Emily Hightower: "Because you keep talkin', I'm gonna throw you into the Thames."

The crowd pops.

Selina swings a long clothesline, but Emily ducks under and grabs her around the waist.

Selina tries to elbow free.

Emily powers through it and takes her over with a rough German suplex that sends Selina rolling near the ropes.

The Santorino Sentinel dips lower to film the aftermath.

Emily points at it.

Emily Hightower: "Don't you start."

The drone rises a few inches.

Mark Bravo: "Emily Hightower just threatened a drone."

John Phillips: "And the drone appeared to listen."

Juno Sage steps in behind Emily and targets the arm immediately, trying to turn the brawler's aggression into a technical trap.

Juno catches Emily's wrist and twists.

Juno Sage: "Strong frame. Predictable resistance."

Emily winces, then looks back over her shoulder.

Emily Hightower: "You talk like a manual."

Juno twists harder.

Emily grimaces, then suddenly bites Juno's hand.

The O2 reacts with a gasp and a cheer.

John Phillips: "Emily bit Juno Sage!"

Mark Bravo: "She did it to Dahlia Cross in Portugal, and she did it again here! You grab Emily Hightower wrong, she

may use teeth!"

Juno jerks backward, not panicked, but clearly startled in a way few things make her.

Juno Sage: "Unorthodox."

Emily Hightower: "Effective."

Kirsty McKinney steps in beside Juno, looking at Emily with that same irritated flatness.

Kirsty McKinney: "Biting is lazy."

Emily turns to her.

Emily Hightower: "Winning ain't."

Kirsty shoots low for Emily's leg.

Emily sprawls late, not as technically clean as Kirsty, but heavy enough to stop the first attempt.

Kirsty transitions to the wrist.

Emily rips free with a clubbing forearm across Kirsty's upper back.

Kirsty drops to one knee, then immediately reaches again, grabbing Emily's ankle and trying to turn her.

Emily kicks her away with brute force.

Kirsty rolls backward, pops to a knee, and looks more annoyed than hurt.

Kirsty McKinney: "Messy."

Emily Hightower: "Still standing."

Valentina Blaze charges Emily from the side with a forearm.

Emily takes it and fires back.

Valentina answers.

Emily answers heavier.

They trade three shots in a row, Valentina burning through the damage to her knee while Emily turns the exchange into a hoss fight whether Valentina wants one or not.

John Phillips: "Emily Hightower is turning this into exactly the kind of fight she wants!"

Mark Bravo: "She will make anybody brawl. You can be fast, technical, flashy, dirty, spooky, whatever you want. Emily wants to know if you can get hit and hit back."

Emily gets the better of the exchange and whips Valentina toward the ropes.

Valentina reverses.

Emily hits the ropes and comes back fast, looking for a running crossbody-style collision, but Athena Storm springboards in and catches Emily with a knee to the shoulder.

Emily stumbles sideways.

Lexi Gold steps in and catches her with a forearm.

Sol Azteca adds a sharp kick to Emily's leg.

For the first time since entering, Emily is forced backward toward the ropes.

John Phillips: "The women’s field may be trying to get Emily out before she builds too much momentum!"

Athena grabs one arm.

Lexi grabs the other.

Sol presses at Emily’s midsection.

Valentina, limping but determined, adds pressure from the side.

Emily’s back hits the ropes.

The O2 rises.

Emily’s boots slide.

Her upper body tilts backward over the top strand.

Mark Bravo: "They’ve got her in trouble!"

Juno Sage steps in, looking to twist Emily’s wrist and break her grip.

Kirsty McKinney reaches for the leg.

Brittany Reid rushes in too, throwing her full bodyweight into the pile.

Emily roars.

Not a polished battle cry.

A scrap-yard sound.

Raw.

Angry.

She bites down on her own frustration and powers forward, dragging Athena and Lexi off balance with her.

Sol jumps back before being crushed.

Brittany tumbles away.

Kirsty loses the leg.

Juno releases the wrist.

Emily falls back inside the ring on one knee, still active.

John Phillips: "Emily Hightower survives!"

Mark Bravo: "That was pure strength! The field had her tilted, and Emily just muscled herself back in!"

Selena Vex sees Emily on one knee and rushes from behind, trying to grab a handful of hair and shove her over before she can recover.

Emily reaches back blindly, catches Selena by the head, and drops backward.

Burn Out.

The tornado double-arm DDT spikes Selena Vex into the mat.

John Phillips: "Burn Out! Emily Hightower plants Selena Vex!"

Selena rolls over limp for a second, then scrambles toward the ropes, suddenly much less smug.

Emily pushes up, breathing hard, and turns right back toward Sol Azteca.

Sol is already there.

Forearm.

Emily answers.

Sol kicks low.

Emily grabs her by the shoulder and drives a knee to the ribs.

Sol stumbles but does not fall.

Emily grabs Sol by the wrist and yanks her close.

For one terrifying second, she looks ready for Ode To My Father.

The Bull Hammer Elbow.

Sol ducks under it.

Emily’s elbow cuts through empty air.

Sol grabs the arm and jumps, trying to pull Emily toward the ropes with a flying arm-drag motion.

Emily plants her feet, refusing to go.

Sol lands and immediately kicks the inside of Emily’s leg.

Emily staggers.

Sol follows with a forearm.

Emily catches her by the waist and powers her up.

The crowd gasps.

Total Loss possibility.

But Sol hammers down with elbows before Emily can fully lift into the powerbomb.

One.

Two.

Three.

Emily releases her, stumbling back.

John Phillips: "Sol avoids Total Loss!"

Mark Bravo: "Emily almost had her, and I think everyone in this building remembered Spain at the same time!"

Before Emily and Sol can continue, Trey Mack comes crashing through the frame after being shoved by Gideon Graves. Trey collides shoulder-first with Emily, not intentionally, but with enough force to knock her sideways.

Emily catches the ropes with both hands, keeping herself from going through them.

Trey immediately turns.

Trey Mack: "My bad!"

Emily glares at him.

Emily Hightower: "Watch your traffic."

Trey grins despite himself.

Trey Mack: "Fair."

Gideon Graves crashes into Trey from behind, and Trey is pulled back into the heavyweight war. Brick Bronson joins, blasting Gideon with another forearm. Graham Keel tries to attack Trey's leg again, but Savior Hawkins cuts Keel off with a flying forearm, more controlled this time, while Jaxson Ryder keeps one eye on Maxwell Jett.

Maxwell Jett tries to crawl behind Emily while she is at the ropes.

Emily sees him.

Jett freezes.

Maxwell Jett: "I was passing through."

Emily Hightower: "Bad road."

Emily grabs Jett by the back of the gear and hauls him up.

The O2 erupts again.

John Phillips: "Emily Hightower has Maxwell Jett!"

Bobby Dean leans forward in the battle chair.

Jaxson Ryder turns.

Shawn FX points toward the scene.

Emily starts to muscle Jett toward the ropes.

Jett flails, grabbing anything he can.

Maxwell Jett: "I respect women! I respect Arkansas! I respect junkyards!"

Emily Hightower: "You're about to respect gravity."

She nearly gets him to the top rope, but El Fantasma Oscuro 1 springboards in again, clipping Emily across the back with a dropkick.

Emily stumbles forward and releases Jett.

Jett drops flat, rolls away, and hugs the bottom rope again.

Maxwell Jett: "Still respectful!"

Emily turns toward El Fantasma, jaw set.

Silas Grimm steps between them beside the masked man.

Silas Grimm: "Rage digs its own grave."

Emily snorts.

Emily Hightower: "I grew up in scrap yards. I know where to bury things."

She lunges toward Silas, but Malachi Cross catches her from the side with a hard knee to the ribs.

Emily doubles over, then immediately fires back with a forearm to Malachi's jaw.

Malachi barely moves.

Emily hits him again.

He staggers a half-step.

She steps forward, ready for a third, but Sol Azteca rushes in and kicks Emily’s thigh again, pulling her attention back.

John Phillips: "Sol Azteca is not letting Emily Hightower drift away from her!"

Mark Bravo: "There are eleven women in this championship race, but Sol and Emily keep finding each other like magnets made of old violence."

Emily and Sol lock eyes again.

Selena Vex, from behind Sol, tries to sneak in with another cheap shot.

Emily sees it over Sol’s shoulder and points.

Emily Hightower: "Behind you."

Sol does not turn blindly.

She ducks.

Selena’s forearm sails over her and catches Emily across the cheek instead.

Emily’s head turns.

Slowly, she looks back at Selena.

Selena Vex: "Accident."

Emily steps forward.

Emily Hightower: "Mine won’t be."

Selena tries to drop and roll away, but Emily catches her around the waist and lifts.

Powerbomb position.

The crowd rises.

Total Loss.

But before Emily can sit out, Selina Santorino clips her from behind with a forearm, saving Selena Vex for reasons that are probably more accidental than strategic.

Selena drops free and rolls away.

Emily turns toward Selina Santorino.

Selina points at the drone.

Selina Santorino: "You ruined the shot."

Emily wipes her mouth with the back of her hand.

Emily Hightower: "I’m about to ruin the camera."

Selina backs away quickly.

Brittany Reid suddenly jumps between them, hands up.

Brittany Reid: "Maybe nobody ruins the camera?"

Emily and Selina both look at her.

Brittany Reid: "Okay, bad idea!"

Brittany cartwheels away before either can grab her.

The women’s field collapses into motion again, all eleven active competitors jostling, striking, scrambling, and trying to keep themselves away from the ropes while still forcing someone else toward them.

Valentina Blaze limps into Emily with another forearm.

Emily answers with one that drops Valentina to a knee.

Lexi Gold catches Emily from behind and tries to force her forward.

Emily mule-kicks backward and breaks free.

Athena Storm springs off the ropes with a knee that grazes Emily’s shoulder.

Emily stumbles but stays up.

Kirsty McKinney grabs Emily’s ankle again.

Emily looks down at her.

Emily Hightower: "You again?"

Kirsty McKinney: "Obviously."

Kirsty tries to turn the ankle, but Emily drops her full weight backward, crushing Kirsty beneath her hip and forcing the grappler to release with a grunt.

Mark Bravo: "That is not technique. That is Emily saying, ‘What if I just fall on you?’"

Emily rolls off Kirsty and pushes back up, breathing harder now, sweat and grit in her face.

Sol Azteca stands across from her again.

For a second, neither attacks.

The match swirls around them.

But they stare through it.

Sol Azteca: "This is not finished."

Emily nods once.

Emily Hightower: "No. It ain’t."

Then Brick Bronson and Gideon Graves crash through the center again, forcing both women to separate before they can continue.

Emily is knocked toward the ropes, but she catches herself.

Sol is forced into Juno Sage, who immediately tries to trap her arm. Athena Storm breaks that. Valentina Blaze catches Athena. Lexi Gold grabs Valentina. Brittany Reid springboards past them. Selina Santorino shouts at the drone. Selena Vex crawls low and hides behind the traffic. Zhalia Fears laughs under the whole mess.

John Phillips: "Emily Hightower has entered, and this Women’s Championship race is more volatile than ever!"

Emily looks around at the chaos.

Then she smiles.

Not sweetly.

Not all-American.

Mean.

Like the fight is finally speaking her language.

The countdown clock appears.

15.

14.

13.

John Phillips: "Emily Hightower has entered the All or Nothing Rumble. No eliminations in this interval, but The Junkyard Bitch has immediately brought power, brawling, history with Sol Azteca, and another dangerous threat to the Women’s Championship race."

Mark Bravo: "She ran through Selena Vex, caught Brittany Reid, threatened a drone, bit Juno Sage, fought off half the women’s field, nearly had Maxwell Jett, and almost turned Selena Vex into Total Loss. That is a loud ninety seconds."

Bobby Dean: "She said the chair was smart."

John Phillips: "She did say that."

Bobby Dean: "The chair has a lot of supporters now."

Mark Bravo: "The chair may be the most over object in London."

Bobby looks at Maxwell Jett again.

Then at the chaos in the ring.

Then at Emily Hightower, still standing and still looking for someone else to hit.

His thumb remains over the controls.

Crowd: "TEN! NINE! EIGHT!"

Emily Hightower resets near the ropes, eyes flicking back to Sol Azteca. Sol keeps moving, never letting Emily leave her sight. Valentina Blaze, Lexi Gold, Zhalia Fears, Athena Storm, Juno Sage, Selina Santorino, Brittany Reid, Kirsty McKinney, and Selena Vex remain active around them, the Women’s Championship race now heavier and uglier than before.

Crowd: "SEVEN! SIX! FIVE!"

Maxwell Jett remains low. Brick Bronson and Gideon Graves keep colliding. Graham Keel, Silas Grimm, and El Fantasma Oscuro 1 remain dangerous. Mikey Unlikely is still active. Jaxson Ryder, Tyler Cruz, Savior Hawkins, Shawn FX, Trey Mack, Maxx Mayhem, Malachi Cross, Scott Stevens, and Hakuryu all continue fighting through the chaos.

Outside the ring, Bobby Dean remains in the battle chair.

Still active.

Still waiting.

Still closer to something.

Crowd: "FOUR! THREE! TWO! ONE!"

The buzzer sounds.

BUZZZZZZ!

The O2 is still shaking from Emily Hightower’s arrival, still trying to process the sight of The Junkyard Bitch bringing Sol Azteca, Selena Vex, Selina Santorino, Juno Sage, Kirsty McKinney, Brittany Reid, and the entire women’s field into

another layer of violence.

The ring is too full now.

There are bodies everywhere.

Maxwell Jett is low near the ropes, still somehow alive.

Brick Bronson and Gideon Graves are still trading heavy collisions.

Graham Keel keeps crawling into legs and joints like a man allergic to fair fights.

Silas Grimm and El Fantasma Oscuro 1 remain aligned in the shadows.

Mikey Unlikely is still active, still sharp, still finding openings.

Emily Hightower is still snarling toward Sol Azteca from across the women's field.

Bobby Dean remains outside in the battle chair, still active, still waiting, still watching Maxwell Jett like the chair has developed a purpose.

Then the arena changes.

The video wall flickers once.

Then again.

A rising sun burns across the screen.

Not clean and sleek.

Not polished for the modern era.

This feels like old UTA thunder given new life.

Huge red brush strokes slash across the screen. The sound of a massive taiko drum booms through The O2.

BOOM.

BOOM.

BOOM.

The crowd begins to rise before the name even appears.

Then the screen flashes one word.

YOSHII.

The O2 erupts.

John Phillips: "Oh my! Entrant number fifty is Yoshii!"

Mark Bravo: "Former UTA Champion! Six-foot-four! Five hundred seventy-five pounds from Tokyo, Japan! The ring was already crowded, John, and now a human earthquake is walking toward it!"

Yoshii steps through the curtain.

The reaction is enormous.

He is massive.

Broad.

Beaming.

For one second, the danger of the match gives way to pure spectacle as Yoshii raises both arms and shouts to the London crowd.

Yoshii: "YOSHII!"

The O2 answers immediately.

Crowd: "YOSHII!"

Beside him, strutting through the curtain with a mischievous, egotistical grin, comes Jed Eye.

Jed walks like he owns the production, the entrance, the aisle, and maybe half of London. He points up at Yoshii with both hands, laughing, shouting, hyping the giant beside him.

Jed Eye: "Fee fye fo fum? Nah! Forget the fairy tales! London, hide the women, hide the children, hide the whole ring, because tonight I unleash Godzilla!"

Yoshii laughs and pounds his own chest with both hands.

Yoshii: "Godzilla! Yoshii!"

The O2 roars again.

John Phillips: "Yoshii accompanied by Jed Eye, and listen to this building! The legacy surprises continue!"

Mark Bravo: "I don’t know how that ring is still standing, John. You’ve got Brick Bronson, Gideon Graves, Trey Mack, Emily Hightower, and now Yoshii? Somewhere, an engineer is sweating through a clipboard."

Yoshii starts down the ramp with Jed beside him, Jed pointing at fans, jawing with anyone who doubts the giant, feeding Yoshii’s joy and ego with every step.

Inside the ring, the reaction is immediate.

Maxwell Jett looks up.

His face drops.

Maxwell Jett: "No. No. Absolutely not. That is too much person."

Brick Bronson turns from Gideon Graves and stares toward the ramp.

Gideon turns too.

Trey Mack’s eyes widen, then he grins.

Maxx Mayhem, still recovering near the ropes, sees Yoshii and lights up like a child seeing a parade float made of violence.

Maxx Mayhem: "BIG FRIEND!"

Bobby Dean looks up from the battle chair.

His mouth opens.

Bobby Dean: "Yoshii."

Jed Eye points at Bobby as they pass ringside.

Jed Eye: "Bobby Dean! Still sitting! Still surviving! That is strategy, baby!"

Bobby nods, thrilled by yet another endorsement.

Bobby Dean: "Jed gets it too."

Mark Bravo: "The battle chair movement is growing."

Yoshii stops beside Bobby and looks down at him.

Then he smiles big.

Yoshii: "Bobby!"

Bobby waves with both hands.

Bobby Dean: "Hello, Yoshii."

Yoshii nods with joy, then turns toward the ring.

That joy remains on his face.

Until he sees the chaos inside.

Until Maxx Mayhem rushes toward the ropes and waves him in.

Maxx Mayhem: "Come be large at me!"

Yoshii tilts his head.

The fun is still there.

But the eyes sharpen.

He climbs the steel steps.

The ring shifts under anticipation.

Yoshii steps over the top rope with massive effort and massive presence, both boots finally landing inside the ring.

Yoshii is officially in the All or Nothing Rumble.

And the entire match has to make room.

John Phillips: "Yoshii is in! Entrant number fifty is active!"

Mark Bravo: "Everybody’s survival math just changed."

Maxx Mayhem charges first.

Of course he does.

He throws himself at Yoshii with both arms wide, laughing as he launches into the collision.

Yoshii barely moves.

Maxx bounces off him and hits the mat hard.

Yoshii looks down.

Maxx looks up, delighted.

Maxx Mayhem: "Again!"

Yoshii laughs.

Yoshii: "Again!"

Maxx scrambles up and charges again.

This time Yoshii steps forward with a thunderous shoulder block.

Maxx gets flattened.

John Phillips: "Massive shoulder block by Yoshii!"

Mark Bravo: "Maxx Mayhem asked for it twice and received both invoices!"

Jed Eye circles at ringside, clapping, pointing to Yoshii.

Jed Eye: "That’s five hundred seventy-five pounds of historic memory, baby! Crushed into your memories forever!"

Yoshii turns and sees Tyler Cruz flying off the ropes, trying to redirect around the giant.

Tyler goes for speed, but Yoshii catches him mid-motion with both arms.

The crowd gasps.

Tyler Cruz: "Uh oh."

Yoshii smiles down at him.

Yoshii: "Fun!"

He launches Tyler with a belly-to-belly suplex that sends The Red Rocket tumbling across the ring.

Tyler rolls through near the ropes but stays inside, grabbing the bottom strand and blinking hard.

John Phillips: "Belly-to-belly by Yoshii!"

Mark Bravo: "Tyler Cruz just got turned into a commemorative T-shirt cannon!"

Savior Hawkins rushes in next with a flying forearm.

Yoshii absorbs it.

Savior lands, stunned by the lack of movement.

Yoshii answers with a massive chest slap.

The sound echoes through The O2.

Savior stumbles backward, clutching his chest and dropping to one knee.

John Phillips: "Listen to that slap!"

Mark Bravo: "That sounded like somebody dropped a ham on a snare drum!"

Jaxson Ryder charges next, not recklessly, but with heart, trying to catch Yoshii from the side before the giant can settle.

Jaxson fires a forearm.

Another.

A third.

Yoshii staggers one step.

The crowd reacts.

Jaxson hits the ropes and comes back looking for a dropkick.

Yoshii swats him down with a sumo strike to the chest.

Jaxson lands hard, rolling away before Yoshii can follow.

John Phillips: "Yoshii just cuts Jaxson Ryder out of the air!"

Mark Bravo: "Jaxson had the right idea. He just hit a wall that hits back."

Brick Bronson steps forward.

The crowd rises.

Yoshii turns.

Brick looks up at him.

Yoshii looks down at Brick.

Neither man smiles now.

John Phillips: "Brick Bronson and Yoshii!"

Mark Bravo: "Concrete Fist meets Godzilla. I need a hard hat."

Brick throws the first forearm.

Yoshii answers with a chest slap.

Brick staggers, then comes back with another forearm.

Yoshii answers with another chest slap.

Brick’s chest reddens immediately, but he steps forward again.

Gideon Graves suddenly crashes into both men from the side, because the Iron Giant refuses to be ignored in any heavyweight collision.

The three massive bodies collide in the center, and the ring visibly shifts beneath them.

John Phillips: "Yoshii, Brick Bronson, and Gideon Graves all in the same collision!"

Mark Bravo: "That is not a wrestling exchange. That is a building-code violation!"

Trey Mack sees the impact and comes running.

The Mack Attack joins the pile with a shoulder block to Gideon.

Now four huge men are tied up in the same section of the ring.

Graham Keel tries to slide underneath and attack Yoshii’s leg.

Yoshii looks down just in time.

Keel grabs at the ankle.

Yoshii simply lifts his foot and stomps down near Keel’s hand, forcing Keel to jerk back before being crushed.

Graham Keel: "Excessive mass."

Yoshii: "Yoshii!"

Yoshii bends down, grabs Keel by the back of the gear, and lifts him just enough to throw him backward into the center of the ring.

Keel rolls through and scrambles away, protected but rattled.

Mark Bravo: "Graham Keel tried to solve Yoshii’s leg and almost lost a hand to the equation."

On the women’s side, Emily Hightower uses the distraction of Yoshii’s arrival to grab Selena Vex, who is once again trying to hide behind someone else’s fight.

Selena’s eyes widen.

Selena Vex: "Wait. Wait. We both hate annoying people. We can talk."

Emily looks at Sol Azteca, who is standing nearby.

Sol looks at Emily.

There is still tension.

Still unfinished violence.

But for one moment, they have the same thought.

Selena Vex has talked enough.

Emily grabs Selena by the back of the head and hurls her toward Sol.

Sol cracks Selena with a sharp kick to the ribs.

Selena doubles over and stumbles backward into Emily.

Emily lifts her.

The crowd rises.

Total Loss.

Emily drives Selena Vex down with the sitout powerbomb in the center of the ring.

John Phillips: "Total Loss! Emily Hightower plants Selena Vex!"

Mark Bravo: "Selena finally ran out of shortcuts!"

Emily does not cover.

Covers do not matter.

Instead, she grabs Selena and drags her up by the hair.

Selena is limp, dazed, barely able to stand.

Sol Azteca steps in.

Emily and Sol shove together.

Selena Vex goes over the top rope.

She crashes to the floor.

Both feet hit.

The official points immediately.

Ring Announcer: "Selena Vex has been eliminated!"

John Phillips: "Selena Vex is gone! Emily Hightower and Sol Azteca eliminate Selena Vex!"

Mark Bravo: "And that uneasy moment between Emily and Sol says a lot, John. They may hate each other, but they both knew Selena needed to go."

Selena Vex sits on the floor, stunned and furious, shouting at the official, shouting at Emily, shouting at Sol, shouting at anyone close enough to hear.

Selena Vex: "This is biased! This is targeted! I was the most valuable woman in there!"

Emily leans over the ropes.

Emily Hightower: "You were loud."

Sol steps beside her.

Sol Azteca: "Now you are gone."

The crowd pops.

Emily and Sol turn toward each other again.

The brief alliance dies immediately.

Emily points at Sol.

Emily Hightower: "We ain't friends."

Sol Azteca: "No."

Then they are pulled back into the women's field, with Athena Storm, Valentina Blaze, Lexi Gold, Juno Sage, Kirsty McKinney, Brittany Reid, Selina Santorino, and Zhalia Fears all still active around them.

Meanwhile, Yoshii has Maxx Mayhem by the head.

Maxx is still laughing.

Maxx Mayhem: "You're very large. That is nice."

Yoshii lifts him with shocking ease for a man Maxx's size and drops him with a Samoan Drop that shakes the ring.

Maxx bounces once and rolls toward the ropes.

John Phillips: "Samoan Drop by Yoshii!"

Jed Eye is losing his mind at ringside.

Jed Eye: "That is Godzilla weight! That is monster math! That is Yoshii!"

Yoshii pulls Maxx back up.

Maxx tries to hug him.

Yoshii looks confused for half a second.

Maxx Mayhem: "Big friend."

Yoshii's smile returns.

Yoshii: "Friend?"

Then Maxx tries to bite him on the shoulder.

Yoshii's smile disappears.

Yoshii: "No friend."

Yoshii grabs Maxx with both hands and launches him toward the ropes with a power clothesline follow-through.

Maxx flips over the top rope.

He lands on the apron for one second, feet scrambling, hands gripping the top strand.

Bobby Dean suddenly rolls the battle chair closer from outside, eyes wide.

Bobby Dean: "Maxx!"

Maxx looks down at Bobby.

Maxx Mayhem: "Chair buddy!"

That distraction is all it takes.

Yoshii slams both palms into Maxx’s chest with a massive sumo strike through the ropes.

Maxx falls backward from the apron.

He crashes to the floor beside the battle chair.

Both feet hit.

The official points.

Ring Announcer: "Maxx Mayhem has been eliminated!"

John Phillips: "Maxx Mayhem is gone! Yoshii eliminates Maxx Mayhem!"

Mark Bravo: "He tried to bite Godzilla and got launched back to the battle chair!"

Maxx sits on the floor beside Bobby Dean, blinking up at Yoshii.

Maxx Mayhem: "Worth it."

Bobby looks genuinely disappointed.

Bobby Dean: "You got eliminated."

Maxx Mayhem: "But I met a giant."

Bobby considers that.

Bobby Dean: "That is something."

Officials guide Maxx away from ringside, though he waves goodbye to the battle chair like it is a beloved relative.

Inside, Yoshii turns around and finds Trey Mack staring at him.

The O2 rises again.

Trey grins.

Trey Mack: "You’re a whole lot of man."

Yoshii nods proudly.

Yoshii: "Yoshii!"

Trey hits the ropes.

He comes back with a full-speed shoulder block.

Yoshii rocks backward one step.

The crowd pops.

Trey hits the ropes again.

This time Yoshii meets him with a shoulder block of his own.

Trey staggers back and drops to one knee.

John Phillips: "Trey Mack tried to move Yoshii, but Yoshii answered right back!"

Mark Bravo: "Trey Mack is built like a tank. Yoshii is built like the thing tanks avoid."

Brick Bronson charges from the side and hits Yoshii with a lariat.

Yoshii staggers.

Gideon Graves hits him from the other side with a forearm.

Yoshii staggers again.

For the first time, the giant looks rocked.

Brick and Gideon, enemies seconds ago, instinctively understand the same problem.

Yoshii is too large to ignore.

They both grab him.

The O2 erupts.

John Phillips: "Brick Bronson and Gideon Graves are trying to eliminate Yoshii!"

Graham Keel moves in low, perhaps to help, perhaps to make sure he controls the outcome.

But Jed Eye jumps onto the apron from outside, yelling, waving his arms, drawing the referee and everyone’s attention.

Jed Eye: "No! No! No! You don’t toss Godzilla without permits!"

Keel turns his head toward Jed, irritated.

That distraction gives Yoshii a second to plant his feet.

Yoshii roars.

Yoshii: "YOSHII!"

He shoves Brick backward with one arm.

He shoves Gideon backward with the other.

Both heavyweights stumble away, not down, but forced to release.

Mark Bravo: "Jed Eye just bought Yoshii a second, and that second was enough!"

Mikey Unlikely sees Jed on the apron and points from across the ring.

Mikey Unlikely: "Mate, you’re not in the match."

Jed Eye: "I’m in the vibe!"

Mikey shakes his head and turns back into Malachi Cross, who catches him with a forearm that would have dropped most men. Mikey staggers but stays upright, still protected, still alive.

Yoshii turns and spots Shawn FX climbing to the second rope, perhaps looking for a Feedback Flying Elbow Drop onto a downed Maxx that is no longer there.

Shawn pauses as he realizes Maxx has been eliminated.

Shawn FX: "Wrong track."

Before Shawn can climb down, Yoshii lumbers toward him.

Shawn kicks him from the second rope.

Yoshii absorbs it.

Shawn kicks again.

Yoshii grabs him by the jacket.

Shawn’s eyes widen behind the sunglasses.

Shawn FX: "That is not stage safety."

Yoshii yanks Shawn down from the corner and drops him with a massive belly-to-belly suplex.

Shawn lands hard and rolls toward the ropes, still active, but clearly rocked.

John Phillips: "Yoshii launches Shawn FX!"

On the far side, Zhalia Fears crawls near Yoshii’s feet and looks up at him.

Zhalia Fears: "Big ghost."

Yoshii looks down at her, confused.

Yoshii: "No ghost. Yoshii."

Zhalia smiles.

Zhalia Fears: "For now."

She darts low, trying to slip around him, but Yoshii simply steps sideways and almost traps her beneath his foot. Zhalia rolls away laughing before he can grab her.

Valentina Blaze tries to use the distraction to kick Yoshii’s leg, but Emily Hightower’s fight with Sol Azteca spills into her lane and breaks the attempt. Valentina stumbles back into Lexi Gold. Lexi catches her, then immediately turns her into the ropes, trying for an elimination. Valentina hooks the top strand and fights back with forearms.

John Phillips: "Lexi Gold trying to eliminate Valentina Blaze!"

Brittany Reid springboards in, trying to help force Valentina over.

Athena Storm catches Brittany mid-run with a forearm, not allowing the pile to build.

Juno Sage grabs Athena’s wrist.

Kirsty McKinney grabs Juno’s ankle.

Selina Santorino shouts at the drone to get a better angle of all of them.

Sol and Emily collide again nearby.

The women’s field is chaos even with Selena Vex gone.

Back near center, Yoshii sees Maxwell Jett crawling.

The crowd rises.

Yoshii steps toward him.

Jett slowly looks up.

Maxwell Jett: "No."

Yoshii smiles.

Yoshii: "Yes."

Yoshii reaches down.

Jett screams and rolls away, ducking behind the referee, then behind the legs of Scott Stevens, then nearly crawling straight into Bobby Dean’s side of the ring.

Bobby leans forward from outside.

Bobby Dean: "Hi, Maxwell."

Jett freezes at the edge of the ropes, staring down at Bobby and the battle chair.

Maxwell Jett: "No. Not you too."

Before Bobby can move, Graham Keel grabs Yoshii’s attention again with a low kick to the back of the leg.

Yoshii turns away from Jett.

Jett exhales like he has survived death.

Mark Bravo: "Maxwell Jett survives Yoshii because Graham Keel picked the worst possible time to be useful!"

Keel’s low kick does not drop Yoshii, but it annoys him.

Yoshii turns slowly toward Keel.

Keel backs up one step.

Silas Grimm steps near Keel, not quite protecting him, but aligning with the same side of danger.

El Fantasma Oscuro 1 crouches nearby.

Yoshii looks at all three.

Then laughs.

Yoshii: "Yoshii fight all!"

The O2 erupts as Yoshii surges forward with a power clothesline aimed at Silas.

Silas ducks.

El Fantasma springboards away.

Keel rolls low.

All three avoid the worst of it, but the sheer swing clears the entire side of the ring, forcing everyone nearby to scatter.

John Phillips: "Yoshii just cleared space by swinging one arm!"

Mark Bravo: "That is what we needed, John! This ring was packed, and Yoshii is making people move!"

Jed Eye jumps down from the apron, still shouting.

Jed Eye: "Godzilla has arrived! Godzilla has arrived!"

Yoshii turns to the hard camera, pounds his chest, and raises both arms.

Yoshii: "YOSHII!"

The O2 answers him.

Crowd: "YOSHII!"

Then Brick Bronson hits him from behind.

Gideon Graves hits Brick from behind.

Trey Mack hits Gideon from the side.

Shawn FX superkicks Trey by accident when Silas shoves him into the lane.

Tyler Cruz springboards over all of them and crashes into Malachi Cross.

Savior Hawkins blasts Graham Keel with a controlled forearm, then nearly loses that control again when Keel reaches for the ankle.

Jaxson Ryder grabs Maxwell Jett from behind for half a second, but Jett drops dead weight and slides free before Jaxson can lift him.

The rumble becomes motion again.

But now there is more space.

Because Selena Vex is gone.

Because Maxx Mayhem is gone.

Because Yoshii has arrived, and when Yoshii moves, people either move with him or get moved by him.

The countdown clock appears.

15.

14.

13.

John Phillips: "Yoshii has entered the All or Nothing Rumble at number fifty! Selena Vex has been eliminated by Emily Hightower and Sol Azteca, and Maxx Mayhem has been eliminated by Yoshii!"

Mark Bravo: "The former UTA Champion is back, Jed Eye is losing his mind at ringside, and Yoshii has already flattened half the ring, eliminated Maxx Mayhem, and scared Maxwell Jett into new forms of cowardice!"

Bobby Dean: "Maxx is gone."

John Phillips: "He is."

Bobby Dean: "Yoshii did that."

Mark Bravo: "He did."

Bobby looks at Yoshii.

Then at Maxwell Jett.

Then at the battle chair controls.

Bobby Dean: "The chair is thinking."

Crowd: "TEN! NINE! EIGHT!"

Yoshii stands near center, smiling again but breathing heavily, with Jed Eye hyping him from ringside. Brick Bronson, Gideon Graves, and Trey Mack all reset around the giant. Graham Keel, Silas Grimm, and El Fantasma Oscuro 1 remain dangerous and active. Mikey Unlikely is still in. Jaxson Ryder, Tyler Cruz, Savior Hawkins, Shawn FX, Malachi Cross, Scott Stevens, Hakuryu, and Maxwell Jett all remain alive in the chaos.

Crowd: "SEVEN! SIX! FIVE!"

The Women’s Championship field has narrowed by one: Valentina Blaze, Lexi Gold, Zhalia Fears, Athena Storm, Sol Azteca, Juno Sage, Selina Santorino, Brittany Reid, Kirsty McKinney, and Emily Hightower all remain active. Selena Vex is gone.

Outside the ring, Bobby Dean remains in the battle chair.

Still active.

Still waiting.

Still watching Maxwell Jett.

Still maybe closer than ever.

Crowd: "FOUR! THREE! TWO! ONE!"

The buzzer sounds.

BUZZZZZZ!

Yoshii's arrival has opened the ring in the only way a five-hundred-seventy-five-pound former UTA Champion can open anything.

By force.

Selena Vex is gone.

Maxx Mayhem is gone.

Kaine is gone.

The field is finally beginning to thin, but the danger has only grown sharper.

Yoshii stands near center, chest heaving, smiling through the chaos as Jed Eye paces at ringside, pointing at him, shouting about Godzilla, history, and everyone in London being too small to understand what has just been unleashed.

Brick Bronson, Gideon Graves, and Trey Mack all reset around the massive former champion, each man understanding that Yoshii is not just another body in the match.

He is terrain.

Graham Keel stays low and patient, still protected, still dangerous. Silas Grimm and El Fantasma Oscuro 1 remain aligned nearby, silent and sinister. Mikey Unlikely keeps fighting through the middle. Shawn FX shakes off Yoshii's belly-to-belly suplex near the ropes. Jaxson Ryder keeps trying to find Maxwell Jett, who is once again trying to become one with the bottom strand. Tyler Cruz and Savior Hawkins move through the traffic. Scott Stevens, Malachi Cross, and Hakuryu remain active in the chaos.

The Women's Championship field has narrowed by one, but remains brutal.

Valentina Blaze.

Lexi Gold.

Zhalia Fears.

Athena Storm.

Sol Azteca.

Juno Sage.

Selina Santorino.

Brittany Reid.

Kirsty McKinney.

Emily Hightower.

Ten women still active.

One will become UTA Women’s Champion.

Outside the ring, Bobby Dean remains in the battle chair.

Still active.

Still outside.

Still watching Maxwell Jett.

Still maybe closer to finally moving than ever before.

Then the arena drops into darkness.

Not black.

Something deeper.

Something blue-black and ancient, like moonlight caught beneath a forest canopy.

The O2 falls into a hush as the video wall fills with mist.

A tiger’s eye opens through the fog.

Then another.

A low growl rumbles through the speakers.

Taiko drums begin to pulse beneath eerie flute notes, joined by cyberpunk synths that flicker like neon through temple smoke.

The tiger eyes vanish.

A kanji-style slash cuts across the screen.

Then the name appears:

TYGER II.

The O2 rises.

John Phillips: "Entrant number fifty-one is Tyger II!"

Mark Bravo: "The Tiger Yokai is here! Kaito Watanabe, carrying the Tyger name in honor of his father, Tatsumi ‘Tyger’ Tanaka, and bringing that supernatural cinematic presence into the All or Nothing Rumble!"

The lights flicker in blue, orange, and white.

Smoke curls across the stage.

Then Tyger II steps through it.

The mask catches the light first.

Modern.

Sharp.

A supernatural homage to his father’s legacy, tiger lines carved into something almost otherworldly.

He stands still at the top of the ramp, shoulders loose, head slightly bowed.

The crowd buzzes around him.

Then Tyger II slowly lifts his head.

The tiger growl rolls through the building again.

John Phillips: "Tyger II is one of the most intriguing young competitors in UTA. Fast, explosive, steeped in legacy, but carrying something darker and more cinematic than a simple second-generation story."

Mark Bravo: "He moves like a ghost and strikes like a trapdoor opened under your jaw. In this match, where bodies are tired and the ropes are crowded, Tyger II can become a nightmare very quickly."

Tyger begins down the ramp.

No sprint.

No wild theatrics.

He walks with controlled purpose, each step cutting through the smoke as the music builds around him.

Inside the ring, Hakuryu turns toward the ramp.

His expression barely changes, but his posture does.

Slightly.

Enough to matter.

Tyger II sees him.

The two Japanese warriors lock eyes from across the chaos.

John Phillips: "Hakuryu taking notice of Tyger II."

Mark Bravo: "That is a look that says there is respect, but not safety. There is no safe respect in this match."

Tyger reaches ringside and pauses near Bobby Dean.

Bobby looks up from the battle chair.

Tyger looks at the chair.

Then at Bobby.

For a moment, neither says anything.

Then Bobby offers a small wave.

Bobby Dean: "Hello."

Tyger II gives him a solemn nod.

Tyger II: "The hunter waits."

Bobby blinks.

Bobby Dean: "Yes."

Tyger turns toward the ring.

Mark Bravo: "Bobby Dean just got spiritually validated by a tiger demon."

John Phillips: "I am not sure that is what happened."

Bobby Dean: "It is."

Tyger leaps onto the apron in one fluid motion.

El Fantasma Oscuro 1 turns from inside the ring.

Silent.

Masked.

Still protected.

Tyger II steps through the ropes and enters low, one hand briefly touching the canvas before he rises.

The two masked figures stare at each other across the ropes and bodies.

El Fantasma Oscuro 1.

Tyger II.

Shadow and spirit.

Phantom and yokai.

John Phillips: "Tyger II and El Fantasma Oscuro 1 locking eyes!"

Mark Bravo: "I don’t know whether to call this a wrestling match or a haunted folktale."

Silas Grimm steps beside El Fantasma, making the alignment clear.

Tyger does not move away.

He simply lowers his stance.

Then Tyler Cruz comes flying through the lane, springboarding off the middle rope toward Silas Grimm.

Silas ducks.

Tyger II moves.

Fast.

He catches Tyler mid-landing with a sharp jumping knee to the ribs, redirecting the Red Rocket’s momentum and sending him tumbling toward the ropes.

John Phillips: "Tyger II catches Tyler Cruz immediately!"

Mark Bravo: "That was not a collision. That was interception."

Tyler grabs the middle rope, staying inside, but he looks back at Tyger with surprise.

Tyler Cruz: "Okay. Fast cat."

Tyger tilts his head slightly.

Tyger II: "Faster."

Tyler grins despite the shot.

Tyler Cruz: "We’ll see."

Savior Hawkins rushes in next, still carrying fire from Graham Keel’s constant ankle targeting. Savior throws a flying forearm toward Tyger.

Tyger slips beneath it and catches Savior with a spinning back kick to the midsection.

Savior doubles over.

Tyger hits the ropes.

He rebounds and snaps a low dropkick into Savior’s shoulder, knocking him down to one knee.

Graham Keel sees Savior drop and starts toward the ankle again.

Tyger notices.

So does Jaxson Ryder.

Jaxson cuts Keel off first, catching him with a forearm.

Tyger slips past both and catches Keel with a sharp roundhouse kick to the ribs.

Keel staggers backward, protected but frustrated.

John Phillips: "Tyger II strikes Graham Keel!"

Mark Bravo: "Keel keeps finding ankles, but Tyger just found his ribs."

Jaxson looks at Tyger and nods.

Jaxson Ryder: "Good shot."

Tyger gives a small nod back, then turns immediately as El Fantasma Oscuro 1 springboards toward him.

The O2 rises.

El Fantasma twists through the air.

Tyger ducks under.

El Fantasma lands behind him.

Tyger spins.

El Fantasma drops low.

Tyger jumps over the sweep.

El Fantasma springs up.

Tyger lands in front of him.

They both stop.

The crowd reacts before either man lands a clean strike.

John Phillips: "Listen to The O2! Tyger II and El Fantasma Oscuro 1 matching movement!"

Mark Bravo: "Two masks. Two mysteries. Neither one blinking."

Silas Grimm cuts in with a palm strike aimed at Tyger’s ribs.

Tyger catches the wrist.

Silas smiles faintly.

Silas Grimm: "The beast wears borrowed skin."

Tyger steps closer.

Tyger II: "The beast remembers blood."

Tyger kicks Silas in the thigh, releases the wrist, and snaps a palm strike into Silas’ chest that knocks him back one step.

Silas absorbs it, but El Fantasma immediately tries to take advantage with a springboard dropkick.

Tyger rolls underneath it.

He rises near the ropes, but not over them, perfectly placed.

El Fantasma lands safely too.

Still protected.

Still active.

Still watching.

Across the ring, Yoshii is still in motion, and motion from Yoshii is danger for everyone nearby.

He grabs Shawn FX by the arm and hurls him toward the corner, but Shawn reverses late, sending Yoshii chest-first toward the turnbuckles.

Yoshii hits, but does not fall.

Shawn rushes in.

Yoshii comes out with a massive chest slap that knocks Shawn backward to the mat.

Jed Eye nearly jumps out of his shoes at ringside.

Jed Eye: "That’s the sound of legacy getting slapped into stereo!"

Tyger II turns toward Yoshii.

The two men’s eyes meet.

Yoshii smiles.

Yoshii: "Tyger!"

Tyger gives a respectful bow of the head.

Tyger II: "Yoshii."

For one second, it seems like the respect might hold.

Then Maxwell Jett crawls between them, trying to escape Jaxson Ryder by using Yoshii’s massive legs as a wall.

Yoshii looks down.

Tyger looks down.

Jett slowly looks up at both of them.

Maxwell Jett: "Cultural exchange?"

Tyger and Yoshii both reach down.

Jett screams.

But before either can grab him, Brick Bronson crashes into Yoshii from one side and Gideon Graves crashes into Brick from the other, sending the heavyweight war directly through the scene.

Jett drops flat, and all three large bodies thunder over him without actually landing on him.

He survives again.

Maxwell Jett: "Protected by international incident!"

Mark Bravo: "I hate that he keeps surviving while saying things like that."

Tyger springs up to the middle rope to avoid the heavyweight spill and launches backward with a moonsault press onto Malachi Cross, who had been moving toward the pile.

Malachi catches him partially, but Tyger’s momentum still forces him backward into the ropes.

Malachi hooks the top strand immediately, staying inside.

Tyger lands on his feet, but Malachi catches him with a knee to the ribs.

Tyger stumbles.

Malachi goes for a Yakuza Kick.

Tyger ducks.

Tyger rebounds off the ropes and catches Malachi with a tiger feint-style kick to the side of the head.

John Phillips: "Tyger II catches Malachi Cross!"

Malachi drops to one knee, still active but rocked.

Tyger backs away and turns directly into Emily Hightower.

Emily stands there, eyes narrowed.

She remembers him.

He remembers her.

Emily defeated Tyger II recently, but this is not a singles match.

This is not clean.

This is not controlled.

Emily Hightower: "Well, hey there, tiger."

Tyger’s mask tilts slightly.

Tyger II: "Again."

Emily grins, mean and alive.

Emily Hightower: "You want it again?"

Tyger steps in.

Emily throws a forearm.

Tyger ducks and kicks her in the thigh.

Emily absorbs it and shoves him backward with both hands.

Tyger rolls through and pops back to his feet.

Emily charges for a big boot.

Tyger slides underneath it and springs up behind her.

He catches her with a sharp kick to the back of the leg.

Emily drops to one knee.

Sol Azteca, seeing Emily drop, immediately rushes in with a forearm of her own.

Emily turns and catches Sol’s arm, dragging her into the fight.

John Phillips: "Tyger II briefly gets the better of Emily Hightower, but Sol Azteca is right back on Emily!"

Mark Bravo: "Emily has enemies lined up like she’s handing out numbers at the DMV."

Tyger does not stay with Emily.

He moves.

Fast.

He cuts across the women’s field, narrowly avoiding Brittany Reid’s springboard path. Brittany sees the mask flash past and squeaks as she adjusts mid-motion, landing on the apron through the middle rope instead of colliding.

Brittany Reid: "Oh my gosh, stealth tiger!"

Kirsty McKinney grabs at Tyger’s ankle as he passes.

Tyger hops over the grip.

Kirsty looks annoyed.

Kirsty McKinney: "Stop jumping."

Tyger lands and turns toward her.

Tyger II: "Catch me."

Kirsty’s expression says she absolutely plans to.

But Juno Sage reaches Tyger first, grabbing his wrist and trying to twist him down.

Tyger rolls with the pressure, plants one hand, and flips out, landing behind Juno.

Juno turns.

Tyger snaps a kick toward her ribs.

Juno catches enough of the leg to slow it.

Juno Sage: "Pattern unstable."

Tyger II: "Good."

Tyger twists free and catches Juno with a short enzuigiri that knocks her back toward the ropes. Juno hooks the top strand, preventing herself from going too far.

John Phillips: "Tyger II brings a completely different speed to this match!"

Mark Bravo: "He is not just fast. He is hard to read. Juno Sage called the pattern unstable. That might be the best compliment she’s capable of giving."

Selina Santorino steps in next, drone hovering just outside.

Selina Santorino: "The mask is marketable. The silence is not."

Tyger looks at the drone.

Then at Selina.

Tyger II: "Your eye follows machine."

Selina Santorino: "My eye follows excellence."

Tyger glances toward the drone again.

Tyger II: "Then it should look away."

The O2 pops as Selina’s expression hardens.

She swings for him.

Tyger ducks, hits the ropes, and comes back with a spinning heel kick that catches Selina across the shoulder and sends her stumbling toward the ropes.

She hooks them, still safe, shouting toward the drone.

Selina Santorino: "Do not clip that!"

The drone clips everything.

Valentina Blaze catches Tyger with a forearm from the side.

Tyger stumbles into Lexi Gold, who tries to force him toward the ropes.

Tyger hooks the top strand, plants one foot on the middle rope, and flips himself backward over Lexi’s shoulder, landing safely inside the ring.

Lexi turns.

Tyger catches her with a sharp kick to the midsection.

Before he can follow, Athena Storm flies in with a knee that knocks him sideways.

The crowd pops.

Athena Storm: "Let it rain!"

Tyger catches himself near the ropes.

Athena rushes again.

Tyger drops and pulls the middle rope down, not the top, making Athena adjust to avoid a dangerous tumble.

Athena lands on the apron through the middle rope, still not eliminated, and immediately rolls back in before anyone can capitalize.

John Phillips: "Athena Storm avoids danger!"

Tyger turns from Athena directly into Shawn FX.

Shawn, still recovering from Yoshii’s suplex, lowers his sunglasses.

Shawn FX: "Cool mask."

Tyger nods once.

Tyger II: "Loud jacket."

Shawn grins.

Shawn FX: "That’s the idea."

Shawn goes for a Soundstage SuperKick.

Tyger ducks beneath it.

Shawn spins through.

Tyger hits the ropes.

Shawn turns and leaps for Special.FX.

Tyger catches him mid-jump and shoves him off just enough to avoid the diamond cutter.

Shawn lands awkwardly near the ropes, backpedaling.

Tyger charges.

Shawn tries to duck low.

Tyger jumps, catching Shawn with a running knee that sends the Soundstage Superstar over the top rope.

The crowd gasps.

Shawn lands on the apron, both hands clutching the top strand.

Tyger turns.

Silas Grimm appears from nowhere and shoves Tyger into Shawn.

Tyger’s shoulder collides with Shawn’s chest.

Shawn loses his grip.

He falls backward from the apron.

Both feet hit the floor.

The official points.

Ring Announcer: "Shawn FX has been eliminated!"

John Phillips: "Shawn FX is gone! Tyger II’s pressure put him on the apron, and Silas Grimm’s shove finished the job!"

Mark Bravo: "That is the danger of Silas Grimm! He didn’t need the credit. He just needed the opening. Shawn FX is out!"

Shawn sits on the floor, stunned, sunglasses crooked.

He looks up at Silas.

Then at Tyger.

Tyger looks back from inside the ring, not mocking him, not celebrating.

Just watching.

Shawn FX: "Bad remix."

Officials guide Shawn away as the crowd gives him a strong reaction, appreciating the legacy burst while mourning how quickly the rumble can turn.

Tyger turns toward Silas Grimm.

Silas gives him the faintest smile.

Silas Grimm: "The beast can be aimed."

Tyger steps closer.

Tyger II: "Not by you."

El Fantasma Oscuro 1 suddenly springboards between them, forcing Tyger to pivot away. Tyler Cruz cuts into the lane,

still eager to get at El Fantasma. The masked phantom ducks Tyler and lands near the ropes. Tyger steps beside Tyler for half a second.

Tyler looks at Tyger.

Tyler Cruz: "Common problem?"

Tyger looks at El Fantasma.

Tyger II: "For now."

They both rush El Fantasma, but Silas Grimm cuts Tyler off, and Graham Keel catches Tyger from the side with a low kick that clips his base.

Tyger drops to one knee.

Keel reaches immediately for the wrist.

Tyger rolls through, but Keel follows, trying to trap the arm.

Savior Hawkins sees Keel attacking another limb and rushes in with a forearm that breaks the grip.

Jaxson Ryder grabs Savior’s shoulder again before he can keep swinging recklessly.

Jaxson Ryder: "Forward, not blind!"

Savior nods, breathing hard, and pulls back before Keel can bait him further.

Tyger rises beside them, glancing once at Savior.

Tyger II: "Anger has claws."

Savior looks at him.

Savior Hawkins: "So do I."

Tyger nods.

Tyger II: "Then choose where they land."

Before Savior can answer, Yoshii crashes through the center again, shoving Trey Mack backward into Brick Bronson, who turns into Gideon Graves, causing all four large men to collide in another violent chain reaction.

Maxwell Jett crawls beneath the moving bodies, somehow avoiding all of them.

Bobby Dean watches him from outside.

Bobby Dean: "He crawls a lot."

John Phillips: "That has been Maxwell Jett’s primary method of survival."

Bobby Dean: "The chair rolls."

Mark Bravo: "Bobby, are you comparing strategies?"

Bobby does not answer.

His hands tighten on the controls.

Inside the ring, Tyger II springs to the ropes again, looking for a high-angle attack on Malachi Cross, who has turned his back while trading shots with Scott Stevens.

Tyger launches.

Malachi turns and catches him in midair with a vicious forearm to the chest.

Tyger crashes to the mat, rolling hard near the ropes.

Malachi steps forward, looking to finish the elimination attempt, but Hakuryu suddenly appears beside him.

Hakuryu’s kick cracks Malachi across the ribs.

Malachi turns toward Hakuryu.

Tyger pushes up from the mat and looks at Hakuryu.

Their eyes meet again.

Hakuryu gives the smallest nod.

Tyger returns it.

John Phillips: "Hakuryu may have just saved Tyger II from Malachi Cross."

Mark Bravo: "Respect, debt, strategy — whatever you want to call it, that was timely."

Emily Hightower and Sol Azteca collide again near the ropes, both nearly spilling toward danger before Valentina Blaze and Lexi Gold crash into the same space. Brittany Reid springboards in, sees the pile, and wisely changes direction mid-flight, landing near Kirsty McKinney instead.

Kirsty grabs her instantly.

Brittany Reid: "I changed my mind!"

Kirsty McKinney: "Too late."

Kirsty tries to drag Brittany toward the ropes, but Zhalia Fears crawls behind Kirsty and hooks the ankle, breaking her base. Brittany slips free and rolls away, gasping.

Selina Santorino tries to capitalize on Zhalia being low, but Juno Sage catches Selina’s wrist and twists. Selina yells toward the drone.

Selina Santorino: "Bad angle! Bad angle!"

The drone continues filming.

Tyger II rises again, breathing harder now, one hand on the ropes.

He has already made an impact.

Shawn FX is gone.

Silas Grimm has used him as a weapon.

El Fantasma Oscuro 1 has seen him.

Hakuryu has acknowledged him.

Emily Hightower remembers him.

And the match, somehow, still has nineteen more entrants to go after him.

The countdown clock appears.

15.

14.

13.

John Phillips: "Tyger II has entered the All or Nothing Rumble, and Shawn FX has been eliminated after Tyger put him

on the apron and Silas Grimm shoved Tyger into the final contact!"

Mark Bravo: "Tyger II brought speed, mystery, legacy, and immediate movement. He tangled with El Fantasma, struck Graham Keel, crossed paths with Emily Hightower, got acknowledged by Hakuryu, and helped send Shawn FX out of the match. That is a lot in ninety seconds."

Bobby Dean: "The hunter waits."

John Phillips: "That is what Tyger said to you."

Bobby Dean: "I am thinking about it."

Mark Bravo: "The chair is getting philosophical now."

Crowd: "TEN! NINE! EIGHT!"

Tyger II resets near the ropes, mask glowing under the shifting lights. El Fantasma Oscuro 1 and Silas Grimm remain aligned nearby, watching him. Hakuryu stands on the far side, composed and alert. Yoshii remains near center with Jed Eye yelling at ringside. Brick Bronson, Gideon Graves, Trey Mack, Graham Keel, Mikey Unlikely, Jaxson Ryder, Tyler Cruz, Savior Hawkins, Malachi Cross, Scott Stevens, and Maxwell Jett all remain active in the men's field.

Crowd: "SEVEN! SIX! FIVE!"

The Women's Championship field remains active: Valentina Blaze, Lexi Gold, Zhalia Fears, Athena Storm, Sol Azteca, Juno Sage, Selina Santorino, Brittany Reid, Kirsty McKinney, and Emily Hightower all still fighting toward the same prize.

Outside the ring, Bobby Dean remains in the battle chair.

Still active.

Still waiting.

Still watching Maxwell Jett.

Still, maybe, hunting in his own way.

Crowd: "FOUR! THREE! TWO! ONE!"

The buzzer sounds.

BUZZZZZZ!

The O2 is still alive from Tyger II's arrival, still reacting to Shawn FX being eliminated, still trying to track the masked tension between Tyger, El Fantasma Oscuro 1, Silas Grimm, and Hakuryu.

Yoshii remains near center, huge and smiling, with Jed Eye shouting from ringside like a man personally responsible for every tremor in the building. Brick Bronson, Gideon Graves, and Trey Mack continue to orbit the giant collision zone. Graham Keel stays dangerous from the mat and the edges. Silas Grimm and El Fantasma Oscuro 1 remain aligned. Mikey Unlikely is still active, protected by instinct, legacy, and timing. Maxwell Jett is still low, still hated, still somehow surviving.

Emily Hightower and Sol Azteca keep finding one another in the women's field. Valentina Blaze limps but keeps fighting. Lexi Gold remains composed. Juno Sage keeps studying. Selina Santorino is still arguing with her drone. Brittany Reid is still bouncing, though every landing looks a little heavier now. Kirsty McKinney stays flat-eyed and irritated. Athena Storm keeps moving through the chaos. Zhalia Fears smiles from low to the canvas, always crawling, always slipping through spaces nobody else thinks to use.

And outside the ring, Bobby Dean remains in the battle chair.

Still active.

Still waiting.

Still watching Maxwell Jett.

Then the lights fall.

For a second, there is only darkness.

Then the opening strings of “Forever & Ever” by Lacey Sturm featuring Lindsey Stirling begin to play.

The reaction is instant.

Not cheers.

Not respect.

Not the sound Marie Van Claudio has heard so many times before.

Boos.

Heavy.

Angry.

Personal.

The O2 remembers.

The hug with Susanita.

The German suplexes.

Amy Harrison and Valkyrie Knoxx kneeling behind her.

The revelation no one saw coming.

Marie Van Claudio was never the prisoner.

Marie Van Claudio is The Empire.

The violin hits, and Marie appears on the stage.

The UTA Women’s Championship rests around her waist.

She does not stumble.

She does not look down.

She does not appear trapped, frightened, conflicted, or ashamed.

She stands tall beneath the lights, chin lifted, eyes cold, the same woman the world thought needed saving now staring out over London like the boos are an insult she has already risen above.

John Phillips: "Entrant number fifty-two is the UTA Women’s Champion, Marie Van Claudio!"

Mark Bravo: "Listen to this crowd, John. Earlier tonight, Susanita Ybanez fought to free Marie from The Empire. She won the match. She broke the supposed contract. And then Marie Van Claudio revealed the whole ugly truth. She is the true leader of The Empire."

John Phillips: "This crowd feels betrayed. Susanita Ybanez was betrayed. Everyone who believed Marie was being manipulated was betrayed."

Marie begins walking down the ramp.

No smile.

No desperate glance to the crowd.

No emotional hand over the heart.

She moves slowly, deliberately, wearing the Women’s Championship like a crown that has always belonged exactly where it is.

The boos get louder.

Marie stops halfway down the ramp.

She looks left.

Then right.

Then she gives the smallest, cruelest smile.

Marie Van Claudio: "You finally understand."

The boos become deafening.

Mark Bravo: "That is not guilt. That is satisfaction."

John Phillips: "And Mark, this is critical. Marie Van Claudio is the current UTA Women’s Champion. But under All or Nothing rules, the final female remaining in this match becomes Women’s Champion. Marie has everything to lose tonight."

Mark Bravo: "And after what happened earlier, every woman in that ring may want to make sure she loses it."

Inside the ring, the women’s field turns toward the ramp.

Emily Hightower stares with narrowed eyes.

Sol Azteca turns fully, mask fixed on Marie.

Athena Storm’s expression hardens.

Brittany Reid stops bouncing for the first time in a while.

Valentina Blaze leans on one leg, but her eyes burn.

Lexi Gold resets her stance.

Juno Sage studies Marie with new calculation.

Kirsty McKinney looks annoyed that betrayal now has to be factored into the match.

Selina Santorino tells the drone to stay wide.

Zhalia Fears smiles.

Not happily.

Knowingly.

John Phillips: "Marie Van Claudio and Zhalia Fears have history going back to Marie’s first Women’s Championship moment. Marie became the first UTA Women’s Champion in 2016 by eliminating Zhalia Fears in a battle royal."

Mark Bravo: "And now here they are again, in a rumble, with the Women’s Championship at stake and Marie walking in as the villain no one knew she truly was."

Marie reaches ringside.

Bobby Dean watches her from the battle chair.

She looks at him once.

Bobby Dean: "I don’t like what you did."

Marie pauses.

Then she looks at the chair.

Then back at Bobby.

Marie Van Claudio: "Then keep sitting."

The crowd boos again.

Bobby’s face tightens.

Bobby Dean: "The chair heard that."

Marie turns away, climbs the steps, and steps onto the apron.

The boos do not fade.

They follow her through the ropes.

Both boots hit the canvas.

Marie Van Claudio is officially in the All or Nothing Rumble.

And the UTA Women’s Champion immediately changes the match.

Zhalia Fears is the first to move.

She crawls forward from low near the mat, eyes bright, smile tilted.

Zhalia Fears: "First Lady."

Marie slowly removes the Women’s Championship from around her waist and hands it through the ropes to an official outside.

She never takes her eyes off Zhalia.

Marie Van Claudio: "Still beneath me."

Zhalia laughs and lunges.

Marie sidesteps with sudden sharpness, grabs Zhalia from behind, and snaps her backward with a German suplex.

The crowd gasps as Zhalia folds hard against the mat.

John Phillips: "German suplex by Marie Van Claudio!"

Marie does not release.

She rolls through.

A second German suplex plants Zhalia again.

Marie keeps the waist locked.

Her entire demeanor is different than the woman the audience thought they knew earlier tonight.

Cold.

Commanding.

Merciless.

She drags Zhalia up a third time.

Zhalia tries to claw at the hands.

Marie snaps her backward with a third German suplex.

Mark Bravo: "Three Germans! Just like what she did to Susanita after that match earlier! This is the real Marie Van Claudio, and that is a terrifying sentence now!"

Zhalia rolls toward the ropes, dazed.

Marie follows, grabs her by the hair, and hauls her up.

Zhalia throws one wild forearm.

Marie blocks it, pulls her in, and plants her with a facebuster.

Zhalia bounces off the mat and stumbles up on instinct, barely aware of where she is.

Marie grabs her by the back of the neck and runs her toward the ropes.

Zhalia goes over the top rope.

She crashes to the floor.

Both feet hit.

The official points immediately.

Ring Announcer: "Zhalia Fears has been eliminated!"

John Phillips: "Marie Van Claudio eliminates Zhalia Fears! History repeats in the cruelest possible way!"

Marie stands at the ropes, looking down at Zhalia with no emotion.

Then she turns.

Athena Storm is already coming.

Athena charges with fire, the crowd roaring behind her, trying to answer betrayal with justice.

Athena Storm: "Let it rain!"

Athena leaps for a knee.

Marie ducks under and lets Athena land behind her.

Athena turns fast and throws a roundhouse.

Marie catches the leg.

Athena hops once, eyes wide, then tries to spin through.

Marie yanks her close and slaps her across the face.

The crack echoes.

The O2 boos louder.

John Phillips: "What a slap from Marie!"

Athena swings back, but Marie ducks and catches her from behind.

German suplex.

Athena lands hard and rolls toward the ropes.

Marie rises slowly, smooth and composed, as if the entire ring has already been rearranged to her liking.

Emily Hightower sees Marie stalking Athena and starts to move, but Sol Azteca steps in her path, the tension between them still too fresh to let either one pass freely.

That split-second obstruction is enough.

Marie pulls Athena up and whips her toward the ropes.

Athena rebounds, trying to use the momentum for a comeback.

Marie steps in and catches her with a spinning heel kick that sends Athena stumbling backward into the ropes.

Athena’s arms drape over the top strand.

Marie rushes.

Clothesline.

Athena flips over the top rope.

She lands on the apron, clutching the top strand with both hands.

The crowd rises, begging her to hang on.

John Phillips: "Athena Storm is on the apron!"

Marie grabs Athena by the hair through the ropes.

Athena fights, throwing a forearm from the apron.

Marie absorbs it.

Then rakes Athena’s face across the top rope and shoves her backward.

Athena falls from the apron.

Both feet hit the floor.

The official points.

Ring Announcer: "Athena Storm has been eliminated!"

John Phillips: "Athena Storm is gone! Marie Van Claudio has eliminated two women in moments!"

Mark Bravo: "The Women’s Champion came in to clear threats, and she is not wasting a second!"

The boos rain down harder.

Marie barely reacts.

She turns again.

Sol Azteca is there.

Mask forward.

Body low.

Ready.

Emily Hightower stands behind Sol, breathing hard, not helping Marie, not helping Sol, just watching the collision she knows is coming.

Sol Azteca: "You fooled them."

Marie’s eyes narrow.

Marie Van Claudio: "I educated them."

Sol throws the first kick.

Marie checks it.

Sol throws another.

Marie absorbs enough of it and grabs for the mask line.

The crowd reacts immediately.

Sol clamps both hands onto Marie’s wrist.

Sol Azteca: "No."

Marie smiles.

Marie Van Claudio: "Everyone has a leash."

Sol snaps a forearm into Marie’s jaw.

Marie stumbles back one step.

Sol rushes, looking to capitalize.

Marie drops low and sends Sol chest-first into the ropes.

Sol bounces back.

Marie catches her.

Poisonrana.

Sol spikes hard into the mat, the crowd gasping as the masked competitor folds from the impact.

John Phillips: "Poisonrana! Marie just spiked Sol Azteca!"

Mark Bravo: "That came out of nowhere! Sol was moving too fast, and Marie turned it into disaster!"

Emily Hightower steps forward now, eyes locked on Sol, perhaps not wanting Marie to be the one who ends that fight.

Marie sees Emily coming.

For a second, the Women’s Champion and The Junkyard Bitch stare each other down.

The O2 buzzes.

But Marie does not engage Emily.

Not yet.

She grabs Sol by the mask and hairline together, ignoring the roar of disapproval, and drags her toward the ropes.

Emily reaches for Marie.

Juno Sage catches Emily’s arm from the side, perhaps to exploit the opening, perhaps to keep the chaos moving.

That split-second delay saves Marie from Emily’s grip.

Marie shoves Sol up and over the top rope.

Sol lands on the apron, barely hanging on.

Marie steps back.

Then rushes forward with a brutal clothesline through the ropes.

Sol flies from the apron.

Both feet hit the floor.

The official points.

Ring Announcer: "Sol Azteca has been eliminated!"

John Phillips: "Sol Azteca is eliminated! Marie Van Claudio has eliminated Zhalia Fears, Athena Storm, and now Sol Azteca!"

Emily Hightower breaks free from Juno Sage and lunges toward Marie, fury finally snapping through.

Marie ducks under Emily’s forearm and rolls away before Emily can get her hands on her.

Emily stops at the ropes, looking down at Sol on the floor.

Sol looks back up at her.

Still breathing.

Still furious.

Still eliminated.

Emily’s jaw tightens.

She turns back toward Marie.

Emily Hightower: "You and me are gonna have a problem."

Marie adjusts her wrist tape slowly.

Marie Van Claudio: "Wait your turn."

Brittany Reid charges before Emily can.

The Killer Bee is all speed and outrage, no longer bright for the sake of it, no longer bouncing because the moment is fun.

She is angry.

Brittany Reid: "That was awful!"

Brittany springboards off the middle rope toward Marie.

Marie sidesteps.

Brittany lands on her feet, spins, and jumps for Hornet’s Sting.

Marie shoves her off in midair.

Brittany hits the mat, rolls, pops up, and charges again.

Marie catches her with a clothesline.

Brittany flips inside out from the impact.

John Phillips: "Marie levels Brittany Reid!"

Marie pulls Brittany up immediately.

Brittany swings wildly, catching Marie with a forearm that gets a huge reaction from the crowd.

Marie’s head snaps to the side.

For a second, the crowd believes.

Brittany hits the ropes.

She comes back fast.

Marie catches her mid-run and plants her with a snap DDT.

Brittany’s head hits the mat, and she rolls over stunned.

Mark Bravo: "That shut the hope down fast."

Marie rises and looks toward the crowd.

They boo her mercilessly.

She smiles now.

Fully.

Cold and pleased.

She drags Brittany up and sends her toward the ropes.

Brittany rebounds and tries one last burst, leaping for a headscissors.

Marie catches her legs.

She hoists Brittany up, turns toward the ropes, and dumps her over the top.

Brittany lands on the apron, gripping the rope, eyes wide.

Brittany Reid: "No, no, no!"

Marie steps close.

Brittany throws a desperate shoulder through the ropes.

Marie steps aside.

Brittany’s momentum carries her forward.

Marie grabs the back of her head and snaps her throat-first across the top rope.

Brittany recoils backward from the apron and falls to the floor.

Both feet hit.

The official points.

Ring Announcer: "Brittany Reid has been eliminated!"

John Phillips: "Brittany Reid is gone! Marie Van Claudio has entered this rumble and eliminated four women in one interval!"

Mark Bravo: "Zhalia Fears, Athena Storm, Sol Azteca, and Brittany Reid — gone! The Women’s Champion just tore through the field like she came in with a list!"

The O2 boos with everything it has.

Marie stands near the ropes, looking down at the damage.

Zhalia is being helped away.

Athena is furious at ringside.

Sol sits on the floor, mask tilted up toward Emily Hightower, who is still inside the ring, still protected, still staring daggers through Marie.

Brittany Reid is on the floor, stunned and heartbroken, hands in her hair as officials tell her she has to leave.

Inside the ring, the remaining women adjust immediately.

Valentina Blaze.

Lexi Gold.

Juno Sage.

Selina Santorino.

Kirsty McKinney.

Emily Hightower.

Marie Van Claudio.

Seven women remain active.

The UTA Women’s Championship race just got violently smaller.

John Phillips: "Marie Van Claudio has completely changed the Women’s Championship landscape in ninety seconds."

Mark Bravo: "And look at her face, John. No remorse. No panic. No shame. This is what she wanted. This is the Empire’s leader making her move."

Emily Hightower steps toward Marie.

Valentina Blaze steps too, limping but furious.

Lexi Gold closes from another angle.

Kirsty McKinney lowers her stance.

Juno Sage watches Marie’s shoulders, wrists, and hips.

Selina Santorino looks toward the drone.

Selina Santorino: "Stay wide. Betrayal gets engagement."

Marie looks at the remaining women and lifts her chin.

Marie Van Claudio: "Now you understand who leads this division."

Emily lunges.

Marie backs away, letting Valentina and Lexi collide with Emily’s path as the ring traffic saves her for a moment.

On the men’s side, the chaos continues around the women’s earthquake.

Yoshii shoves Trey Mack backward with a chest slap. Brick Bronson and Gideon Graves crash into each other again. Graham Keel watches every leg and ankle in reach. Tyger II and El Fantasma Oscuro 1 trade movement near the ropes, while Silas Grimm stays close enough to interfere with either. Hakuryu watches Tyger from across the ring. Jaxson Ryder keeps trying to get to Maxwell Jett, but Jett remains low. Mikey Unlikely battles through traffic with Scott

Stevens nearby. Savior Hawkins fights to keep his temper clean. Malachi Cross waits for the next opening.

Bobby Dean watches Marie now.

Then Jett.

Then Marie again.

Bobby Dean: "That was not nice."

John Phillips: "No, Bobby. It was not."

Bobby Dean: "A lot of people are not nice tonight."

Mark Bravo: "It’s a rumble for every championship in UTA. Nice left a long time ago."

Marie Van Claudio resets near the ropes, the boos continuing to fall on her.

She closes her eyes for half a second.

Not overwhelmed.

Savoring it.

When she opens them again, Emily Hightower is still staring at her.

Marie smiles.

Emily does not.

The countdown clock appears.

15.

14.

13.

John Phillips: "Marie Van Claudio has entered the All or Nothing Rumble to thunderous boos after the Empire reveal earlier tonight, and the Women’s Champion has eliminated Zhalia Fears, Athena Storm, Sol Azteca, and Brittany Reid!"

Mark Bravo: "Seven women remain active: Marie Van Claudio, Emily Hightower, Valentina Blaze, Lexi Gold, Juno Sage, Selina Santorino, and Kirsty McKinney. The final female remaining becomes UTA Women’s Champion, and Marie just made sure that path got a lot clearer for herself."

Crowd: "TEN! NINE! EIGHT!"

Marie Van Claudio stands with cold confidence near the ropes. Emily Hightower watches her from one side. Valentina Blaze, Lexi Gold, Juno Sage, Selina Santorino, and Kirsty McKinney remain active around them. Outside, Zhalia Fears, Athena Storm, Sol Azteca, and Brittany Reid are gone.

Crowd: "SEVEN! SIX! FIVE!"

Yoshii remains active near center with Jed Eye hyping him from ringside. Maxwell Jett stays low. El Fantasma Oscuro 1, Graham Keel, Silas Grimm, and Mikey Unlikely remain protected and active. Emily Hightower remains active. Brick Bronson, Gideon Graves, Trey Mack, Tyger II, Hakuryu, Jaxson Ryder, Tyler Cruz, Savior Hawkins, Malachi Cross, and Scott Stevens continue fighting through the chaos. Bobby Dean remains outside in the battle chair, still active, still waiting.

Crowd: "FOUR! THREE! TWO! ONE!"

The buzzer sounds.

BUZZZZZZ!

The O2 is still drowning Marie Van Claudio in hatred.

The UTA Women’s Champion has only been in the match for ninety seconds, but she has already changed the entire championship race.

Zhalia Fears is gone.

Athena Storm is gone.

Sol Azteca is gone.

Brittany Reid is gone.

Four women eliminated by Marie Van Claudio in one violent, surgical arrival.

Seven remain.

Marie Van Claudio.

Emily Hightower.

Valentina Blaze.

Lexi Gold.

Juno Sage.

Selina Santorino.

Kirsty McKinney.

Marie stands near the ropes, chin raised, the boos crashing over her like waves against stone. She does not flinch. She does not plead. She does not wear the face of a woman exposed.

She wears the face of a woman revealed.

Emily Hightower stares at her from across the ring, jaw tight, scrap-yard anger burning in her eyes. Valentina Blaze pushes herself up on one bad leg. Lexi Gold shifts carefully, trying to avoid getting caught in the immediate aftershock. Juno Sage studies Marie’s movements with sharp, cold focus. Selina Santorino orders her drone to keep filming. Kirsty McKinney lowers into a stance and looks annoyed that the entire women’s field has suddenly become a betrayal documentary.

On the men’s side, Yoshii stands near the middle, enormous and smiling, Jed Eye still hyping him from ringside. Brick Bronson and Gideon Graves continue colliding with the stubbornness of two buildings trying to occupy the same lot. Trey Mack keeps circling the heavyweights, waiting for momentum. Graham Keel stays low. Silas Grimm and El Fantasma Oscuro 1 remain aligned. Tyger II watches the masked phantom and Hakuryu in equal measure. Mikey Unlikely continues battling through the mess. Jaxson Ryder keeps trying to find Maxwell Jett, who remains low, slippery, and somehow still UTA Champion. Scott Stevens, Tyler Cruz, Savior Hawkins, and Malachi Cross are all still alive in the storm.

Outside the ring, Bobby Dean remains in the battle chair.

Still active.

Still outside.

Still watching.

The lights dim.

Indigo washes across the stage.

The roar of boos for Marie begins to shift into a lower, curious rumble as a single taiko drum rolls through The O2.

Once.

Then again.

The screen fills with falling cherry-blossom petals against a dark field of blue and violet. The petals drift slowly, almost peacefully, while the beat beneath them sharpens into something colder.

“kusa (?-ikusa-)” by WagakkiBand rises through the arena.

The name appears on the screen.

KAIDA SHIZUKA.

The crowd reacts with a mix of boos, anticipation, and genuine respect for the danger coming down the aisle.

John Phillips: "Entrant number fifty-three is Kaida Shizuka, The Silent Blade!"

Mark Bravo: "And after Marie Van Claudio just carved through four women, here comes someone who knows a thing or two about cutting people down. Kaida Shizuka is not loud, not emotional, not flashy. She is precise, and that may be exactly what this moment needs."

Kaida steps through a falling curtain of petals.

She does not rush.

She does not pose.

She appears.

Still.

Composed.

A faux katana rests at her side. She draws it slowly, not as pageantry, but as ritual. The blade glints under the indigo light before she angles it downward and lowers her head in a controlled bow.

John Phillips: "Kaida Shizuka from Osaka, Japan. A kendo prodigy turned professional wrestler, combining strong-style strikes, submissions, and a cold, disciplined focus."

Mark Bravo: "Kaida does not trash talk. She does not showboat. She does not waste motion. She picks a limb, a neck, a mistake — and then she cuts."

Kaida rises from the bow and begins walking down the ramp.

The petals continue falling behind her.

Inside the ring, Marie Van Claudio turns toward the entrance.

Her expression does not change much.

But her eyes narrow.

She understands immediately that Kaida is not Brittany Reid, not Zhalia Fears, not a loose body to suplex and toss before the field can react.

Kaida is a blade.

And Marie has just made herself the most visible target in the match.

Tyger II also turns toward the ramp.

Hakuryu does the same.

For one brief second, the ring has three very different pieces of Japanese fighting spirit in frame: Hakuryu's cold dominance, Tyger II's supernatural motion, and Kaida Shizuka's silent discipline.

John Phillips: "Look at Hakuryu and Tyger II watching Kaida's arrival."

Mark Bravo: "That is not coincidence. That is recognition. Different styles, different spirits, but they know exactly what is walking toward the ring."

Kaida reaches ringside and pauses beside Bobby Dean's battle chair.

Bobby looks up.

Kaida looks at the chair.

Then at Bobby.

She says nothing.

Bobby waits.

Still nothing.

Bobby Dean: "Hello."

Kaida gives him one small bow.

Then moves on.

Bobby Dean: "That was respectful."

Mark Bravo: "The chair is now receiving formal acknowledgment from warriors and monsters."

John Phillips: "This has become its own story."

Kaida hands the faux katana to a ringside attendant, then steps onto the apron.

Before entering, she looks down and calmly wipes the soles of her boots against the apron.

Always.

Even here.

Even in this chaos.

Then she steps through the ropes.

Both boots hit the canvas.

Kaida Shizuka is officially in the All or Nothing Rumble.

Marie Van Claudio moves first.

Not charging.

Not reckless.

Testing.

She steps toward Kaida with the cold authority of a champion who has just cleared half the field and expects the next woman to understand the message.

Marie Van Claudio: "You saw what happened."

Kaida looks at her.

No fear.

No anger.

No answer.

Just silence.

Marie Van Claudio: "Smart women move aside."

Kaida’s eyes remain on Marie’s shoulders.

Then her hips.

Then her neck.

Marie’s expression tightens.

Marie Van Claudio: "I am talking to you."

Kaida steps forward.

Shoot kick to the thigh.

SMACK.

Marie’s leg buckles slightly.

The O2 erupts.

John Phillips: "Kaida answers with a kick!"

Mark Bravo: "The Silent Blade does not debate policy, John. She cuts the base."

Marie snaps a slap toward Kaida’s face.

Kaida leans back just enough that the hand cuts through air.

Kaida steps in and fires another kick, this one to the opposite thigh.

Marie stumbles back, eyes flashing now.

Emily Hightower watches from across the ring and gives a short, ugly laugh.

Emily Hightower: "She don’t talk much, huh?"

Marie glares toward Emily for half a second.

Kaida uses that half-second.

Rolling elbow.

It catches Marie across the jaw and knocks her backward into the ropes.

John Phillips: "Rolling elbow! Kaida catches Marie Van Claudio!"

The crowd roars, wanting Marie out immediately.

Kaida steps in, trying to lift Marie toward the top rope, but Marie hooks the strand with both arms and kicks backward, catching Kaida in the ribs.

Marie turns and grabs Kaida by the head.

Snap DDT attempt.

Kaida twists free before Marie can drop.

Kaida catches the wrist and turns the arm outward, looking to start cutting at the shoulder.

Marie drives a knee into Kaida’s midsection and breaks the hold.

Then Marie shoves Kaida toward the ropes.

Kaida rebounds.

Marie looks for a clothesline.

Kaida ducks underneath and keeps running.

She springs to the middle rope.

Springboard missile dropkick.

Kaida’s boots crash into Marie’s chest, sending the Women’s Champion rolling across the mat.

John Phillips: "Springboard missile dropkick by Kaida Shizuka!"

Mark Bravo: "Marie Van Claudio came in like a queen after a purge, and Kaida just kicked the throne out from under her!"

Marie rolls toward the ropes, furious, but still active.

Emily Hightower steps toward her, but Juno Sage grabs Emily’s wrist from behind, trying to twist her into the ropes.

Emily turns with a glare and drives a forearm into Juno’s jaw.

Juno staggers but does not collapse.

Kirsty McKinney immediately shoots low toward Juno’s leg, seeing the opening, only for Lexi Gold to cut Kirsty off with a forearm.

Valentina Blaze, still limping, rushes toward Marie while she is down.

Marie sees her coming and rolls under the bottom rope and back in near the corner, not eliminated, but escaping the immediate attack.

John Phillips: "Marie Van Claudio stays alive by going low again!"

Mark Bravo: "She may be The Empire’s leader, but survival still means getting out of the way when the mob wants your head."

Valentina catches herself near the ropes, frustrated.

Kaida turns from Marie and finds Valentina in front of her.

Valentina’s bad knee is obvious now.

Kaida sees it.

Of course she does.

Valentina sees Kaida seeing it.

Valentina Blaze: "Don’t."

Kaida says nothing.

She kicks the thigh.

Valentina cries out and drops to one knee.

John Phillips: "Kaida targets Valentina’s bad leg!"

Kaida follows with another shoot kick to the thigh.

Valentina tries to swing back, but the base is gone for a second.

Kaida catches the arm and pulls Valentina forward into a sharp knee to the ribs.

Then she turns, looking to drag Valentina toward the ropes.

Lexi Gold rushes in and blasts Kaida with a forearm to break it up.

Kaida stumbles back one step.

Lexi grabs Valentina and helps pull her away from danger, though she immediately keeps one hand ready in case Valentina turns on her.

Mark Bravo: "Smart by Lexi. Save the wounded woman from elimination, but don’t trust her not to elbow you in the mouth two seconds later."

Kaida turns toward Lexi.

Lexi sets her stance.

The two women meet in the center, Kaida with measured silence and Lexi with steady confidence.

Lexi throws a forearm.

Kaida absorbs it and answers with a chop.

Lexi fires another forearm.

Kaida answers with a second chop, sharper than the first.

Lexi throws a third.

Kaida ducks, slips behind, and snaps Lexi backward with a Saito suplex.

Lexi lands hard and rolls toward the ropes, staying inside by grabbing the bottom strand.

John Phillips: "Snap Saito suplex by Kaida!"

Selina Santorino steps in behind Kaida, drone hovering, trying to take advantage while Kaida is turning from the suplex.

Selina Santorino: "You are very aesthetic, but extremely bad for audience retention."

Kaida looks at her.

Nothing.

Selina Santorino: "Say something."

Kaida kicks her in the thigh.

Selina gasps and drops to one knee.

Mark Bravo: "She did say something. With her shin."

Kaida hits the ropes, swings through, and catches Selina with a tiger feint knee that snaps the influencer sideways against the ropes.

Selina’s drone dips too low.

Kaida turns her head toward it.

The drone rises immediately.

John Phillips: "Even the Santorino Sentinel knows when to back away."

Kaida pulls Selina up and tries to dump her over the top rope.

Selina hooks both arms around the top strand and screams toward the drone.

Selina Santorino: "Do not film this angle!"

Kaida presses forward, but Juno Sage grabs Kaida from behind and twists her arm into a control position.

Kaida releases Selina and drops to one knee, turning with the pressure before Juno can fully trap her.

For a moment, the match becomes cold and technical.

Juno Sage and Kaida Shizuka trade wrist control, shoulder angles, and pressure shifts without a wasted word.

Juno reaches for the neck.

Kaida blocks.

Kaida reaches for the arm.

Juno turns.

Juno tries to force Kaida toward the ropes.

Kaida drops her weight and turns through.

John Phillips: "Juno Sage and Kaida Shizuka trading technical control in the middle of this rumble!"

Mark Bravo: "This is quiet violence with spreadsheet energy."

Kirsty McKinney watches them for half a beat.

Then she steps in and grabs both women low, attacking the base rather than choosing a side.

Kirsty McKinney: "Move."

Kirsty trips Juno’s leg out, but Kaida steps over her grip before she can be taken down.

Kirsty rises and locks eyes with Kaida.

The Silent Blade.

The Amherst grappler.

No trash talk.

No big expression.

Just two women looking for the first mistake.

Kirsty shoots low.

Kaida sprawls halfway and drives a knee into Kirsty’s shoulder.

Kirsty absorbs it and keeps her grip around the leg.

Kaida hammers down with a rolling elbow to the back of Kirsty’s neck.

Kirsty releases and rolls away, annoyed but not eliminated.

Kirsty McKinney: "Sharp."

Kaida gives the smallest bow of acknowledgment.

Kirsty looks even more annoyed that she respected it.

Marie Van Claudio rises behind Kaida.

The boos swell immediately.

Emily Hightower sees Marie moving and starts toward her, but Valentina Blaze steps into Emily's path by accident while trying to regain balance. Emily shoves past her, but the delay is enough.

Marie grabs Kaida from behind.

German suplex attempt.

Kaida hooks one leg around Marie's and blocks the lift.

Marie tries again.

Kaida drives an elbow backward into Marie's jaw.

Another.

Marie releases.

Kaida turns sharply and snaps a spinning back-kick toward Marie's face.

Silent Flash.

Marie ducks at the last possible second.

The kick catches Selina Santorino instead, who had stepped in looking for an opportunistic shot.

Selina drops backward hard, landing near the ropes.

John Phillips: "Silent Flash catches Selina Santorino!"

Mark Bravo: "Wrong target, perfect kick!"

Marie retreats again, giving herself space as Kaida turns back toward her.

Emily finally gets to Marie and swings a heavy forearm.

Marie ducks underneath and lets Emily crash forward into Kaida.

Kaida absorbs the collision but stumbles backward into the ropes.

Emily turns fast, realizing Marie used her.

Emily Hightower: "You slippery little—"

Marie snaps a slap across Emily's face.

The O2 gasps.

Emily's head turns.

Then slowly turns back.

Marie realizes immediately that may have been a mistake.

Emily Hightower: "Oh, I'm gonna enjoy that."

Emily lunges, but Marie drops low and rolls under the bottom rope and back in on the adjacent side, once again

escaping without going over the top.

John Phillips: "Marie Van Claudio keeps escaping Emily Hightower!"

Mark Bravo: "Marie is picking moments, not fights. She wants to survive the field she just enraged."

On the men’s side, Yoshii backs Trey Mack into the ropes with a huge chest slap, only for Brick Bronson to collide with Yoshii from behind. Gideon Graves then crashes into Brick. Tyger II springboards over the pile, landing near El Fantasma Oscuro 1. Silas Grimm steps between them again. Hakuryu watches from the far side, then snaps a kick into Malachi Cross as Malachi tries to cut him off.

Maxwell Jett crawls behind the entire mess, muttering to himself.

Maxwell Jett: "No one appreciates subtle championship strategy."

Jaxson Ryder hears him and grabs for his ankle.

Jett kicks free desperately and rolls toward Bobby Dean’s side again.

Bobby leans forward in the battle chair.

Bobby Dean: "Hello again."

Jett freezes.

Maxwell Jett: "Stop haunting me from a seated position!"

Before Bobby can do anything, Graham Keel’s fight with Savior Hawkins spills into the ropes between them, cutting off the lane.

Jett survives again.

Mark Bravo: "Maxwell Jett keeps surviving by traffic accidents and cowardice!"

Back with the women, Kaida Shizuka has Selina Santorino by the wrist and is dragging her toward the ropes after the Silent Flash.

Selina clings to the middle rope and shouts at the drone.

Selina Santorino: "Help me!"

The drone records.

Selina Santorino: "Not like that!"

Kaida pulls again, trying to lift her toward the top rope.

Juno Sage comes in from behind Kaida, looking to eliminate both if possible.

Kaida feels the shift and releases Selina just in time, spinning backward with a rolling elbow that catches Juno across the jaw.

Juno staggers into Kirsty McKinney.

Kirsty tries to catch and turn Juno into a leverage dump, but Juno hooks the rope and stays inside.

Valentina Blaze sees all three tangled and limps forward, trying to make the most of the pile.

Kaida turns and kicks Valentina’s bad leg again.

Valentina drops to a knee.

Kaida steps in and pops her up.

Rising Dragon.

The high-angle knee catches Valentina under the jaw.

Valentina collapses backward to the mat.

John Phillips: "Rising Dragon! Kaida Shizuka catches Valentina Blaze!"

Mark Bravo: "That knee just shut Valentina down!"

Kaida grabs Valentina and drags her toward the ropes, clearly attempting to eliminate one of the remaining women.

Lexi Gold rushes in again, trying to save Valentina or perhaps keep the field complicated enough to avoid becoming Kaida's next target.

Kaida releases Valentina and catches Lexi with a shoot kick to the thigh.

Lexi stumbles.

Marie Van Claudio appears from behind Lexi and shoves her toward Kaida, trying to create a collision.

Kaida sidesteps.

Lexi crashes into the ropes but hooks them.

Marie charges to dump Lexi.

Kaida cuts Marie off with another sharp kick to the ribs.

Marie doubles over.

Kaida hooks her head.

For one heartbeat, it looks like Kusanagi Driver may be coming.

The O2 rises.

Marie senses the danger and immediately drops dead weight, rolling through Kaida's grip and scrambling away toward the bottom rope.

John Phillips: "Marie Van Claudio escapes Kaida again!"

Mark Bravo: "The Women's Champion wants nothing to do with being planted by The Silent Blade."

Emily Hightower steps in and boots Marie in the side before she can fully get away.

The crowd roars.

Marie rolls to the ropes, clutching her ribs.

Emily reaches down to grab her, but Kaida suddenly catches Emily's arm from the side.

Emily turns.

Kaida begins threading the arm and neck, dropping low.

Sakura Clutch attempt.

John Phillips: "Kaida may be looking for the Sakura Clutch on Emily Hightower!"

Emily realizes the danger and powers out before Kaida can fully cinch the grounded cross-arm triangle choke, lifting Kaida halfway off the mat with raw strength before throwing her sideways.

Kaida rolls through and comes up on one knee.

Emily wipes her mouth and smiles meanly.

Emily Hightower: "Almost got cute."

Kaida gives her one small bow.

Emily snorts.

Emily Hightower: "Don’t bow at me."

Marie Van Claudio watches from the ropes, calculating.

Her expression says she understands the field now.

Kaida is dangerous.

Emily is furious.

The remaining women are no longer scattered prey.

They are threats.

And the Women’s Championship is still around Marie’s orbit like a blade at her own throat.

Kaida rises.

Emily steps toward her.

Marie waits near the ropes.

Valentina tries to recover from Rising Dragon.

Lexi Gold keeps her feet under her.

Juno Sage resets.

Kirsty McKinney lowers into a stance.

Selina Santorino checks if her drone caught the kick she took, then looks horrified when she realizes it probably did.

The countdown clock appears.

15.

14.

13.

John Phillips: "Kaida Shizuka has entered the All or Nothing Rumble at number fifty-three. No eliminations in this interval, but The Silent Blade immediately struck Marie Van Claudio, targeted Valentina Blaze, tangled with Juno Sage and Kirsty McKinney, and nearly trapped Emily Hightower!"

Mark Bravo: "The women’s field is down to eight now with Kaida entering: Marie Van Claudio, Emily Hightower, Valentina Blaze, Lexi Gold, Juno Sage, Selina Santorino, Kirsty McKinney, and Kaida Shizuka. The final female remaining becomes UTA Women’s Champion, and Marie no longer looks like the only predator in the ring."

Crowd: "TEN! NINE! EIGHT!"

Kaida Shizuka stands near center, calm and silent. Emily Hightower stares her down. Marie Van Claudio watches both women from near the ropes. Valentina Blaze, Lexi Gold, Juno Sage, Selina Santorino, and Kirsty McKinney remain active around them.

Crowd: "SEVEN! SIX! FIVE!"

Yoshii remains active near center with Jed Eye at ringside. Maxwell Jett stays low. El Fantasma Oscuro 1, Graham Keel, Silas Grimm, and Mikey Unlikely remain protected and active. Brick Bronson, Gideon Graves, Trey Mack, Tyger II, Hakuryu, Jaxson Ryder, Tyler Cruz, Savior Hawkins, Malachi Cross, and Scott Stevens continue fighting through the chaos. Bobby Dean remains outside in the battle chair, still active, still waiting.

Crowd: "FOUR! THREE! TWO! ONE!"

The buzzer sounds.

BUZZZZZZ!

Kaida Shizuka has entered and brought discipline into a women's field that had just been savaged by Marie Van Claudio. The Silent Blade stands near center, calm, unreadable, still breathing as if the entire All or Nothing Rumble is simply another measured exchange.

Marie Van Claudio is near the ropes, the UTA Women's Championship no longer around her waist but still orbiting every movement she makes. The boos have not stopped. They may never stop. Emily Hightower watches her with the kind of anger that does not need speed. Valentina Blaze struggles back to a knee after the Rising Dragon. Lexi Gold shakes out her thigh. Juno Sage studies everyone. Kirsty McKinney stays low. Selina Santorino checks the drone footage of the kick she definitely did not want anyone to see.

The women's race is now tighter, meaner, and far more dangerous.

Marie Van Claudio.

Emily Hightower.

Valentina Blaze.

Lexi Gold.

Juno Sage.

Selina Santorino.

Kirsty McKinney.

Kaida Shizuka.

Eight women remain active.

One will become UTA Women's Champion.

On the men's side, Yoshii is still a mountain in motion, Jed Eye still pacing at ringside and screaming about Godzilla like the entire O2 is legally required to agree. Brick Bronson and Gideon Graves keep finding each other. Trey Mack keeps hunting openings around the heavyweights. Graham Keel stays protected and low. Silas Grimm and El Fantasma Oscuro 1 remain aligned. Tyger II watches the shadows. Hakuryu remains composed. Mikey Unlikely fights through the middle. Jaxson Ryder keeps trying to get to Maxwell Jett, who is still low, still slippery, still surviving in ways that make everyone in London angrier.

Bobby Dean remains outside in the battle chair.

Still active.

Still watching Maxwell.

Still waiting.

Then the building changes again.

The lights snap into sharp white spotlights that sweep across The O2 like a red-carpet premiere.

One spotlight cuts through the crowd.

Another sweeps the ramp.

Another hits the stage.

A glam-rock riff with modern kick drums blasts through the speakers, bright and loud enough to feel like somebody just kicked open the door to the future.

The video wall flashes clips from Proving Grounds.

Training.

Pressure.

Eliminations.

Confessionals.

One man surviving week after week until the final image freezes on him holding a UTA contract.

The screen explodes in gold letters.

DARREN VALIANT.

Underneath:

THE SPOTLIGHT SPECIALIST.

The O2 reacts with a loud, curious, excited roar.

John Phillips: "Entrant number fifty-four is Darren Valiant!"

Mark Bravo: "And this is a huge moment! Darren Valiant just won Proving Grounds to secure his UTA contract, and now his official debut is happening in the All or Nothing Rumble!"

John Phillips: "Think about that pressure. Your first official night under contract, and you walk into a seventy-person rumble with every championship in UTA on the line."

Mark Bravo: "Pressure? That man probably calls it lighting."

Darren Valiant steps through the curtain in a sleeveless jacket, jaw set, chin high, walking like the spotlight did not find him by accident.

It was summoned.

He pauses on the stage and points to himself.

Then he points to the ring.

Like he is claiming real estate.

The crowd noise rises, and Darren smirks like he knew it would.

Darren Valiant: "This is mine now!"

The O2 gives him a louder reaction, mixed but leaning into the moment. There is confidence in him, bordering on obnoxious, but there is also something underneath it.

A chip on the shoulder.

A man who had to win his way here.

A man who knows the camera is on and refuses to blink first.

John Phillips: "Darren Valiant calls himself The Spotlight Specialist. Flash technician, athletic striker, razor-sharp timing, and a wrestler who can sell with his whole body before exploding into a sudden counter."

Mark Bravo: "That is what made him stand out on Proving Grounds. He gives you hope. He lets you think you’ve got him. Then bang — dropkick, neckbreaker, superkick, reverse DDT, and suddenly the highlight belongs to him."

Darren begins down the ramp.

Halfway down, he stops.

He snaps into a quick shadow-boxing combo.

Left.

Right.

Duck.

Step.

Then he plants and throws a perfect superkick pose as the lights flash like cameras.

The crowd pops.

Darren Valiant: "Flashbulb moment, London!"

He keeps walking and reaches ringside near Bobby Dean.

Bobby looks up from the battle chair.

Darren looks down at him.

Then at the chair.

Then back at Bobby.

Darren Valiant: "You’ve been out here the whole time?"

Bobby Dean: "Still active."

Darren grins.

Darren Valiant: "That’s not lazy. That’s timing."

Bobby nods deeply, as if Darren has finally articulated the battle chair philosophy in language the world can understand.

Bobby Dean: "Timing."

Mark Bravo: "The battle chair has another believer."

John Phillips: "At this point, Bobby Dean has built a coalition."

Darren turns to the ring, slides in clean, and pops to his feet instantly.

Both arms go wide.

He smirks as the crowd noise rises again.

Because he knew it would.

Darren Valiant is officially in the All or Nothing Rumble.

And Tyler Cruz is the first to test him.

Tyler comes flying off the ropes, red rocket energy still alive even after being thrown, clipped, kicked, and nearly flattened by half the field. He rushes Darren with a forearm.

Darren takes it clean across the jaw.

His head snaps back violently.

He stumbles two full steps, arms loose, eyes wide, selling the shot like it might have separated him from his soul.

Mark Bravo: "Whoa! Tyler caught him!"

Tyler charges again.

Darren suddenly springs to life.

Picture-perfect dropkick.

Tyler is knocked backward into the ropes, arms flying over the top strand to catch himself.

John Phillips: "There is that snap athleticism from Darren Valiant!"

Mark Bravo: "He made Tyler think he had him rocked, then popped him right in the chest!"

Darren kips up with a smirk and points to the hard camera.

Darren Valiant: "Spotlight found me!"

Savior Hawkins rushes in from the side, still emotionally charged after fighting off Graham Keel’s bait all match.

Darren turns just in time to eat a flying forearm.

He sells big again, spinning backward into the ropes and draping himself dramatically over the top strand.

Savior steps forward.

Darren suddenly snaps off the ropes and catches him with a jumping elbow drop-style strike across the back of the neck as Savior dips too low.

Savior staggers.

Darren grabs him.

Snap neckbreaker.

Savior hits the mat hard.

John Phillips: "Snap neckbreaker by Darren Valiant!"

Mark Bravo: "That is the Valiant rhythm. Sell, survive, snap the switch."

Graham Keel sees Savior down and immediately moves toward the ankle again.

Darren sees Keel before Keel reaches it.

He cuts him off with a sharp superkick to the chest.

Keel staggers backward, protected but annoyed.

Darren Valiant: "Not your highlight."

Graham Keel looks at him with cold irritation.

Graham Keel: "New variables overestimate themselves."

Darren points to himself.

Darren Valiant: "This variable just got signed."

Keel steps forward, but Trey Mack crashes through the lane, smashing into Gideon Graves and forcing Keel to pivot away from Darren before the exchange can continue.

Yoshii laughs loudly and chest-slaps Trey Mack, sending him stumbling sideways into Brick Bronson. Brick fires back at Yoshii. Gideon clubs Brick. The heavyweight corner becomes a dangerous traffic jam again.

Darren watches the collision, eyes widening.

Darren Valiant: "Okay. Big cast."

Tyger II flashes past him, chasing El Fantasma Oscuro 1's movement near the ropes. Silas Grimm cuts Tyger off with a palm strike. Darren ducks under both of them, narrowly avoiding being caught in the masked-war lane.

El Fantasma lands near Darren, silent and low.

Darren looks at him.

Darren Valiant: "Great mask. Terrible vibe."

El Fantasma springs forward.

Darren dodges, taking the dropkick mostly on the shoulder and selling it huge, flipping backward to the mat and rolling through to the corner.

He pops up in the corner with both hands raised like he meant to land there.

Darren Valiant: "Still good!"

Mark Bravo: "Did he get hit or did he choreograph that?"

John Phillips: "With Darren Valiant, maybe both."

Mikey Unlikely crosses in front of him, battling Malachi Cross with quick shots and veteran balance. Darren steps beside Mikey for half a second, and the two babyfaces look at Malachi.

Darren Valiant: "Big scary guy?"

Mikey Unlikely: "Usually, bruv."

Darren Valiant: "Cool."

Darren and Mikey both fire forearms into Malachi.

Malachi absorbs one.

Then the other.

He staggers one step.

Darren hits the ropes for another shot, but Malachi catches him with a knee to the ribs that flips him sideways in an ugly, dramatic bump.

Darren rolls all the way across the mat, landing near the ropes and clutching his stomach.

John Phillips: "Malachi Cross just turned Darren Valiant inside out with that knee!"

Mark Bravo: "That kid sells like he owes gravity money!"

Mikey Unlikely catches Malachi with a hard shot before Malachi can follow, keeping Darren from being immediately

tossed.

Darren coughs, pulls himself up, and smirks through the pain.

Darren Valiant: "Okay. Felt that."

On the women’s side, Marie Van Claudio tries to use the men’s chaos to sneak behind Valentina Blaze, but Kaida Shizuka cuts her path off with a low kick to the thigh.

Marie turns sharply toward Kaida, furious.

Emily Hightower steps in behind Marie.

Marie senses it and immediately moves away, slipping between Lexi Gold and Juno Sage before Emily can grab her.

Emily Hightower: "You keep runnin’."

Marie looks back over her shoulder.

Marie Van Claudio: "I keep leading."

Emily lunges, but Juno Sage catches Emily’s arm again. Emily turns and blasts Juno with a forearm. Kirsty McKinney shoots low at Emily’s leg, but Kaida steps over Kirsty and lands a sharp kick to Selina Santorino’s ribs as Selina tries to sneak around the outside of the women’s cluster.

Selina stumbles into the ropes, drone hovering too close again.

Selina Santorino: "Wide shot! Wide shot!"

Valentina Blaze, still limping, sees Selina caught against the ropes and rushes her.

Selina drops low and pulls the rope just enough to make Valentina stop herself short, the bad leg nearly giving way.

Kaida immediately attacks Valentina’s thigh again with a shoot kick.

Valentina drops to one knee with a cry.

John Phillips: "Valentina Blaze is in trouble. That leg has taken so much punishment tonight!"

Marie sees Valentina down.

The Women’s Champion moves fast.

She grabs Valentina from behind and snaps her backward with a German suplex.

Valentina lands hard and rolls toward the ropes.

Marie follows immediately.

Emily Hightower tries to cut her off, but Lexi Gold collides with Emily in the scramble and slows her down.

Marie grabs Valentina by the hair and tights, dragging her up.

John Phillips: "Marie Van Claudio may be looking for another elimination!"

Valentina throws one desperate forearm.

Marie absorbs it.

Valentina throws another.

Marie ducks and pulls Valentina into position.

Montreal Spinout.

Valentina hits the mat and rolls dazed toward the ropes.

Marie yanks her up and dumps her over the top rope.

Valentina lands on the apron, clinging to the top strand, bad leg trembling.

The crowd rises.

Kaida steps in, perhaps to finish the leg.

Emily steps in, perhaps to stop Marie.

Marie gets there first.

She drives a sharp forearm into Valentina’s jaw.

Valentina’s grip breaks.

She falls backward to the floor.

Both feet hit.

The official points.

Ring Announcer: "Valentina Blaze has been eliminated!"

John Phillips: "Valentina Blaze is gone! Marie Van Claudio eliminates another woman!"

Mark Bravo: "Kaida did damage to the leg, and Marie picked the bones clean. The Women’s Champion is ruthless tonight!"

The boos return in full force.

Marie leans against the ropes and looks down at Valentina with cold satisfaction.

Emily Hightower grabs Marie from behind before she can escape.

The crowd explodes.

John Phillips: "Emily has Marie!"

Marie’s eyes go wide for the first time since entering.

Emily spins her around and drives a forearm into her jaw.

Another.

Another.

Marie staggers backward into the corner, covering up as Emily unloads with heavy scrap-yard shots.

Emily Hightower: "You wanted to lead? Lead this!"

Emily drives a shoulder into Marie’s ribs.

Then another.

Marie slumps in the corner, protected from elimination only by the fact Emily wants to hurt her before throwing her.

Kaida watches from a few feet away, calm and ready, waiting for the moment when either woman exposes a limb.

Back on the men’s side, Darren Valiant is pulling himself up near the ropes when Scott Stevens steps into his path.

The General Manager has been fighting for a long time, sweat pouring, knuckles bruised, eyes still sharp.

Darren looks him up and down.

Darren Valiant: "You’re Scott Stevens."

Scott Stevens: "And you’re new."

Darren Valiant: "Officially."

Stevens throws a right hand.

Darren takes it huge, spinning halfway around and stumbling into the ropes.

Stevens moves in to press him over.

Darren suddenly springs off the ropes, slipping behind Stevens with a Flash Counter.

Valiant Shift.

The jumping reverse DDT snaps Stevens down hard to the mat.

John Phillips: "Valiant Shift! Darren Valiant just caught Scott Stevens out of nowhere!"

Mark Bravo: "That is exactly what his profile said! He makes you think he’s hurt, then he steals the moment before you can square your hips!"

Darren rolls through, eyes wide, adrenaline taking over.

He grabs Stevens and pulls him up, struggling against the veteran’s weight and exhaustion but using the momentum of the moment.

Stevens is dazed.

Darren backs up.

Spotlight Kick.

The superkick snaps Stevens backward into the ropes.

Stevens rebounds weakly.

Darren charges and clotheslines him over the top rope.

Stevens flips over and drops to the floor.

Both feet hit.

The official points.

Ring Announcer: "Scott Stevens has been eliminated!"

John Phillips: "Scott Stevens is gone! Darren Valiant eliminates the General Manager!"

Mark Bravo: "What a debut moment! Darren Valiant just walked into his first official UTA match and eliminated Scott Stevens!"

Darren stumbles backward from the effort and nearly collapses, catching himself on the ropes at the last second.

He looks down at Stevens on the floor.

Then looks at his own hands.

The confidence returns slowly.

He turns to the hard camera and points to himself again.

Darren Valiant: "Contract signed. Moment stolen."

The crowd gives him a big reaction, impressed whether they want to be or not.

Maxwell Jett, still low nearby, looks at Darren with sudden concern.

Maxwell Jett: "Absolutely not. No new people with momentum."

Darren turns toward him.

Darren Valiant: "Champion, right?"

Jett immediately starts crawling backward.

Maxwell Jett: "Emotionally, no."

Darren moves toward him, but Jaxson Ryder cuts across from the opposite side, also trying to grab Jett.

For one second, Darren and Jaxson both reach for Maxwell.

Jett drops completely flat between them, and Tyler Cruz comes flying off the ropes, accidentally crashing into Darren and Jaxson both.

The three babyfaces spill sideways in a heap, and Maxwell rolls away again.

Maxwell Jett: "Protected by friendship!"

Mark Bravo: "He cannot keep getting away with this!"

Bobby Dean watches from outside, hands tightening over the controls.

Bobby Dean: "He keeps getting away."

John Phillips: "He does."

Bobby Dean: "The chair has noticed."

Inside, Darren pushes himself back up, still recovering from the collision with Tyler and Jaxson. He turns around and walks straight into Yoshii.

The size difference is immediate and ridiculous.

Darren looks up.

Yoshii looks down.

Darren Valiant: "Big debut test."

Yoshii smiles.

Yoshii: "Yoshii!"

Yoshii throws a chest slap.

Darren takes it with his entire body, flying backward like he has been hit by weather. He crashes into the mat, rolls, and ends up seated in the corner, eyes wide.

Darren Valiant: "Yep. Big."

Jed Eye points from ringside, howling.

Jed Eye: "Welcome to the big leagues, kid! Literally!"

Darren pulls himself up, grinning through the pain, already selling, already alive, already aware that every camera in the building saw the slap and his survival of it.

Yoshii turns back into Brick Bronson and Gideon Graves, and the monster collision resumes.

The countdown clock appears.

15.

14.

13.

John Phillips: "Darren Valiant has entered the All or Nothing Rumble at number fifty-four, fresh off winning Proving Grounds to secure his UTA contract. Valentina Blaze has been eliminated by Marie Van Claudio, and Scott Stevens has been eliminated by Darren Valiant!"

Mark Bravo: "That is one hell of a debut interval. Valiant arrived, brought the flash, snapped off the counters, saved Savior from Graham Keel for a second, hit Valiant Shift on Scott Stevens, and eliminated the General Manager. Then Yoshii slapped him halfway back to Proving Grounds."

Crowd: "TEN! NINE! EIGHT!"

Darren Valiant resets near the corner, breathing hard but smirking. Maxwell Jett stays low. Bobby Dean watches from the battle chair. Yoshii remains active near center with Jed Eye at ringside. El Fantasma Oscuro 1, Graham Keel, Silas Grimm, and Mikey Unlikely remain protected and active. Brick Bronson, Gideon Graves, Trey Mack, Tyger II, Hakuryu, Jaxson Ryder, Tyler Cruz, Savior Hawkins, Malachi Cross, and Maxwell Jett continue fighting through the chaos.

Crowd: "SEVEN! SIX! FIVE!"

The Women’s Championship field has narrowed again: Marie Van Claudio, Emily Hightower, Lexi Gold, Juno Sage, Selina Santorino, Kirsty McKinney, and Kaida Shizuka remain active. Valentina Blaze is gone.

Emily Hightower has Marie trapped in the corner for the moment, but Marie remains active. Kaida watches both. The final female remaining becomes UTA Women’s Champion.

Crowd: "FOUR! THREE! TWO! ONE!"

The buzzer sounds.

BUZZZZZZ!

Darren Valiant is still near the corner, one hand on his chest after Yoshii’s thunderous slap, smirking through the pain because the cameras are still on and he knows exactly what that means.

Scott Stevens is gone.

Valentina Blaze is gone.

Marie Van Claudio has narrowed the Women’s Championship field again, and Emily Hightower still has her trapped in the corner for the moment, throwing heavy, angry shots into the woman who revealed herself earlier tonight as the true leader of The Empire.

Marie covers up, ducking, slipping, surviving. Emily’s forearms keep landing anyway, each one heavier than the last.

Emily Hightower: "You like playin’ leader? Huh? You like givin’ orders?"

Marie tries to roll away, but Emily catches her by the shoulder and shoves her back into the turnbuckles.

Kaida Shizuka watches from a few steps away, calm and unreadable, waiting for either woman to give her the wrong angle. Lexi Gold and Juno Sage are tangled near the ropes. Kirsty McKinney keeps trying to drag someone’s base out from under them. Selina Santorino is checking on the Santorino Sentinel drone, which continues to film every unflattering moment she wishes it would forget.

On the men’s side, Yoshii continues to dominate the landscape. Jed Eye circles at ringside, screaming hype at anyone

with ears. Brick Bronson and Gideon Graves are still battling like a pair of industrial accidents. Trey Mack keeps throwing himself into heavy traffic. Tyger II and El Fantasma Oscuro 1 flicker around each other with Silas Grimm never far away. Graham Keel keeps searching for ankles and wrists. Mikey Unlikely remains active, moving through traffic with veteran timing. Maxwell Jett remains low and hated. Jaxson Ryder continues trying to find him. Tyler Cruz and Savior Hawkins keep pushing through exhaustion. Hakuryu waits with cold patience. Malachi Cross lingers near the shadows.

Outside the ring, Bobby Dean remains in the battle chair.

Still active.

Still watching.

Still waiting.

Then the lights shift.

Not bright.

Not flashy.

Not heroic.

The entrance ramp darkens into a hard, dirty red.

The opening of “The Outsiders” by Eric Church hits again, but this time it feels different than Emily’s arrival earlier in the night.

Slower.

Meaner.

Heavier.

The O2 begins to boo before the name even appears.

The video wall shows grainy footage of chain links, rusted truck metal, headlights through dust, and the Hightower red logo burning across black.

Then the name appears.

DAVID HIGHTOWER.

The boos rise.

John Phillips: "Oh, come on."

Mark Bravo: "Entrant number fifty-five is David Hightower!"

John Phillips: "Emily Hightower’s father is entering the All or Nothing Rumble!"

Mark Bravo: "And John, look at Emily!"

The camera cuts into the ring.

Emily Hightower stops mid-forearm.

Her fist is still pulled back.

Marie Van Claudio is still in the corner.

But Emily’s eyes have gone to the stage.

David Hightower steps through the curtain.

No Buck.

No Dakota.

No family pack tonight.

Just David.

Calm.

Still.

Unsmiling.

He does not rush into the moment.

He lets the moment come to him.

John Phillips: "David Hightower has been a looming figure around Emily’s recent transformation. He was there in Spain. He was there when Emily and Sol Azteca tore each other apart in that Tow Chain Match. And now he is here, not at ringside, not managing, but as an entrant."

Mark Bravo: "This family doesn’t do anything by accident. If David Hightower is walking into this match, there is a reason."

David starts down the ramp.

Every step is measured.

He does not acknowledge the fans booing him.

He does not bark back.

He does not perform.

He simply walks.

Inside the ring, Emily slowly lowers her fist.

Marie sees it.

Marie’s eyes shift from Emily to David and back again.

She smiles from the corner.

Marie Van Claudio: "Family complications?"

Emily snaps her head back toward Marie and blasts her with a forearm anyway.

The crowd pops.

Emily Hightower: "Shut up."

But the hit does not have the same rhythm now.

Because David is coming.

At ringside, Bobby Dean watches him approach.

David stops beside the battle chair.

Bobby looks up.

David looks down.

There is a long pause.

Bobby Dean: "Hello."

David says nothing.

He looks at the chair.

Then back at Bobby.

David Hightower: "Smartest man in the match."

Bobby’s eyes widen.

David walks past him toward the steps.

Bobby Dean: "He gets it too."

Mark Bravo: "The battle chair has officially crossed into psychological warfare."

John Phillips: "David Hightower calling Bobby Dean the smartest man in the match may be the most unsettling endorsement yet."

David climbs the steel steps.

Slowly.

Deliberately.

He steps onto the apron, one hand on the top rope.

Emily turns fully now, leaving Marie in the corner.

Father and daughter lock eyes.

David steps through the ropes.

Both boots hit the canvas.

David Hightower is officially in the All or Nothing Rumble.

And Emily Hightower has not moved.

John Phillips: "Look at Emily. She was tearing into Marie Van Claudio, and now everything has changed."

Mark Bravo: "Because David walking into the ring is not just another entrant for Emily. That is blood. That is judgment. That is influence. That is every question about who Emily Hightower is becoming standing right in front of her."

David walks toward Emily.

Marie Van Claudio quietly slides away from the corner, using the family tension to escape.

Kaida Shizuka sees it and tracks Marie immediately, but Marie keeps the ropes close.

Emily watches her father approach.

Emily Hightower: "What are you doin’ here?"

David stops a few feet away.

David Hightower: "Same thing you are."

Emily’s jaw tightens.

Emily Hightower: "I don’t need help."

David’s expression does not change.

David Hightower: "Didn’t offer any."

That lands differently.

Emily stares at him, searching his face for something she does not find.

Approval.

Concern.

Instruction.

Anything.

David gives her only stillness.

David Hightower: "Survive it."

Emily’s eyes narrow.

David Hightower: "Then finish it."

The O2 boos loudly, remembering that same cold guidance from the Sol Azteca war.

John Phillips: "Those words again."

Mark Bravo: "That is David Hightower’s whole philosophy in two sentences."

Emily takes one step closer.

Emily Hightower: "I decide what I finish."

David nods once.

David Hightower: "Then decide."

Before Emily can answer, Marie Van Claudio rushes from behind David, trying to take advantage of the moment and shove him into Emily, maybe create a collision, maybe open space to escape both.

David senses her coming.

He does not turn quickly.

He turns just enough.

Marie’s hands hit his back.

David barely moves.

Marie’s eyes widen.

Marie Van Claudio: "Move."

David slowly turns toward her.

David Hightower: "No."

Emily steps beside him.

For the first time tonight, Marie Van Claudio looks like she might have miscalculated.

Emily grabs Marie by the wrist.

David grabs Marie by the other arm.

The O2 rises.

John Phillips: "The Hightowers have Marie Van Claudio!"

Marie tries to kick free, but Emily drives a knee into her ribs.

David clubs her across the back with one heavy forearm.

Marie drops to one knee, still protected, still active, but suddenly trapped between two Hightowers.

Kaida Shizuka steps toward the scene, calm and ready, but Juno Sage catches Kaida's wrist from the side and pulls her into a technical struggle before she can attack Marie.

That leaves Emily and David alone with Marie for one more second.

Emily looks down at Marie.

Emily Hightower: "You got real quiet."

David looks at Emily.

David Hightower: "Finish it."

Emily hesitates.

Not long.

Just enough.

Marie twists her wrist free from David and drops low, rolling under the bottom rope and back in near the adjacent side, not eliminated, once again escaping because hesitation gave her a lane.

Emily turns sharply, furious.

David watches her.

David Hightower: "That was your choice."

Emily steps toward him, anger rising.

Emily Hightower: "Don't start with me."

Before the family tension can explode, Yoshii crashes into the frame.

Not intentionally.

Nothing about Yoshii moving in a crowded ring is gentle.

He backs Trey Mack into David, and David stumbles forward into Emily.

Emily shoves her father back on instinct.

David looks at her.

She looks at him.

For a second, the Hightower family almost becomes its own fight.

Then Tyler Cruz springboards into the scene.

Tyler catches David with a dropkick to the shoulder, rocking him backward toward the ropes.

John Phillips: "Tyler Cruz catches David Hightower!"

Tyler lands and rushes again, trying to capitalize before David can find his base.

David grabs him out of the air.

No flourish.

No theatrics.

Just catches him.

Tyler’s eyes go wide.

Tyler Cruz: "Oh."

David drives him down with a rough spinebuster that rattles the canvas.

Mark Bravo: "David Hightower just planted Tyler Cruz!"

Tyler arches off the mat, grabbing at his back.

David pulls him up immediately and hurls him toward the ropes.

Tyler rebounds and tries one more burst, leaping for an enzuigiri.

David ducks underneath.

Tyler lands awkwardly near the ropes.

David grabs him by the back of the neck and the waistband.

Tyler grabs the top rope with both hands.

Darren Valiant rushes over, perhaps to save the fellow babyface, perhaps to take his own shot at David.

David kicks backward into Darren’s midsection, stopping him cold.

Then David yanks Tyler’s hands loose and throws him over the top rope.

Tyler Cruz crashes to the floor.

Both feet hit.

The official points.

Ring Announcer: "Tyler Cruz has been eliminated!"

John Phillips: "Tyler Cruz is gone! David Hightower eliminates Tyler Cruz!"

Mark Bravo: "That was cold, efficient, and nasty. David Hightower got tested by speed and answered with a spinebuster and a toss."

Darren Valiant, still doubled over from the kick, tries to spring up anyway.

He sells the pain huge, clutching his stomach like the boot nearly cut him in half, then suddenly pops upright and throws a Spotlight Kick toward David.

David catches the leg.

The O2 reacts.

Darren’s eyes widen.

Darren Valiant: "That usually works."

David shoves Darren backward with enough force to send him crashing into Malachi Cross.

Malachi catches Darren with a forearm to the back of the head, dropping the Proving Grounds winner to one knee.

Darren rolls away before Malachi can grab him, still active but rattled.

John Phillips: "Darren Valiant survives, but David Hightower shut down that Spotlight Kick!"

Emily watches her father flatten the flow of the match, and for a moment there is something in her face she does not want there.

Recognition.

Maybe pride.

Maybe anger that the pride exists.

Marie Van Claudio sees it from near the ropes.

Marie Van Claudio: "There it is."

Emily turns toward her sharply.

Marie Van Claudio: "Every empire starts with family, doesn't it?"

Emily lunges for her, but Marie ducks behind Lexi Gold, using Lexi as a shield. Lexi turns, irritated, and catches Marie with a forearm to the jaw before Marie can fully hide.

The crowd pops.

John Phillips: "Lexi Gold catches Marie!"

Lexi grabs Marie and tries to force her toward the ropes.

Emily moves to help, but David steps into the lane, not blocking Emily directly, but occupying space in a way that changes her path.

Emily stops.

Emily Hightower: "Move."

David looks at her.

David Hightower: "Make me."

The crowd reacts loudly.

Mark Bravo: "Oh boy."

Emily steps closer to her father, fists clenched.

For a second, it looks like she might actually swing at him.

Then Kaida Shizuka blasts Marie from the side with a shoot kick, breaking Lexi's hold and sending Marie rolling away again.

The moment between Emily and David breaks apart, but not cleanly.

It leaves something in the air.

On the men's side, Yoshii turns and sees David.

The two men stare at each other.

Yoshii smiles first.

Yoshii: "Hightower!"

David looks up at the massive former champion.

David Hightower: "Big."

Yoshii laughs.

Yoshii: "Yoshii!"

Yoshii steps forward and throws a chest slap.

David takes it and stumbles back hard into the ropes, one hand immediately going to his chest.

The O2 roars.

John Phillips: "Yoshii with a massive chest slap to David Hightower!"

David’s face tightens.

Yoshii goes for another.

David ducks under this one and drives a short punch into Yoshii’s ribs.

Yoshii grunts, more surprised than hurt.

David hits another body shot.

Then another.

Jed Eye starts shouting from ringside.

Jed Eye: "Hey! Hey! Don’t punch Godzilla in the breadbasket!"

Yoshii shoves David backward with both hands.

David hits the ropes and rebounds into a huge shoulder block from Yoshii that knocks him flat.

Mark Bravo: "David Hightower found out there are some problems you cannot intimidate."

Yoshii turns and catches Savior Hawkins rushing past, scooping him up with one arm as Savior attempts a flying forearm toward Graham Keel.

Savior fights in the air, desperately trying to twist free.

Jaxson Ryder rushes in to help him.

Yoshii swings Savior outward, knocking Jaxson backward with Savior’s legs.

Then Yoshii drops Savior with a huge side slam.

Savior rolls toward the ropes, stunned.

Graham Keel immediately moves in for the ankle again.

Darren Valiant cuts Keel off this time with a picture-perfect dropkick that sends Keel backward into the corner.

Darren Valiant: "Still not your highlight!"

Keel glares at Darren, but before he can answer, Tyger II flashes in with a kick to Keel’s ribs, forcing The Hold Architect to cover up and stay protected near the ropes.

El Fantasma Oscuro 1 springboards toward Tyger, but Silas Grimm pulls the lane open in a way that sends Tyger stumbling near Malachi Cross instead.

Malachi catches Tyger with a knee to the ribs.

Hakuryu steps in and cracks Malachi with a kick to the chest.

The ring keeps folding into itself.

But David Hightower gets back up.

Slowly.

Calmly.

He does not chase Yoshii.

He does not rush.

He finds the closest vulnerable body.

Selina Santorino.

She is standing near the ropes, telling her drone to circle wider after Kaida’s earlier attack.

Selina Santorino: "No, not from below. I said never from below."

David steps behind her.

The crowd buzzes.

Selina turns and sees him.

Selina Santorino: "You are not in my shot."

David grabs her by the back of the neck.

David Hightower: "Am now."

Selina tries to swing a forearm, but David blocks it, turns her, and shoves her chest-first into the ropes.

Selina hooks the top strand, shouting for the drone.

Selina Santorino: "Help!"

The drone continues filming.

Selina Santorino: "Not content help!"

David lifts from behind.

Selina kicks, clings, and screams.

Juno Sage steps toward David, perhaps trying to attack the exposed arm, but Emily Hightower suddenly intercepts Juno with a forearm.

Emily does not even seem to think about it.

She just keeps Juno off her father.

Then she realizes what she did.

David notices too.

The moment hangs for one breath.

Then David powers Selina over the top rope.

Selina lands on the apron, still holding on.

The Santorino Sentinel dips toward her face.

Selina Santorino: "Do not film panic!"

Kaida Shizuka steps in with a sharp kick to Selina’s hands.

Selina loses her grip.

She falls from the apron.

Both feet hit the floor.

The official points.

Ring Announcer: "Selina Santorino has been eliminated!"

John Phillips: "Selina Santorino is gone! David Hightower forced her to the apron, and Kaida Shizuka finished the elimination!"

Mark Bravo: "The drone got it all. Unfortunately for Selina, so did the referee."

Selina sits on the floor, stunned and furious, looking up at the drone.

Selina Santorino: "Delete it."

The drone hovers.

It does not delete anything.

Inside the ring, the women’s field has narrowed again.

Marie Van Claudio.

Emily Hightower.

Lexi Gold.

Juno Sage.

Kirsty McKinney.

Kaida Shizuka.

Six women remain active.

One will become UTA Women’s Champion.

Marie watches the elimination from the ropes, eyes calculating again.

Emily watches David.

David watches Emily.

The entire Hightower story is suddenly inside the match now, not outside it.

Kirsty McKinney sees the look between them and rolls her eyes.

Kirsty McKinney: "Family wrestling is inefficient."

She shoots low at David’s leg.

David almost gets caught, but he sprawls heavy enough to block the first attempt and clubs Kirsty across the back.

Kirsty drops to one knee, then immediately reaches again, stubborn and annoyed.

Emily steps in like she might hit Kirsty too.

Kaida cuts Emily off with a kick to the thigh.

Emily turns toward Kaida.

Marie steps behind Lexi Gold.

Juno Sage tries to trap Marie’s wrist.

The women’s field becomes a compact, dangerous knot.

On the men’s side, David pushes up from Kirsty’s attempt and turns directly into Brick Bronson.

Brick stares at him.

David stares back.

Brick Bronson: "You in my way."

David Hightower: "So move me."

Brick throws a forearm.

David throws one back.

Brick’s is heavier.

David’s is nastier.

Brick throws another.

David answers with a body shot.

Brick rocks him with a short lariat that staggers David sideways into the ropes, but David hooks the top strand to stay upright.

Gideon Graves crashes into Brick from behind, ending the exchange before it can settle.

John Phillips: "David Hightower and Brick Bronson trading shots for a moment, but Gideon Graves breaks it up!"

Yoshii barrels into the whole group next, and everyone scatters except Brick and Gideon, who absorb enough of the collision to keep the chaos centered.

Darren Valiant sees David rocked near the ropes and charges.

Darren leaps for a jumping DDT variation.

David shoves him off mid-air.

Darren lands on his back, sells the landing dramatically, then rolls toward the ropes and pops up again with stubborn babyface energy.

Darren Valiant: "Still here."

David nods once.

David Hightower: "For now."

The countdown clock appears.

15.

14.

13.

John Phillips: "David Hightower has entered the All or Nothing Rumble at number fifty-five. Tyler Cruz has been eliminated by David Hightower, and Selina Santorino has been eliminated after David forced her to the apron and

Kaida Shizuka knocked her loose!"

Mark Bravo: "David Hightower walked in and immediately changed Emily's headspace, shut down Darren Valiant, eliminated Tyler Cruz, helped thin the Women's Championship field, and added a whole new family complication to an already dangerous match."

Crowd: "TEN! NINE! EIGHT!"

David Hightower resets near the ropes, eyes occasionally cutting to Emily. Emily Hightower remains active, caught between Marie Van Claudio, Kaida Shizuka, and the presence of her father. Marie remains protected and active. Lexi Gold, Juno Sage, Kirsty McKinney, and Kaida Shizuka remain in the Women's Championship race. Selina Santorino is gone.

Crowd: "SEVEN! SIX! FIVE!"

Yoshii remains active near center with Jed Eye at ringside. Maxwell Jett stays low. El Fantasma Oscuro 1, Graham Keel, Silas Grimm, and Mikey Unlikely remain protected and active. Brick Bronson, Gideon Graves, Trey Mack, Tyger II, Hakuryu, Jaxson Ryder, Savior Hawkins, Malachi Cross, Darren Valiant, and David Hightower continue fighting through the chaos.

Outside the ring, Bobby Dean remains in the battle chair.

Still active.

Still outside.

Still waiting.

Still watching Maxwell Jett.

Crowd: "FOUR! THREE! TWO! ONE!"

The buzzer sounds.

BUZZZZZZ!

David Hightower has added another layer of unease to the All or Nothing Rumble, and the Women's Championship race has become a pressure cooker.

Selina Santorino is gone.

Valentina Blaze is gone.

Zhalia Fears, Athena Storm, Sol Azteca, and Brittany Reid are gone.

Marie Van Claudio has done most of the damage herself, entering beneath a storm of boos and cutting through the field like the reveal of The Empire's true leader made her more dangerous, not less.

Six women remain active.

Marie Van Claudio.

Emily Hightower.

Lexi Gold.

Juno Sage.

Kirsty McKinney.

Kaida Shizuka.

One of them will become UTA Women’s Champion.

Unless the next entrant changes that math.

The lights cut suddenly.

The O2 does not wait.

The crowd knows.

They know before the first full beat even lands.

Heavy drums thunder through the arena.

Red light floods the stage.

Fire begins to flicker low across the entrance set, small at first, then growing taller as the violin rises beneath the pounding rhythm.

The screen flashes with images of Lambaré streets, red flame, and the words:

LA REINA SILENCIOS.

The growl in the song hits.

A loud explosion blasts from the stage.

SUSANITA YBANEZ steps through the smoke.

The O2 explodes.

John Phillips: "Entrant number fifty-six is Susanita Ybanez!"

Mark Bravo: "And look at her face, John. This is not just another entrant. This is personal. This is betrayal walking toward revenge."

Susanita stands beneath the red light for only a second.

No smile.

No pyro pose.

No careful pageantry.

Her eyes are locked on the ring.

Locked on Marie Van Claudio.

Earlier tonight, Susanita fought Amy Harrison for Marie’s freedom. She won. She broke the contract. She gave Marie the moment the crowd had been begging for.

Then Marie wrapped her arms around Susanita, stood beside her, smiled with her...

And destroyed her from behind.

Three German suplexes.

The reveal.

Amy Harrison and Valkyrie Knoxx kneeling behind Marie.

Marie Van Claudio is The Empire.

Susanita has had to carry that through the rest of the night.

Now she is here.

John Phillips: "Susanita Ybanez was humiliated and betrayed earlier tonight by the woman she thought she was saving."

Mark Bravo: "Marie Van Claudio played her. Played all of us. But Susanita is not walking out here hurt. She is walking out here furious."

Marie Van Claudio hears the reaction and turns toward the stage.

The Women’s Champion’s face changes.

Just slightly.

Not fear.

Recognition.

She knows exactly who is coming.

Susanita does not walk down the ramp.

She runs.

The red lights chase her as she sprints toward the ring, fire still bursting behind her, every step carrying betrayal, heartbreak, and rage.

Marie immediately backs toward the far ropes.

Kaida Shizuka turns to watch Susanita’s line.

Emily Hightower turns too, still breathing hard after her own confrontation with Marie and David.

Lexi Gold and Juno Sage both step away from the center lane.

Kirsty McKinney lowers into her stance, annoyed by the emotion entering the match but smart enough not to stand directly in front of it.

Susanita slides under the bottom rope.

Both boots hit the canvas.

Susanita Ybanez is officially in the All or Nothing Rumble.

And she launches herself at Marie Van Claudio.

Marie tries to duck through the ropes, but Susanita catches her by the hair and shoulder before she can escape.

The O2 erupts.

John Phillips: "Susanita goes right after Marie!"

Mark Bravo: "No hesitation! No circling! No strategy beyond get to the woman who broke her heart!"

Susanita yanks Marie back into the ring and unloads.

Forearm.

Another.

Another.

Marie covers up, trying to turn away, but Susanita follows her with every step.

Susanita Ybanez: "You lied to me!"

Forearm.

Susanita Ybanez: "You used me!"

Another forearm.

Susanita Ybanez: "Prima, I believed you!"

That one lands harder than the others.

Marie stumbles backward into the ropes.

Susanita grabs her and tries to force her over immediately.

The crowd rises as Marie’s upper body tips across the top strand.

For one wild second, the current Women’s Champion is in real danger.

John Phillips: "Susanita is trying to eliminate Marie Van Claudio!"

Marie kicks desperately, hooking one leg around the middle rope.

Her hands claw at Susanita’s shoulders.

Susanita screams with effort and keeps pushing.

Emily Hightower watches from nearby, jaw tight, not helping Marie, not helping Susanita, just enjoying the idea of Marie finally being trapped.

Kaida Shizuka steps closer, measured, ready to exploit whichever woman slips first.

Marie rakes Susanita across the face.

The crowd boos hard.

Susanita recoils, but only for a second.

Marie drops back inside the ring, gasping, and throws a slap toward Susanita’s face.

Susanita catches the wrist.

The crowd erupts.

Susanita Ybanez: "No."

Susanita yanks Marie forward.

Rip Cord Knee Smash.

The knee catches Marie under the jaw and drops her to the mat.

John Phillips: "Rip Cord Knee Smash! Susanita drops Marie!"

Mark Bravo: "That had every ounce of betrayal behind it!"

Susanita stands over Marie, breathing hard, fists clenched.

She looks down at the woman she tried to save.

For half a second, the anger flickers into pain.

Marie sees it from the mat.

And smiles.

Marie Van Claudio: "Still soft."

Susanita’s face hardens.

She reaches down for Marie again, but Juno Sage cuts in from the side, grabbing Susanita’s wrist and twisting it into a control position.

Juno Sage: "Emotional tunnel vision. Exploitable."

Susanita turns sharply, pain in her wrist, fury in her eyes.

Susanita Ybanez: "Not now."

Juno tries to drag Susanita toward the ropes, but Susanita rolls through the wrist pressure, springs to her feet, and catches Juno with a sharp kick to the midsection.

Juno doubles over.

Susanita hooks the head.

Snap DDT.

Juno spikes into the canvas.

John Phillips: "Snap DDT by Susanita!"

Marie crawls toward the ropes behind Susanita, trying to escape again.

Susanita sees her.

But Juno grabs Susanita’s ankle from the mat, trying to stop the chase.

Susanita turns, frustration boiling over.

She kicks Juno toward the ropes.

Juno lands across the middle rope, throat and arms draped over it.

The O2 knows what is coming.

John Phillips: "Juno Sage is caught on the middle rope!"

Susanita looks at Marie crawling away.

Then back at Juno.

She makes the choice in an instant.

Susanita runs.

She hits the ropes.

619.

Her legs swing through and crack Juno across the face.

Juno snaps backward off the middle rope and stumbles to her feet dazed.

Susanita lands on the apron.

Marie sees Susanita on the outside of the ropes and rushes, trying to knock her off the apron before she can spring back in.

Susanita ducks under Marie’s forearm.

Marie’s momentum carries her into the ropes.

Susanita kicks Marie through the ropes, knocking her backward into Kaida Shizuka.

Kaida absorbs the collision and immediately snaps a kick into Marie’s thigh.

Marie drops to one knee with a cry.

Susanita springs up.

She launches from the ropes.

La estrella negra.

The springboard Asai moonsault catches Juno Sage as Juno staggers upright, crashing her down near the ropes.

John Phillips: "La estrella negra! Susanita connects!"

Susanita rolls through on impact, pops up, and grabs Juno by the wrist and shoulder.

She does not cheat.

She does not claw the eyes.

She does not pull hair longer than needed.

Even furious, Susanita Ybanez fights like Susanita Ybanez.

She runs Juno toward the ropes and uses Juno’s own momentum to send her up and over the top.

Juno lands on the apron, one hand clinging to the rope.

Susanita charges.

Dropkick.

Juno loses her grip and falls to the floor.

Both feet hit.

The official points.

Ring Announcer: "Juno Sage has been eliminated!"

John Phillips: "Susanita Ybanez eliminates Juno Sage!"

Mark Bravo: "Juno tried to exploit the emotion, and Susanita turned it into an elimination!"

The O2 roars as Susanita turns right back toward Marie.

No celebration.

No pose.

No wasted second.

Marie is still down on one knee after Kaida’s kick.

Susanita charges.

Marie sees her coming and throws herself backward through the ropes, landing on the apron but still clinging to the top strand.

Susanita grabs for her.

Marie kicks her away and rolls back in under the bottom rope, escaping elimination danger again.

John Phillips: "Marie escapes again!"

Mark Bravo: "Marie Van Claudio came in like royalty, but Susanita has her running now!"

Kirsty McKinney chooses that moment to shoot low at Susanita's leg.

Susanita is caught by surprise and drops to one knee.

Kirsty immediately starts turning the ankle, looking to break Susanita's base before she can keep chasing Marie.

Kirsty McKinney: "Anger makes your feet stupid."

Susanita winces, then kicks backward with her free leg, catching Kirsty in the shoulder and breaking the grip.

Susanita Ybanez: "Not tonight."

Lexi Gold comes in with a forearm aimed at Susanita, but Susanita ducks and sends Lexi into the ropes. Lexi rebounds and catches Susanita with a shoulder, knocking her backward but not down.

Susanita answers with a forearm.

Lexi answers with one of her own.

Kaida Shizuka steps into the exchange with a shoot kick to Lexi's thigh, and Lexi stumbles away, forced to reset near the ropes.

Emily Hightower blasts Marie with a forearm in the corner, keeping the Women's Champion trapped again.

Susanita sees it.

For one second, Emily and Susanita make eye contact.

They are not allies.

They are not friends.

But they both know exactly who deserves the next shot.

Emily steps aside.

Susanita rushes in and drives both knees into Marie's chest in the corner.

Marie collapses down to the mat.

John Phillips: "Emily Hightower gives Susanita the lane, and Susanita crushes Marie in the corner!"

Mark Bravo: "That is not friendship. That is mutual hatred with good timing."

David Hightower watches from a few feet away.

His eyes shift from Emily to Susanita to Marie.

He says nothing.

Emily notices anyway.

That distraction costs her.

Kirsty McKinney grabs Emily from behind and tries to force her toward the ropes.

Emily plants her feet and elbows free, protected and active, but the women's field remains dangerous from every angle.

On the men's side, the chaos rages on.

Yoshii shoves Trey Mack backward with another chest slap, and Trey collides with Brick Bronson, who turns and throws a forearm at Gideon Graves. Tyger II and El Fantasma Oscuro 1 continue moving around one another, Silas

Grimm cutting in whenever Tyger gets too close. Graham Keel stays low, still trying to bait Savior Hawkins. Mikey Unlikely keeps battling through the center. Darren Valiant sees Maxwell Jett crawling and moves in, but Jett drops flat again as Malachi Cross crashes into Darren from the side.

Bobby Dean watches Jett from outside.

Bobby Dean: "He is still crawling."

John Phillips: "He is."

Bobby Dean: "Susanita came in fast."

Mark Bravo: "She came in like a woman with a target and a broken heart."

Bobby Dean: "The chair understands targets."

Inside the ring, Susanita pulls Marie back up by the wrist.

Marie suddenly drops and snaps Susanita throat-first across the middle rope.

Susanita staggers back, coughing.

Marie rises behind her and grabs her around the waist.

The crowd reacts in horror.

John Phillips: "No. Not again."

Marie goes for the German suplex.

The same move she used earlier tonight.

The same betrayal.

But Susanita hooks her leg around Marie’s.

She blocks it.

Marie tries again.

Susanita elbows backward.

Once.

Twice.

Three times.

Marie releases.

Susanita spins and grabs Marie by the head.

The O2 rises.

Desaparecer attempt.

Marie panics and immediately scrambles free before Susanita can cinch the LaBelle Lock.

Marie rolls under the bottom rope and back in near the adjacent corner again, technically safe, not eliminated, but visibly rattled.

John Phillips: "Marie escapes Desaparecer!"

Mark Bravo: "For the first time since her entrance, Marie Van Claudio looks like she is not controlling the story anymore."

Susanita gets to her knees and stares at Marie from across the ring.

Her face is hurt.

Her eyes are furious.

Her breathing is heavy.

But she is not broken.

Susanita Ybanez: "You should have stayed my friend."

Marie wipes at her jaw and forces herself upright near the ropes.

Marie Van Claudio: "You should have stayed useful."

Susanita surges forward again, but Kaida Shizuka steps in and catches Susanita with a sharp kick to the thigh, not out of loyalty to Marie, but because this is still a rumble and every woman is still a threat.

Susanita stumbles.

Kaida steps in with another kick.

Susanita catches this one against her side and shoves Kaida backward.

Kaida resets calmly.

The Silent Blade and La reina silencios stare each other down for one second.

Then Emily Hightower crashes through them both, swinging at Marie again as the field collapses into another knot.

Marie ducks Emily.

Susanita ducks Kaida.

Kirsty McKinney grabs Lexi Gold near the ropes and tries to force her up and over.

Lexi hooks the top strand with both arms and kicks backward, fighting to stay alive.

Juno Sage is gone.

The Women’s Championship race has narrowed again.

Marie Van Claudio.

Emily Hightower.

Lexi Gold.

Kirsty McKinney.

Kaida Shizuka.

Susanita Ybanez.

Six women remain active.

One will become UTA Women’s Champion.

The countdown clock appears.

15.

14.

13.

John Phillips: "Susanita Ybanez has entered the All or Nothing Rumble at number fifty-six, and she went straight for Marie Van Claudio after the betrayal earlier tonight! Juno Sage has been eliminated by Susanita Ybanez!"

Mark Bravo: "Susanita came in with vengeance, but she still fought like herself. She did not cheat, she did not lose who she is, and she made Juno Sage pay for trying to exploit the emotion. But Marie is still in, and that story is nowhere near done."

Crowd: "TEN! NINE! EIGHT!"

Susanita and Marie stare at one another from opposite sides of the chaos, the betrayal between them now burning inside the Women's Championship race. Emily Hightower remains active. Kaida Shizuka, Kirsty McKinney, and Lexi Gold remain active. Juno Sage is gone.

Crowd: "SEVEN! SIX! FIVE!"

Yoshii remains active near center with Jed Eye at ringside. Maxwell Jett stays low. El Fantasma Oscuro 1, Graham Keel, Silas Grimm, and Mikey Unlikely remain protected and active. Brick Bronson, Gideon Graves, Trey Mack, Tyger II, Hakuryu, Jaxson Ryder, Savior Hawkins, Malachi Cross, Darren Valiant, and David Hightower continue fighting through the chaos. Bobby Dean remains outside in the battle chair, still active, still waiting.

Crowd: "FOUR! THREE! TWO! ONE!"

The buzzer sounds.

BUZZZZZZ!

Susanita Ybanez has changed the emotional temperature of the All or Nothing Rumble.

Juno Sage is gone.

Marie Van Claudio is still active, still Women's Champion for now, still hunted by the woman she betrayed earlier tonight.

Emily Hightower is still active, still protected, still caught in the strange gravitational pull of her father David Hightower's presence. Kaida Shizuka stands calm and unreadable. Lexi Gold keeps her eyes moving. Kirsty McKinney remains low, practical, and dangerous. Susanita Ybanez is still glaring through the chaos at Marie Van Claudio like the entire ring could vanish and she would still see only her.

Six women remain active.

Marie Van Claudio.

Emily Hightower.

Lexi Gold.

Kirsty McKinney.

Kaida Shizuka.

Susanita Ybanez.

One of them will become UTA Women's Champion.

On the men's side, the match has become a living disaster zone. Yoshii is still planted near center with Jed Eye orbiting ringside and shouting every possible variation of Godzilla propaganda. Brick Bronson and Gideon Graves are still trading violent geography. Trey Mack keeps finding ways to crash into bigger problems. Tyger II and El Fantasma Oscuro 1 keep flickering through the ropes and shadows, with Silas Grimm still nearby, still protected, still watching. Graham Keel keeps trying to make someone's ankle a plot point. Mikey Unlikely remains active. Maxwell Jett remains

low and impossible. Jaxson Ryder keeps looking for him. Darren Valiant is still trying to turn every survival beat into a debut highlight. David Hightower stands like a problem no one invited but everyone now has to account for. Hakuryu, Savior Hawkins, and Malachi Cross remain alive inside the storm.

And outside the ring, Bobby Dean remains in the battle chair.

Still active.

Still waiting.

Still watching Maxwell Jett crawl.

Then the lights shift.

The stage does not explode at first.

It glitches.

A flicker of static snaps across the video wall.

Then another.

The O2 buzzes, confused for half a second, before a distorted heartbeat begins pumping through the speakers.

Images flash too quickly to fully catch.

A cage.

A championship.

A mask.

A hospital hallway.

The Dynasty.

The Pantheon.

A referee’s hand hitting three.

Then the screen cuts to black.

White letters appear.

THE HUMAN ANOMALY.

The crowd begins to rise.

Then the name hits.

MADMAN SZALINSKI.

The O2 erupts.

John Phillips: "Entrant number fifty-seven is Madman Szalinski!"

Mark Bravo: "Former UTA Champion! The Human Anomaly! The Most Hated Man in America! And listen to London!"

Madman Szalinski steps through the curtain in the mask and blue singlet.

For a moment, he stops.

Just like he did at Victorious.

Just long enough to let the reaction hit him in the chest.

This is not a fresh return now.

It is something else.

Validation.

Momentum.

A legend who was told the physical part of this business might be behind him, standing on a second premium live event stage in the same year, walking into a seventy-person rumble with every championship in the company at stake.

John Phillips: "Madman Szalinski returned at Victorious and defeated Silas Grimm in one of the most emotional moments we have seen all year."

Mark Bravo: "And Silas Grimm is in that ring right now, John. El Fantasma Oscuro 1 is in that ring right now. This isn't just a legacy entrant. This is a whole ghost story walking down the aisle."

Inside the ring, Silas Grimm turns slowly toward the entrance.

His expression does not become fear.

It becomes recognition.

Cold.

Focused.

Unfinished.

El Fantasma Oscuro 1 also turns.

The masked phantom stands near Silas, still aligned, still protected, still silent.

Tyger II sees both of them react and shifts his stance.

Madman starts down the ramp.

He does not rush.

But this time, he does not walk like a man overwhelmed by the moment.

He walks like a man who survived it once already.

He slaps a few hands along the aisle, points once to the upper deck, then brings that hand to his chest before pointing toward the ring.

The message is simple.

I hear you.

I'm here.

And I'm still doing this.

Madman reaches ringside and stops beside Bobby Dean.

Bobby looks up from the battle chair.

Madman looks at Bobby.

Then at the chair.

Then back at Bobby.

Madman Szalinski: "Still alive?"

Bobby Dean: "Still active."

Madman nods, completely accepting the distinction.

Madman Szalinski: "Smart."

Bobby’s entire face lights up.

Bobby Dean: "He knows."

Mark Bravo: "The battle chair coalition has gained a former UTA Champion."

John Phillips: "I have stopped trying to understand the political structure of the battle chair."

Madman turns toward the ring.

He places both hands on the apron.

For half a breath, he closes his eyes.

Then he pounds the apron once and rolls under the bottom rope.

Madman Szalinski is officially in the All or Nothing Rumble.

Silas Grimm is waiting.

Madman rises to his feet and sees him immediately.

The O2 swells.

The two men stare at each other across the bodies, ropes, old wounds, recent violence, and everything that should have ended at Victorious but clearly did not.

John Phillips: "Madman Szalinski and Silas Grimm lock eyes!"

Mark Bravo: "Madman beat Grimm at Victorious. But Grimm does not look like a man who accepts endings."

Silas tilts his head.

Silas Grimm: "The dead thing dances again."

Madman smiles beneath the mask.

Madman Szalinski: "You lost to the dead thing."

The crowd pops hard.

Silas steps forward.

Madman steps forward.

El Fantasma Oscuro 1 moves with Silas.

Tyger II steps into that lane immediately, cutting off the masked phantom before he can join the first collision.

El Fantasma and Tyger meet in motion, shadow and yokai flashing into each other as Madman and Silas finally collide.

Madman throws the first forearm.

Silas answers with a palm strike.

Madman fires another forearm.

Silas answers with a rolling elbow attempt.

Madman ducks it and cracks Silas across the jaw with a right hand that sends him back one step.

John Phillips: "Madman takes the fight right to Grimm!"

Silas fires a kick toward the leg.

Madman checks enough of it and throws another right hand.

Silas staggers toward the ropes, and Madman follows with a running Tecmo Elbow that catches him high and drops him to one knee.

Mark Bravo: "Tecmo Elbow! Vintage Madman!"

Madman hits the opposite ropes.

Graham Keel reaches low, trying to catch Madman’s ankle as he passes.

Madman hops over the grip, barely, then swings back with a second Tecmo Elbow toward Silas.

Silas ducks this one.

Madman keeps moving and crashes instead into Malachi Cross, who had been stepping toward Darren Valiant.

Malachi staggers into the ropes.

Darren sees it and rushes in.

Spotlight Kick.

The superkick catches Malachi flush and sends him teetering backward over the top rope.

Malachi lands on the apron, clinging to the top strand.

Madman turns, sees the opening, and charges.

Another Tecmo Elbow blasts Malachi off the apron.

Malachi Cross falls to the floor.

Both feet hit.

The official points.

Ring Announcer: "Malachi Cross has been eliminated!"

John Phillips: "Malachi Cross is gone! Darren Valiant stunned him, and Madman Szalinski knocked him from the apron!"

Mark Bravo: "That is the kind of teamwork that only happens in a rumble by accident and opportunity!"

Darren Valiant points to himself, then to Madman, then to the camera.

Darren Valiant: "Shared spotlight!"

Madman looks at him for one second.

Madman Szalinski: "Don’t get used to it."

Darren grins.

Darren Valiant: "Still counts."

Silas Grimm uses the moment to strike Madman from behind with a sharp palm to the back of the neck.

Madman drops to one knee.

The O2 boos.

Silas grabs him by the jaw and shoulder, trying to twist him down toward the mat.

Silas Grimm: "You still look toward applause."

Madman reaches back and grabs Silas by the wrist.

Madman Szalinski: "And you still talk too much."

Madman snaps backward with a headbutt that catches Silas under the chin.

Silas staggers, and Madman rolls through to create space.

El Fantasma Oscuro 1 tries to rush the opening, but Tyger II intercepts him with a jumping knee to the ribs. Silas turns toward Tyger, but Hakuryu steps into Silas' lane with a cold kick to the chest.

John Phillips: "Silas Grimm and El Fantasma Oscuro 1 are not getting free access to Madman this time!"

Mark Bravo: "Too many moving pieces. Tyger II, Hakuryu, Madman, Grimm, El Fantasma — the shadows are getting crowded."

Across the ring, Marie Van Claudio sees Susanita caught in traffic between Kaida Shizuka and Kirsty McKinney.

Marie rushes toward Susanita from behind.

Emily Hightower sees it first.

Emily grabs Marie by the back of the hair and yanks her backward into a rough forearm.

The O2 erupts.

Emily Hightower: "Where you goin'?"

Marie staggers, furious, and swings at Emily.

Emily ducks and drives Marie into the corner with a shoulder to the ribs.

Susanita sees Marie trapped and starts toward her, but Kaida catches Susanita with a low kick to the thigh, reminding everyone that vengeance does not pause the rumble rules.

Susanita stumbles and turns toward Kaida.

Susanita Ybanez: "I said not now."

Kaida says nothing.

She kicks again.

Susanita catches the leg this time, but Kirsty McKinney shoots low and clips Susanita's base, forcing Susanita to release Kaida and drop to one knee.

Lexi Gold sees Kirsty low and grabs her by the waist, trying to dump her toward the ropes.

Kirsty hooks the middle rope and refuses to go.

John Phillips: "The Women's Championship field is down to six, and every second is dangerous!"

Back near center, Yoshii has Darren Valiant by the wrist.

Darren's confidence drains just a little.

Darren Valiant: "We did this already."

Yoshii smiles.

Yoshii: "Again!"

Yoshii whips Darren toward the ropes, but Darren ducks under a huge swing on the rebound and keeps moving.

Darren comes back with a dropkick to Yoshii's knee.

Yoshii staggers but does not fall.

Trey Mack adds a shoulder block from the side.

Brick Bronson follows with a forearm.

Gideon Graves crashes in with another.

For one second, multiple large bodies and one extremely ambitious rookie all try to move Yoshii.

Yoshii roars and shoves outward with both arms, sending Darren tumbling back, Trey stumbling, Brick turning, and Gideon resetting into yet another collision.

Mark Bravo: "They tried to move Yoshii, and Yoshii moved the neighborhood!"

Jed Eye is beside himself at ringside.

Jed Eye: "You need a permit! I told you! You need a permit for Godzilla!"

Maxwell Jett crawls low behind Yoshii's legs, trying to use the chaos as cover again.

Bobby Dean sees him.

Jaxson Ryder sees him too.

Jaxson rushes from inside the ring and grabs Maxwell by the ankle.

The crowd explodes.

John Phillips: "Jaxson Ryder has Maxwell Jett!"

Maxwell claws at the mat with both hands.

Maxwell Jett: "No! I am structurally important!"

Jaxson hauls him up and tries to run him toward the ropes.

Maxwell slips down, drops dead weight, and grabs the bottom rope with both hands.

Jaxson pulls.

Maxwell screams.

Bobby Dean rolls the battle chair a few inches closer outside.

Maxwell sees him through the ropes.

Bobby Dean: "Hello."

Maxwell Jett: "Stop saying hello like that!"

Graham Keel clips Jaxson from behind, not to save Maxwell out of loyalty, but because Jaxson's exposed knee is too tempting. Jaxson drops to one knee, and Maxwell immediately crawls away, surviving again.

Mark Bravo: "Maxwell Jett is alive because Graham Keel cannot stop being Graham Keel!"

Madman and Silas crash back into the ropes nearby.

Silas tries to turn Madman toward the top rope, but Madman hooks his arms around the strand and stomps backward into Silas' foot.

Silas releases just enough.

Madman turns and catches him with a forearm.

Silas staggers toward El Fantasma Oscuro 1.

Tyger II springboards in, looking to catch El Fantasma, but Silas shoves El Fantasma out of the path and Tyger’s kick instead clips Savior Hawkins across the shoulder.

Savior stumbles backward into the ropes.

Graham Keel immediately tries to capitalize, grabbing Savior’s ankle and lifting.

Savior clings to the top rope, half over, half in.

John Phillips: "Savior Hawkins is in trouble!"

Jaxson Ryder, still favoring the knee after Keel’s clip, sees Savior hanging and lunges to help.

Keel lets go of Savior and attacks Jaxson’s bad position instead, twisting him down again.

Savior drops back inside the ring, still active, but now furious.

He rushes Keel.

Keel lowers and sidesteps, using Savior’s anger against him.

Savior nearly goes into the ropes chest-first, but Madman, of all people, catches him by the shoulder and yanks him back before momentum carries him too far.

Madman Szalinski: "Not like that, kid."

Savior breathes hard, jaw tight, staring at Keel.

Savior Hawkins: "He keeps doing it."

Madman Szalinski: "Then make him miss."

Savior nods once, trying to reel himself back in.

Silas Grimm hits Madman from behind again.

Madman stumbles forward, but this time he laughs, almost delighted by the inevitability of it.

Madman Szalinski: "There you are."

He turns and tackles Silas into the corner, unloading with right hands as the crowd chants along.

Crowd: "MAD-MAN! MAD-MAN! MAD-MAN!"

Silas covers up, then slips out under the bottom rope and back in on the adjacent side, not eliminated, but away from the immediate storm.

Madman turns, breathing hard, and sees El Fantasma Oscuro 1 nearby.

The masked phantom freezes.

Madman points at him.

Madman Szalinski: "You and I still need a talk."

El Fantasma tilts his head.

Tyger II steps between them before anything can happen, not protecting El Fantasma, but refusing to let Madman take his fight either.

Tyger II: "The shadow has many hunters."

Madman stares at Tyger for a beat.

Madman Szalinski: "This place got weird while I was gone."

The crowd laughs through the tension.

Tyger gives the smallest nod.

Tyger II: "Yes."

Then Yoshii barrels through the center again, and everyone in that lane has to move or get crushed.

Madman barely gets out of the way.

Tyger flips backward into the ropes and lands safely.

El Fantasma slips under the movement like smoke.

Silas watches from the adjacent side, eyes fixed on Madman with renewed irritation.

The countdown clock appears.

15.

14.

13.

John Phillips: "Madman Szalinski has entered the All or Nothing Rumble at number fifty-seven! Malachi Cross has been eliminated after Darren Valiant stunned him and Madman knocked him from the apron!"

Mark Bravo: "Madman came in and went straight back to unfinished business with Silas Grimm, but this ring is so crowded with ghosts, monsters, champions, rookies, and grudges that every fight keeps turning into three more fights."

Crowd: "TEN! NINE! EIGHT!"

Madman Szalinski remains active, eyes still cutting between Silas Grimm and El Fantasma Oscuro 1. Silas remains protected and active. El Fantasma Oscuro 1 remains protected and active. Tyger II, Hakuryu, Graham Keel, Mikey Unlikely, Darren Valiant, Jaxson Ryder, Savior Hawkins, Trey Mack, Brick Bronson, Gideon Graves, David Hightower, Yoshii, and Maxwell Jett remain alive in the men’s field. Bobby Dean remains outside in the battle chair.

Crowd: "SEVEN! SIX! FIVE!"

The Women’s Championship race remains active with Marie Van Claudio, Emily Hightower, Susanita Ybanez, Kaida Shizuka, Lexi Gold, and Kirsty McKinney. Marie and Susanita are still locked in betrayal. Emily still wants Marie. Kaida watches everyone like a blade waiting for the cleanest cut.

Crowd: "FOUR! THREE! TWO! ONE!"

The buzzer sounds.

BUZZZZZZ!

Madman Szalinski’s arrival has added another living piece of UTA history to a ring that already feels impossible to track.

Malachi Cross is gone.

Juno Sage is gone.

Tyler Cruz is gone.

And somewhere in the back, one half of Velocity Vanguard had to watch his partner get eliminated before he ever had the chance to enter.

That chance is now.

The lights pulse electric blue.

One beat.

Then another.

The stage fills with a sharp neon glow as CO2 cannons erupt in twin bursts, blasting white vapor into the air. The opening notes of “Higher Place” by Journey hit, and The O2 gives a strong, rising reaction as the video wall flashes comet trails, city rooftops, digital grid lines, and the words:

BLUE COMET.

Then the name hits.

JET LAWSON.

John Phillips: "Entrant number fifty-eight is Jet Lawson!"

Mark Bravo: "The Blue Comet is here! One half of Velocity Vanguard, and John, his partner Tyler Cruz was eliminated moments ago by David Hightower. Jet Lawson is coming into this thing alone!"

Jet Lawson bursts through the CO2 at full speed, arms wide, grin on his face, blue light chasing him with every step.

But that grin does not last long.

He reaches the edge of the stage, points to the sky like always, then looks down toward the ring.

He sees David Hightower.

He sees the battlefield.

He sees no Tyler Cruz.

The smile fades into something sharper.

John Phillips: "Jet Lawson, the tech-savvy daredevil from Seattle, parkour agility, crisp striking, one of the most exciting young competitors in UTA."

Mark Bravo: "And usually, where Jet goes, Tyler Cruz is right there with him. But the Red Rocket is already out. Jet is entering with a lot of speed and a lot of anger."

Jet sprints down the ramp, but he does not stop to slap hands this time.

He does not run the barricade.

He does not soak in the moment.

He is all forward motion.

At ringside, Bobby Dean turns his battle chair slightly as Jet races past.

Bobby Dean: "Fast."

Jet leaps from the floor to the apron in one motion, landing cleanly on both feet.

He looks briefly down at Bobby.

Jet Lawson: "Still in?"

Bobby Dean: "Still active."

Jet nods once.

Jet Lawson: "Respect."

Bobby smiles.

Bobby Dean: "The fast one respects the chair."

Mark Bravo: "The battle chair coalition now has speed."

Jet springboards over the top rope, flips through the air, and lands in a crouch inside the ring.

Jet Lawson is officially in the All or Nothing Rumble.

And he goes right for David Hightower.

David turns just as Jet launches himself into a springboard knee strike.

The knee catches David high across the chest and jaw, staggering the older Hightower backward into the ropes.

John Phillips: "Springboard knee strike! Jet Lawson goes right after the man who eliminated his partner!"

Emily Hightower sees it from the women’s side and turns sharply.

David hooks the top rope, steadying himself, but Jet is already moving again.

He hits the opposite ropes, rebounds, rolls under a wild forearm from David, pops up behind him, and snaps him backward with a quick snap rana that sends David tumbling toward the middle of the ring.

Mark Bravo: "That is Blue Comet speed! David Hightower is trying to swat him, but Jet is already somewhere else!"

Jet pops to his feet and points to the sky.

The O2 answers with a roar.

Then Jet points at David.

Jet Lawson: "That was for Tyler!"

David rises to one knee, calm but annoyed.

David Hightower: "Then send him my regards."

Jet charges.

David throws a heavy clothesline.

Jet ducks, rebounds off the ropes, and comes back with a rolling savate kick that catches David in the side of the head.

David drops to one knee again.

Jet keeps moving, springing to the middle rope.

Comet Crash.

The rope-walk dropkick blasts David backward into the ropes.

John Phillips: "Comet Crash! Jet Lawson has David Hightower reeling!"

The crowd rises as David spills against the top strand, upper body starting to tip backward.

Jet rushes forward to finish it.

Emily Hightower suddenly steps into his path.

Not attacking him.

Blocking him.

Jet stops short, chest heaving.

Jet Lawson: "Move."

Emily’s face is hard.

Emily Hightower: "That’s my father."

Jet Lawson: "He eliminated my partner."

Emily does not move.

Emily Hightower: "And I said that’s my father."

The O2 buzzes.

David Hightower uses the moment to pull himself back inside the ropes.

Jet looks past Emily at David.

Then back at Emily.

Jet Lawson: "Fine. Family drama later."

Jet springs backward, narrowly avoiding a low shot from Kirsty McKinney, who had tried to grab his ankle while everyone was distracted.

Kirsty McKinney: "Too much jumping."

Jet points at her.

Jet Lawson: "That is kind of my thing."

Kirsty shoots again.

Jet flips over her, lands on the middle rope, and springboards backward with a standing-style shooting star press that crashes across Kirsty’s shoulders and upper back, flattening her near the ropes.

John Phillips: "Jet Lawson with ridiculous athleticism!"

Mark Bravo: "He just answered amateur wrestling with a human screensaver!"

Kaida Shizuka steps in and cracks Jet with a shoot kick to the thigh before he can fully rise.

Jet winces, then hops backward on one leg.

Jet Lawson: "Okay. Less fun."

Kaida throws another kick.

Jet rolls underneath it, pops up, and goes for a springboard knee.

Kaida sidesteps, letting him land close to the ropes.

Marie Van Claudio immediately tries to shove him over from behind.

Jet hooks the top rope with both arms, stopping himself from going over.

Susanita Ybanez sees Marie’s opportunism and launches across the ring.

Susanita catches Marie with a forearm that sends the Women’s Champion staggering backward.

Susanita Ybanez: "Leave him alone. You still have me."

Marie turns toward Susanita, furious.

Marie Van Claudio: "You were never enough."

Susanita rushes her.

The betrayal erupts again as Susanita and Marie collide near the ropes, both women swinging with emotion, pain, and hatred.

Emily turns back toward Marie, but David’s hand closes around her wrist from behind.

Emily looks down at it.

Then slowly up at him.

David Hightower: "Focus."

Emily jerks her wrist free.

Emily Hightower: "I am focused."

She turns and blasts Lexi Gold with a forearm as Lexi tries to sneak behind her. Lexi stumbles toward the ropes but catches herself before Emily can finish.

Jet, still on the ropes, swings himself back inside and turns directly into El Fantasma Oscuro 1.

The O2 buzzes.

Jet and El Fantasma know each other well.

Velocity Vanguard and El Fantasma have been through wars over the UTA Tag Team Championships.

Madman Szalinski sees the standoff and laughs from a few feet away.

Madman Szalinski: "Oh, I like this part."

Jet turns his head slightly toward Madman.

Jet Lawson: "You would."

El Fantasma lunges.

Jet ducks under him and hits the ropes.

El Fantasma drops low.

Jet leaps over.

El Fantasma pops up.

Jet rebounds and catches him with a slingshot spear through the middle rope line, driving the masked phantom backward but not out.

John Phillips: "Slingshot Spear by Jet Lawson!"

El Fantasma rolls toward Silas Grimm, still protected, and Silas steps between them.

Silas Grimm: "Comets burn out."

Jet smirks.

Jet Lawson: "Not before impact."

Jet throws a forearm at Silas.

Silas absorbs it and answers with a palm strike to the chest.

Jet staggers back, but Madman Szalinski appears beside Silas and cracks him with a right hand.

Silas stumbles sideways.

Madman Szalinski: "Still my problem."

Jet looks at Madman.

Jet Lawson: "Shared spotlight?"

Darren Valiant, overhearing from nearby, immediately looks offended.

Darren Valiant: "That’s my line now!"

Jet turns as Darren steps in, and the two young high-energy competitors collide into a fast exchange. Darren throws a forearm. Jet ducks and answers with a kick. Darren catches enough of it and spins Jet back toward the ropes. Jet rebounds and leaps for a knee. Darren slips aside and catches Jet with a quick neckbreaker.

John Phillips: "Darren Valiant catches Jet Lawson!"

Darren pops up and points at the camera.

Darren Valiant: "Spotlight stays on me!"

That is a mistake.

Because Jaxson Ryder is behind him.

Jaxson grabs Darren by the shoulder, spins him around, and throws him hard toward the ropes.

Darren rebounds and ducks a clothesline, but Jet is back on his feet now.

Jet catches Darren with a springboard knee strike from the side.

Darren stumbles backward into Jaxson.

Jaxson lifts him.

Ace Driver setup.

Darren fights free, but he staggers backward right into Jet’s grip.

Meteor Lift.

Pop-up fireman’s carry into sit-out slam.

Darren hits hard and rolls toward the ropes, dazed.

Mark Bravo: "Jet Lawson just shut down Darren Valiant’s debut momentum!"

Jet pulls Darren up, but Darren suddenly grabs the top rope and tries to pull himself through the middle strands to escape.

Jaxson steps in from the opposite side.

Jet and Jaxson exchange a quick glance.

No words needed.

Jet grabs Darren high.

Jaxson grabs low.

Together, they lift Darren up and over the top rope.

Darren lands on the apron, fingers clinging to the top strand.

Darren Valiant: "No, no, no! Not the debut highlight!"

Jet hits the ropes.

Jaxson backs away.

Jet rebounds and leaps.

Comet Crash.

The rope-walk dropkick blasts Darren from the apron.

Darren Valiant falls to the floor.

Both feet hit.

The official points.

Ring Announcer: "Darren Valiant has been eliminated!"

John Phillips: "Darren Valiant is gone! Jet Lawson and Jaxson Ryder combine to eliminate the Proving Grounds winner!"

Mark Bravo: "What a debut showing from Darren Valiant, including eliminating Scott Stevens earlier, but the Blue Comet just knocked the spotlight right off the apron!"

Darren sits on the floor, stunned, one hand on his jaw, staring up at Jet.

Darren Valiant: "Still... still got the moment."

Jet points to him from inside the ring.

Jet Lawson: "You did. Respect."

Darren nods, frustrated but not broken, as officials guide him away.

Jaxson Ryder turns from the elimination and immediately looks for Maxwell Jett again.

Maxwell has already flattened himself beneath the bottom rope on the far side.

Maxwell Jett: "I was never here."

Jet sees him too.

Jet Lawson: "Is he always like that?"

Jaxson Ryder: "Worse."

The two rush toward Maxwell.

Maxwell screams and crawls around Yoshii’s leg, using the massive former champion as a living roadblock.

Jet tries to spring over Yoshii, but Yoshii looks up at just the wrong time and catches Jet midair with both arms.

The crowd gasps.

Jet’s eyes widen.

Jet Lawson: "Hi."

Yoshii smiles.

Yoshii: "Comet!"

Yoshii launches Jet with a huge fallaway toss.

Jet flips through the air, lands on his feet by pure instinct near the ropes, and staggers backward into the corner.

Mark Bravo: "Yoshii just threw a comet and the comet landed!"

Jed Eye points wildly from ringside.

Jed Eye: "That’s orbital physics! That’s Godzilla astronomy!"

Jet pulls himself upright in the corner, laughing through the shock.

Jet Lawson: "Okay. That was kind of awesome."

Before Jet can move, David Hightower barrels into him with a heavy forearm, payback for the opening attack.

Jet slumps in the corner.

David grabs him by the head, looking to throw him over.

Jaxson Ryder cuts David off with a forearm.

Emily Hightower immediately turns toward Jaxson.

David holds up one hand toward Emily.

David Hightower: "I got it."

Emily’s jaw tightens.

Emily Hightower: "Then get it."

The Hightower family tension lingers as David and Jaxson trade shots near Jet, while Jet tries to shake the cobwebs and stay off the ropes.

On the women’s side, Marie Van Claudio has Susanita by the wrist, trying to twist her toward the ropes. Susanita reverses and sends Marie chest-first into the turnbuckles. Kaida Shizuka immediately kicks Marie’s thigh as she stumbles out, and Emily Hightower catches Marie with a forearm that drops her to one knee.

The O2 roars.

For once, Marie is surrounded.

Susanita steps forward.

Emily steps forward.

Kaida stands just off angle.

Marie looks from one to the other, realizing every path out has become narrower.

Marie Van Claudio: "You all think this changes anything?"

Susanita clenches her fists.

Susanita Ybanez: "It changes everything."

Before they can finish her, Kirsty McKinney grabs Susanita’s ankle from behind and pulls her down, not helping Marie so much as refusing to let emotion dictate the field.

Lexi Gold attacks Emily from the side, trying to use the cluster to her advantage.

Marie rolls away again, alive by inches.

John Phillips: "Marie Van Claudio escapes again! The Women's Champion has been cornered again and again, but she keeps finding air!"

Near the center, Madman Szalinski and Silas Grimm collide once more, with El Fantasma Oscuro 1 and Tyger II circling their edges. Graham Keel stays low, Mikey Unlikely keeps moving, Brick Bronson and Gideon Graves keep brawling, Trey Mack keeps trying to build a running lane, and Maxwell Jett keeps crawling through every opening like a champion determined to become carpet.

Bobby Dean watches all of it.

Bobby Dean: "Jet is fast."

John Phillips: "Very fast."

Bobby Dean: "Maxwell is slippery."

Mark Bravo: "Extremely slippery."

Bobby Dean: "The chair is patient."

There is a pause at commentary.

John Phillips: "That may be the most concerning thing you have said all night."

Inside the ring, Jet Lawson climbs to the second rope, still shaking off David's forearm, and points to the sky.

He looks toward El Fantasma Oscuro 1.

Then toward Maxwell Jett.

Then toward David Hightower.

Too many targets.

Not enough time.

He launches anyway.

Skyline Spiral.

The top-rope corkscrew body press crashes down across David Hightower, Jaxson Ryder, and part of Trey Mack as the cluster collapses beneath him.

John Phillips: "Skyline Spiral! Jet Lawson wipes out the pile!"

Jet rolls through, clutching his ribs but alive, while David Hightower and Jaxson Ryder both sprawl near the ropes.

Emily sees David down.

Her eyes cut to Jet.

Jet sees the look and immediately holds both hands up.

Jet Lawson: "Your dad started it."

Emily takes one step toward him.

Marie Van Claudio grabs Emily from behind and tries to throw her toward the ropes.

Emily plants her feet and elbows Marie away.

Jet wisely moves in the opposite direction.

Mark Bravo: "Smartest move Jet Lawson has made all night was not explaining further."

The countdown clock appears.

15.

14.

13.

John Phillips: "Jet Lawson has entered the All or Nothing Rumble at number fifty-eight! Darren Valiant has been eliminated after Jet Lawson and Jaxson Ryder combined to send him out!"

Mark Bravo: "Jet came in with speed, anger, and a little revenge for Tyler Cruz. He went right after David Hightower, tangled with El Fantasma Oscuro 1, helped eliminate Darren Valiant, survived Yoshii launching him like a comet, and just wiped out a pile with Skyline Spiral."

Crowd: "TEN! NINE! EIGHT!"

Jet Lawson remains active, breathing hard near the ropes. Maxwell Jett remains protected and low. Bobby Dean remains outside in the battle chair. Yoshii remains active with Jed Eye at ringside. El Fantasma Oscuro 1, Graham Keel, Silas Grimm, and Mikey Unlikely remain protected and active. Brick Bronson, Gideon Graves, Trey Mack, Tyger II, Hakuryu, Jaxson Ryder, Savior Hawkins, David Hightower, and Madman Szalinski continue fighting through the chaos.

Crowd: "SEVEN! SIX! FIVE!"

The Women’s Championship race remains active with Marie Van Claudio, Emily Hightower, Susanita Ybanez, Kaida Shizuka, Lexi Gold, and Kirsty McKinney. Marie is still hunted, still escaping, still dangerous. Susanita still wants her. Emily still wants her. Kaida still watches like a blade.

Crowd: "FOUR! THREE! TWO! ONE!"

The buzzer sounds.

BUZZZZZZ!

Jet Lawson has brought Blue Comet speed into the match, and the All or Nothing Rumble somehow feels faster and more unstable than it already did.

Darren Valiant is gone.

Malachi Cross is gone.

Tyler Cruz is gone.

Juno Sage is gone.

The field is thinning now, but not calmly. Every elimination feels like it tears open another story.

Jet Lawson is still recovering near the ropes after crashing into a pile with Skyline Spiral. David Hightower is pulling himself up nearby, still glaring in Jet’s direction. Emily Hightower is caught between watching her father and hunting Marie Van Claudio. Yoshii stands like a living wall near center, Jed Eye screaming from ringside like a man who has personally discovered monster-based religion. Brick Bronson and Gideon Graves are still colliding. Trey Mack is still trying to create momentum lanes. Graham Keel stays low. Silas Grimm and El Fantasma Oscuro 1 remain aligned. Mikey Unlikely remains active. Madman Szalinski is still circling Silas with unresolved history. Tyger II watches the masked shadows. Hakuryu remains patient. Jaxson Ryder keeps looking for Maxwell Jett, who remains low, hated, and somehow untouched.

Bobby Dean remains outside in the battle chair.

Still active.

Still waiting.

Still patient.

In the women’s field, the air is even heavier.

Marie Van Claudio.

Emily Hightower.

Susanita Ybanez.

Kaida Shizuka.

Lexi Gold.

Kirsty McKinney.

Six women remain active.

One will become UTA Women’s Champion.

Marie is still active, but the entire ring feels like it has turned against her. Susanita wants her after the betrayal. Emily wants her after the eliminations. Kaida keeps cutting at every exposed mistake. Lexi is fighting to survive. Kirsty waits for anyone emotional enough to stand wrong.

Then the lights shift.

Pink.

Blue.

Pink again.

The opening chords of “Sanctify Me” by In This Moment slither through The O2.

The boos start before she even appears.

Because after what happened earlier tonight, the crowd knows exactly what this means.

The Empire is about to get worse.

Amy Harrison steps through the curtain.

The UTA International Championship is around her waist.

That title is on the line in this rumble later tonight, but not right this second. Right now it is decoration. A trophy. A reminder that Amy Harrison did not walk into London empty-handed.

She stands on the stage beneath the pink and blue lights, flicks her hair back, and smiles at the hatred raining down on her.

John Phillips: "Entrant number fifty-nine is the current UTA International Champion, Amy Harrison!"

Mark Bravo: "The Empress is here, and after the reveal earlier tonight, this building wants nothing to do with her. Amy Harrison thought she owned Marie Van Claudio. Then we found out Marie was the one sitting on the throne the whole time."

John Phillips: "But make no mistake, Amy Harrison and Marie Van Claudio are still Empire. Amy and Marie are still

dangerous together. And Susanita Ybanez is still in that ring."

Amy begins down the ramp with that same seductive, arrogant walk, smirking at the fans, blowing a kiss at a front-row section that responds by booing even louder.

She mouths something into the camera.

Amy Harrison: "Long live the Empress."

The boos get louder.

Inside the ring, Marie Van Claudio sees Amy coming.

For the first time since Susanita entered, Marie’s posture changes.

Not relief exactly.

Not friendship.

Alliance.

Recognition between predators.

Susanita sees it too.

Her face hardens.

Lexi Gold turns toward the entrance and shakes her head.

Emily Hightower’s mouth twists into a grimace.

Kaida Shizuka watches Amy’s walk with quiet calculation.

Kirsty McKinney looks annoyed that one more loud problem has entered the equation.

Amy reaches ringside and pauses beside Bobby Dean.

Bobby looks up from the battle chair.

Amy looks down at him.

Amy Harrison: "Still hiding?"

Bobby Dean: "Still active."

Amy leans closer, smiling coldly.

Amy Harrison: "You always were good at doing nothing."

Bobby’s expression drops.

At commentary, John Phillips’ voice tightens.

John Phillips: "That was unnecessary."

Mark Bravo: "Amy Harrison poking the battle chair coalition may not be wise, John."

Bobby watches Amy walk away.

Bobby Dean: "The chair did not like that."

Amy climbs the steps and turns to the referee nearby.

Amy Harrison: "Open the ropes."

The official hesitates for half a second, then holds the ropes enough for Amy to step through.

Amy Harrison is officially in the All or Nothing Rumble.

And Marie Van Claudio immediately moves to her.

The O2 erupts in boos as Amy and Marie stand together near the ropes.

Not prisoner and captor.

Not victim and abuser.

Empire.

Pure Empire.

Amy looks Marie up and down, then smirks.

Amy Harrison: "You made quite a mess."

Marie lifts her chin.

Marie Van Claudio: "I corrected the room."

Amy’s smile grows.

Amy Harrison: "Then let’s finish cleaning."

Susanita steps toward them immediately, fists clenched.

Susanita Ybanez: "You both make me sick."

Amy turns toward Susanita with mock sympathy.

Amy Harrison: "Still heartbroken, sweetheart?"

Marie looks at Susanita, cold and distant now.

Marie Van Claudio: "She should be grateful. I taught her the truth."

Susanita lunges.

Amy and Marie scatter just enough to make Susanita crash into the corner instead of either woman. Marie grabs Susanita by the hair from one side. Amy grabs her from the other. The boos grow as The Empire works together immediately, dragging Susanita out and slamming her backward to the mat.

John Phillips: "Amy and Marie teaming together immediately!"

Mark Bravo: "That reveal earlier changed everything. Amy is not controlling Marie anymore. They are working together because the Empire wanted everyone to think Marie was trapped."

Emily Hightower starts toward them, but David Hightower’s fight with Jet Lawson spills into her lane, forcing her to cut around the traffic.

Kaida Shizuka steps toward Amy and Marie, but Kirsty McKinney shoots low at Kaida’s leg, dragging her into a mat struggle.

Lexi Gold is the one who gets there first.

She rushes Amy from the side and catches her with a forearm that knocks the International Champion backward.

The crowd pops.

Lexi Gold: "You talk too much."

Amy slowly turns her head back toward Lexi, touching her jaw.

Amy Harrison: "And you exist too much."

Lexi swings again.

Amy ducks and grabs a handful of hair, snapping Lexi down with a hairmare that sends her rolling across the mat.

John Phillips: "Hairmare by Amy Harrison!"

Lexi pops back up quickly and charges.

Amy catches her with a jawbreaker that stuns her upright.

Marie steps in and nails Lexi with a German suplex, rolling through smoothly and leaving Lexi near the ropes.

The boos return harder.

Mark Bravo: "Amy and Marie are already picking people apart. This is bad news for everyone left in that Women's Championship race."

Amy crawls over Lexi and says something inches from her face.

Amy Harrison: "You wanted to be important? Be an example."

Amy pulls Lexi up.

Lexi fires back with a forearm.

Amy stumbles.

Lexi hits another.

Marie moves in, but Susanita grabs Marie by the ankle from the mat, slowing her just enough.

Lexi grabs Amy by the wrist and whips her toward the ropes.

Amy reverses.

Lexi rebounds and catches Amy with a shoulder tackle that drops her to one knee.

The crowd starts to build behind Lexi.

John Phillips: "Lexi Gold taking the fight to Amy Harrison!"

Lexi hauls Amy up and tries to force her over the top rope.

Amy kicks wildly, one hand clutching the top strand, the other clawing at Lexi's face.

Marie kicks Susanita away and rushes in from behind Lexi.

Marie clubs Lexi across the back.

Amy slips down inside the ropes.

Lexi staggers forward, and Amy catches her.

Spinning facebuster.

Lexi bounces off the canvas and rolls toward the ropes, stunned.

Amy rises over her, breathing hard, then yells to the crowd.

Amy Harrison: "LONG LIVE THE EMPIRE!"

Amy kisses her fingertips and presses them mockingly to Lexi's forehead before yanking her up.

John Phillips: "That is disgusting arrogance from Amy Harrison!"

Lexi tries to fight back one more time, throwing a desperate forearm that catches Amy across the cheek.

Amy’s smile vanishes.

She grabs Lexi by the head.

Broken Ugly Face.

The inverted foot face crusher drives Lexi down hard.

Mark Bravo: "Broken Ugly Face! Amy caught Lexi flush!"

Marie pulls Lexi up from the mat and holds her by both arms.

Amy steps close, nose to nose with Lexi.

Amy Harrison: "Gold tarnishes."

Amy slaps Lexi.

Then she and Marie run her toward the ropes.

Lexi Gold is thrown over the top rope.

She hits the floor hard.

Both feet land.

The official points immediately.

Ring Announcer: "Lexi Gold has been eliminated!"

John Phillips: "Lexi Gold is gone! Amy Harrison eliminates Lexi Gold with help from Marie Van Claudio!"

Mark Bravo: "The Empire strikes again, and The O2 hates every second of it!"

The boos are enormous.

Amy and Marie stand near the ropes, looking down at Lexi on the floor.

Amy spreads her arms wide, International Championship still glinting at ringside where it was handed off before she entered.

Marie lifts her chin beside her.

They are proud.

They are smug.

They are too close to the ropes.

Susanita Ybanez rises behind them.

The O2 sees her before they do.

The noise changes.

Not boos now.

Anticipation.

Hope.

John Phillips: "Wait a minute."

Susanita’s face is battered and furious.

Her eyes are wet, but her jaw is set.

She looks at Amy.

Then Marie.

Then the top rope.

She charges.

Amy turns first.

Too late.

Susanita throws herself into both women from behind.

All three bodies collide with the ropes.

Amy’s eyes go wide.

Marie grabs for the top strand.

Susanita screams and drives forward with everything she has left.

Amy Harrison tumbles over the top rope.

Marie Van Claudio goes with her.

The O2 explodes.

Amy crashes to the floor.

Marie crashes beside her.

Both women hit with both feet.

The officials point.

Ring Announcer: "Amy Harrison has been eliminated! Marie Van Claudio has been eliminated!"

John Phillips: "SUSANITA DID IT! SUSANITA YBANEZ ELIMINATES AMY HARRISON AND MARIE VAN CLAUDIO!"

Mark Bravo: "The Empire got too comfortable, and Susanita threw them both out! What a moment!"

The pop is gigantic.

All the pain from earlier.

All the betrayal.

All the humiliation.

For one second, it all becomes release.

Susanita drops to one knee inside the ring, gripping the middle rope, chest heaving as she looks down at Amy and Marie on the floor.

Amy sits up first, screaming immediately.

Amy Harrison: "NO! NO! NO!"

Marie turns onto her side, stunned, staring up at Susanita with cold disbelief.

Susanita looks down at her.

For a moment, the anger fades into heartbreak again.

Susanita Ybanez: "You should have let me save you."

The crowd roars for her.

Marie’s expression hardens.

Amy pounds the floor, throwing a fit at ringside as officials try to get her away from the match.

Amy Harrison: "She cheated! She cheated! I am the International Champion!"

John Phillips: "Amy Harrison and Marie Van Claudio are out! The Women’s Championship field has changed completely!"

Inside the ring, Susanita pulls herself up with the ropes, overwhelmed by the reaction.

She turns toward the crowd.

The O2 is on its feet.

She raises one fist.

And that is when Kirsty McKinney moves.

No hesitation.

No emotion.

No dramatic speech.

Kirsty grabs Susanita from behind by the waist and one leg, using the exact angle Susanita exposed while celebrating at the ropes.

John Phillips: "No, wait—Kirsty!"

Susanita’s eyes widen.

She grabs at the top rope.

Kirsty keeps her base low, face flat and focused.

Kirsty McKinney: "Bad feet."

She lifts.

Susanita tries to hook the rope.

For one second, she hangs there, half over, fighting with everything left.

The crowd screams for her to hang on.

Kirsty adjusts the grip, changes the angle, and dumps her the rest of the way over.

Susanita Ybanez falls to the floor.

Both feet hit.

The official points.

Ring Announcer: "Susanita Ybanez has been eliminated!"

John Phillips: "Oh my god! Kirsty McKinney eliminates Susanita Ybanez seconds after Susanita eliminated Amy Harrison and Marie Van Claudio!"

Mark Bravo: "The biggest emotional moment in the women’s field just turned into the coldest elimination of the night! Kirsty McKinney waited, watched, and picked the exact second Susanita stopped protecting herself!"

The O2 is stunned.

The massive pop collapses into shock, then boos, then a complicated roar as Susanita sits on the floor, staring at the ring in disbelief.

Amy Harrison, still being held back by officials, starts laughing through her rage.

Amy Harrison: "That’s what you get! That’s what you get!"

Marie Van Claudio slowly rises beside Amy, still eliminated, still furious, but now watching Susanita on the floor with a cruel, quiet satisfaction.

Susanita looks at Marie one more time.

The betrayal has cost both of them.

But only one of them looks like she understands the pain of it.

Officials separate Amy and Marie from Susanita, trying to move all three away from ringside before the chaos spills further.

John Phillips: "The final female remaining will become UTA Women’s Champion, and Marie Van Claudio is gone! Amy Harrison is gone! Susanita Ybanez is gone!"

Mark Bravo: "That means we are down to three women, John. Emily Hightower, Kaida Shizuka, and Kirsty McKinney. One of those three is leaving as UTA Women’s Champion."

Inside the ring, Kirsty McKinney turns away from the ropes as if she has done nothing emotional, nothing controversial, nothing shocking.

She simply resets her stance.

Emily Hightower stares at her.

Kaida Shizuka watches her.

Kirsty looks between them both.

Kirsty McKinney: "Efficient."

Emily’s face twists.

Emily Hightower: "Cold little thing, ain’t ya?"

Kaida says nothing.

But her posture lowers.

The Women’s Championship race is now down to three.

Emily Hightower.

Kaida Shizuka.

Kirsty McKinney.

One of them will become UTA Women’s Champion.

And after everything Marie Van Claudio did tonight, after everything Amy Harrison tried to protect, after everything Susanita sacrificed to get them out, the title is now guaranteed to leave The Empire.

John Phillips: "Whatever happens from here, The Empire cannot leave this match with the UTA Women’s Championship."

Mark Bravo: "Susanita may be eliminated, John, but she just changed the entire future of this division."

Outside the ring, Susanita is helped away, still looking back over her shoulder at the ring, at Marie, at Amy, at the championship future she just cracked open.

Amy continues to scream.

Marie walks beside her, silent now.

The Empire's queens have been removed from the Women's Championship race.

Inside the ring, the rest of the rumble is still chaos.

Jet Lawson and Jaxson Ryder are trying again to get to Maxwell Jett, but Jett crawls behind Graham Keel, who clips Jet's ankle just because it is there. Madman Szalinski and Silas Grimm crash into the ropes nearby, with El Fantasma Oscuro 1 trying to slip behind Madman before Tyger II cuts him off. Yoshii shoves Trey Mack backward into Gideon Graves, who turns and hammers Brick Bronson. David Hightower keeps one eye on Emily as she shifts toward Kirsty and Kaida. Hakuryu watches the field with cold patience. Savior Hawkins keeps trying to control himself whenever Keel gets near his leg. Mikey Unlikely moves through the storm with veteran timing.

Bobby Dean remains outside in the battle chair, watching the chaos with wide eyes.

Bobby Dean: "Susanita got them."

John Phillips: "She did."

Bobby Dean: "Then Kirsty got her."

Mark Bravo: "She did."

Bobby Dean: "That was mean."

Bobby looks toward Maxwell Jett, still crawling in the distance.

Bobby Dean: "A lot of mean tonight."

The countdown clock appears.

15.

14.

13.

John Phillips: "Amy Harrison entered at number fifty-nine, immediately reunited with Marie Van Claudio, and eliminated Lexi Gold. But then Susanita Ybanez dumped both Amy Harrison and Marie Van Claudio over the top rope to a thunderous ovation, only for Kirsty McKinney to shock the world and eliminate Susanita seconds later!"

Mark Bravo: "The Women's Championship field is down to three: Emily Hightower, Kaida Shizuka, and Kirsty McKinney. The final female remaining becomes UTA Women's Champion, and The Empire is out of the race!"

Crowd: "TEN! NINE! EIGHT!"

Emily Hightower, Kaida Shizuka, and Kirsty McKinney remain active in the Women's Championship race. Amy Harrison, Marie Van Claudio, Susanita Ybanez, and Lexi Gold are gone.

Crowd: "SEVEN! SIX! FIVE!"

Maxwell Jett remains protected and low. Bobby Dean remains outside in the battle chair. Yoshii remains active with Jed Eye at ringside. El Fantasma Oscuro 1, Graham Keel, Silas Grimm, and Mikey Unlikely remain protected and active. Brick Bronson, Gideon Graves, Trey Mack, Tyger II, Hakuryu, Jaxson Ryder, Savior Hawkins, David Hightower,

Madman Szalinski, and Jet Lawson continue fighting through the chaos.

Crowd: "FOUR! THREE! TWO! ONE!"

The buzzer sounds.

BUZZZZZZ!

The All or Nothing Rumble has become a field of wreckage.

Amy Harrison is gone.

Marie Van Claudio is gone.

Susanita Ybanez is gone.

Lexi Gold is gone.

The Women's Championship race has narrowed to three.

Emily Hightower.

Kaida Shizuka.

Kirsty McKinney.

One of them will become UTA Women's Champion.

Emily stands near the ropes, breathing hard, eyes still burning from everything that has happened around Marie, Susanita, Amy, and her own father. Kaida Shizuka remains calm, silent, cutting angles with her eyes. Kirsty McKinney stands low and practical, the woman who just ripped the emotional high of Susanita's double elimination away in the coldest way possible.

Across the ring, the male field is still crowded with history, violence, and exhaustion.

Maxwell Jett is still low and protected by cowardice, traffic, luck, and whatever spiteful god has kept him alive this long.

Bobby Dean remains outside in the battle chair, still active, still watching, still waiting.

Yoshii remains near center with Jed Eye pacing at ringside, shouting himself hoarse.

El Fantasma Oscuro 1 and Silas Grimm remain aligned in the shadows.

Graham Keel stays low, eyes constantly measuring ankles, knees, and leverage.

Mikey Unlikely remains active, moving through the chaos with veteran timing.

But around them stand the others.

Brick Bronson.

Gideon Graves.

Trey Mack.

Tyger II.

Hakuryu.

Jaxson Ryder.

Savior Hawkins.

David Hightower.

Madman Szalinski.

Jet Lawson.

The ring is still too full.

Then everything goes black.

Not dim.

Black.

The kind of darkness that does not feel like production.

The kind of darkness that feels like memory.

The O2 lowers into an uneasy murmur.

No one moves much inside the ring.

Not even Maxwell Jett.

A faint drum machine pattern begins to pulse through the speakers.

Slow.

Cold.

Familiar.

One heartbeat.

Then another.

The first haunted notes of Phil Collins' "In the Air Tonight" drift into the arena.

The reaction is not immediate noise.

It is a gasp.

Then the crowd starts to realize.

Phones rise.

Mouths fall open.

The older fans stand first.

The newer fans follow because the energy in the building tells them this is not just another entrant.

John Phillips: "No way."

Mark Bravo: "John..."

John Phillips: "No way."

A single white spotlight cuts through the darkness and lands on the stage.

For several long seconds, nobody comes out.

The music breathes.

The O2 holds its breath with it.

Then the curtain parts.

Sean Jackson steps into the light.

The building comes unglued.

Not a clean cheer.

Not a clean boo.

A shockwave.

A legend reaction.

The kind of sound that happens when history walks out wearing human skin.

John Phillips: "Entrant number sixty is Sean Jackson!"

Mark Bravo: "Hall of Famer! Three-time UTA World Champion! Dynasty member! The Lone Star of Texas! Sean Jackson is in the All or Nothing Rumble!"

Sean stands at the top of the ramp in that cold white spotlight, shoulders relaxed, face unreadable except for the faintest curve at the corner of his mouth.

He does not rush.

He does not gesture wildly.

He does not need to.

He raises one hand slowly, forming the Hook ’Em horns, and the arena reacts like a ghost just touched the back of its neck.

John Phillips: "The last time Sean Jackson’s name echoed like this, we were talking about Black Horizon, Jarvis Valentine, Survivor, Mental Breakdown, and a man who has made a career out of changing the direction of UTA with one knee to the back of the skull."

Mark Bravo: "That music hits, and everybody in the ring suddenly remembers what danger sounds like."

Inside the ring, Mikey Unlikely freezes.

For the first time in a long time, Mikey’s expression drops into something complicated.

Dynasty history.

Old alliances.

Old poison.

Old ghosts.

Sean’s eyes move across the ring.

They pass over Yoshii.

They pass over El Fantasma Oscuro 1.

They pass over Silas Grimm.

They pass over Graham Keel.

They stop briefly on Mikey Unlikely.

Sean gives the smallest nod.

Mikey does not smile.

Not fully.

But he nods back.

Then Sean’s eyes move again.

They find Maxwell Jett.

Maxwell is flat against the lower rope, trying to look like part of the ring.

Sean’s faint smile grows.

Maxwell Jett: "Nope."

Sean starts walking.

Slow.

Measured.

Every step in rhythm with the song’s patient, stalking pulse.

He ignores the fans reaching over the barricade.

He ignores the boos.

He ignores the cheers.

He ignores everything except the ring.

At ringside, Bobby Dean looks up from the battle chair.

Sean stops beside him.

The music continues to breathe around them.

Bobby stares.

Bobby Dean: "Sean."

Sean looks at the battle chair.

Then at Bobby.

Sean Jackson: "Still in?"

Bobby Dean: "Still active."

Sean nods once, almost approving.

Sean Jackson: "Then stay out of my way."

Bobby swallows.

Bobby Dean: "The chair understands."

Sean turns away and climbs the steel steps.

Mark Bravo: "The chair may have finally met someone it does not want in the coalition."

Sean steps onto the apron.

The ring is still moving around him, but slower now, like even chaos has turned its head.

He wipes his boots on the apron.

One.

Then the other.

The ritual matters.

Then he steps through the ropes.

Sean Jackson is officially in the All or Nothing Rumble.

Jet Lawson moves first.

The Blue Comet does not wait for Sean to settle, launching himself from the side with a springboard knee.

Sean sidesteps by inches.

Jet lands and turns.

Mental Breakdown.

The high knee smashes into the back of Jet Lawson’s skull.

Jet collapses forward into the ropes, limp for a half-second.

Sean grabs him by the waistband and shoulder and throws him over the top rope.

Jet Lawson crashes to the floor.

Both feet hit.

Ring Announcer: "Jet Lawson has been eliminated!"

John Phillips: "Mental Breakdown! Jet Lawson is gone!"

Jaxson Ryder charges immediately, fury and instinct carrying him across the ring.

Sean ducks under the first shot, drives a knee into Jaxson’s midsection, and sends him hard into the corner.

Eyes of Texas.

Jaxson’s face hits the turnbuckle.

He staggers backward.

Sean hooks him up.

Hook ’Em Horns Driver.

Jaxson hits hard.

Sean pulls him up by the back of the gear and runs him to the ropes.

Jaxson Ryder goes over.

Both feet hit the floor.

Ring Announcer: "Jaxson Ryder has been eliminated!"

Mark Bravo: "Sean Jackson is not entering this match. He is erasing people!"

Savior Hawkins comes next, anger finally boiling over at the wrong time.

He swings hard.

Sean slips the shot, grabs him by the head, and drives a sharp knee into his face.

Savior stumbles.

Sean catches him and hurls him shoulder-first into Graham Keel by accident.

Keel rolls away, protected and furious.

Savior rebounds off the collision, dazed.

Sean clotheslines him over the top rope.

Savior Hawkins hits the floor.

Ring Announcer: "Savior Hawkins has been eliminated!"

John Phillips: "Savior Hawkins is gone! Three eliminations in seconds!"

David Hightower steps into Sean’s path.

The crowd buzzes at the sight.

David is calm.

Sean is colder.

David Hightower: "You ain’t walking through me."

Sean looks at him.

Sean Jackson: "I already did."

David throws a heavy right hand.

Sean blocks enough of it, staggers half a step, then snaps a knee into David’s ribs.

Another knee.

Then he hooks David and drives him backward into the corner.

Houston Hangover.

The buckle bomb rattles David Hightower against the turnbuckles.

David stumbles out.

Sean blasts him with Mental Breakdown.

David drops to one knee, then falls forward.

Emily Hightower turns sharply and sees her father down.

Emily Hightower: "Dad!"

Sean pulls David up and dumps him over the top rope before Emily can get there.

David Hightower crashes to the floor.

Both feet hit.

Ring Announcer: "David Hightower has been eliminated!"

John Phillips: "David Hightower is gone! Sean Jackson eliminates David Hightower!"

Emily reaches the ropes, staring down at her father, then turns slowly toward Sean.

Sean does not look at her for long.

He knows she is protected by the championship race.

He has other work.

Tyger II flashes in from the side, low and quick, aiming for the ribs.

Sean catches him with a sharp elbow to the side of the mask.

Tyger stumbles but spins back with a kick.

Sean ducks, grabs him from behind, and throws him shoulder-first into the ropes.

Tyger rebounds and catches himself.

For one second, the Tiger Yokai is safe.

Then Sean drives a running knee between the shoulder blades.

Tyger spills over the top rope.

He lands on the apron, one hand clinging to the top strand.

El Fantasma Oscuro 1 watches from nearby, unmoving.

Sean steps in and kicks Tyger’s hand away.

Tyger II falls to the floor.

Ring Announcer: "Tyger II has been eliminated!"

Mark Bravo: "Tyger II is gone! Sean Jackson just kicked the yokai off the apron!"

Hakuryu steps forward now.

No panic.

No theatrics.

Just a cold, dangerous stare.

Sean meets him near center.

Hakuryu fires a kick to Sean’s ribs.

Sean absorbs it with a grimace and answers with a forearm.

Hakuryu fires another kick.

Sean catches this one and yanks Hakuryu forward into a short knee.

Hakuryu staggers.

Sean scoops him up.

Hook ’Em Horns Driver.

Hakuryu lands hard.

Sean pulls him up and throws him over the top rope.

Hakuryu crashes to the floor.

Ring Announcer: "Hakuryu has been eliminated!"

John Phillips: "Hakuryu is gone! Sean Jackson is dismantling the male field!"

Madman Szalinski is next.

The O2 rises because this one feels different.

Madman and Sean are both ghosts from different violent corners of UTA history, both men carrying too much past to fit into the present cleanly.

Madman Szalinski: "Hell of an entrance."

Sean smirks.

Sean Jackson: "Hell of an exit."

Madman throws first.

Right hand.

Sean answers.

Madman throws another.

Sean answers sharper.

Madman ducks a third and hits the ropes.

Tecmo Elbow.

The strike catches Sean across the jaw and rocks him backward for the first time since entering.

The crowd pops huge.

John Phillips: "Madman caught Sean!"

Madman hits the opposite ropes, looking for another.

Silas Grimm, still protected, reaches from the side and clips Madman’s ankle.

Madman stumbles just enough.

Sean’s eyes narrow.

Mental Breakdown.

The knee hits the back of Madman’s skull.

Madman collapses forward into the ropes.

Sean grabs him and dumps him over.

Madman Szalinski hits the floor.

Ring Announcer: "Madman Szalinski has been eliminated!"

Mark Bravo: "Silas Grimm just gave Sean the half-second he needed! Madman is out!"

Madman sits on the floor, dazed, slowly realizing what happened.

His eyes lift to Silas Grimm.

Silas gives him a faint smile.

Madman’s stare hardens as officials move him away.

Trey Mack comes roaring in next, big-man speed carrying him like a truck downhill.

Sean turns just in time.

Trey crashes into him with a shoulder block that sends Sean backward into the ropes.

The O2 erupts.

Trey Mack: "MACK ATTACK!"

Trey charges again.

Sean ducks and pulls the top rope down.

Trey catches himself on the apron, landing hard but hanging on.

Sean moves in.

Trey throws a shoulder through the ropes into Sean’s ribs.

Sean staggers.

Trey tries to spring back in.

Sean blasts him with a knee before he can clear the ropes.

Trey falls backward off the apron.

Both feet hit.

Ring Announcer: "Trey Mack has been eliminated!"

John Phillips: "Trey Mack is gone! Sean Jackson pulled the rope, then finished him with the knee!"

Brick Bronson and Gideon Graves stop fighting each other.

For the first time all night, they look at the same target.

Sean Jackson looks at both of them and almost seems amused.

Mark Bravo: "Oh, this is a bad neighborhood, Sean."

Brick comes from the left.

Gideon comes from the right.

They both swing.

Sean ducks.

Brick and Gideon smash into each other with stereo forearms, both men staggering from the accidental collision.

Sean hits Brick first with a chop block to the back of the knee.

Brick drops to one leg.

Sean rebounds off the ropes.

Mental Breakdown to Brick Bronson.

Brick falls forward into the ropes.

Sean struggles for the lift, but uses Brick’s own deadweight and the low angle to shove him up and over.

Brick Bronson spills to the floor.

Ring Announcer: "Brick Bronson has been eliminated!"

John Phillips: "Brick Bronson is out!"

Gideon Graves roars and grabs Sean by the throat from behind.

The O2 rises again.

For the first time, Sean is physically trapped.

Gideon lifts.

Sean rakes the eyes.

The crowd boos, but there is nothing pretty about survival.

Gideon releases, blinded for a heartbeat.

Sean drives a knee into the ribs.

Another.

Then he grabs Gideon and runs him face-first into the turnbuckle.

Eyes of Texas.

Gideon staggers back.

Sean hits the ropes.

Mental Breakdown.

Gideon drops to one knee.

Yoshii watches from center, still protected, nodding slightly like even he felt the impact.

Sean grabs Gideon by the head and shoulder and dumps him toward the ropes.

Gideon fights, heavy and stubborn, but Jet is gone, Jaxson is gone, Trey is gone, and there is nobody left to save him.

Sean drives one more knee into the side of Gideon’s head.

Gideon Graves goes over the top rope and crashes to the floor.

Ring Announcer: "Gideon Graves has been eliminated!"

Mark Bravo: "Brick Bronson and Gideon Graves, both gone! Sean Jackson has cleaned out the heavyweights!"

The O2 is in disbelief.

Ten male competitors have been erased in less than ninety seconds.

Jet Lawson.

Jaxson Ryder.

Savior Hawkins.

David Hightower.

Tyger II.

Hakuryu.

Madman Szalinski.

Trey Mack.

Brick Bronson.

Gideon Graves.

Gone.

Sean Jackson stands near center, breathing harder now, chest rising and falling beneath the lights, but his eyes remain cold.

The remaining male field is suddenly, impossibly, smaller.

Maxwell Jett.

Bobby Dean.

Yoshii.

El Fantasma Oscuro 1.

Graham Keel.

Silas Grimm.

Mikey Unlikely.

Sean Jackson.

And every name left feels heavier now.

Sean slowly turns toward Mikey Unlikely.

The crowd buzzes.

Dynasty history hangs between them.

Mikey lifts both hands slightly, not afraid, not backing down, but aware.

Mikey Unlikely: "Easy, mate."

Sean looks at him.

Then past him.

To Maxwell Jett.

Maxwell has stopped crawling.

He is frozen on one knee near the ropes, eyes wide, watching Sean Jackson cut through the field like a man trimming history down to the parts he wants to keep.

Sean steps toward him.

One slow step.

Then another.

Maxwell shakes his head.

Maxwell Jett: "No. No, we don’t have to do this. I respect legacy. I respect Texas. I respect terrifying music choices."

Sean keeps walking.

John Phillips: "Sean Jackson has set his eyes on Maxwell Jett!"

Mark Bravo: "The UTA Champion has survived everybody by crawling, hiding, ducking, slipping, and letting chaos protect him. But chaos just got eliminated, John."

Maxwell backs toward the corner.

Sean follows.

Yoshii watches from one side.

Graham Keel watches from low.

Silas Grimm and El Fantasma Oscuro 1 stay near the shadows.

Mikey Unlikely stands still, eyes on Sean, caught somewhere between old history and present danger.

Bobby Dean watches from the battle chair outside, mouth slightly open.

Bobby Dean: "He got everybody."

John Phillips: "Almost everybody."

Bobby Dean: "He is looking at Maxwell."

Mark Bravo: "Everyone is looking at Maxwell now."

Sean backs Maxwell into the corner.

Maxwell raises both hands.

Maxwell Jett: "We can make a deal."

Sean leans in just enough for Maxwell to hear him.

Sean Jackson: "No deals."

The crowd erupts.

Sean reaches for Maxwell.

The countdown clock appears.

15.

14.

13.

John Phillips: "Sean Jackson has entered the All or Nothing Rumble at number sixty, and he has eliminated Jet Lawson, Jaxson Ryder, Savior Hawkins, David Hightower, Tyger II, Hakuryu, Madman Szalinski, Trey Mack, Brick Bronson, and Gideon Graves!"

Mark Bravo: "Ten eliminations! Ten! The Hall of Famer just walked into this rumble and turned the male field into a ghost town!"

Crowd: "TEN! NINE! EIGHT!"

Sean Jackson has Maxwell Jett cornered. Maxwell is still protected, still alive, but maybe more exposed than he has been all night. Bobby Dean remains outside in the battle chair. Yoshii remains active with Jed Eye at ringside. El Fantasma Oscuro 1, Graham Keel, Silas Grimm, and Mikey Unlikely remain protected and active.

Crowd: "SEVEN! SIX! FIVE!"

The Women’s Championship race remains Emily Hightower, Kaida Shizuka, and Kirsty McKinney. Emily has just watched her father get eliminated. Kaida stays silent. Kirsty stays efficient. The final female remaining becomes UTA Women’s Champion.

Sean reaches for Maxwell again.

Maxwell looks past him toward the entranceway, desperate for the next buzzer to save his life.

Crowd: "FOUR! THREE! TWO! ONE!"

The buzzer sounds.

BUZZZZZZ!

Sean Jackson has Maxwell Jett cornered.

For the first time in what feels like an hour, the UTA Champion has nowhere obvious to crawl.

No Jet Lawson to collide into someone.

No Jaxson Ryder traffic.

No David Hightower fight spilling into the lane.

No Trey Mack stampede.

No Brick Bronson and Gideon Graves tearing chunks out of each other.

Sean Jackson has reduced the ring around Maxwell Jett to silence, space, and consequence.

Maxwell presses himself into the corner, hands up, eyes wide.

Maxwell Jett: "Sean. Legend. Icon. Hall of Famer. Texas. Dynasty. Phil Collins. We can talk about this."

Sean Jackson steps closer.

Sean Jackson: "No deals."

The O2 roars, the sound still shaking from the carnage Jackson just unleashed on the male field.

Jet Lawson is gone.

Jaxson Ryder is gone.

Savior Hawkins is gone.

David Hightower is gone.

Tyger II is gone.

Hakuryu is gone.

Madman Szalinski is gone.

Trey Mack is gone.

Brick Bronson is gone.

Gideon Graves is gone.

Ten eliminations in one arrival.

Ten bodies erased by a Hall of Famer who walked through the curtain like history had decided to start collecting debts.

Now Sean reaches for Maxwell.

Maxwell flinches.

Then the lights change.

The darkness left behind by “In the Air Tonight” does not fully lift.

Instead, it fractures.

Gold bleeds through it first.

Soft.

Too soft.

Too controlled.

Then red and black strobes begin to pulse over the stage, sharp and rhythmic, cutting through the arena like warning lights.

The metal cover of “Born This Way” by Leo Moracchioli erupts through The O2.

The reaction is immediate.

Boos.

Loud.

Hostile.

With just enough recognition underneath to make the moment feel important.

The video wall flashes:

LINDSEY LOTHARIO.

Then:

UNITED STATES CHAMPION.

John Phillips: "Entrant number sixty-one is the reigning UTA United States Champion, Lindsey Lothario!"

Mark Bravo: "And what timing! Sean Jackson is seconds away from getting his hands on Maxwell Jett, and here comes Lindsey Lothario!"

Lindsey steps through the curtain beneath the red, black, and gold lights.

No bright performance.

No extravagant voguing.

No blown kisses.

Not tonight.

The old Lindsey still flickers somewhere in the way they hold their chin, in the faint smirk at the corner of their mouth, in the natural awareness of exactly where the cameras are.

But it does not lead them anymore.

Lindsey stands with the United States Championship at their shoulder, hands taped, guard compact, eyes forward, every movement stripped down and sharpened by The Creed Method.

John Phillips: "Lindsey Lothario won the United States Championship at Victorious and has become one of the clearest examples of Eli Creed’s influence. The showmanship is still there, but now it serves something colder."

Mark Bravo: "Purpose, John. That is what Creed calls it. Low kicks, elbows, knees, clinch pressure, sudden bursts. Lindsey is not chasing the spotlight anymore. They walk into it like they own the damage."

Inside the ring, Maxwell Jett sees Lindsey.

His face changes instantly.

Hope.

Desperate, shameless hope.

Maxwell Jett: "Yes! Yes! New problem! New problem!"

Sean Jackson does not turn around at first.

He keeps one hand extended toward Maxwell, eyes still locked on the UTA Champion.

Then Lindsey starts down the ramp.

Measured.

Purposeful.

No wasted motion.

At ringside, Bobby Dean slowly turns the battle chair toward them.

Lindsey pauses beside him.

Bobby looks up.

Bobby Dean: "Still active."

Lindsey looks down at the chair.

Then at Bobby.

A faint smirk crosses their face.

Lindsey Lothario: "Still relevant?"

Bobby blinks.

Lindsey does not wait for an answer.

They turn toward the ring and hand the United States Championship to an official with a sharp, controlled motion.

Bobby Dean: "That was not an endorsement."

Mark Bravo: "The battle chair coalition is taking some hits tonight."

Lindsey climbs onto the apron.

Sean Jackson finally turns his head.

The O2 buzzes.

The Hall of Famer.

The United States Champion.

The old ghost and the new proof of concept.

Lindsey steps through the ropes.

Both boots hit the canvas.

Lindsey Lothario is officially in the All or Nothing Rumble.

Sean looks them up and down.

Sean Jackson: "Bad time."

Lindsey raises their guard.

Lindsey Lothario: "For you."

Maxwell Jett tries to slide down the turnbuckles behind Sean, looking for a way out of the corner.

Sean hears the movement and reaches back without looking, grabbing Maxwell by the wrist.

The O2 rises.

John Phillips: "Sean still has Maxwell!"

Maxwell screams.

Maxwell Jett: "I was adjusting my socks!"

Sean yanks him forward.

Maxwell stumbles out of the corner, directly into Sean’s grasp.

Sean starts to pull him toward the ropes.

For one terrifying second, Maxwell Jett’s entire title reign looks like it is about to be thrown over the top rope by Sean Jackson.

Lindsey moves.

Not flashy.

Not wide.

Fast and direct.

A low kick cracks into the back of Sean Jackson’s leg.

Sean buckles slightly.

Maxwell drops to the mat and rolls away instantly, survival instinct firing before dignity can interfere.

John Phillips: "Lindsey clips Sean’s leg, and Maxwell Jett escapes!"

Mark Bravo: "That was not an accident. Lindsey picked the exact hinge holding Sean’s momentum together."

Sean turns slowly toward Lindsey.

The expression on his face is no longer amused.

Lindsey keeps their guard tight.

Sean steps forward.

Lindsey fires another low kick.

Sean absorbs it and throws a sharp forearm.

Lindsey blocks enough of it with a tight guard, but the force still knocks them back a step.

Sean follows.

Lindsey answers with a knee to the ribs.

Sean fires a knee of his own.

Lindsey catches the clinch first, forehead pressed close, elbows tight.

For a few seconds, the entire rumble narrows into a tight, ugly striking battle.

Sean Jackson trying to create space for the kill shot.

Lindsey Lothario refusing to give him any.

John Phillips: "Lindsey has Sean tied up in close!"

Mark Bravo: "That compact guard, that clinch pressure — that is the transformation we've been talking about. Lindsey is not letting Sean get the runway for Mental Breakdown."

Sean drives a forearm into Lindsey's jaw.

Lindsey staggers back.

The old Sean Jackson danger appears instantly.

He hits the ropes.

Mental Breakdown.

Lindsey ducks at the last possible second.

The knee cuts through empty air.

Sean turns sharply.

Curtain Call.

Lindsey's superkick cracks Sean under the jaw.

The O2 explodes.

John Phillips: "Curtain Call! Lindsey caught Sean Jackson!"

Sean staggers backward into the ropes, stunned but not down.

Lindsey does not pose.

They do not play to the crowd.

They rush.

Sean swings wild.

Lindsey ducks under and hooks him from behind.

Sean elbows backward once.

Twice.

Lindsey eats the second shot, jaw snapping to the side, but they do not release.

Instead, Lindsey shifts their hips and drives Sean chest-first into the ropes.

Sean catches the top strand with both hands.

Maxwell Jett, still on the mat nearby, looks up and realizes what is happening.

For one second, he considers helping.

Then he crawls away instead.

Mark Bravo: "Maxwell Jett saw a chance to help eliminate Sean Jackson and chose carpet mode again!"

Lindsey pulls Sean backward from the ropes.

Sean turns.

Lindsey spins.

Center Stage.

The brutal discus lariat turns Sean Jackson sideways and sends him crashing back into the ropes.

John Phillips: "Center Stage! Lindsey Lothario just flattened Sean Jackson against the ropes!"

Sean slumps over the top strand.

The O2 roars as Lindsey grabs both of Sean’s legs.

Sean realizes the danger and reaches for Lindsey’s face, raking at the eyes.

Lindsey turns away just enough to avoid the worst of it, then drives a knee into Sean’s midsection.

Another.

Another.

Sean’s grip weakens.

Lindsey presses their shoulder into his hips and lifts.

Sean Jackson starts to tip.

John Phillips: "Lindsey is trying to eliminate Sean Jackson!"

Mark Bravo: "After what Sean just did to the field, this would be enormous!"

Sean fights back with everything left, throwing short hammering blows down across Lindsey’s shoulders.

Lindsey drops him back inside.

Sean lands on his feet, grabs Lindsey by the head, and pulls them in.

Hook ’Em Horns Driver setup.

Lindsey slips behind before Sean can turn the angle.

They grab him around the waist, drive forward, and shove Sean toward the ropes.

Sean rebounds.

Lindsey lowers their center of gravity.

Final Bow tease.

Sean fights out before he can be lifted, landing behind them.

He grabs Lindsey by the shoulder and spins them.

Mental Breakdown again.

Lindsey drops flat.

Sean’s knee sails over them and smashes into the top turnbuckle as he cannot stop his momentum.

Sean stumbles backward, leg compromised now.

Lindsey rises behind him.

Low kick to the damaged leg.

Sean drops to one knee.

Lindsey hits the ropes.

Standing Ovation.

The spinning wheel kick catches Sean across the side of the head.

Sean collapses backward into the ropes again, dazed, the Hall of Famer now hanging half over the top strand.

John Phillips: "Standing Ovation! Sean Jackson is in trouble!"

Lindsey charges.

Sean ducks low and backdrops Lindsey over the top rope.

The crowd gasps.

Lindsey lands on the apron.

One hand on the top rope.

Both feet safe.

Sean turns, still dazed, and swings a forearm.

Lindsey blocks it from the apron and snaps an elbow over the top rope into Sean’s jaw.

Sean staggers backward.

Lindsey grips the top rope.

They springboard.

Curtain Call again.

The springboard superkick blasts Sean Jackson full in the face.

Sean stumbles backward, turns, and ends up draped across the ropes opposite Lindsey.

Mark Bravo: "Lindsey caught him again! Sean Jackson’s legs are gone!"

Lindsey steps back through the ropes, breathing hard, jaw tight.

The O2 is standing.

Mikey Unlikely watches from several feet away, eyes locked on Sean.

Dynasty history still hanging in the air.

But Mikey does not interfere.

Not for Sean.

Not against Lindsey.

He only watches.

Yoshii watches too.

El Fantasma Oscuro 1 and Silas Grimm remain still near the shadows.

Graham Keel stays low, calculating.

Maxwell Jett has dragged himself halfway across the ring, trying to vanish behind Yoshii’s leg again.

Sean sees Maxwell moving.

Even dazed, even hurt, he reaches toward him.

One last attempt.

Sean pushes away from the ropes and takes a staggering step toward Maxwell.

Lindsey sees it.

They grab Sean by the wrist.

Sean turns with fury in his eyes.

Sean Jackson: "Move."

Lindsey pulls him close.

Lindsey Lothario: "Fall."

Lindsey spins behind him and drives a final knee into the damaged leg, dropping Sean off balance toward the ropes.

Then they charge forward with a hard clothesline, all compact power and sudden violence.

Sean Jackson flips over the top rope.

He lands on the apron for one desperate second, both hands clutching the top strand.

The O2 loses its mind.

Lindsey does not wait.

Curtain Call from inside the ring.

The superkick catches Sean flush.

Sean Jackson falls from the apron.

Both feet hit the floor.

The official points.

Ring Announcer: "Sean Jackson has been eliminated!"

John Phillips: "SEAN JACKSON IS GONE! LINDSEY LOTHARIO ELIMINATES SEAN JACKSON!"

Mark Bravo: "Moments before Sean could finally get his hands on Maxwell Jett, Lindsey Lothario sends the Hall of Famer out of the All or Nothing Rumble!"

The building is stunned.

Sean Jackson lands on the floor and stays on one knee for a moment, breathing hard, one hand at his jaw, the other braced against the floor.

He looks up into the ring.

Lindsey stands above him, chest rising and falling, expression cold and focused.

No grand pose.

No wild celebration.

Just the faintest smirk.

Lindsey Lothario: "Purpose survives history."

The camera catches Sean’s expression.

Anger.

Disbelief.

A thin, dangerous understanding that this is not over simply because the referee says he is eliminated.

Officials move in quickly, urging Sean away from ringside.

Sean slowly rises.

His eyes never leave Lindsey.

Then, finally, they shift.

To Maxwell Jett.

Maxwell is lying flat near the opposite ropes, hands over his head, pretending he is not alive.

Sean points at him from the floor.

Sean Jackson: "You."

Maxwell does not move.

Maxwell Jett: "No one here by that name."

The crowd laughs and boos at the same time as officials continue pushing Sean away from the ring.

Lindsey turns from Sean and immediately looks toward Maxwell.

Maxwell slowly lifts one hand.

Maxwell Jett: "Thank you?"

Lindsey steps toward him.

Maxwell’s hand drops.

Maxwell Jett: "Not thank you."

Lindsey reaches for him, but Yoshii’s massive body shifts through the lane, blocking the path as he collides with Mikey Unlikely near center.

Mikey ducks under Yoshii’s arm and lands a sharp shot to the ribs, but Yoshii laughs and shoves him backward. Graham Keel crawls low, looking for Lindsey’s leg now, but Lindsey checks the movement and snaps a low kick into Keel’s shoulder before he can grab cleanly.

Keel rolls away, protected but annoyed.

Graham Keel: "Reckless champion variables."

Lindsey Lothario: "Still champion."

Silas Grimm watches Lindsey with a faint, interested smile.

El Fantasma Oscuro 1 remains beside him, silent.

The male field has been changed again.

Sean Jackson entered like a storm.

Lindsey Lothario cut the storm off.

Now the remaining male field stands at:

Maxwell Jett.

Bobby Dean.

Yoshii.

El Fantasma Oscuro 1.

Graham Keel.

Silas Grimm.

Mikey Unlikely.

Lindsey Lothario.

On the women’s side, Emily Hightower has not stopped glaring between the ring and the floor where her father was eliminated. Kaida Shizuka watches Kirsty McKinney. Kirsty watches both women with the same cold efficiency that ended Susanita’s night.

Three women remain.

Emily Hightower.

Kaida Shizuka.

Kirsty McKinney.

One will become UTA Women’s Champion.

Outside the ring, Bobby Dean watches Lindsey.

Then watches Sean being guided away.

Then watches Maxwell still pretending to be floor décor.

Bobby Dean: "Lindsey got Sean."

John Phillips: "They did."

Bobby Dean: "Sean almost got Maxwell."

Mark Bravo: "He did."

Bobby Dean: "The chair is learning timing."

John Phillips pauses.

John Phillips: "That should worry Maxwell Jett."

Maxwell, still on the mat inside the ring, lifts his head slowly as if he somehow heard that through the chaos.

He looks at Bobby.

Bobby looks back.

The battle chair remains still.

For now.

The countdown clock appears.

15.

14.

13.

John Phillips: "Lindsey Lothario has entered the All or Nothing Rumble at number sixty-one and eliminated Sean Jackson, stopping the Hall of Famer moments before he could get Maxwell Jett over the top rope!"

Mark Bravo: "Sean Jackson eliminated ten men in one terrifying interval, but Lindsey Lothario came in cold, focused, and picked him apart with kicks, clinch pressure, Curtain Call, Center Stage, and one final superkick from the apron. The United States Champion just made a statement."

Crowd: "TEN! NINE! EIGHT!"

Lindsey Lothario remains active. Maxwell Jett remains protected and low. Bobby Dean remains outside in the battle chair. Yoshii remains active with Jed Eye at ringside. El Fantasma Oscuro 1, Graham Keel, Silas Grimm, and Mikey Unlikely remain protected and active. Sean Jackson is gone.

Crowd: "SEVEN! SIX! FIVE!"

The Women’s Championship race remains Emily Hightower, Kaida Shizuka, and Kirsty McKinney. Emily is furious. Kaida is silent. Kirsty is efficient. The final female remaining becomes UTA Women’s Champion.

Maxwell Jett slowly crawls away from Lindsey, away from Bobby, away from anything that looks like eye contact.

Lindsey watches him go.

Bobby Dean watches him too.

Crowd: "FOUR! THREE! TWO! ONE!"

The buzzer sounds.

BUZZZZZZ!

Lindsey Lothario has just done the impossible.

Sean Jackson is gone.

The Hall of Famer who entered to chills, cleared ten men from the All or Nothing Rumble, and had Maxwell Jett cornered with nowhere to run, has been eliminated by the United States Champion.

Sean Jackson is on the floor.

Lindsey Lothario is in the ring.

Maxwell Jett is still alive.

And the O2 still cannot believe any of it.

Lindsey stands near the ropes, chest rising and falling, one hand at their jaw from the punishment Sean managed to land, the other loose at their side, fingers flexing. The faint smirk remains, but it is small now. Controlled. Sharpened. The kind of satisfaction Eli Creed would call purpose.

Maxwell Jett has crawled behind Yoshii’s leg again, peeking around the massive former UTA Champion like Yoshii is a national monument he can hide behind.

Yoshii looks down at him.

Yoshii: "Maxwell?"

Maxwell Jett: "No."

Yoshii blinks.

Yoshii: "No Maxwell?"

Maxwell Jett: "Correct."

Bobby Dean watches from outside in the battle chair, hands over the controls, eyes moving from Maxwell to Lindsey to the entranceway.

The field is no longer crowded the way it was.

It has been gutted.

Maxwell Jett.

Bobby Dean.

Yoshii.

El Fantasma Oscuro 1.

Graham Keel.

Silas Grimm.

Mikey Unlikely.

Lindsey Lothario.

And the three women left fighting for the UTA Women’s Championship.

Emily Hightower.

Kaida Shizuka.

Kirsty McKinney.

Then the darkness left behind by Sean Jackson’s exit is cut by a sharp digital tone.

Beep.

Beep.

Beep.

The video wall glitches to life with pixelated grid lines, loading bars, health meters, and a blinking prompt.

PLAYER TWO READY.

The opening burst of “Press Start” by MDK hits the speakers.

The O2 reacts with a loud, bright pop, the entire arena shifting from the haunted chill of Sean Jackson’s arrival into digital adrenaline.

The name appears:

DEX RAINES.

John Phillips: "Entrant number sixty-two is Dex Raines!"

Mark Bravo: "Player Two is here! One half of Next Level, Theo Sparks’ longtime co-op partner, and a man who sees every match like code waiting to be cracked!"

Dex Raines steps through the curtain.

No bounce.

No big entrance sprint.

No exaggerated crowd-hype gesture.

That is Theo’s job.

Dex walks out calmly, eyes already locked on the ring, face unreadable, posture relaxed but ready. He pauses at the top of the ramp as the digital graphics continue to flicker behind him.

He looks at the current field.

Maxwell hiding.

Yoshii looming.

El Fantasma Oscuro 1 and Silas Grimm side-by-side.

Graham Keel low to the mat.

Mikey Unlikely watching everything.

Lindsey Lothario still standing after eliminating Sean Jackson.

Dex exhales once.

Dex Raines: "Bad lobby."

John Phillips: "Dex Raines is not a flashy talker. He is cerebral, dry, sarcastic, and extremely precise. Theo Sparks brings the chaos. Dex brings the analysis."

Mark Bravo: "And there are bugs everywhere in that ring right now, John. Maxwell Jett is a bug. Graham Keel is a bug with a kneebar. El Fantasma is a nightmare mode boss fight. Lindsey Lothario just patched Sean Jackson out of the match."

Dex starts down the ramp.

He does not slap hands.

He does not pose.

He watches.

Every step down the ramp is another second of reading the field.

El Fantasma Oscuro 1 turns slowly inside the ring.

Dex’s eyes find the mask immediately.

History.

Boss fights.

Tag gold.

No Love Lost.

Patterns repeat.

Systems crash.

John Phillips: "There is history between Dex Raines and El Fantasma Oscuro 1. Next Level challenged El Fantasma

for the UTA Tag Team Championships at No Love Lost. Dex knows exactly how dangerous that phantom is."

Mark Bravo: "He knows the pattern. The question is whether he has enough time in a rumble to exploit it."

Dex reaches ringside and stops beside Bobby Dean.

Bobby looks up from the battle chair.

Dex looks at him.

Then at the chair.

Then back at Bobby.

Bobby Dean: "Still active."

Dex nods once.

Dex Raines: "Low-risk build. Weirdly optimized."

Bobby’s eyes widen.

Bobby Dean: "Optimized."

Mark Bravo: "The battle chair just got a technical endorsement."

John Phillips: "Dex Raines may have explained Bobby Dean’s entire strategy in three words."

Dex rolls under the bottom rope and comes up to one knee, still scanning.

Dex Raines is officially in the All or Nothing Rumble.

Graham Keel moves first.

Of course he does.

Keel slides low toward Dex’s ankle, looking to welcome Player Two to the match by turning his base into a problem.

Dex sees it early.

He steps back half a pace, then drops suddenly, catching Keel’s reaching arm and rolling through with him.

Patch Note.

The rolling armbar takedown snaps Graham Keel to the mat.

John Phillips: "Patch Note! Dex Raines catches Graham Keel immediately!"

Mark Bravo: "That is the worst thing for Keel — someone who also reads patterns!"

Keel twists before Dex can extend the arm fully, protected and sharp enough to roll to the ropes.

Dex releases before getting tied up in the strands.

Keel rises to one knee, glaring.

Graham Keel: "Derivative technician."

Dex looks at him flatly.

Dex Raines: "Outdated patch."

The O2 pops.

Silas Grimm steps toward Dex from the side, but El Fantasma Oscuro 1 moves first.

The phantom rushes in silent and low.

Dex shifts with him.

El Fantasma throws a kick.

Dex slips back.

El Fantasma springs forward with a dropkick.

Dex rolls underneath and pops up behind him.

For one second, Dex and El Fantasma stand back-to-back.

Then both turn at the same time.

John Phillips: "Dex Raines and El Fantasma Oscuro 1, and listen to this crowd!"

Mark Bravo: "Player Two just loaded the boss fight again!"

Dex throws a short kick to the thigh.

El Fantasma absorbs it and answers with a forearm.

Dex blocks enough of the shot, then fires the discus elbow.

Critical Hit.

El Fantasma’s head snaps to the side, but he stays upright, staggering only a step.

John Phillips: "Critical Hit connects!"

Dex reaches for El Fantasma’s wrist, trying to drag him toward the ropes.

Silas Grimm cuts him off with a palm strike to the ribs.

Dex folds slightly, and El Fantasma slips away into the shadows near the ropes, still protected, still active.

Silas Grimm: "Some systems were built to haunt the operator."

Dex straightens slowly, one hand on his ribs.

Dex Raines: "Your dialogue tree is exhausting."

Silas smiles faintly.

Lindsey Lothario suddenly cuts across the ring, blasting Dex with a low kick before he can fully turn.

Dex drops to one knee.

Lindsey steps in, compact guard high, still riding the momentum of eliminating Sean Jackson.

Lindsey Lothario: "Wrong level."

Dex looks up from one knee.

Dex Raines: "Wrong input."

Lindsey throws Curtain Call.

Dex ducks under the superkick and catches the planted leg.

Lindsey tries to spin free, but Dex rolls with the leg, turning the momentum into another Patch Note-style takedown.

Lindsey hits the mat hard and rolls toward the ropes, surprised for the first time since entering.

John Phillips: "Dex counters Curtain Call!"

Mark Bravo: "Lindsey just eliminated Sean Jackson, and Dex Raines read the next move like frame data!"

Lindsey scrambles up near the ropes and charges with a knee.

Dex sidesteps, catches Lindsey by the wrist, and pulls them into a short discus elbow.

Critical Hit.

The strike lands clean.

Lindsey staggers backward into the ropes.

Dex does not smile.

But something like satisfaction flickers in his eyes.

He grabs Lindsey and tries to force them over.

Lindsey hooks both arms around the top rope, kicking backward, fighting with compact, violent resistance.

Lindsey Lothario: "No."

Dex adjusts his grip.

Dex Raines: "Yes."

Lindsey drives a backward elbow into Dex’s jaw.

Dex stumbles.

Lindsey turns, grabs Dex by the head, and pulls him into the clinch.

Knee to the ribs.

Another knee.

Then Lindsey spins.

Center Stage.

Dex ducks underneath the discus lariat.

Lindsey’s momentum carries them toward the ropes.

Dex hits the opposite ropes and returns fast.

Running knee-strike.

It catches Lindsey under the jaw.

Lindsey stumbles upright, dazed.

Dex hooks them quickly.

System Crash.

The snap brainbuster plants Lindsey Lothario near the ropes.

John Phillips: "System Crash! Dex Raines plants the United States Champion!"

Mark Bravo: "Player Two just crashed the whole Creed Method presentation!"

Dex pulls Lindsey up immediately.

No pin.

No cover.

Rumble rules.

He drags them toward the ropes, but Lindsey suddenly comes alive, clawing for the top strand and grabbing it with both hands.

Dex shifts his grip from the waist to the wrist.

Lindsey tries a back elbow.

Dex ducks under, twists the arm, and steps over the top rope with one leg still inside, using the rope as leverage without leaving the ring.

Patch Note again.

He rolls Lindsey’s arm across the top strand, forcing them to flip over the rope and land on the apron.

Lindsey clings there, one arm trapped awkwardly over the top rope.

John Phillips: "Lindsey is on the apron!"

Dex releases before the rope can pull him off balance.

Lindsey swings a desperate forearm from the apron.

Dex leans back.

The shot misses.

Dex rotates once.

Critical Hit.

The discus elbow catches Lindsey flush.

Lindsey Lothario falls from the apron.

Both feet hit the floor.

The official points.

Ring Announcer: "Lindsey Lothario has been eliminated!"

John Phillips: "Dex Raines eliminates Lindsey Lothario! Lindsey eliminated Sean Jackson, and now Player Two has eliminated the United States Champion!"

Mark Bravo: "What a turn! Lindsey stopped Sean from getting Maxwell Jett, but Dex Raines just walked in, read the pattern, and patched Lindsey right out of the rumble!"

Lindsey lands on the floor, stunned, one hand at their jaw, eyes burning up toward Dex.

Dex stands inside the ring, breathing harder now, still not celebrating.

He looks down at Lindsey.

Dex Raines: "Exploit found."

The O2 gives him a strong reaction as officials move Lindsey away from ringside. Lindsey does not throw a tantrum. They do not scream. They rise slowly, fury locked behind a cold stare, the United States Championship handed back to them by an official as they back away.

Lindsey has been eliminated.

But they are still champion.

For now.

Inside the ring, Maxwell Jett peeks up from behind Yoshii again.

Maxwell Jett: "Good job, new person. Very helpful. No need to look over here."

Dex slowly turns toward him.

Maxwell immediately ducks back behind Yoshii.

Maxwell Jett: "I said no need."

Dex starts toward him.

Yoshii steps sideways at the same time, unintentionally blocking Dex’s path with five hundred seventy-five pounds of cheerful former champion.

Yoshii: "Dex!"

Dex stops and looks up.

Dex Raines: "Large obstacle detected."

Yoshii smiles proudly.

Yoshii: "Yoshii!"

Jed Eye points from ringside, still yelling.

Jed Eye: "That ain’t an obstacle, baby! That’s the whole map!"

Mikey Unlikely uses Yoshii’s distraction to step in with a quick shot to the ribs. Yoshii grunts and turns toward Mikey, who backs away with both hands up and a grin.

Mikey Unlikely: "Just checking, big man."

Yoshii charges, and Mikey ducks away as the remaining male field collapses into motion again.

Graham Keel stays low, stalking Dex’s ankle now that Player Two has embarrassed him once already. Dex notices and turns just in time to avoid the first grab, but Silas Grimm steps into his path with a forearm to the chest.

El Fantasma Oscuro 1 appears behind Dex.

For a moment, Dex is between the ghosts and the technician.

Graham low.

Silas in front.

El Fantasma behind.

Dex glances around.

Dex Raines: "Difficulty spike."

El Fantasma lunges.

Dex ducks.

Silas moves.

Graham grabs low.

Dex hops the first ankle pick, but El Fantasma’s forearm catches him across the back and sends him forward into Silas’ waiting palm strike.

Dex drops to one knee, still active but suddenly surrounded.

John Phillips: "Dex Raines may have eliminated Lindsey Lothario, but now he is caught between El Fantasma Oscuro 1, Silas Grimm, and Graham Keel!"

Mark Bravo: "He cleared one level and immediately loaded into nightmare mode."

On the women’s side, Emily Hightower, Kaida Shizuka, and Kirsty McKinney remain locked in their own triangle of danger.

Kirsty goes low for Kaida’s leg.

Kaida sprawls and answers with a sharp kick to the shoulder.

Emily barrels into both of them, not caring who she hits, forcing Kaida to roll away and Kirsty to release the grip.

Emily is still angry.

Not just because the title is close.

Because her father was eliminated.

Because Marie got away from her before Susanita threw her out.

Because this match keeps taking the targets she wants and replacing them with choices she does not want to make.

Kaida rises in silence.

Kirsty resets, colder than both of them.

John Phillips: "The Women’s Championship is down to Emily Hightower, Kaida Shizuka, and Kirsty McKinney. The next woman eliminated does not leave with the title. The final female remaining becomes champion."

Mark Bravo: "And none of those three are easy. Emily has power and anger. Kaida has precision. Kirsty has ice water and timing."

Maxwell Jett crawls out from behind Yoshii, sees Dex surrounded, sees Bobby still outside, sees Mikey and Yoshii moving, and slowly begins sliding toward the opposite ropes.

Bobby Dean turns the battle chair slightly.

Maxwell freezes.

Bobby Dean: "Hello."

Maxwell closes his eyes.

Maxwell Jett: "I hate hello now."

Inside the ring, Dex fights back from one knee, driving an elbow into Silas’ ribs and kicking backward at El Fantasma to create space. Graham Keel grabs for the ankle again, but Dex rolls through, barely breaking free before Keel can trap him.

He rises near the ropes, breathing harder now.

El Fantasma Oscuro 1 stands across from him.

Silent.

Still active.

Still protected.

Dex wipes his mouth with the back of his hand.

Dex Raines: "Boss fight still pending."

El Fantasma tilts his head.

Silas Grimm smiles faintly beside him.

Silas Grimm: "The game ends when the shadow closes."

Dex looks at Silas.

Dex Raines: "Skip cutscene."

The O2 pops again as Dex steps forward, but Yoshii's massive collision with Mikey Unlikely and Maxwell's panicked crawl pull the entire ring back into motion before that fight can resolve.

The countdown clock appears.

15.

14.

13.

John Phillips: "Dex Raines has entered the All or Nothing Rumble at number sixty-two, and he has eliminated Lindsey Lothario!"

Mark Bravo: "Lindsey Lothario eliminated Sean Jackson and saved Maxwell Jett for the moment, but Dex Raines came in, read the pattern, countered Curtain Call, hit System Crash, and sent the United States Champion to the floor with Critical Hit. Player Two just made a massive impact."

Crowd: "TEN! NINE! EIGHT!"

Dex Raines remains active. Maxwell Jett remains protected and low. Bobby Dean remains outside in the battle chair. Yoshii remains active with Jed Eye at ringside. El Fantasma Oscuro 1, Graham Keel, Silas Grimm, and Mikey Unlikely remain protected and active. Lindsey Lothario is gone.

Crowd: "SEVEN! SIX! FIVE!"

The Women's Championship race remains Emily Hightower, Kaida Shizuka, and Kirsty McKinney. Emily is angry, Kaida is silent, Kirsty is efficient, and one of them will become UTA Women's Champion.

Maxwell Jett crawls toward the ropes again.

Bobby Dean slowly turns the battle chair.

Dex Raines watches El Fantasma Oscuro 1.

Silas Grimm watches Dex.

Graham Keel watches everyone's feet.

Crowd: "FOUR! THREE! TWO! ONE!"

The buzzer sounds.

BUZZZZZZ!

Dex Raines has just entered the All or Nothing Rumble and changed the equation again.

Lindsey Lothario is gone.

Sean Jackson is gone.

The United States Champion eliminated the Hall of Famer, then Player Two immediately patched Lindsey right out of the match with cold, analytical precision.

Now Dex Raines stands near the ropes, breathing hard, eyes locked on El Fantasma Oscuro 1 while Silas Grimm and Graham Keel hover nearby like different kinds of problems waiting for the same mistake.

Maxwell Jett remains low, still crawling, still surviving, still somehow champion.

Bobby Dean remains outside in the battle chair.

Yoshii still towers near center with Jed Eye screaming at ringside.

Mikey Unlikely remains protected and active.

El Fantasma Oscuro 1 remains protected and active.

Graham Keel remains protected and active.

Silas Grimm remains protected and active.

The Women's Championship race remains down to three.

Emily Hightower.

Kaida Shizuka.

Kirsty McKinney.

One of them will become UTA Women's Champion.

The ring feels smaller now.

Not because there are few people left.

Because every person still alive feels like they matter.

Then the lights begin to die.

Not suddenly.

One section at a time.

The O2 slips into darkness as red, white, and blue police lights begin flickering across the entrance stage. They do not feel patriotic. They feel like emergency lights reflecting off wet pavement after something bad has already happened.

The screen glitches.

Harrisburg streets.

Alleys.

Concrete.

A cracked curb.

A Reaper symbol appears in stark white.

Then the opening of "Black Flame" by Bury Tomorrow begins crawling through the speakers.

The O2 rises.

John Phillips: "Oh no."

Mark Bravo: "Business just got ugly."

The name appears on the screen.

CHRIS ROSS.

The crowd reaction is loud, heavy, and complicated.

Cheers.

Boos.

Recognition.

Fear.

Chris Ross steps through the curtain.

No sprint.

No wild rant.

No chair in his hand.

Just The Reaper of Harrisburg, jaw set, shoulders squared, eyes fixed on the ring.

John Phillips: "Entrant number sixty-three is Chris Ross! Former UTA Champion. The Reaper of Harrisburg. One of the most violent men to ever compete in this company."

Mark Bravo: "And the man in that ring, Maxwell Jett, is the man who beat him for the UTA Championship at Victorious. Ross has been waiting to get his hands on Jett again."

Inside the ring, Maxwell Jett hears the name and slowly lifts his head.

He sees Ross on the stage.

Maxwell’s face empties.

Maxwell Jett: "No."

Chris Ross starts down the ramp.

Slow at first.

Then heavier.

Each step looks like it lands with more weight than the last.

He is not walking to the ring.

He is stomping toward a debt.

John Phillips: "Chris Ross has not forgotten Victorious. He has not forgotten losing the UTA Championship to Maxwell Jett."

Mark Bravo: "Chris Ross does not forget anything, John. He files it away until the receipt has teeth."

Maxwell crawls backward behind Yoshii again, trying to disappear behind the largest object in the room.

Maxwell Jett: "Yoshii. Friend. Wall. Be wall."

Yoshii looks down at him, confused.

Yoshii: "Wall?"

Maxwell Jett: "Yes. Beautiful wall."

Ross reaches the bottom of the ramp.

And then—

The battle chair moves.

Bobby Dean suddenly drives his scooter directly in front of Chris Ross, cutting him off before he can reach ringside.

Ross stops.

Slowly.

Very slowly.

He looks down at Bobby Dean.

Bobby Dean: "Chris! Chris! Chris!"

Ross says nothing.

Bobby Dean: "Chris! Valentina came back tonight!"

Inside the ring, Maxwell Jett freezes.

Then the smallest laugh escapes him.

He cannot help it.

Ross hears it.

His eyes flick past Bobby toward the ring.

Maxwell immediately tries to stop laughing, but it is too late.

Maxwell Jett: "No, no. Not laughing. Coughing. Fear cough."

John Phillips: "Bobby Dean has driven the battle chair in front of Chris Ross, and I am not sure this is wise."

Mark Bravo: "Not wise? John, this is like parking a snack cart in front of a freight train."

Bobby raises both hands from the controls, earnest and frantic.

Bobby Dean: "I just thought you should know. Valentina came back. She went right after Maxwell. It was a whole thing. She got eliminated, but she was here. I saw it. The chair saw it."

Ross stares at him.

Chris Ross: "Move."

Bobby Dean: "Right, but also, Chris, Chris, Chris—"

Ross steps to the side.

Bobby drives the scooter sideways and blocks him again.

Bobby Dean: "You should have seen it. She came in and attacked him. Everyone let her. It was very satisfying until it wasn't."

Inside the ring, Maxwell is laughing harder now, one hand over his mouth while hiding behind Yoshii's leg.

Maxwell Jett: "This is incredible."

Ross’s jaw tightens.

Bobby continues, completely unaware that the air around him has become a warning siren.

Bobby Dean: "And then Marie eliminated her, but then Susanita got Marie, and Amy too, then Kirsty got Susanita, and now Emily and Kaida and Kirsty are still in, and I have been out here the whole time learning about timing."

Ross takes one slow breath.

Chris Ross: "Get out of the chair."

Bobby blinks.

Bobby Dean: "No thank you."

Ross reaches down.

Bobby grabs the armrests.

Bobby Dean: "Chris, wait. The chair and I have an understanding."

Ross yanks Bobby Dean out of the battle chair.

The O2 erupts.

Bobby Dean: "NO! THE CHAIR!"

Ross grabs Bobby by the back of the collar and waistband, not violently enough to injure him, but forcefully enough that Bobby’s feet are moving whether Bobby wants them to or not.

Bobby Dean: "John! Mark! Help!"

John Phillips: "Bobby Dean has been removed from the battle chair!"

Mark Bravo: "The coalition has collapsed! The chair has been abandoned!"

Ross marches Bobby around ringside toward the nearest side of the ring.

Bobby tries to grab the apron skirt.

Ross pulls him free.

Bobby tries to hook a boot around the steel steps.

Ross yanks him away.

Bobby Dean: "I was active outside! It was legal! It was working!"

Chris Ross: "Now work in there."

Ross rolls Bobby Dean under the bottom rope and into the ring.

The crowd explodes.

Bobby rolls once.

Twice.

Then he stops flat on his back, staring up at the lights.

For the first time all night, Bobby Dean is officially inside the ring.

Inside the match.

Inside the danger.

And Bobby Dean looks absolutely terrified.

Bobby Dean: "I hate the inside."

John Phillips: "Bobby Dean is finally in the ring!"

Mark Bravo: "After more than fifty entrants of battle chair strategy, Chris Ross has physically installed Bobby Dean into the rumble!"

Maxwell Jett's laughter disappears.

Because Chris Ross slides into the ring behind Bobby.

Both of Ross's boots hit the canvas.

Chris Ross is officially in the All or Nothing Rumble.

Ross does not look at Bobby again.

He does not look at Yoshii.

He does not look at Dex Raines.

He does not look at El Fantasma Oscuro 1, Graham Keel, Silas Grimm, or the Women's Championship triangle.

He looks at Maxwell Jett.

And he starts walking.

John Phillips: "Ross is heading straight for Maxwell Jett!"

Maxwell backpedals on his hands and knees.

Maxwell Jett: "No! Bobby distracted you! Be distracted!"

Ross keeps coming.

Maxwell scrambles up in the corner, trapped for the second time in three entrants.

Ross reaches out.

Then Mikey Unlikely steps in front of him.

The O2 explodes again.

Ross stops.

Not because he is afraid.

Because he did not expect him.

Mikey Unlikely stands between Chris Ross and Maxwell Jett, breathing hard, battered from surviving the entire chaos, but still very much there.

Chris Ross: "Move."

Mikey's expression is sharp now.

Mikey Unlikely: "Been a while, bruv."

Ross stares at him for a long second.

Recognition clicks.

Old history.

Old authority.

Old fines.

Old disrespect.

Old wars of words and worse.

John Phillips: "Chris Ross and Mikey Unlikely! There is a long, ugly history there!"

Mark Bravo: "Ross once made a career out of telling everyone exactly what he thought, including Mikey Unlikely. There were fines, there were blowups, there was pure hatred. Ross came in looking for Maxwell, but Mikey Unlikely just became a ghost from the past standing in his way."

Ross's eyes narrow.

Chris Ross: "I forgot you were in here."

Mikey smirks.

Mikey Unlikely: "That's the nicest thing you've ever said to me."

Ross throws the first forearm.

Mikey answers immediately.

The O2 roars as they start trading in the center of the ring.

Ross lands heavy.

Mikey lands sharp.

Ross drives forward with a shoulder.

Mikey staggers but fires back with a right hand.

Ross answers with a headbutt.

Mikey reels back, then catches Ross with a quick kick to the ribs.

John Phillips: "Ross and Mikey Unlikely unloading on each other!"

Mark Bravo: "This is years of bad blood getting shoved into a ninety-second window!"

Maxwell Jett watches from the corner.

Slowly, the smile returns.

Maxwell Jett: "Yes. Yes. History. Process your history."

Ross hears him and tries to step past Mikey.

Mikey grabs him by the shoulder and spins him back.

Mikey Unlikely: "Nah. You remember me now."

Mikey cracks Ross with a forearm.

Ross snarls and drives him backward with a spinebuster that shakes the ring.

John Phillips: "Spinebuster by Chris Ross!"

Ross mounts Mikey and starts hammering down with forearm shots.

One.

Two.

Three.

Mikey covers up, rolling with enough veteran instinct to avoid the worst of the fourth, then hooks Ross by the head and pulls him down into a tight scramble, tying him up just long enough to slow the assault.

Graham Keel watches the scramble from low nearby.

His eyes move immediately to Ross’s base.

Keel reaches in.

Ross kicks backward without looking and catches Keel in the shoulder.

Keel rolls away, annoyed but protected.

Chris Ross: "Not you."

Graham Keel: "Everyone is data."

Ross turns just enough to glare at Keel.

Mikey uses the opening to land a short shot to Ross’s jaw and roll free.

Both men rise.

Ross wipes his mouth.

Mikey adjusts his stance.

Maxwell claps from the corner.

Maxwell Jett: "Great work, everyone. Personal growth through violence."

Ross turns toward Maxwell again.

Mikey grabs him again.

Ross elbows him hard in the face.

Mikey staggers into the ropes but rebounds with a running forearm that knocks Ross back a step.

Ross responds with a brutal short lariat.

Mikey drops to one knee.

Ross grabs him by the head.

Mikey rakes at the wrist and slips free, then snaps a sharp strike into Ross’s ribs.

Mark Bravo: "Mikey Unlikely may be outgunned in raw violence, but he knows how to survive Ross. That history matters."

Across the ring, Bobby Dean has rolled to his stomach and is crawling toward the ropes.

He sees the battle chair outside.

So close.

So far.

Bobby Dean: "Come back to me."

Dex Raines steps over Bobby while backing away from El Fantasma Oscuro 1.

Bobby looks up at him.

Bobby Dean: "Can you optimize me back outside?"

Dex glances down.

Dex Raines: "Bad route."

El Fantasma Oscuro 1 rushes Dex from behind, forcing Dex to pivot away before Bobby can ask what route would be better.

Silas Grimm steps into the lane with a faint smile, watching Dex and El Fantasma exchange sharp movement near the ropes. Dex ducks a phantom strike and tries to counter with Critical Hit, but El Fantasma slips away and Silas catches Dex with a palm strike to the ribs.

Dex drops to one knee.

Graham Keel crawls toward Dex’s ankle.

Bobby Dean, still crawling, accidentally bumps into Keel’s path.

Keel stops and looks at him.

Bobby freezes.

Bobby Dean: "Hello."

Keel blinks once.

Graham Keel: "Obstruction."

Keel tries to crawl around Bobby.

Bobby panics and rolls the same direction, accidentally blocking him again.

Mark Bravo: "Bobby Dean is now using himself as accidental ring positioning!"

John Phillips: "I do not believe it is intentional."

Mark Bravo: "That makes it harder to scout!"

Yoshii sees Bobby on the mat and looks concerned.

Yoshii: "Bobby inside!"

Bobby looks up at him desperately.

Bobby Dean: "I know!"

Yoshii reaches down as if to help Bobby up.

Mikey and Ross crash into Yoshii’s side mid-fight, forcing the massive former champion to stumble one step and abandon the rescue.

Ross drives a knee into Mikey’s ribs and tries to throw him toward the ropes.

Mikey reverses and sends Ross instead.

Ross rebounds.

Mikey ducks.

Ross comes back again.

The 10-71.

The 360 discus rotating elbow catches Mikey across the side of the head and drops him to the mat.

John Phillips: "The 10-71! Ross catches Mikey!"

Ross looks down at Mikey.

Then looks up at Maxwell Jett.

Maxwell’s smile dies again.

Ross starts toward him.

Mikey grabs Ross’s ankle from the mat.

Ross stops.

Slowly, he looks down.

Mikey Unlikely: "Still here."

Ross’s face twists.

Chris Ross: "Then get up."

Mikey pulls himself up using Ross’s leg and trunks, and Ross grabs him by the head, dragging him the rest of the way to his feet.

They start trading again.

Not pretty.

Not clean.

Old hate in new bruises.

Maxwell Jett backs away from the corner and slides along the ropes, laughing again because Ross is occupied, because Mikey is protected, because somehow the universe keeps giving him another few seconds.

Maxwell Jett: "I believe in friendship now."

On the women’s side, Emily Hightower hears that and glares toward Maxwell for half a second, but Kaida Shizuka makes her pay with a sharp kick to the thigh.

Emily turns and swings.

Kaida ducks.

Kirsty McKinney shoots low behind Emily’s base, but Emily sprawls hard enough to stop the takedown before Kirsty can fully turn the angle.

Kaida kicks Kirsty in the shoulder to break the grip.

For a moment, all three women reset in a triangle.

Emily’s power.

Kaida’s precision.

Kirsty’s efficiency.

John Phillips: "The Women’s Championship field remains down to three. Emily Hightower, Kaida Shizuka, and Kirsty McKinney. One of those women will leave as UTA Women’s Champion."

Emily wipes sweat from her face and looks at the other two.

Emily Hightower: "Y’all wanna keep circlin’, or we gonna fight?"

Kaida says nothing.

Kirsty answers flatly.

Kirsty McKinney: "Circling is fighting."

Emily lunges at Kirsty.

Kaida moves with her.

The three collapse into another violent scramble.

Back near the men’s side, Bobby Dean finally reaches the ropes and starts pulling himself upright.

He gets one hand on the top rope.

Then another.

He looks over the top rope at the empty battle chair outside.

The chair sits there under the lights, abandoned and noble.

Bobby Dean: "I miss you."

Maxwell Jett crawls by behind him.

Bobby turns.

The two men freeze.

They are face to face inside the ring for the first time all night.

Bobby Dean: "Hello."

Maxwell’s eyes widen.

Maxwell Jett: "No."

Bobby reaches for him.

Maxwell scurries backward like a crab, straight into Yoshii’s leg.

Yoshii looks down again.

Yoshii: "Maxwell again."

Maxwell Jett: "Still no."

Ross sees Maxwell’s movement and tries once more to break from Mikey.

Mikey cracks him with a forearm and shouts right in his face.

Mikey Unlikely: "I said you remember me!"

Ross snarls and answers with a headbutt.

Both men stagger.

Mikey bounces off the ropes.

Ross steps forward.

They collide again in the center.

Neither goes down.

The countdown clock appears.

15.

14.

13.

John Phillips: "Chris Ross has entered the All or Nothing Rumble at number sixty-three, but before he could get to Maxwell Jett, Bobby Dean cut him off outside the ring to tell him Valentina Blaze returned tonight!"

Mark Bravo: "And Ross responded by yanking Bobby Dean out of the battle chair and forcing him into the ring! Bobby Dean is finally inside the match, Chris Ross is officially active, and Ross is trying to get to Maxwell Jett, but Mikey Unlikely has reignited years of bad blood and cut him off!"

Crowd: "TEN! NINE! EIGHT!"

Chris Ross and Mikey Unlikely continue trading shots in the center of the ring. Maxwell Jett remains protected and alive. Bobby Dean is now inside the ring for the first time tonight and terrified. Yoshii remains active with Jed Eye at ringside. El Fantasma Oscuro 1, Graham Keel, and Silas Grimm remain protected and active. Dex Raines remains active, still fighting through the ghost-and-grappler traffic.

Crowd: "SEVEN! SIX! FIVE!"

The Women’s Championship race remains Emily Hightower, Kaida Shizuka, and Kirsty McKinney. Emily remains protected and active. The final female remaining becomes UTA Women’s Champion.

Ross drives Mikey backward with a forearm.

Mikey fires back.

Maxwell laughs from behind Yoshii.

Bobby looks longingly at the empty battle chair outside.

Bobby Dean: "The outside was better."

Crowd: "FOUR! THREE! TWO! ONE!"

The buzzer sounds.

BUZZZZZZ!

Chris Ross and Mikey Unlikely are still throwing hands in the middle of the ring.

Ross came in with Maxwell Jett in his sights, only to have Bobby Dean block his path outside the ring with the battle chair, rambling about Valentina Blaze’s return until The Reaper of Harrisburg finally yanked him out of the scooter and shoved him into the match.

Now Bobby Dean is inside the ring for the first time all night.

Terrified.

Sweating.

Trying to keep one hand on the ropes while staring across the floor at the abandoned battle chair like a man looking at a life he used to have.

Bobby Dean: "The outside was better."

Maxwell Jett remains low behind Yoshii, somehow still alive, somehow still laughing whenever Chris Ross gets cut off, and somehow still the UTA Champion despite spending half the match moving like a haunted rug.

Dex Raines is near the ropes, trying to fight through El Fantasma Oscuro 1, Silas Grimm, and Graham Keel. Player Two came in hot, eliminated Lindsey Lothario, and immediately found himself surrounded by ghosts, shadows, and a grappler who treats ankles like personal property.

Yoshii remains near center, still massive, still dangerous, still with Jed Eye at ringside screaming himself hoarse.

Emily Hightower, Kaida Shizuka, and Kirsty McKinney are still locked in the final stretch of the Women's Championship race.

One of them will become UTA Women's Champion.

Then the entire building snaps into motion.

A brass band-style fanfare erupts over the speakers.

The O2 instantly claps into the rhythm as a second-line drumbeat rolls beneath it, bright and lively, cutting through the darkness left by Ross and Jackson and Lindsey and all the blood still hanging in the air.

Teal and purple lights whirl across the stage.

The screen flashes like wind ripping through neon.

CARTER DURANT.

THE HURRICANE.

John Phillips: "Entrant number sixty-four is Carter Durant!"

Mark Bravo: "Here comes The Hurricane! New Orleans energy, track speed, springboard offense, and right now this match needs a gust of fresh air!"

Carter Durant bursts through the curtain at full sprint.

No slow pose.

No hesitation.

He is movement from the second the lights hit him.

Carter slaps hands down the ramp, pointing to the sky between steps, shouting toward the fans, pulling the entire building into his rhythm even as chaos waits for him inside the ring.

Carter Durant: "Feel the gust! Storm's coming!"

The crowd roars back at him.

Inside the ring, Maxwell Jett sees Carter coming and groans.

Maxwell Jett: "Why are they all athletic now?"

Carter reaches ringside and spots Bobby Dean inside the ring.

He stops for half a second, confused.

Carter Durant: "Bobby?"

Bobby looks over, panicked.

Bobby Dean: "I was moved!"

Carter points at the abandoned battle chair outside.

Carter Durant: "You left your ride!"

Bobby Dean: "I know!"

Carter shakes his head, hits the apron running, leaps onto it in one smooth bound, and springboards over the top rope.

Carter Durant lands in the ring in a perfect crouch.

He is officially in the All or Nothing Rumble.

And immediately, he launches into the chaos.

Graham Keel reaches low for Carter’s ankle.

Carter hops over the grab, hits the ropes, and comes back with a springboard dropkick that blasts Keel backward into the corner.

John Phillips: "Springboard dropkick by Carter Durant!"

Mark Bravo: "Keel went for the ankle, and Carter made him eat both boots!"

Keel stays protected, rolling under the bottom rope and back in near the adjacent side, already irritated that the new entrant refuses to keep his feet where Keel wants them.

Graham Keel: "Unstable footwork."

Carter Durant: "That’s called speed!"

Dex Raines uses the opening to elbow Silas Grimm away and duck under a strike from El Fantasma Oscuro 1.

Carter comes through the same lane, catching El Fantasma with a hurricanrana that sends the masked phantom rolling across the mat.

El Fantasma pops up near the ropes, still protected, still active, but the crowd surges at Carter’s burst.

John Phillips: "Hurricanrana to El Fantasma Oscuro 1!"

Silas Grimm steps toward Carter, eyes cold.

Silas Grimm: "The wind does not know where it dies."

Carter looks at him.

Carter Durant: "Man, I just got here."

Silas swings.

Carter ducks, handsprings off the ropes, and comes back with a springboard enzuigiri that catches Silas across the side of the head.

Silas staggers one step, protected but rocked.

Mark Bravo: "Carter Durant is moving so fast even Silas Grimm’s creepy riddles can’t keep up!"

Dex Raines steps beside Carter for one second.

Dex Raines: "Good timing."

Carter Durant: "Good coding?"

Dex stares at him.

Dex Raines: "No."

Carter grins anyway, then turns directly into Maxwell Jett, who has accidentally crawled into his path while trying to escape Chris Ross.

The O2 rises.

Maxwell freezes on all fours.

Carter Durant: "Well, hello there."

Bobby Dean, from the ropes, perks up.

Bobby Dean: "That’s my thing."

Carter reaches for Maxwell.

Maxwell shrieks and scrambles backward, but Carter catches him by the ankle and starts dragging him toward center ring.

John Phillips: "Carter Durant has Maxwell Jett!"

Maxwell claws at the canvas.

Maxwell Jett: "I am not weatherproof!"

Carter pulls him up, trying to whip him toward the ropes.

Maxwell grabs Yoshii’s leg with both arms.

Yoshii looks down again.

Yoshii: "Maxwell still Maxwell."

Maxwell Jett: "Don’t tell them!"

Carter pulls.

Maxwell clings.

Yoshii lifts one leg slightly, and Maxwell dangles from it like a terrified championship ornament.

Mark Bravo: "Maxwell Jett has attached himself to Yoshii like a survival barnacle!"

Carter lets go, backs up, and hits the ropes.

He comes flying back for a Cyclone Kick toward Maxwell’s head.

Maxwell ducks at the last second.

The kick catches Yoshii in the chest.

Yoshii does not go down.

He barely moves.

Carter lands, eyes wide.

Carter Durant: "Oh."

Yoshii looks at his chest.

Then at Carter.

Yoshii: "Kick!"

Jed Eye loses his mind at ringside.

Jed Eye: "Do not kick Godzilla unless you packed a second city!"

Yoshii reaches for Carter, but Carter ducks beneath the massive hands and sprints away, barely avoiding being swallowed by the former champion’s grip.

Maxwell crawls away from Yoshii’s leg, laughing breathlessly.

Maxwell Jett: "Protected by infrastructure!"

Chris Ross hears Maxwell again.

Ross throws Mikey Unlikely backward with a shoulder and starts toward the champion.

Mikey catches Ross by the wrist, spins him back, and cracks him with a forearm.

Mikey Unlikely: "Still. Here."

Ross responds by grabbing Mikey around the waist.

Belly-to-belly suplex.

Mikey hits hard and rolls toward the ropes, protected and still active, but Ross rises like something that only gets angrier when delayed.

Ross turns toward Maxwell.

Carter sees Ross moving and steps into the same lane, not to block Ross, but because Maxwell is also the target in front of him.

Ross stops just short of Carter.

Chris Ross: "Move, kid."

Carter looks from Ross to Maxwell.

Carter Durant: "He yours?"

Chris Ross: "Tonight he is."

Before Carter can answer, Mikey Unlikely hits Ross from behind again, and Ross turns with immediate rage, dragging the old rivalry right back into the center.

Maxwell slowly lowers himself flat against the mat.

Maxwell Jett: "I support this conflict."

Carter shakes his head and turns back toward the opposite side, where Dex Raines is trying to fight free from Silas Grimm and El Fantasma Oscuro 1.

Dex ducks a phantom strike but stumbles into Graham Keel’s low grip.

Keel finally catches Dex’s ankle and starts twisting.

Dex Raines: "Problem."

Carter sprints in and lands a corner moonsault-style burst off the middle rope, crashing down across Keel’s back and breaking the hold.

John Phillips: "Carter Durant saves Dex Raines from Graham Keel!"

Dex rolls free and pulls himself up, favoring the ankle.

Dex Raines: "Assist registered."

Carter Durant: "You're welcome, Player Two."

Carter turns, but El Fantasma Oscuro 1 is there, springing off the ropes.

Carter ducks beneath him, rebounds, and catches El Fantasma with a tilt-a-whirl backbreaker on the return.

The O2 pops as El Fantasma arches off the impact and rolls toward Silas Grimm.

Silas grabs Carter from behind, looking to turn him toward the ropes, but Carter backflips through the attempt and lands on his feet.

Silas turns.

Cyclone Kick.

The standing step-up enzuigiri catches Silas across the jaw and sends him staggering into the ropes.

Mark Bravo: "Cyclone Kick! Carter Durant just turned Silas Grimm's head sideways!"

Silas hooks the top rope, protected and still active, but clearly rocked.

Carter points to the sky.

The crowd roars with him.

Then Dex Raines, still favoring the ankle from Keel's attack, is suddenly clipped again from behind by Graham Keel.

Dex drops to one knee.

Keel reaches for the leg.

Carter rushes back in, but Keel sees him coming this time and ducks low, using Carter's own speed against him.

Carter leaps over Keel, lands near the ropes, and rebounds immediately.

Dex catches Keel with a Critical Hit from one knee, rocking him sideways.

Carter flies in at the same time.

Springboard dropkick.

Keel gets blasted backward into the corner.

Dex grabs the staggered Keel and starts to drag him toward the ropes.

Carter helps for one second, both men trying to get Keel up and over.

Keel hooks the top rope, protected and stubborn.

El Fantasma Oscuro 1 and Silas Grimm both move in, forcing Carter and Dex to abandon the attempt before Keel can be forced out.

John Phillips: "They nearly had Graham Keel, but El Fantasma Oscuro 1 and Silas Grimm break it up!"

On the women's side, Emily Hightower catches Kirsty McKinney with a heavy forearm that knocks her into the ropes. Kaida Shizuka immediately attacks Emily's thigh with a kick, then another, trying to cut down the power base. Emily turns, furious, and grabs Kaida by the shoulders.

Kirsty sees both women engaged and steps in low behind Kaida.

For a second, Kaida is trapped between Emily's power and Kirsty's angle.

Kaida drops suddenly, forcing Emily to stumble forward and making Kirsty's grip slide off her base.

Kaida rolls away, silent, efficient, still alive.

John Phillips: "Kaida Shizuka escapes danger in the Women's Championship race!"

Emily glares at both women.

Emily Hightower: "One of y'all is goin'."

Kirsty adjusts her stance.

Kirsty McKinney: "Correct."

Kaida says nothing.

Her silence feels sharper than either answer.

Back near the ropes, Bobby Dean has finally pulled himself upright.

He looks outside again.

The battle chair is still there.

Waiting.

Bobby Dean: "I can make it."

Bobby slowly starts to step through the middle rope, not over the top, clearly trying to escape back to safety without eliminating himself.

Maxwell Jett, crawling past, sees him.

Maxwell Jett: "Take me with you."

Bobby freezes.

Bobby Dean: "No."

Maxwell looks offended.

Maxwell Jett: "After all we have been through?"

Bobby Dean: "You laughed when Chris took me from the chair."

Maxwell thinks about lying.

He decides not to waste the energy.

Maxwell Jett: "It was funny."

Bobby slowly pulls himself back inside, staring at Maxwell with wounded betrayal.

Bobby Dean: "The chair will remember."

Carter Durant suddenly rushes through and nearly trips over both of them while avoiding Yoshii's massive swinging arm.

Carter hops over Bobby, jumps over Maxwell, hits the ropes, and comes back with a springboard enzuigiri toward Mikey and Ross' brawl.

Ross ducks.

Mikey ducks.

Carter lands on his feet, momentum carrying him through.

Ross turns and catches him with a sudden shove to the chest, sending Carter backward into the ropes.

Carter rebounds with a burst, but Mikey grabs Ross again before Ross can follow.

Carter wisely keeps moving, pointing at Ross as he goes.

Carter Durant: "Noted!"

Chris Ross: "Better be."

Mikey lands a forearm across Ross's jaw and drags him back into their fight.

Carter spins away and finds Dex Raines near the ropes again.

Dex is staggered after another palm strike from Silas.

El Fantasma Oscuro 1 springboards toward him.

Carter rushes in and shoves Dex out of the way.

El Fantasma's attack clips Carter instead, sending Carter tumbling into the ropes.

Carter hooks the top strand with both arms, feet kicking, close to danger.

John Phillips: "Carter Durant nearly went over!"

Dex grabs Carter by the gear and yanks him back inside before El Fantasma can finish the job.

Dex Raines: "Assist returned."

Carter Durant: "Teamwork!"

Dex Raines: "Temporary."

Silas Grimm steps toward both of them.

Graham Keel rises behind Dex.

El Fantasma Oscuro 1 stays low near the ropes.

The temporary alliance suddenly has too many problems.

Carter looks around.

Carter Durant: "Bad weather."

Dex Raines: "Bad lobby."

They both move at once.

Carter launches toward El Fantasma.

Dex cuts toward Keel.

Silas Grimm smiles and waits between them.

The countdown clock appears.

15.

14.

13.

John Phillips: "Carter Durant has entered the All or Nothing Rumble at number sixty-four, and The Hurricane has brought immediate speed into the match!"

Mark Bravo: "Carter hit Keel with a springboard dropkick, tangled with El Fantasma Oscuro 1 and Silas Grimm, nearly got Maxwell Jett away from Yoshii, helped Dex Raines survive the shadows, and somehow made Bobby Dean even more homesick for the battle chair."

Crowd: "TEN! NINE! EIGHT!"

Carter Durant remains active. Dex Raines remains active. Maxwell Jett remains protected and low. Bobby Dean remains inside the ring now, still protected and terrified. Yoshii remains active with Jed Eye at ringside. El Fantasma Oscuro 1, Graham Keel, Silas Grimm, and Mikey Unlikely remain protected and active. Chris Ross remains active, still fighting Mikey, still trying to find a path to Maxwell Jett.

Crowd: "SEVEN! SIX! FIVE!"

The Women’s Championship race remains Emily Hightower, Kaida Shizuka, and Kirsty McKinney. Emily remains protected and active. One of the three will become UTA Women’s Champion.

Carter resets near the ropes, bouncing on the balls of his feet. Dex Raines stands beside him for the moment. Across from them, El Fantasma Oscuro 1, Silas Grimm, and Graham Keel close the space.

Maxwell Jett crawls behind Yoshii again.

Bobby Dean stares longingly toward the battle chair outside.

Chris Ross and Mikey Unlikely continue throwing hands in the center.

Crowd: "FOUR! THREE! TWO! ONE!"

The buzzer sounds.

BUZZZZZZ!

Carter Durant has entered like a gust of New Orleans wind, injecting speed into a match that had started to feel like a war of attrition.

Chris Ross and Mikey Unlikely are still locked in the center of the ring, years of hostility pouring out through forearms, elbows, and every bitter glare between shots. Ross keeps trying to break toward Maxwell Jett, but Mikey keeps dragging him back into their old history.

Maxwell Jett remains low.

Alive.

Protected.

Infuriating.

Bobby Dean is inside the ring now, no longer safely stationed in the battle chair, staring longingly toward the abandoned scooter outside like a man watching a rescue boat drift away.

Yoshii remains near center, massive and unbothered, with Jed Eye still at ringside shouting like he is personally narrating the rampage of a friendly kaiju.

Dex Raines and Carter Durant have formed the loosest possible alliance against El Fantasma Oscuro 1, Silas Grimm, and Graham Keel, but every second of that arrangement feels temporary.

And the Women’s Championship race remains down to three.

Emily Hightower.

Kaida Shizuka.

Kirsty McKinney.

One of them will become UTA Women’s Champion.

Then the arena lights dim.

A single spotlight hits the stage.

The opening pulse of “Remember the Name” by Fort Minor hits the speakers, and the O2 gives a respectful reaction as blue and gold light washes over the entranceway.

The screen flashes with clean, sharp graphics.

No fire.

No chaos.

No distortion.

Just precision.

B.R. ELLIS.

THE MAT SCHOLAR.

John Phillips: "Entrant number sixty-five is B.R. Ellis!"

Mark Bravo: "A stoic technician, blue-and-gold singlet, Greco-Roman background, and a man who can turn one mistake into a lesson real quick."

B.R. Ellis appears at the top of the ramp in the tailored blue singlet with gold trim, wrists taped, boots laced high. He pauses beneath the spotlight, looks toward the ring, and performs a short, respectful bow to the crowd.

Measured.

Disciplined.

Focused.

Then he marches forward with deliberate steps, eyes locked on the ring as if the chaos inside is not chaos at all.

Just a puzzle.

Just bodies and leverage.

Just technique waiting to be applied.

John Phillips: "B.R. Ellis is not flashy. He does not waste motion. Snap suplexes, arm drags, headlock takeovers, German suplexes, limb targeting — he is as technically sound as anyone in this field."

Mark Bravo: "That is normally great. Tonight, though? He is entering a ring with Chris Ross, Mikey Unlikely, Yoshii, Maxwell Jett hiding under furniture emotionally, and a whole horror movie trio with El Fantasma, Silas, and Keel. Technique better have body armor."

Ellis reaches ringside and walks past the abandoned battle chair.

Bobby Dean sees him from inside the ring.

Bobby Dean: "Don’t touch the chair!"

Ellis pauses briefly, glances at the scooter, then looks back toward Bobby.

He gives a small respectful nod.

Bobby Dean: "Thank you."

Ellis slides under the bottom rope, adjusts his knee pads, and steps into the center of the ring, cracking his knuckles.

B.R. Ellis is officially in the All or Nothing Rumble.

He barely gets one full breath.

Graham Keel shoots low immediately.

Ellis sees him coming, stuffs the first grip, and snaps Keel over with a clean arm drag that pops the crowd. Keel rolls through, protected, frustrated, and Ellis rises smoothly.

John Phillips: "Beautiful arm drag by B.R. Ellis!"

Silas Grimm steps in from the side.

Ellis catches him with a headlock takeover, dragging Silas to the mat and keeping the hold tight for one sharp second before Silas twists his way out.

El Fantasma Oscuro 1 suddenly flashes behind Ellis.

Ellis turns just in time and snaps him over with another arm drag, sending the masked phantom skidding toward the ropes.

Mark Bravo: "Okay! The Mat Scholar came in with receipts!"

Ellis gets back to his feet, and for one tiny moment, the ring seems to respect the technique.

Then Chris Ross and Mikey Unlikely’s fight crashes straight into him.

Mikey ducks a heavy Ross forearm.

The shot catches Ellis across the chest instead.

Ellis staggers backward.

Ross turns.

Ellis instinctively reaches for a waistlock.

Wrong instinct.

Ross drives a brutal back elbow into Ellis’ jaw, then grabs him by the singlet and hurls him toward the ropes.

Ellis rebounds, trying to reset into a counter.

Mikey Unlikely is there with a sharp forearm that knocks Ellis sideways.

Ellis stumbles directly into Yoshii.

The crowd rises because everyone sees the problem before Ellis does.

Yoshii looks down at him.

Yoshii: "Hello."

Bobby Dean perks up from across the ring.

Bobby Dean: "Also my thing."

Ellis tries to shoot low on Yoshii, perhaps out of pure wrestling instinct, perhaps because technique refuses to admit when the mountain is too large.

Yoshii does not go down.

Yoshii barely moves.

Instead, Yoshii grabs Ellis by the waist and lifts him clean off the mat.

John Phillips: "Oh no. B.R. Ellis is in Yoshii's hands!"

Ellis tries to shift his hips.

He tries to hook an arm.

He tries to create leverage.

There is no leverage.

There is only Yoshii.

Yoshii turns toward the ropes.

Ellis' eyes widen.

B.R. Ellis: "Wait—"

Yoshii launches him over the top rope.

B.R. Ellis crashes to the floor.

Both feet hit.

The official points immediately.

Ring Announcer: "B.R. Ellis has been eliminated!"

John Phillips: "B.R. Ellis is gone almost immediately!"

Mark Bravo: "That man came in, hit three clean technical exchanges, and then found out the final boss was shaped like Yoshii!"

Ellis sits on the floor, stunned, one hand at his jaw, trying to process how quickly a technically sound entrance turned into a flight lesson.

After a moment, he rises slowly.

Even eliminated, even frustrated, he looks toward the ring and gives a short nod.

Sportsmanlike.

Respectful.

Furious underneath, probably.

But respectful.

Mark Bravo: "Look at that. Even after getting thrown out like luggage, Ellis still acknowledges the ring."

John Phillips: "That is who B.R. Ellis is. He may be eliminated, but he does not lose his discipline."

Inside the ring, Yoshii smiles proudly.

Yoshii: "Ellis fly!"

Jed Eye throws both arms up at ringside.

Jed Eye: "That's what happens when you try to chain wrestle a natural disaster!"

Maxwell Jett crawls behind Yoshii again, nodding like the elimination somehow validates his entire strategy.

Maxwell Jett: "See? This is why I do not stand up."

Carter Durant rushes toward Maxwell, but Maxwell drops flat and rolls away beneath the bottom rope line, still inside, still alive.

Carter stops short and turns right into El Fantasma Oscuro 1.

El Fantasma throws a sudden kick.

Carter ducks, springs off the ropes, and comes back with a hurricanrana attempt. El Fantasma rolls through it, landing on his feet, and Silas Grimm steps in to cut Carter off with a palm strike to the ribs.

Dex Raines catches Silas with a short elbow from the side, but Graham Keel clips Dex's ankle again, dropping Player Two to one knee.

Dex Raines: "Persistent bug."

Graham Keel: "Persistent truth."

Dex tries to roll free, but Keel stays attached, forcing Carter to sprint in again and break the hold with a sharp dropkick to Keel's shoulder.

Keel rolls away, protected and still active, eyes narrowing at Carter.

Across the ring, Ross and Mikey continue battering each other.

Ross drives Mikey backward with two heavy forearms, then grabs him for a suplex.

Mikey blocks.

Ross tries again.

Mikey blocks a second time, then snaps Ross down with a quick neckbreaker that finally creates separation.

Ross rolls to one knee, jaw clenched, and looks right past Mikey toward Maxwell again.

Mikey pushes himself up, breathing hard.

Mikey Unlikely: "You still don't get to skip me."

Ross rises slowly.

Chris Ross: "I'm gonna break you first, then him."

Maxwell Jett, overhearing from behind Yoshii, points weakly toward Mikey.

Maxwell Jett: "Take your time."

Bobby Dean, still hugging the ropes, looks toward Maxwell.

Bobby Dean: "I heard that."

Maxwell looks at him.

Maxwell Jett: "You're supposed to be chair grieving."

Bobby's face hardens with the first flicker of genuine offense.

Bobby Dean: "I can do two things."

Maxwell looks deeply worried by that statement.

On the women's side, Emily Hightower charges Kirsty McKinney and drives her into the corner with a heavy shoulder. Kaida Shizuka immediately attacks Emily's leg with a sharp kick, forcing Emily to turn. Kirsty tries to slide behind Emily

and dump her from the angle, but Emily shoves backward with raw power and knocks Kirsty loose.

Kaida steps in with a rolling elbow.

Emily absorbs enough of it to stay upright, then grabs Kaida by both shoulders.

Emily Hightower: "I'm tired of gettin' kicked."

Emily throws Kaida toward the ropes.

Kaida rebounds and ducks under Emily's swinging arm, then snaps another kick into Emily's thigh.

Emily drops to one knee for half a second.

Kirsty sees it and shoots low.

Emily sprawls late, nearly caught.

The O2 rises as Kirsty almost turns the base enough to force Emily toward the ropes, but Emily claws back inside with brute strength, shoving Kirsty away with one arm while bracing herself on the middle rope with the other.

John Phillips: "Emily Hightower nearly got caught there!"

Mark Bravo: "Kirsty McKinney only needs half a mistake. Emily gave her a quarter, and that was almost enough."

Kaida stands over both women for a second, silent, calculating.

The Women's Championship remains suspended between three very different kinds of danger.

Back near center, Yoshii turns from the Ellis elimination and notices Chris Ross and Mikey Unlikely trading again.

Yoshii lumbers toward them.

Ross throws a forearm into Mikey.

Mikey fires back.

Yoshii steps between both men and raises his hands.

Yoshii: "Fight!"

Ross and Mikey both look up at him.

Chris Ross: "Move."

Mikey Unlikely: "Actually, I agree with him."

Yoshii smiles.

Yoshii: "Both fight Yoshii?"

Ross and Mikey exchange one glance.

Then both men hit Yoshii at once.

Yoshii staggers back one step.

Only one.

Then he laughs.

Ross does not laugh.

Mikey does not laugh.

Mark Bravo: "That laugh is the sound of two men realizing they just signed up for a group project with a volcano."

Yoshii shoves both men backward, Ross into the ropes on one side and Mikey toward center. Maxwell Jett uses the movement to crawl behind Yoshii again, but Carter Durant catches sight of him and sprints.

Carter leaps over Yoshii’s leg this time, reaches for Maxwell, and almost gets both hands on the champion.

Maxwell screams and dives between Bobby Dean’s legs.

Bobby freezes.

Bobby Dean: "Boundaries!"

Carter stops, bent forward, staring at Bobby.

Carter Durant: "Did he just—"

Bobby Dean: "Yes."

Maxwell crawls out the other side and rolls away.

Maxwell Jett: "Championship instincts!"

Bobby slowly turns toward him.

Bobby Dean: "You are not nice."

Maxwell backs away on his hands.

Maxwell Jett: "No one said nice retained titles."

Dex Raines, still fighting off Keel’s ankle attacks, glances toward that exchange.

Dex Raines: "Morale collapse detected."

Carter turns back toward Dex just as El Fantasma Oscuro 1 launches toward them again. Carter ducks, Dex sidesteps, and El Fantasma lands between them with eerie control.

Silas Grimm steps in beside El Fantasma.

Graham Keel rises low on the other side.

The triangle closes again.

Carter and Dex stand shoulder to shoulder for one more temporary second.

Carter Durant: "Still temporary?"

Dex Raines: "Increasingly necessary."

They rush forward together as the field surges into motion again.

The countdown clock appears.

15.

14.

13.

John Phillips: "B.R. Ellis entered the All or Nothing Rumble at number sixty-five and was eliminated almost immediately by Yoshii!"

Mark Bravo: "Ellis came in with beautiful technique, arm drags, headlock control, and that stoic focus. Then he tried to solve Yoshii with leverage and got thrown out like a spreadsheet in a hurricane."

Crowd: "TEN! NINE! EIGHT!"

B.R. Ellis is gone. Carter Durant and Dex Raines remain active. Maxwell Jett remains protected and low. Bobby Dean remains inside the ring and protected, but badly misses the battle chair. Yoshii remains active with Jed Eye at ringside. El Fantasma Oscuro 1, Graham Keel, Silas Grimm, and Mikey Unlikely remain protected and active. Chris Ross remains active, still fighting Mikey, still trying to carve a path to Maxwell.

Crowd: "SEVEN! SIX! FIVE!"

The Women's Championship race remains Emily Hightower, Kaida Shizuka, and Kirsty McKinney. Emily remains protected and active. One of those three will become UTA Women's Champion.

Ross and Mikey collide again. Carter and Dex rush El Fantasma, Silas, and Keel. Yoshii laughs near center. Maxwell crawls. Bobby glares at Maxwell with wounded betrayal.

Bobby Dean: "The chair would not have let this happen."

Crowd: "FOUR! THREE! TWO! ONE!"

The buzzer sounds.

BUZZZZZZ!

B.R. Ellis is gone almost as quickly as he arrived, thrown from the All or Nothing Rumble by Yoshii after a brief flash of beautiful technical wrestling ran headfirst into a walking natural disaster.

Inside the ring, the chaos keeps shifting.

Chris Ross and Mikey Unlikely are still hammering each other near center, their old history swallowing Ross' original purpose every time he tries to break free toward Maxwell Jett. Ross came in for the man who took his UTA Championship. Mikey keeps making sure he remembers every ugly piece of their past first.

Maxwell Jett remains low and alive, moving behind Yoshii whenever possible, behind Bobby Dean whenever desperate, and behind anything large enough to qualify as a temporary building code violation.

Bobby Dean is still inside the ring and still deeply unhappy about it.

Dex Raines and Carter Durant are still trying to survive the cold triangle of El Fantasma Oscuro 1, Silas Grimm, and Graham Keel. Dex moves with calculation. Carter moves with speed. Keel watches feet. Silas watches souls. El Fantasma watches from behind the mask like the match itself is a shadow he can step through.

Yoshii stands near center with Jed Eye still shouting from ringside, somehow growing louder as the night gets longer.

And the Women's Championship field remains down to three.

Emily Hightower.

Kaida Shizuka.

Kirsty McKinney.

One of them will become UTA Women's Champion.

Then the lights drop into a low industrial hum.

The arena does not go dark.

It goes heavy.

A bass note rolls through The O2 like machinery waking beneath concrete.

Red warning lights pulse across the stage.

Once.

Twice.

Then a freight horn BLARES through the building.

BWAAAAAAAAAAM!

The crowd immediately rises, a mix of cheers and boos rolling together as smoke crawls low across the stage.

The screen flashes:

CLOVIS BLACK.

The freight horn sounds again.

BWAAAAAAAAAAM!

John Phillips: "Entrant number sixty-six is Clovis Black!"

Mark Bravo: "One half of the UTA Tag Team Champions, and listen to that sound. That is not entrance music, John. That is a public warning."

Clovis Black steps through the smoke with his hood up and shoulders squared, sleeveless trench coat hanging from him like something pulled out of a fight club furnace.

No pose.

No smile.

No arms raised.

No attempt to win over the crowd.

He walks out like he is here to collect a debt.

Inside the ring, Graham Keel turns immediately.

El Fantasma Oscuro 1 turns as well.

Silas Grimm’s expression barely changes, but his eyes shift toward the stage.

Carter Durant sees Clovis and exhales.

Carter Durant: "That is a lot of weather."

Dex Raines glances from Clovis to the cluster already surrounding him.

Dex Raines: "Difficulty increased."

Maxwell Jett peeks up from behind Yoshii.

Maxwell Jett: "Nope. Too big. Don’t like it."

Bobby Dean looks toward the abandoned battle chair outside, then toward Clovis, then back toward the chair.

Bobby Dean: "I could have driven away from that."

Clovis reaches ringside and does not stop near Bobby’s scooter.

He does not inspect it.

He does not comment on it.

He walks past it like it is a parked car on train tracks and the train has no intention of braking.

Clovis climbs onto the apron, steps through the ropes, and removes the sleeveless trench coat in one sharp motion, tossing it through the ropes to the floor.

Both boots hit the canvas.

Clovis Black is officially in the All or Nothing Rumble.

Carter Durant comes at him first.

Not because it is wise.

Because Carter Durant is motion, and motion has to go somewhere.

Carter sprints off the ropes and leaps for a springboard dropkick.

Clovis steps forward into it.

The boots hit his chest.

Clovis moves one step back.

Only one.

Carter lands, eyes widening.

Carter Durant: "That usually does more."

Clovis answers with a running body block.

The impact folds Carter backward and sends him skidding across the mat.

John Phillips: "Running body block by Clovis Black! Carter Durant just got flattened!"

Mark Bravo: "That was a man getting hit by rush hour."

Dex Raines steps in from the side, trying to attack the opening before Clovis can turn fully.

Dex snaps a low kick to the leg.

Clovis absorbs it.

Dex reaches for the wrist, looking to turn the momentum into Patch Note.

Clovis yanks his arm back and blasts Dex with a bell clap.

Dex staggers, hands going to his ears.

Dex Raines: "Audio bug."

Clovis grabs him.

Deadlift German suplex.

Dex is launched backward and crashes high on his shoulders, rolling toward the ropes in a heap.

John Phillips: "Deadlift German suplex! Clovis Black just threw Dex Raines!"

Graham Keel drops low immediately, smart enough not to meet Clovis chest-to-chest. He dives for the knee.

Clovis sees the movement and stomps down hard, forcing Keel to roll away before the boot can crush his hand.

Keel comes up near the ropes, expression still cold but eyes sharper now.

Graham Keel: "Base target confirmed."

Clovis looks at him.

Clovis Black: "Try it."

Two words.

Low.

Flat.

Enough.

Silas Grimm steps in beside Keel, and El Fantasma Oscuro 1 ghosts in from the other side. For a moment, Clovis is surrounded by three different kinds of malice.

Then Yoshii laughs from near center.

Yoshii: "Clovis!"

Clovis turns his head toward the massive former UTA Champion.

Yoshii steps forward.

Clovis steps forward too.

The O2 swells, feeling the weight of that possible collision.

John Phillips: "Clovis Black and Yoshii. That is over eight hundred pounds of humanity staring each other down."

Mark Bravo: "The ring just asked for hazard pay."

Yoshii raises one huge hand.

Clovis does not blink.

But before the collision can happen, Chris Ross and Mikey Unlikely crash into Clovis from the side, still brawling, still lost in each other.

Ross drives Mikey backward with a forearm.

Mikey fires back with one of his own.

Clovis turns toward them both, irritation passing across his face like a storm shadow.

Ross shoves Mikey off and finally sees the lane.

Maxwell Jett.

On the ropes.

Exposed.

No Yoshii in the way.

No Bobby between them.

No battle chair distraction.

No history blocking his path.

Just Ross and the man who took his championship.

John Phillips: "Ross sees Maxwell!"

Maxwell freezes.

His eyes go wide.

Ross starts forward.

Slow.

Then faster.

Maxwell backs into the ropes, shaking his head.

Maxwell Jett: "No, no, no, no. We were doing so well apart!"

Ross reaches him.

One hand closes around Maxwell’s throat.

The O2 explodes.

John Phillips: "Chris Ross has Maxwell Jett!"

Mark Bravo: "Finally! Finally, Ross has the man who beat him for the UTA Championship!"

Ross yanks Maxwell off the ropes and drives a knee into his midsection.

Maxwell folds with a strangled gasp.

Ross pulls him up and points toward the top rope.

The crowd rises to its feet.

Chris Ross: "This is where you stop running."

Ross starts dragging Maxwell toward the ropes.

Maxwell claws at Ross’ hands, boots scraping across the canvas, panic pouring from every movement.

Maxwell Jett: "Mikey! History! More history!"

Ross ignores him.

He gets Maxwell up against the ropes.

Maxwell’s upper body starts to tip over.

The O2 is screaming.

Chris Ross is seconds away from eliminating Maxwell Jett.

Then Mikey Unlikely moves.

Not with a speech.

Not with hesitation.

He comes from behind Ross, grabs the back of his gear, hooks one arm under the shoulder, and uses all of Ross’ forward momentum against him.

Ross realizes too late.

Mikey lifts.

Ross releases Maxwell.

Maxwell drops inside the ring.

Chris Ross goes over the top rope.

The entire O2 gasps.

Ross lands on the floor.

Both feet hit.

The official points.

Ring Announcer: "Chris Ross has been eliminated!"

John Phillips: "CHRIS ROSS IS GONE! MIKEY UNLIKELY ELIMINATES CHRIS ROSS!"

Mark Bravo: "Ross finally had Maxwell Jett! He finally had him! And Mikey Unlikely dumped Ross over the top rope from behind!"

The crowd is stunned.

For a moment, there is no clean reaction.

Just shock.

Ross stands on the floor, staring into the ring, chest heaving, hands slowly curling into fists.

Mikey Unlikely stands inside the ropes, breathing hard, looking down at him.

No smirk.

No joke.

Just the look of a man who knew exactly what he did.

Mikey Unlikely: "Now you remember me."

The line hits like a knife.

Ross’ face twists with fury.

Officials immediately swarm the floor, stepping between Ross and the ring before he can climb back in.

Chris Ross: "Mikey!"

Mikey backs away from the ropes, still breathing hard.

Maxwell Jett, meanwhile, is flat on his back inside the ring, staring up at the lights in total disbelief.

Then he realizes he is alive.

His expression changes.

Shock.

Joy.

Disgusting, relieved joy.

Maxwell Jett: "I’m alive."

He rolls to his side and looks toward Mikey.

Maxwell Jett: "I love history!"

The crowd boos him loudly.

Maxwell scrambles away from the ropes and crawls behind Bobby Dean, who immediately looks offended.

Bobby Dean: "Do not use me for cover after the leg thing."

Maxwell Jett: "Emotionally, I am very small right now."

Bobby looks at him.

Bobby Dean: "Good."

Ross is still being held back on the floor, pointing at Mikey, shouting without a microphone as officials force him away from ringside.

John Phillips: "Chris Ross came in to get revenge on Maxwell Jett. Mikey Unlikely's old bad blood just cost Ross that moment."

Mark Bravo: "And look at Maxwell. He knows he should be gone. He knows Ross had him. Mikey Unlikely may have just saved the UTA Championship for Maxwell Jett without meaning to help him at all."

Inside the ring, Clovis Black turns from the Ross elimination and immediately runs through Carter Durant with a huge big boot as Carter tries to come at him again.

Carter hits the mat hard.

Dex Raines steps in and eats a short-arm lariat.

The Whistle.

Dex collapses near the ropes, stunned.

John Phillips: "The Whistle by Clovis Black!"

Clovis reaches for Dex, but El Fantasma Oscuro 1 springs onto Clovis' back from behind, trying to drag him toward the ropes. Silas Grimm joins, grabbing one arm. Graham Keel attacks the leg low.

The three protected threats swarm Clovis Black at once.

Clovis drops to one knee, not from fear, but weight and leverage.

The crowd rises as he starts forcing himself back up despite all three men on him.

Mark Bravo: "That is three men trying to slow down Clovis Black, and I am still not sure that is enough!"

Yoshii sees the pile and lumbers toward it.

Jed Eye points wildly from ringside.

Jed Eye: "Yoshii wants in! Somebody check the ring supports!"

Yoshii crashes into the whole cluster, knocking Silas loose, forcing Keel to roll away, and sending El Fantasma sliding under the ropes to the apron before he rolls back in safely.

Clovis rises, slowly turning toward Yoshii.

Yoshii smiles.

Yoshii: "Clovis!"

Clovis stares at him.

Clovis Black: "Move."

Yoshii laughs.

Yoshii: "No."

The crowd rumbles again, wanting the collision, but the ring refuses to give anyone one clean fight for long.

On the women's side, Emily Hightower has Kaida Shizuka backed toward the ropes with heavy forearms while Kirsty

McKinney tries to pick Emily’s ankle from behind. Emily kicks her away and turns, but Kaida immediately catches Emily with a sharp kick to the thigh.

Emily stumbles.

Kirsty shoots low again.

Emily sprawls just in time, raw power saving her from another near-disaster.

John Phillips: "The Women’s Championship field is still down to three, and Emily Hightower keeps finding herself under attack from both angles!"

Mark Bravo: "That is what happens when you are the biggest power threat left. Kaida wants to chop the base. Kirsty wants to steal the angle. Emily has to fight both battles at once."

Back near the center, Mikey Unlikely watches Ross finally get forced up the ramp, then turns around.

Clovis Black is there.

Mikey stops.

He has just eliminated Chris Ross.

He now stands in front of a runaway locomotive.

Mikey Unlikely: "Different issue."

Clovis does not answer.

He steps forward.

Mikey wisely circles away, and Maxwell Jett crawls in the opposite direction, not sure which danger is worse but absolutely committed to being near none of them.

Bobby Dean watches Ross disappear up the ramp, then looks at Maxwell.

Bobby Dean: "You got saved."

Maxwell Jett: "I got strategically spared by the universe."

Bobby Dean: "You almost died."

Maxwell Jett: "But I didn’t."

Bobby slowly looks toward the battle chair outside.

Bobby Dean: "Timing."

Maxwell’s face drops.

Maxwell Jett: "Why did you say it like that?"

Bobby does not answer.

The countdown clock appears.

15.

14.

13.

John Phillips: "Clovis Black has entered the All or Nothing Rumble at number sixty-six, and Chris Ross has been eliminated by Mikey Unlikely just as Ross finally had Maxwell Jett on the brink!"

Mark Bravo: "Ross had Maxwell. He had him. But Mikey Unlikely made sure years of bad blood mattered more than Ross' revenge tonight. Maxwell Jett survives again, and Chris Ross is gone."

Crowd: "TEN! NINE! EIGHT!"

Clovis Black remains active. Carter Durant and Dex Raines remain active. Maxwell Jett remains protected and low. Bobby Dean remains inside the ring and protected, still thinking about timing. Yoshii remains active with Jed Eye at ringside. El Fantasma Oscuro 1, Graham Keel, Silas Grimm, and Mikey Unlikely remain protected and active. Chris Ross is gone.

Crowd: "SEVEN! SIX! FIVE!"

The Women's Championship race remains Emily Hightower, Kaida Shizuka, and Kirsty McKinney. Emily remains protected and active. One of those three women will leave as UTA Women's Champion.

Clovis and Yoshii square up near center. Mikey keeps distance. Maxwell crawls. Bobby watches him. Carter and Dex reset against El Fantasma, Silas, and Keel.

Crowd: "FOUR! THREE! TWO! ONE!"

The buzzer sounds.

BUZZZZZZ!

Chris Ross is gone.

The O2 is still trying to process it.

Ross finally had Maxwell Jett in his hands. Finally had the man who took the UTA Championship from him pressed against the ropes. Finally had the revenge he came for.

Then Mikey Unlikely made years of bad blood matter more than Maxwell Jett.

One lift.

One shove.

One impossible elimination.

And Chris Ross is gone.

Maxwell Jett is still alive.

Still crawling.

Still the most hated survivor in the building.

Inside the ring, Mikey Unlikely backs away from the ropes after watching Ross get dragged up the aisle by officials. There is no grin on his face. No showbiz smirk. No wink to the camera. He looks like a man who just made a decision he needed to make and will deal with the consequences later.

Maxwell Jett is on all fours near Bobby Dean, looking like a man who has just discovered religion and immediately made it about himself.

Maxwell Jett: "I survived Chris Ross. I survived Sean Jackson. I survived friendship. I am inevitable."

Bobby Dean looks down at him from the ropes.

Bobby Dean: "You survived because everyone hates each other."

Maxwell thinks about that.

Maxwell Jett: "That is basically leadership."

Bobby looks offended enough to forget the battle chair for half a second.

Near center, Clovis Black and Yoshii still stand close enough to make the ring feel too small. Clovis' jaw is set. Yoshii is smiling. Jed Eye is screaming from ringside, because Jed Eye has reached a point in the night where every large collision feels like a religious experience.

Dex Raines and Carter Durant are battered near the ropes, still trying to survive the combined pressure of El Fantasma Oscuro 1, Graham Keel, and Silas Grimm. Keel remains low, hunting ankles. Silas remains upright and cold. El Fantasma Oscuro 1 moves around them like a shadow with its own pulse.

The Women's Championship race remains down to three.

Emily Hightower.

Kaida Shizuka.

Kirsty McKinney.

One of them will become UTA Women's Champion.

Then the lights flicker.

Once.

Twice.

Not a clean blackout.

A failure.

A stutter.

A warning.

The arena sound drops into an uneasy hush as a single bell tolls through The O2.

GONG.

Fog begins spilling across the stage.

Not thick enough to hide the entranceway completely.

Just enough to make the space feel wrong.

Another bell.

GONG.

Silas Grimm slowly turns his head toward the entrance.

El Fantasma Oscuro 1 freezes in the ring.

Dex Raines sees both reactions.

Dex Raines: "Boss fight has a second phase."

The screen fills with crawling fog and a fractured mask.

Then the name appears.

EL FANTASMA OSCURO 2.

The O2 erupts into a confused, electric reaction.

John Phillips: "Entrant number sixty-seven is El Fantasma Oscuro 2!"

Mark Bravo: "And suddenly the shadows have doubled! El Fantasma Oscuro 1 has survived deep into this match, Silas Grimm has been circling him all night, and now Oscuro 2 is here!"

El Fantasma Oscuro 2 steps through the fog.

Masked.

Silent.

Still.

He does not rush.

He does not point.

He does not acknowledge the crowd.

He simply appears, one foot after the other, like the stage has exhaled him.

Inside the ring, El Fantasma Oscuro 1 moves toward the ropes nearest the ramp.

Silas Grimm steps beside him.

For the first time all night, there is something like satisfaction in Silas' face.

Not joy.

Never joy.

Recognition.

Completion.

John Phillips: "El Fantasma Oscuro 1 and 2 have held the UTA Tag Team Championships before. They are former champions, former standard-bearers of the tag division, and now both are active in the All or Nothing Rumble."

Mark Bravo: "And with Silas Grimm in there? John, this is getting uncomfortable. Because when one ghost is weird, two ghosts with Silas Grimm nearby feels like a summoning."

El Fantasma Oscuro 2 reaches ringside.

He passes the abandoned battle chair.

Bobby Dean notices from inside the ring and points through the ropes.

Bobby Dean: "Do not haunt the chair."

Oscuro 2 turns his masked face slowly toward Bobby.

Bobby immediately lowers his hand.

Bobby Dean: "Respectfully."

Oscuro 2 slides onto the apron on one knee, fingers gripping the middle rope.

He does not enter yet.

He looks across the ring at Oscuro 1.

Oscuro 1 looks back.

No words.

No signal anyone else could read.

Just two masks staring through the chaos.

Then Oscuro 2 springboards over the top rope.

He lands inside the ring in a low crouch.

El Fantasma Oscuro 2 is officially in the All or Nothing Rumble.

Carter Durant moves first.

The Hurricane still has too much speed to sit still, and maybe too much pride to let another masked flyer take over the airspace.

Carter charges.

Oscuro 2 ducks under him.

Carter rebounds off the ropes and leaps for a hurricanrana.

Oscuro 2 cartwheels through the momentum before Carter can hook him cleanly, lands on his feet, and snaps Carter backward with a sudden arm drag.

Carter rolls through and pops up, impressed despite himself.

Carter Durant: "Okay, ghost got bounce."

Oscuro 2 hits the ropes.

Carter does the same.

They crisscross once.

Twice.

Oscuro 2 drops low.

Carter leaps over.

Oscuro 1 suddenly appears from the side and catches Carter with a sharp kick to the ribs.

Carter doubles over.

Oscuro 2 rebounds and catches him with a slingshot dropkick that sends Carter rolling toward the corner.

John Phillips: "El Fantasma working together immediately!"

Mark Bravo: "That timing is still there. You do not lose that kind of ghost-to-ghost communication."

Dex Raines watches them move, jaw tight.

Dex Raines: "Pattern confirmed."

Dex steps in and catches Oscuro 2 with a low kick before the masked man can fully turn.

Oscuro 2 stumbles one step.

Dex reaches for the wrist, looking to turn him into Patch Note.

Oscuro 2 rolls through the pressure, spins free, and lands on one knee.

Dex turns sharply.

El Fantasma Oscuro 1 springboards in from the adjacent ropes.

Dex ducks the first attack.

Oscuro 2 pops up behind him.

Dex senses it and swings Critical Hit.

Oscuro 2 leans back just enough for the discus elbow to miss.

Oscuro 1 lands in front of Dex.

Oscuro 2 steps behind him.

Dex is boxed between both members of El Fantasma.

John Phillips: "Dex Raines is surrounded by El Fantasma!"

Mark Bravo: "He said boss fight second phase. He was right!"

Dex looks from one mask to the other.

Dex Raines: "Unfair mechanics."

Silas Grimm appears behind him.

Silas Grimm: "All endings are unfair to the living."

Dex does not turn around.

Dex Raines: "Still hate the dialogue."

Dex tries to break left toward Oscuro 1.

Graham Keel clips his ankle low from the side.

Dex drops to one knee.

Oscuro 2 hits the ropes.

Oscuro 1 hits the opposite ropes.

They come back at the same time.

Stereo dropkicks.

Both boots crash into Dex Raines, sending him backward into the ropes.

Dex hits hard, arms draped over the top strand.

Carter Durant rushes in to help, but Clovis Black intercepts him with a brutal running body block that flattens Carter again and sends him rolling across the mat.

John Phillips: "Clovis Black cuts off Carter Durant!"

That leaves Dex alone.

Oscuro 1 grabs one side of him.

Oscuro 2 grabs the other.

Dex fights back, driving a knee into Oscuro 1’s ribs and then an elbow toward Oscuro 2.

Oscuro 2 ducks the elbow.

Oscuro 1 absorbs the knee and keeps hold.

Graham Keel rises and catches Dex’s ankle one more time, lifting the base.

Dex’s eyes widen as the leverage disappears.

Dex Raines: "Route failed."

El Fantasma lift together.

Dex Raines goes over the top rope.

He lands on the apron, fingers clinging to the top strand.

The O2 rises.

Dex tries to pull himself back in.

Oscuro 2 steps through the ropes onto the apron with him.

Dex throws a desperate elbow.

Oscuro 2 ducks.

Oscuro 1 hits the ropes inside the ring and rebounds.

Oscuro 1 swings through with a tiger feint kick, catching Dex across the chest.

Dex’s grip loosens.

Oscuro 2 leaps from the apron with a sudden enzuigiri to the side of Dex’s head.

Dex Raines drops from the apron to the floor.

Both feet hit.

The official points.

Ring Announcer: "Dex Raines has been eliminated!"

John Phillips: "Dex Raines is gone! El Fantasma Oscuro 1 and El Fantasma Oscuro 2, with Graham Keel creating the opening, eliminate Player Two!"

Mark Bravo: "Dex came in, eliminated Lindsey Lothario, and looked like he had the code cracked. But when both ghosts loaded in at the same time, the system crashed for real."

Dex sits on the floor, one hand at his head, staring up at the two masked figures.

He looks annoyed.

Not shocked.

Just annoyed that the match became exactly as unfair as he expected.

Dex Raines: "Balance issue."

Officials guide him away from ringside.

Inside the ring, El Fantasma Oscuro 2 rolls back under the bottom rope and rises beside Oscuro 1.

The two stand shoulder to shoulder.

Silas Grimm stands just behind them.

Graham Keel, low and watchful, remains to one side.

For a moment, it looks less like four competitors in a rumble and more like a wall of different nightmares.

Carter Durant realizes he is now the nearest unprotected target.

Carter Durant: "I miss Dex already."

Carter rushes before they can surround him.

He catches Oscuro 2 with a forearm.

Then Oscuro 1.

He ducks a palm strike from Silas Grimm and springboards to the middle rope.

Cyclone Kick to Silas.

Silas staggers back, protected but rocked.

Carter lands and points toward the hard camera, fire still in him.

Carter Durant: "Storm warning!"

Then Clovis Black grabs him from behind.

The crowd groans.

Carter’s eyes widen.

Carter Durant: "Not that kind."

Clovis yanks Carter in.

The Whistle.

The short-arm lariat turns Carter inside out.

Carter hits the mat hard, rolling toward the ropes but staying inside.

Clovis follows, but Yoshii steps between them again.

Clovis stops.

Yoshii smiles.

Yoshii: "Clovis fight Yoshii now?"

Clovis stares through him.

Clovis Black: "Move."

Yoshii shakes his head.

Yoshii: "No."

The crowd swells again for the collision that keeps refusing to fully happen.

Clovis steps forward.

Yoshii steps forward.

They collide chest-to-chest.

Neither man moves.

Jed Eye grabs the sides of his head at ringside.

Jed Eye: "This is why insurance companies drink!"

Before Clovis and Yoshii can explode, Maxwell Jett crawls between their legs trying to escape the ghost cluster.

Both big men look down.

Maxwell freezes.

Maxwell Jett: "Continue."

Yoshii reaches down.

Clovis reaches down too.

Maxwell screams and rolls away before either can grab him, diving behind Bobby Dean again.

Bobby turns slowly.

Bobby Dean: "Stop hiding behind me."

Maxwell Jett: "I am fostering teamwork."

Bobby Dean: "I do not like you."

Maxwell looks hurt.

Maxwell Jett: "That is fair."

On the women’s side, Emily Hightower, Kaida Shizuka, and Kirsty McKinney crash into another dangerous exchange.

Kaida cuts at Emily’s thigh with a kick.

Kirsty shoots low at Kaida’s base.

Emily powers forward and grabs both women by the shoulders, shoving them backward into opposite ropes.

Kaida rebounds low and ducks under Emily’s forearm.

Kirsty comes in from the other side and nearly catches Emily’s ankle.

Emily stomps down just in time, forcing Kirsty to release.

Emily Hightower: "I told y’all, one of you is goin’!"

Kaida says nothing.

Kirsty wipes at her mouth and answers flatly.

Kirsty McKinney: "Then make a better attempt."

Emily snarls and charges again.

The Women’s Championship remains suspended between power, precision, and cold timing.

Back near the ropes, El Fantasma Oscuro 1 and Oscuro 2 stand together for the first time in the match, and the building feels the shift. Carter Durant is down. Dex Raines is gone. Graham Keel remains close enough to exploit anyone who steps wrong. Silas Grimm stands behind the ghosts like a man pleased with the shape of the room.

John Phillips: "El Fantasma Oscuro 2 has entered, and the entire dynamic has changed. El Fantasma are united inside the rumble now."

Mark Bravo: "And that should scare everyone. This is not a traditional alliance. This is timing, misdirection, and masks appearing where they should not be."

Mikey Unlikely watches the ghostly formation from near the ropes.

He glances once toward Maxwell Jett.

Then toward Bobby Dean.

Then toward Yoshii and Clovis, still circling one another like heavy machinery trying to decide who gets the right of way.

Mikey Unlikely: "This match got weird, bruv."

Silas Grimm turns toward him.

Silas Grimm: "It was always weird. You simply survived long enough to notice."

Mikey gives him a look.

Mikey Unlikely: "Yeah, I don’t miss whatever that was."

The countdown clock appears.

15.

14.

13.

John Phillips: "El Fantasma Oscuro 2 has entered the All or Nothing Rumble at number sixty-seven, and Dex Raines has been eliminated by El Fantasma Oscuro 1 and 2 after Graham Keel helped create the opening!"

Mark Bravo: "Player Two is out. El Fantasma are reunited. Silas Grimm looks far too pleased. Graham Keel is still hunting anything with a joint. And Maxwell Jett, somehow, someway, remains alive."

Crowd: "TEN! NINE! EIGHT!"

El Fantasma Oscuro 2 remains active. El Fantasma Oscuro 1 remains protected and active. Graham Keel, Silas Grimm, Mikey Unlikely, Yoshii, Bobby Dean, and Maxwell Jett remain protected and active. Clovis Black and Carter Durant remain active. Dex Raines is gone.

Crowd: "SEVEN! SIX! FIVE!"

The Women’s Championship race remains Emily Hightower, Kaida Shizuka, and Kirsty McKinney. Emily remains protected and active. One of those three women will become UTA Women’s Champion.

El Fantasma stand together near the ropes.

Silas Grimm stands behind them.

Graham Keel crouches low.

Carter Durant pulls himself up in the corner.

Clovis and Yoshii square up again.

Maxwell Jett hides behind Bobby Dean.

Bobby Dean looks toward the abandoned battle chair.

Bobby Dean: "I miss when I was outside the plot."

Crowd: "FOUR! THREE! TWO! ONE!"

The buzzer sounds.

BUZZZZZZ!

El Fantasma Oscuro 2 has changed the geometry of the All or Nothing Rumble.

Dex Raines is gone.

Player Two came in, solved Lindsey Lothario, eliminated the United States Champion, and then found himself trapped between two ghosts, one philosopher of dread, and Graham Keel's obsession with ankles.

Now El Fantasma Oscuro 1 and El Fantasma Oscuro 2 stand together near the ropes.

Silas Grimm lingers just behind them, cold and almost satisfied, as if the match is finally starting to resemble the shape he wanted all along.

Graham Keel remains low, scanning feet, knees, weight distribution, and every careless step.

Carter Durant is pulling himself up in the corner after being flattened by Clovis Black's Whistle.

Clovis Black and Yoshii are still circling near center, each man a different version of impossible to move.

Mikey Unlikely remains active, still protected, still breathing hard after eliminating Chris Ross and changing the path of Maxwell Jett's night.

Bobby Dean is still inside the ring, still protected, still deeply homesick for the battle chair outside.

Maxwell Jett hides behind him anyway.

Bobby Dean: "I said stop hiding behind me."

Maxwell Jett: "You are wide and emotionally complex."

Bobby Dean: "That is not permission."

On the other side of the ring, the Women's Championship race remains down to three.

Emily Hightower.

Kaida Shizuka.

Kirsty McKinney.

The final female remaining becomes UTA Women's Champion.

Emily is breathing hard, jaw clenched, thigh bruised from Kaida's endless kicks, base tested again and again by Kirsty's low attacks. Kaida stands silent, precise, every movement controlled. Kirsty stays low and efficient, the woman who shocked The O2 by eliminating Susanita Ybanez moments after Susanita threw out Amy Harrison and Marie Van Claudio.

Then the arena lights snap to black.

A single red dot appears on the stage.

Small.

Sharp.

Perfectly still.

The O2 reacts immediately, recognizing the sightline before the music even begins.

The dot moves.

It glides across the entrance stage, then snaps across the lower bowl, scanning signs, faces, hands, and cameras like something searching for a target.

Inside the ring, Kaida Shizuka turns toward the stage.

Kirsty McKinney does too.

Emily Hightower looks up from her fighting stance, eyes narrowed.

The opening pulse of “Lock and Load” hits.

The red dot stops dead center on the stage.

A thin white beam cuts upward through the dark.

Shannon Ray steps into it.

John Phillips: "Entrant number sixty-eight is Shannon Ray!"

Mark Bravo: "And the Women’s Championship race just got one more deadeye in the field!"

Shannon Ray stands at the top of the ramp, cool and composed, her head slightly lowered, eyes forward, expression unreadable.

No smile.

No wasted motion.

No theatrical burst.

Just a woman who seems to have already measured the distance to the ring, the angle of every rope, the bodies in motion, and the exact target she plans to break first.

John Phillips: "Shannon Ray, Vancouver, British Columbia, Olympic-level archer background, surgical strikes, submission holds, and one of the most precise competitors in this entire field."

Mark Bravo: "She does not wrestle like she is trying to win a brawl. She wrestles like she is lining up a shot. One limb, one weakness, one opening. That is Shannon Ray."

Shannon starts down the ramp.

The red laser dot follows just ahead of her boots, then flicks upward across the barricade. Fans cheer louder as it passes near them. Some duck out of instinct, then laugh. Shannon never changes pace.

Inside the ring, Emily Hightower steps toward the ropes, watching Shannon approach.

Emily Hightower: "Come on then."

Kaida’s posture lowers slightly.

Kirsty adjusts her stance, eyes narrowing as she studies Shannon’s footwork before Shannon even reaches ringside.

John Phillips: "Think about the stakes here. Emily Hightower, Kaida Shizuka, Kirsty McKinney, and now Shannon Ray. Four women remain in the Women’s Championship race. One of them will leave with the UTA Women’s Championship."

Mark Bravo: "And this is a rough entry point for Shannon. She is fresh, but she is walking into three women who have already survived betrayal, eliminations, and a whole lot of punishment. Freshness matters. Timing matters more."

Shannon reaches ringside.

She pauses near Bobby’s abandoned battle chair.

The red dot lands briefly on the scooter’s seat.

Bobby Dean sees it from inside the ring.

Bobby Dean: "No. Not the chair."

Shannon turns her head slightly toward Bobby.

She says nothing.

The dot snaps away from the chair and lands briefly on Maxwell Jett’s chest through the ropes.

Maxwell looks down.

Then up.

Maxwell Jett: "Absolutely not. I am not in this division."

Shannon moves to the apron, places one hand on the top rope, pauses, and steps up smoothly.

She wipes her boots once against the edge of the apron, then steps through the ropes.

Shannon Ray is officially in the All or Nothing Rumble.

And she goes straight toward the women’s field.

Kirsty McKinney moves first.

Of course she does.

Low shot.

Ankle pick.

Immediate attempt to remove the base before Shannon can find her rhythm.

Shannon expected it.

She steps back half a pace, letting Kirsty’s hand cut through empty space, then snaps a Targeted Knee Strike down into Kirsty’s shoulder.

Kirsty rolls away, one hand grabbing at the impact point.

John Phillips: "Targeted Knee Strike! Shannon Ray saw Kirsty coming!"

Mark Bravo: "That is a marksman’s read. Kirsty went low and Shannon already had the shot lined up."

Kaida Shizuka steps in next with a low kick toward Shannon’s thigh.

Shannon absorbs part of it and immediately answers with a Sharpshooter’s Chop across Kaida’s chest.

SMACK!

Kaida barely reacts, but her body shifts back one step.

Shannon fires another chop, higher now, near the collarbone.

SMACK!

Kaida’s eyes sharpen.

She throws another kick.

Shannon catches this one under her arm and twists.

Precision Armbar attempt.

Kaida rolls through before Shannon can fully extend it, landing on one knee and sliding away.

John Phillips: "Shannon nearly trapped Kaida’s arm!"

Mark Bravo: "That was quick. One caught kick and suddenly Shannon was trying to take the arm home with her."

Emily Hightower does not wait for a technical exchange.

She barrels forward.

Shannon turns and fires a Deadeye Dropkick.

The kick lands clean against Emily’s chest, staggering her backward toward the ropes.

But Emily does not go down.

She rebounds off the ropes with a furious glare.

Emily Hightower: "That all?"

Shannon’s expression does not change.

Shannon Ray: "Range found."

Emily charges again.

Shannon pivots, looking to use Emily’s momentum, but Emily adjusts mid-step and catches Shannon with a heavy forearm that knocks her backward into the ropes.

John Phillips: "Emily Hightower answers with power!"

Shannon hooks the top rope with one arm, staying inside.

Kirsty immediately shoots at the leg from behind.

Kaida steps in from the other angle.

For one second, Shannon is the fresh entrant and the obvious target.

She lowers herself through the middle rope, forcing Kirsty to miss the ankle and making Kaida pull her kick before it carries her into the ropes.

Shannon slides back in quickly and catches Kirsty with a sharp kick to the ribs as Kirsty rises.

Critical Hit DDT.

Kirsty is spiked into the canvas.

John Phillips: "Critical Hit DDT by Shannon Ray!"

Shannon pops back to her feet and turns directly into Kaida.

Kaida fires a kick.

Shannon ducks.

Kaida spins through.

Shannon steps behind her and hooks the waist.

Sniper Suplex.

Kaida lands hard and rolls toward the ropes, still active but stunned.

Mark Bravo: "Shannon Ray just hit the ring and started picking them off one by one!"

Emily Hightower grabs Shannon from behind before Shannon can reset.

The crowd rises.

Emily lifts.

Shannon kicks backward, catching Emily in the thigh that Kaida has been attacking all night.

Emily’s leg buckles for half a second.

Shannon drops behind her and immediately twists the arm.

Precision Armbar again, this time standing, trying to crank Emily’s shoulder and slow the power.

Emily snarls and uses pure strength to shove Shannon forward into the ropes.

Shannon rebounds.

Emily swings.

Shannon ducks beneath and leaps to the middle rope.

One in the Chamber.

The springboard elbow catches Emily across the jaw.

Emily staggers backward, one arm flinging over the top rope as she catches herself.

John Phillips: "One in the Chamber! Shannon Ray caught Emily Hightower!"

The O2 explodes because Emily is near the ropes.

Kirsty McKinney sees it.

Kaida Shizuka sees it.

Shannon Ray sees it.

For one moment, the protected woman in the Women’s Championship race looks exposed.

Kirsty rushes low toward Emily’s base.

Kaida comes from the side.

Shannon steps forward to finish the angle.

Emily roars and throws a wild back elbow, catching Kaida first.

Then she stomps down just as Kirsty grabs her ankle, crushing enough of Kirsty’s hand to force the release.

Shannon comes in last.

Emily grabs her by the front of the gear and headbutts her.

Shannon drops to one knee.

Emily Hightower: "Not yet."

Emily shoves away from the ropes, still alive, still protected, still furious.

Mark Bravo: "Emily Hightower just fought off three different elimination attempts at once!"

John Phillips: "That was power, survival, and maybe desperation. Emily knows how close she is to the Women’s Championship."

Across the ring, the men’s field surges again.

Clovis Black finally collides fully with Yoshii.

The sound is enormous.

Neither man goes down.

Clovis throws a forearm.

Yoshii answers with a chest slap.

Clovis staggers one step.

Yoshii takes one step back from Clovis’ return shoulder block.

The O2 roars as the big men finally start trading.

John Phillips: "Clovis Black and Yoshii are unloading on each other!"

Mark Bravo: "This is not wrestling. This is city planning damage!"

Carter Durant drags himself up in the corner and sees El Fantasma Oscuro 1 and 2 moving together again.

He decides speed is the only answer.

Carter rushes forward, ducks under Oscuro 1, leapfrogs Oscuro 2, and springboards off the middle rope for a Cyclone Kick aimed at Silas Grimm.

Silas steps aside.

The kick catches Graham Keel instead, knocking him backward into the ropes.

Keel hooks the rope, protected but irritated.

Carter Durant: "Still counts!"

El Fantasma Oscuro 2 appears behind Carter.

Oscuro 1 appears in front.

Carter looks between them.

Carter Durant: "I need fewer ghosts."

The two masked men attack at once.

Carter ducks the first strike and takes the second across the shoulder, spinning him toward the ropes.

Oscuro 1 tries to lift.

Oscuro 2 helps.

Carter hooks the top rope with both hands and kicks wildly, refusing to go over.

Bobby Dean sees the struggle nearby and backs away from it, shaking his head.

Bobby Dean: "Nope. Ghost pile."

Maxwell Jett crawls toward the opposite side, thinking no one is watching.

Mikey Unlikely is watching.

Mikey steps into Maxwell’s path.

Maxwell slowly lifts his head.

Maxwell Jett: "Thank you for earlier?"

Mikey looks down at him.

Mikey Unlikely: "I didn’t do it for you, bruv."

Maxwell nods quickly.

Maxwell Jett: "I respect accidental charity."

Mikey reaches down for Maxwell.

Maxwell shrieks and rolls sideways into Bobby Dean’s legs.

Bobby stumbles but stays upright.

Bobby Dean: "Again with the legs!"

Mikey steps around Bobby, but Yoshii and Clovis crash sideways into the lane, forcing Mikey back and giving Maxwell another tiny window to survive.

John Phillips: "Maxwell Jett escapes again because Clovis Black and Yoshii just blew up the road between him and Mikey Unlikely!"

Mark Bravo: "This man is being saved by traffic patterns!"

Back in the women’s field, Shannon Ray has recovered from Emily’s headbutt and is now locked up with Kaida near the ropes.

Kaida fires a kick to Shannon’s thigh.

Shannon answers with a chop to Kaida’s shoulder.

Kaida kicks again.

Shannon catches the leg and shoves Kaida toward the ropes.

Kaida rebounds and ducks Shannon’s Last Shot attempt.

The spinning knee cuts through air.

Kirsty McKinney slides in behind Shannon and grabs the standing leg.

Shannon drops to the mat before Kirsty can turn her base, rolling through and coming up behind Kirsty.

Eye of the Storm tease.

Shannon tries to wrap the modified crossface, but Emily Hightower stomps through the space and clubs Shannon across the back before the hold can lock.

Shannon drops flat.

Kirsty rolls free.

Kaida steps in and kicks Emily’s bruised thigh again.

Emily nearly drops.

Kaida hits the ropes.

Emily catches her on the rebound.

Huge side slam.

Kaida hits hard.

John Phillips: "Emily Hightower plants Kaida Shizuka!"

Kirsty immediately attacks Emily’s leg from behind.

Shannon pushes up and joins the attack, grabbing Emily’s arm and twisting it down.

For a second, Emily is caught again.

Kirsty on the leg.

Shannon on the arm.

Kaida recovering nearby.

Emily roars and powers forward, dragging both women two full steps toward the ropes before collapsing to one knee.

Mark Bravo: "Emily is fighting three different styles at once! Kirsty wants the base, Shannon wants the limb, Kaida wants the kill shot!"

Shannon releases the arm and snaps another Targeted Knee Strike into Emily’s shoulder.

Emily falls sideways into the ropes, but again hooks the top strand before she can tumble through.

Kirsty rushes to finish.

Kaida cuts Kirsty off with a kick to the ribs.

Shannon turns toward Kaida.

Last Shot.

The spinning knee strike catches Kaida on the jaw.

Kaida drops to the mat.

John Phillips: "Last Shot! Shannon Ray just dropped Kaida!"

Shannon pulls Kaida up quickly and tries to run her toward the ropes.

Kaida grabs the top rope before she can go over and lowers her weight.

Shannon tries to lift.

Kirsty grabs Shannon from behind.

Emily Hightower explodes from the side with a heavy shoulder that knocks all three women apart and sends the entire cluster tumbling away from the ropes.

Nobody goes over.

The O2 groans and then roars again.

John Phillips: "All four women are still alive!"

Mark Bravo: "The Women’s Championship is hanging by a thread, and nobody can finish the elimination!"

Near center, Clovis Black finally knocks Yoshii back with a massive shoulder block.

Yoshii staggers two steps.

The crowd gasps.

Clovis backs up and charges again.

Yoshii catches him this time.

Yoshii wraps both arms around Clovis and squeezes.

Clovis’ eyes narrow.

Jed Eye screams like he is watching a moon landing.

Jed Eye: "Hug him into county limits, Yoshii!"

Clovis headbutts Yoshii to break free.

Both men stagger.

Neither falls.

El Fantasma finally dump Carter Durant onto the apron, but Carter lands on both feet and clings to the ropes.

Oscuro 2 swings a kick.

Carter ducks.

Oscuro 1 rushes.

Carter shoulders him through the ropes.

Graham Keel reaches for Carter’s foot from inside.

Carter kicks him away and springboards back in with a crossbody that clips both Oscuros enough to create space.

Carter rolls through, still active, still moving, still surviving by speed alone.

Carter Durant: "Still storming!"

Silas Grimm watches Carter rise, then steps toward him with that slow, dreadful calm.

Carter sees him.

Carter Durant: "Still creepy!"

Silas smiles faintly.

Silas Grimm: "Still temporary."

The countdown clock appears.

15.

14.

13.

John Phillips: "Shannon Ray has entered the All or Nothing Rumble at number sixty-eight, and she has immediately inserted herself into the Women’s Championship race!"

Mark Bravo: "No eliminations in this interval, but Shannon Ray came in precise and dangerous. She tagged Kirsty, trapped Kaida, rocked Emily, hit One in the Chamber, Critical Hit DDT, Sniper Suplex, and Last Shot. The Women’s Championship field is now Emily Hightower, Kaida Shizuka, Kirsty McKinney, and Shannon Ray."

Crowd: "TEN! NINE! EIGHT!"

Shannon Ray remains active. Emily Hightower remains protected and active. Kaida Shizuka and Kirsty McKinney remain active. One of those four women will become UTA Women’s Champion.

Crowd: "SEVEN! SIX! FIVE!"

El Fantasma Oscuro 1 and El Fantasma Oscuro 2 remain active, with Oscuro 1 protected. Graham Keel, Silas Grimm, Mikey Unlikely, Yoshii, Bobby Dean, and Maxwell Jett remain protected and active. Carter Durant and Clovis Black remain active. No one has been eliminated this round.

Maxwell Jett crawls behind Bobby Dean again.

Bobby Dean closes his eyes.

Bobby Dean: "I want my chair."

Clovis and Yoshii reset near center.

El Fantasma stand together again.

Silas Grimm waits behind them.

Shannon Ray slowly rises in the women’s cluster and points one finger toward Emily Hightower like a pistol.

Emily wipes her mouth and glares back.

Emily Hightower: "Take your shot."

Crowd: "FOUR! THREE! TWO! ONE!"

The buzzer sounds.

BUZZZZZZ!

Shannon Ray has entered the All or Nothing Rumble and turned the Women’s Championship race into a targeting exercise.

Emily Hightower is still alive.

Kaida Shizuka is still alive.

Kirsty McKinney is still alive.

Shannon Ray is now alive with them.

Four women remain active.

One will become UTA Women’s Champion.

Emily is still the power in the field, but her base is damaged, her thigh repeatedly chopped down by Kaida, her ankles attacked by Kirsty, and now her shoulder marked by Shannon Ray. Kaida remains silent and precise. Kirsty remains low and efficient. Shannon stands with cold focus, one hand loose at her side, eyes still moving like she is lining up the next perfect shot.

Across the ring, El Fantasma Oscuro 1 and El Fantasma Oscuro 2 stand together.

Silas Grimm waits behind them.

Graham Keel watches from low.

Mikey Unlikely stays near the ropes, still protected, still aware that he has made Chris Ross his problem again.

Yoshii and Clovis Black continue to collide in the center of the ring like two overloaded freight cars refusing to leave the track.

Carter Durant is still surviving on speed, bouncing off ropes, ducking ghosts, and somehow remaining upright despite being flattened multiple times.

Bobby Dean remains inside the ring, staring out at the abandoned battle chair like a man looking at a better life.

Maxwell Jett is behind him.

Again.

Bobby Dean: "Move."

Maxwell Jett: "You move."

Bobby Dean: "I was here first."

Maxwell Jett: "You were outside first."

Bobby Dean: "That was better."

Then the arena plunges into dark purple.

The entire O2 changes.

The red dot from Shannon’s entrance vanishes.

The ghostly fog around El Fantasma fades into a deeper, violent gloom.

Thunder rolls through the building.

Low.

Heavy.

Ancient.

A war horn blares.

The boos are immediate.

Not the mixed reaction of a dangerous legend.

Not the startled reaction of a surprise entrant.

Pure boos.

Because after what happened earlier tonight, The O2 knows exactly who this is.

Smoke crawls across the stage.

Dark purple light pulses through it.

The screen flashes:

VALKYRIE KNOXX.

THE IRON VALKYRIE.

UTA FIGHTING CHAMPION.

John Phillips: "Entrant number sixty-nine is the UTA Fighting Champion, Valkyrie Knoxx!"

Mark Bravo: "And listen to this building. After the Empire reveal earlier tonight, Valkyrie Knoxx is not walking into admiration. She is walking into hatred."

Valkyrie Knoxx steps through the smoke.

The UTA Fighting Championship is not on the line yet in this moment, but its presence follows her anyway. The weight of it. The violence of it. The memory of what she has done under Fighting Championship Rules.

She raises a steel-spiked gauntlet slowly toward the rafters.

Thunder cracks again.

The war horn blares a second time.

Valkyrie lowers the gauntlet and begins walking.

No rush.

No smile.

No apology.

She does not care about the boos.

She does not care that Amy Harrison and Marie Van Claudio were eliminated.

She does not care that The Empire’s grip on the Women’s Championship has been broken.

She walks like someone who believes anything broken can be rebuilt through force.

John Phillips: "Valkyrie Knoxx revealed herself earlier tonight as part of the true Empire structure under Marie Van Claudio. Amy Harrison and Valkyrie knelt behind Marie. We now know Marie Van Claudio is the true leader of The Empire."

Mark Bravo: "And that makes Valkyrie even more dangerous, John. She is not just entering to win. She is entering after watching Susanita Ybanez throw Amy and Marie out. The Empire is wounded tonight. Valkyrie Knoxx is the kind of woman who answers wounds with broken bones."

Inside the ring, Emily Hightower turns toward the stage.

Her expression changes instantly.

History.

Anger.

Victorious.

The Fighting Championship.

Valkyrie Knoxx defeated Emily Hightower to win that title, and Emily has not forgotten what it felt like to be left behind by another championship moment.

Valkyrie reaches ringside.

She pauses beside the abandoned battle chair.

Bobby Dean sees her from inside the ring and immediately shakes his head.

Bobby Dean: "Nope."

Valkyrie slowly turns her head toward him.

Bobby Dean: "Respectfully nope."

Maxwell Jett peeks around Bobby’s side and sees Valkyrie.

Maxwell Jett: "Oh good. More murder."

Valkyrie steps onto the apron.

Emily steps closer from inside the ring.

The O2 buzzes.

Valkyrie steps through the ropes.

Both boots hit the canvas.

Valkyrie Knoxx is officially in the All or Nothing Rumble.

And Emily Hightower charges.

There is no pause.

No stare-down longer than necessary.

No hesitation.

Emily barrels into Valkyrie with a heavy forearm that snaps the Fighting Champion’s head to the side.

The O2 erupts.

John Phillips: "Emily Hightower goes right after Valkyrie Knoxx!"

Mark Bravo: "Emily has been fighting through the whole Women’s Championship race, but Valkyrie walking in just lit something new in her!"

Emily fires another forearm.

Valkyrie absorbs it.

A third.

Valkyrie staggers half a step.

Then Valkyrie grabs Emily by the wrist.

Short-arm lariat.

The impact drops Emily to one knee.

The crowd groans.

John Phillips: "Short-arm lariat! Valkyrie cuts Emily down!"

Valkyrie keeps the wrist.

She pulls Emily up.

Another short-arm lariat.

Emily drops again, but not fully.

She catches herself on one hand, breathing hard, refusing to stay down.

Emily Hightower: "That all?"

Valkyrie’s eyes narrow.

Valkyrie Knoxx: "Kneel."

Emily spits to the side and starts rising.

Emily Hightower: "Make me."

The O2 roars.

Valkyrie steps forward.

Emily swings from one knee.

Valkyrie catches the arm, twists, and pulls Emily up into a deadlift German suplex.

Emily hits hard and rolls toward the ropes, protected and active, but stunned.

Mark Bravo: "Deadlift German! That is Valkyrie Knoxx’s power. Emily Hightower is strong, but Valkyrie is a whole different kind of strong."

Shannon Ray steps in immediately.

No emotional charge.

No speech.

She sees Valkyrie’s base and attacks the leg with a sharp Targeted Knee Strike.

The blow lands against Valkyrie’s thigh.

Valkyrie turns her head slowly.

Shannon fires another shot, this one higher toward the ribs.

Valkyrie catches her.

Gorilla-press.

The crowd gasps as Valkyrie lifts Shannon Ray overhead.

John Phillips: "Valkyrie has Shannon Ray up!"

Shannon kicks, trying to shift her weight, but Valkyrie walks forward with her above her head.

Kirsty McKinney comes low from behind, targeting Valkyrie’s ankle.

Valkyrie sees it and stomps backward, forcing Kirsty to roll away before she can secure the grip.

Kaida Shizuka rushes from the side and lands a kick to Valkyrie’s ribs.

Valkyrie absorbs it and hurls Shannon forward into Kaida.

Shannon and Kaida collide and crash to the mat in a tangle.

Mark Bravo: "Valkyrie Knoxx just used Shannon Ray as ammunition!"

Kirsty rises behind Valkyrie again.

Valkyrie turns before Kirsty can shoot.

Running big boot.

Kirsty gets blasted backward into the ropes and collapses to the mat.

John Phillips: "Big boot to Kirsty McKinney!"

Emily Hightower pulls herself up near the ropes, still shaking off the German suplex. Valkyrie sees her and advances again.

Emily steps out and meets her.

Forearm from Emily.

Forearm from Valkyrie.

Forearm from Emily.

Forearm from Valkyrie.

The two powerhouses hammer each other in the center of the ring while Kaida, Shannon, and Kirsty begin stirring around them.

John Phillips: "Emily Hightower and Valkyrie Knoxx are trading bombs!"

Mark Bravo: "And remember, Emily is protected from elimination right now, but Valkyrie does not care about protection. She cares about damage."

Emily rocks Valkyrie with a hard right.

Valkyrie answers with a knee to the body.

Emily doubles.

Valkyrie hooks her.

Valknut Driver tease.

Emily fights out with a series of short elbows to the side of Valkyrie’s head.

Valkyrie releases.

Emily shoves Valkyrie backward.

Kaida Shizuka steps in and kicks Valkyrie’s thigh.

Shannon Ray chops Valkyrie across the chest.

Kirsty McKinney shoots low, finally catching one ankle.

For a second, the three unprotected women swarm the Fighting Champion.

Kaida attacking the leg.

Shannon attacking the upper body.

Kirsty trying to turn the base.

Valkyrie snarls.

One of the rare snarls that fully escapes.

She grabs Shannon by the throat with one hand and Kaida by the back of the head with the other, then drives both women backward.

Kirsty hangs on to the ankle until Valkyrie steps forward and drags her across the canvas with her.

Mark Bravo: "Kirsty has the ankle, but Valkyrie is dragging her like luggage!"

Emily Hightower rushes in and clips Valkyrie from the side with a shoulder block.

That finally knocks Valkyrie sideways into the ropes.

The O2 explodes.

Valkyrie’s back hits the strands.

Emily charges again.

Valkyrie ducks low and backdrops Emily over the top rope.

The crowd screams.

Emily lands on the apron.

Both hands on the top rope.

Both feet safe.

John Phillips: "Emily lands on the apron!"

Valkyrie turns and reaches for her.

Shannon Ray comes from behind and clips Valkyrie’s knee with another Targeted Knee Strike.

Valkyrie stumbles away from Emily.

Emily rolls back inside under the bottom rope, still alive.

John Phillips: "Shannon may have saved Emily Hightower there!"

Mark Bravo: "Not out of kindness, John. Shannon knows if Emily goes, the field changes. If Valkyrie eliminates Emily, Valkyrie becomes the biggest problem in the Women's Championship race."

Valkyrie turns toward Shannon.

Shannon's eyes narrow.

She raises one hand, fingers shaped like a pistol.

Shannon Ray: "One shot."

She spins.

Last Shot.

The spinning knee catches Valkyrie across the jaw.

Valkyrie staggers backward into the ropes, dazed but not down.

Kaida Shizuka immediately follows with a sharp roundhouse kick to Valkyrie's ribs.

Kirsty McKinney attacks the leg again.

For one moment, Valkyrie is caught.

Then Carter Durant flies through the frame.

Carter has rebounded off the ropes to avoid El Fantasma Oscuro 2, and his momentum carries him directly toward the women's cluster.

Valkyrie sees him coming.

She turns, catches Carter out of the air, and powers him up onto her shoulders.

Carter Durant: "Wrong storm!"

Ragnarok Bomb.

The elevated sit-out powerbomb drives Carter into the canvas with a sickening impact.

John Phillips: "Ragnarok Bomb! Valkyrie destroys Carter Durant!"

Valkyrie does not pause.

She pulls Carter up by the back of the gear, drags him to the ropes, and hurls him over the top.

Carter Durant crashes to the floor.

Both feet hit.

The official points.

Ring Announcer: "Carter Durant has been eliminated!"

John Phillips: "Carter Durant is gone! Valkyrie Knoxx eliminates The Hurricane!"

Mark Bravo: "Carter survived ghosts, Keel, Clovis, and pure chaos, but he got caught in Valkyrie's hands, and that was the end of the storm!"

The O2 boos as Valkyrie rises from the elimination and turns back toward the women’s field.

Emily Hightower is on one knee.

Shannon Ray is against the ropes, one hand at her ribs.

Kaida Shizuka is rising silently near the corner.

Kirsty McKinney is low, eyes on Valkyrie’s legs, already calculating another attempt.

Valkyrie raises the steel-spiked gauntlet again.

Valkyrie Knoxx: "Kneel—or be broken."

The boos roar louder.

Emily pushes herself up.

Emily Hightower: "You first."

Emily charges again, and the two powerhouses collide with a sound that ripples through the ring.

On the other side, Clovis Black uses the distraction of Valkyrie’s elimination to finally drive Yoshii backward with a massive running body block.

Yoshii stumbles two steps into the ropes.

The crowd gasps again.

Clovis rushes.

Yoshii explodes forward with a chest slap that echoes across the building and knocks Clovis sideways.

John Phillips: "Yoshii and Clovis are still beating the hell out of each other!"

El Fantasma Oscuro 1 and 2 seize the moment to attack Mikey Unlikely from both sides.

Mikey ducks Oscuro 2’s kick and catches Oscuro 1 with a forearm, but Silas Grimm steps in and drives a palm strike into Mikey’s ribs.

Graham Keel immediately reaches low for Mikey’s ankle.

Mikey hops back just in time, protected but suddenly surrounded.

Mikey Unlikely: "I preferred Ross."

Silas tilts his head.

Silas Grimm: "You preferred the fire because it had a name."

Mikey Unlikely: "I preferred when people just punched."

Bobby Dean tries to inch toward the ropes again, staring at the battle chair outside.

Maxwell Jett crawls after him.

Bobby Dean: "No."

Maxwell Jett: "We need to leave."

Bobby Dean: "You need to leave."

Maxwell Jett: "I tried. Everyone keeps stopping me."

Bobby looks at him for a long second.

Bobby Dean: "Good."

Maxwell looks wounded.

Then Valkyrie and Emily’s fight crashes close enough that both men scramble away in opposite directions.

Emily drives Valkyrie into the corner with a shoulder.

Valkyrie clubs her across the back.

Emily fires a forearm.

Valkyrie catches her and turns her into the buckles.

Corner body avalanche.

Emily absorbs the crushing impact and slumps forward, but she stays standing.

Shannon Ray moves in from the side.

Valkyrie turns and catches Shannon by the throat again.

Kaida kicks Valkyrie in the injured thigh from earlier.

Kirsty McKinney attacks the same leg.

Emily suddenly grabs Valkyrie around the waist from behind.

For the first time, the four women force Valkyrie backward toward the ropes.

The O2 rises.

Valkyrie plants one boot.

Then the other.

She refuses to retreat.

She throws Shannon away with one arm.

Elbows Kaida back.

Kicks Kirsty loose.

Then headbutts backward into Emily.

Emily releases and stumbles.

Mark Bravo: "Four women tried to move Valkyrie Knoxx, and she broke the whole attempt apart!"

Valkyrie turns toward Emily again.

Their eyes lock.

The Women’s Championship is still not decided.

But the Fighting Champion has made herself the most violent obstacle in the race.

The countdown clock appears.

15.

14.

13.

John Phillips: "Valkyrie Knoxx has entered the All or Nothing Rumble at number sixty-nine, and Carter Durant has been eliminated by the Iron Valkyrie!"

Mark Bravo: "Valkyrie came in to massive boos, went straight into Emily Hightower, wrecked Shannon Ray, Kaida Shizuka, and Kirsty McKinney, and when Carter Durant flew into her path, she caught him, planted him with Ragnarok Bomb, and threw him out. The Fighting Champion has arrived, and the Women's Championship field just became even more dangerous."

Crowd: "TEN! NINE! EIGHT!"

Valkyrie Knoxx remains active. Shannon Ray, Kaida Shizuka, Kirsty McKinney, and Emily Hightower remain active, with Emily still protected. One of those five women will become UTA Women's Champion.

Crowd: "SEVEN! SIX! FIVE!"

El Fantasma Oscuro 1 and El Fantasma Oscuro 2 remain active, with Oscuro 1 protected. Graham Keel, Silas Grimm, Mikey Unlikely, Yoshii, Bobby Dean, and Maxwell Jett remain protected and active. Clovis Black remains active. Carter Durant is gone.

Valkyrie and Emily square up again.

Kaida rises in silence.

Shannon Ray wipes at her jaw and resets her sightline.

Kirsty McKinney stays low, watching Valkyrie's legs.

Maxwell Jett hides behind Bobby Dean.

Bobby Dean looks toward the abandoned battle chair one more time.

Bobby Dean: "Please come back."

The clock continues.

Crowd: "FOUR! THREE! TWO! ONE!"

The buzzer sounds.

BUZZZZZZ!

And this one feels different.

Not because it is louder.

Not because the lights change faster.

Because everyone in The O2 knows what it means.

There are no more numbers after this.

No more waiting for help.

No more hoping the next entrant saves you from the person who has you cornered.

No more countdowns to interrupt revenge.

Number seventy is here.

After this, the All or Nothing Rumble becomes exactly what its name promised.

All or nothing.

Inside the ring, Valkyrie Knoxx has just changed the Women’s Championship race with violence. Carter Durant is gone, caught in her hands, destroyed with Ragnarok Bomb, and thrown to the floor. The Iron Valkyrie stands among the remaining women like the Fighting Championship itself has entered the field as a weapon.

Emily Hightower is still active.

Kaida Shizuka is still active.

Kirsty McKinney is still active.

Shannon Ray is still active.

Valkyrie Knoxx is now active.

Five women remain.

One will become UTA Women’s Champion.

Across the ring, the male field is still a nightmare of survivors.

Maxwell Jett is low and alive.

Bobby Dean is inside the ring and miserable.

Yoshii and Clovis Black are still threatening to cave the canvas in with every collision.

El Fantasma Oscuro 1 and El Fantasma Oscuro 2 stand together with Silas Grimm looming behind them.

Graham Keel is crouched low, eyes still drawn to every ankle like gravity.

Mikey Unlikely remains active, protected, and dangerously aware.

The field has survived sixty-nine entrances.

Now the last one begins.

The arena lights snap into deep red.

Not Empire red.

Something warmer.

Something rougher.

Something that feels less like royalty and more like blood under streetlights.

A hard Latin percussion beat begins to throb through The O2, joined by grinding guitar and a sharp metallic rhythm that cuts through the noise like a blade dragged across concrete.

The video wall shows flashes of old Empire colors burning away into black smoke.

Then a single word appears.

ROSA.

The crowd rises.

Then the full name slams across the screen.

ROSA DELGADO.

John Phillips: "Entrant number seventy, the final entrant in the All or Nothing Rumble, is Rosa Delgado!"

Mark Bravo: "And look who is standing in the ring waiting for her, John. Valkyrie Knoxx. New Empire versus Old Empire. Rosa Delgado has seen what The Empire has become, and she wants no part of it."

Rosa Delgado steps through the curtain.

She does not sprint at first.

She stands at the top of the ramp and looks at the ring.

At the bodies.

At the wreckage.

At the ghosts.

At the champions.

At the cowards.

At the women left fighting for the UTA Women’s Championship.

And finally, at Valkyrie Knoxx.

Rosa’s face hardens.

Valkyrie turns from Emily Hightower and sees her.

The Fighting Champion’s expression does not change much.

But her shoulders square.

She knows.

Rosa begins down the ramp.

John Phillips: "Rosa Delgado challenged Valkyrie Knoxx for the UTA Fighting Championship in Italy. That night was about more than a title. It was New Empire versus Old Empire. Rosa stood against what Amy Harrison, Valkyrie Knoxx, and The Empire had become."

Mark Bravo: "And now the world is different. Amy is gone. Marie is gone. Susanita made sure The Empire cannot leave this match with the Women’s Championship unless Valkyrie does it herself. Rosa Delgado is the final entrant, and she can make sure that does not happen."

Rosa reaches ringside.

Bobby Dean, still inside the ring, sees her pass the abandoned battle chair.

Bobby Dean: "Please protect the chair."

Rosa glances down at the scooter.

Then at Bobby.

Rosa Delgado: "You left it unattended."

Bobby looks devastated.

Bobby Dean: "I was taken."

Rosa slides under the bottom rope and comes up fast.

Both boots hit the canvas.

Rosa Delgado is officially in the All or Nothing Rumble.

The seventieth and final competitor has entered.

There will be no more buzzers.

No more countdown clock.

No more rescue from the entranceway.

The match is now fully loaded.

And Rosa goes straight for Valkyrie Knoxx.

The O2 erupts.

John Phillips: "Rosa Delgado right after Valkyrie!"

Rosa hits Valkyrie with a forearm.

Valkyrie answers immediately.

Rosa fires another.

Valkyrie absorbs it and throws one back that snaps Rosa’s head to the side.

Rosa staggers, plants her foot, and comes back with a sharp elbow to Valkyrie’s jaw.

Emily Hightower, still recovering nearby, sees Rosa take the fight to Valkyrie and steps forward.

For one second, Emily and Rosa stand on either side of the Iron Valkyrie.

Valkyrie looks from one to the other.

Valkyrie Knoxx: "Both of you?"

Emily Hightower: "Why not?"

Rosa Delgado: "You earned it."

Emily and Rosa attack together.

Emily drives a shoulder into Valkyrie’s ribs.

Rosa cracks her across the jaw with a forearm.

Emily throws another body shot.

Rosa follows with a kick to the thigh.

Valkyrie stumbles backward toward the ropes, and The O2 rises as the Fighting Champion suddenly finds herself in danger.

Mark Bravo: "Rosa and Emily are moving Valkyrie!"

Shannon Ray sees the angle.

She joins in, clipping Valkyrie’s knee with a Targeted Knee Strike.

Kaida Shizuka follows with a sharp kick to the opposite thigh.

Kirsty McKinney shoots low, wrapping around Valkyrie’s base.

For one wild moment, every woman left in the field attacks the Iron Valkyrie.

Emily with power.

Rosa with fury.

Shannon with precision.

Kaida with surgical kicks.

Kirsty with leverage.

Valkyrie snarls as her back hits the ropes.

The O2 is screaming.

John Phillips: "They may have Valkyrie Knoxx!"

Valkyrie grips the top rope with both hands.

Emily pushes.

Rosa pushes.

Shannon adds her shoulder.

Kaida kicks the leg again.

Kirsty keeps trying to lift from below.

Valkyrie refuses to go.

She plants one boot.

Then the other.

Her face twists with effort and rage.

Valkyrie Knoxx: "NO."

She explodes forward.

Emily staggers back.

Rosa is thrown sideways.

Shannon drops to one knee.

Kaida rolls away.

Kirsty loses the ankle and slides across the canvas.

The crowd groans as Valkyrie breaks the entire five-woman attempt apart.

Mark Bravo: "They all hit her at once, and she still powered out!"

Valkyrie turns toward Rosa first.

Rosa is already rising.

Valkyrie rushes her with a running big boot.

Rosa ducks.

The boot nearly catches Shannon Ray instead, forcing Shannon to roll under the rope line and back inside to stay safe.

Rosa rebounds off the ropes and catches Valkyrie with a running forearm to the side of the head.

Valkyrie staggers.

Rosa hits the ropes again.

Valkyrie catches her this time.

Gorilla-press powerslam setup.

Rosa slips behind before Valkyrie can fully lift her and shoves Valkyrie toward Emily.

Emily catches Valkyrie with a massive forearm that rocks the Fighting Champion back.

Rosa rushes in from the side.

Double shoulder block from Rosa and Emily.

Valkyrie drops to one knee.

The O2 explodes.

John Phillips: "They dropped Valkyrie to a knee!"

Kirsty McKinney immediately attacks Rosa from behind.

Because Kirsty does not do emotion.

She does timing.

Rosa turns just in time to sprawl over the low shot, but Kirsty transitions, grabbing the wrist and trying to twist Rosa down toward the ropes.

Kirsty McKinney: "Fresh entrants stand too tall."

Rosa answers with a sharp knee to Kirsty’s ribs and shoves her backward.

Kaida Shizuka steps in and cracks Rosa with a kick to the thigh.

Rosa stumbles.

Shannon Ray follows with a Deadeye Dropkick that sends Rosa back into the ropes.

Rosa hooks the top strand, stopping herself before she can tumble over.

John Phillips: "Rosa Delgado nearly got caught right there!"

Shannon moves in to finish.

Rosa lowers her shoulder and drives into Shannon’s midsection, forcing Shannon back.

Kaida attacks again.

Emily Hightower barrels through and knocks Kaida sideways with a shoulder.

Emily grabs Shannon next and hurls her toward the ropes.

Shannon catches the top strand, but Emily charges.

Shannon ducks low and pulls the rope down.

Emily stops herself just short, grabbing the ropes with both hands.

Kirsty McKinney dives at Emily’s legs from behind.

Emily kicks backward desperately, catching Kirsty in the shoulder and knocking her loose.

Mark Bravo: "Emily Hightower is fighting off eliminations by instinct now!"

Valkyrie rises again.

Rosa sees it and charges.

The two collide with more hatred than technique, crashing into the corner where Valkyrie immediately turns Rosa and drives a shoulder into her ribs.

Another shoulder.

Another.

Rosa doubles over.

Valkyrie Knoxx: "You should have stayed buried with the old Empire."

Rosa grabs Valkyrie by the back of the head and pulls her close.

Rosa Delgado: "At least I got out."

Rosa headbutts Valkyrie.

Valkyrie stumbles back, surprised and angry.

Rosa explodes out of the corner with a lariat that catches Valkyrie across the throat and sends her staggering into the ropes again.

The O2 surges.

Rosa charges.

Valkyrie backdrops her over the top rope.

Rosa lands on the apron.

One hand on the top rope.

One knee on the edge.

Both feet still off the floor.

John Phillips: "Rosa lands on the apron!"

Valkyrie turns and reaches for her.

Shannon Ray comes from behind with Last Shot.

The spinning knee hits Valkyrie across the side of the head.

Valkyrie staggers away from Rosa and toward center ring.

Rosa rolls back under the bottom rope, still active.

Shannon Ray turns from Valkyrie and sees Kaida Shizuka rising beside her.

Kaida’s eyes are calm.

Too calm.

Shannon swings first.

Kaida ducks.

Kaida catches Shannon with a sharp kick to the ribs.

Then another to the thigh.

Shannon stumbles toward the ropes.

Kirsty McKinney appears low behind Shannon, grabbing her base.

Kaida steps in from the front.

For one second, Shannon Ray is trapped between Kirsty’s leverage and Kaida’s precision.

Shannon tries to fight out, throwing a chop that catches Kaida across the chest.

Kaida absorbs it and snaps a kick into Shannon’s jaw.

Kirsty lifts from below.

Kaida helps from above.

Shannon Ray goes over the top rope.

She lands on the apron, clinging with one hand.

Rosa, still recovering near the corner, sees it and moves in, but Valkyrie grabs Rosa from behind and stops her.

Kaida spins.

Sharp kick to Shannon’s hand.

Shannon’s grip breaks.

She drops to the floor.

Both feet hit.

The official points.

Ring Announcer: "Shannon Ray has been eliminated!"

John Phillips: "Shannon Ray is gone! Kaida Shizuka and Kirsty McKinney combine to eliminate Shannon Ray!"

Mark Bravo: "Shannon came in fresh, precise, and dangerous, but the field adapted. Kirsty took the base, Kaida struck the hand, and the marksman is out!"

Shannon sits on the floor for a moment, furious but controlled, staring up at the ring like she is already replaying the angles in her head.

Inside the ring, the Women’s Championship field narrows again.

Emily Hightower.

Kaida Shizuka.

Kirsty McKinney.

Valkyrie Knoxx.

Rosa Delgado.

Five became four?

No.

Five became five when Rosa entered.

Now five become four.

Emily Hightower.

Kaida Shizuka.

Kirsty McKinney.

Valkyrie Knoxx.

Rosa Delgado.

Four? No.

The camera catches John Phillips at commentary shaking his head as the chaos makes the count feel impossible.

John Phillips: "Let me reset it clearly. Shannon Ray has been eliminated. The remaining women are Emily Hightower, Kaida Shizuka, Kirsty McKinney, Valkyrie Knoxx, and Rosa Delgado. Five women remain in the Women's Championship race."

Mark Bravo: "Thank you, John. This match has eaten math alive."

Emily Hightower turns toward Valkyrie again.

Rosa does the same.

Kaida and Kirsty, fresh off eliminating Shannon, do not celebrate.

They simply turn toward the next opening.

On the men's side, Clovis Black and Yoshii finally explode into another full collision. Clovis drives a shoulder into Yoshii's chest. Yoshii answers with a slap so loud the nearest rows recoil. Clovis stumbles, then comes back with a headbutt. Yoshii rocks backward into the ropes, and Jed Eye grabs his own face at ringside.

Jed Eye: "Somebody reinforce the tectonic plates!"

El Fantasma Oscuro 1 and 2 use the impact to move around Mikey Unlikely again. Mikey ducks under Oscuro 2's strike, hits Oscuro 1 with a forearm, and then gets caught in the ribs by Silas Grimm.

Graham Keel immediately shoots for Mikey's ankle.

Mikey kicks him away and stumbles backward into Bobby Dean.

Bobby yelps.

Bobby Dean: "I am not load-bearing!"

Maxwell Jett, who had been hiding behind Bobby, gets knocked loose by the collision and ends up crawling directly toward Rosa Delgado's boots.

Rosa looks down.

Maxwell looks up.

Maxwell Jett: "I'm not with them."

Rosa reaches down.

Maxwell shrieks and rolls sideways, right into Valkyrie Knoxx.

Valkyrie looks down at him.

Maxwell freezes.

Maxwell Jett: "I am also not with you."

Valkyrie grabs him by the back of the neck.

The O2 erupts.

John Phillips: "Valkyrie has Maxwell!"

Valkyrie hauls Maxwell up.

Maxwell flails wildly.

Maxwell Jett: "I support women’s wrestling!"

Rosa rushes Valkyrie from behind.

Valkyrie releases Maxwell to turn toward Rosa, and Maxwell drops flat again, crawling away like he has just been freed from a bear trap.

Mark Bravo: "Maxwell Jett survives because Rosa Delgado hates Valkyrie Knoxx more than she cares about him right now!"

Rosa and Valkyrie collide again.

Emily Hightower joins in with a forearm to Valkyrie’s back.

Kaida Shizuka attacks Rosa’s leg from the side.

Kirsty McKinney shoots low at Emily.

The Women’s Championship race folds into itself once more.

Every woman has a claim.

Every woman has a path.

Every woman has one mistake between her and the floor.

Near the ropes, Bobby Dean has slowly started to inch toward the abandoned battle chair again. He has one hand on the middle rope, one knee through the ropes, clearly trying to reach the apron without going over the top.

Maxwell crawls up beside him.

Maxwell Jett: "Take me with you."

Bobby Dean: "No."

Maxwell Jett: "We can share the chair."

Bobby Dean: "You laughed."

Maxwell Jett: "I have grown."

Bobby stares at him.

Bobby Dean: "Since when?"

Maxwell Jett: "Since Clovis almost touched me."

Bobby considers this for half a second.

Then El Fantasma Oscuro 2 crashes into the ropes nearby and both men scramble back inside, panicked.

No more countdown clock appears.

No numbers flash on the screen.

No buzzer saves anyone.

The realization spreads through the arena and through the ring itself.

Every entrant has entered.

The field is complete.

From here on, every elimination matters more.

From here on, there are no new obstacles coming.

Only the ones still standing.

John Phillips: "All seventy entrants have now entered the All or Nothing Rumble. There are no more buzzers. There are no more countdowns. From this point forward, every elimination brings us closer to championships being awarded."

Mark Bravo: "And remember what that means. The final female remaining becomes UTA Women’s Champion. The final eight overall are guaranteed to leave with championship gold. We are past survival by delay now. The clock is dead. The consequences are alive."

Rosa Delgado stands near the ropes, breathing hard, eyes still locked on Valkyrie Knoxx.

Valkyrie stands across from her, jaw tight, gauntlet hand flexing.

Emily Hightower rises between them, refusing to let either woman forget she is still the protected powerhouse in the Women’s Championship race.

Kaida Shizuka stands silent near the corner.

Kirsty McKinney remains low, watching every base, every step, every bad decision waiting to happen.

Yoshii and Clovis Black turn toward one another again.

Mikey Unlikely backs away from El Fantasma Oscuro 1 and 2 as Silas Grimm smiles behind them.

Graham Keel crouches near the ropes.

Bobby Dean looks at the battle chair outside.

Maxwell Jett crawls behind him one more time.

Bobby closes his eyes.

Bobby Dean: "I really do not like you."

Maxwell Jett: "That means you see me."

Clovis and Yoshii collide again.

El Fantasma move as one.

Rosa lunges for Valkyrie.

Emily cuts through both of them.

Kaida and Kirsty attack the openings.

The final phase of the All or Nothing Rumble is no longer about waiting.

There is no clock.

There is no buzzer.

There is no next entrant.

There is only the ring, the ropes, the floor, and the reality that every person still standing is one mistake away from watching someone else leave with everything.

Fourteen remain.

Maxwell Jett crawls behind Bobby Dean, eyes darting between every moving body like he is trying to predict disaster before disaster remembers his name.

Bobby Dean clutches the ropes with one hand and keeps looking toward the abandoned battle chair at ringside, the poor scooter sitting alone beneath the lights like a trusted warhorse left behind on a battlefield.

Yoshii and Clovis Black continue to occupy the center of the ring, neither man giving the other a clean inch. Every shoulder block, every forearm, every chest slap feels like the ring itself is begging them to stop.

Mikey Unlikely stands near the ropes, breathing hard, still protected, still dangerous, still carrying the weight of eliminating Chris Ross before Ross could finish Maxwell Jett.

Graham Keel crouches low nearby, eyes flicking from Bobby's base to Mikey's knees to Maxwell's crawling hands, still seeing the match in angles and joints.

Silas Grimm stands behind El Fantasma Oscuro 1 and El Fantasma Oscuro 2, almost serene.

The two masked figures move in mirrored steps.

Not identical.

Not perfectly.

But close enough to make the air around them feel wrong.

Across the ring, the Women's Championship field is still five deep.

Emily Hightower.

Kaida Shizuka.

Kirsty McKinney.

Valkyrie Knoxx.

Rosa Delgado.

The final female remaining becomes UTA Women's Champion.

That fact hangs over every step they take now.

John Phillips: "No more entrants. No more interruptions. From here forward, every elimination reshapes the championship landscape."

Mark Bravo: "And right now, John, the women's field is a powder keg. Emily is still protected. Valkyrie and Rosa want to tear each other apart. Kirsty is waiting for someone to stand wrong. And Kaida Shizuka may be the most dangerous quiet person left in the building."

Kaida stands near the corner, one hand lightly touching the top rope, eyes moving from Emily to Valkyrie to Rosa to Kirsty.

She does not look tired.

She looks focused.

Which is somehow worse.

Emily Hightower pushes herself upright, rolling one shoulder, her thigh visibly bothering her from the endless kicks Kaida has fed into it throughout the match.

Kaida sees the limp.

Of course she does.

She steps forward.

Emily turns her head slowly.

Emily Hightower: "You been choppin’ at that leg all night."

Kaida says nothing.

Emily Hightower: "Say somethin’."

Kaida lowers her stance.

Emily snarls.

Emily Hightower: "Fine."

Emily charges.

Kaida steps aside with sharp precision and kicks Emily’s thigh again.

Emily stumbles but does not fall.

Kaida kicks the same leg a second time.

Emily drops to one knee.

The O2 reacts as Kaida hits the ropes.

Kaida comes back fast.

Rising Dragon.

Emily catches her.

The crowd explodes.

Kaida’s knee is trapped inches from Emily’s jaw, Emily’s arms wrapped around Kaida’s waist, the powerhouse stopping the precision strike through raw, desperate strength.

John Phillips: "Emily caught Rising Dragon!"

Emily rises from one knee with Kaida in her arms.

Kaida’s eyes widen just slightly.

Emily drives her backward into the corner.

Hard.

The turnbuckles shake.

Emily drives a shoulder into Kaida’s ribs.

Then another.

Then a third.

Kaida folds forward, breath leaving her body in sharp bursts.

Kirsty McKinney slides in behind Emily, looking for the damaged leg again.

Emily feels the movement and kicks backward, forcing Kirsty to abandon the shot before she can hook anything cleanly.

Emily Hightower: "Not now!"

Rosa Delgado rushes past both of them and crashes into Valkyrie Knoxx near the ropes, the old Empire and the new

Empire still tearing into each other with a bitterness that does not care about the rest of the match.

Valkyrie answers with a forearm that staggers Rosa sideways.

Rosa rebounds with a headbutt.

Valkyrie snarls and grabs her by the throat.

Rosa claws at the wrist, not panicking, just fighting.

Kaida uses the brief distraction behind Emily to slip out of the corner.

She lands behind Emily and immediately goes low, kicking the damaged thigh again.

Emily’s leg buckles.

Kaida hooks the arm and neck.

John Phillips: "Kaida may be looking for the Sakura Clutch!"

Emily fights the grip before Kaida can take her down, planting both boots and forcing her shoulders backward.

Kaida transitions instead, spinning around Emily and trying to redirect her toward the ropes.

Kirsty sees the angle.

For one cold second, Kirsty and Kaida are on the same page.

Kaida from the upper body.

Kirsty from the base.

Emily Hightower is driven toward the ropes.

The crowd rises.

Emily’s hip hits the top strand.

Kaida pushes.

Kirsty lifts.

Emily roars.

She throws an elbow backward into Kaida’s jaw.

Kaida staggers but holds on.

Emily throws another.

This one cracks clean.

Kaida loses her grip.

Emily kicks backward with her bad leg, catching Kirsty in the shoulder and knocking her loose.

Emily drops back inside the ropes and turns, furious, limping, but alive.

Mark Bravo: "Emily Hightower just powered out of a two-woman elimination attempt! That leg is hurt, but she is refusing to go!"

Kaida backs up, one hand briefly touching her jaw.

Emily steps forward.

Kaida kicks again.

Emily absorbs it this time.

The crowd reacts as Emily’s face twists from pain into anger.

Emily Hightower: "I said I’m tired of that."

Emily catches Kaida’s next kick.

Kaida hops once, then tries to spin through into an enzuigiri.

Emily ducks under the kick and keeps hold of the leg.

She yanks Kaida forward and blasts her with a short-arm forearm.

Kaida drops to one knee.

Emily pulls her up and throws her toward the ropes.

Kaida rebounds.

Emily lowers her shoulder.

Huge back body drop.

Kaida goes high.

Too high.

She crashes over the top rope.

But lands on the apron.

Both hands clamp onto the top strand.

John Phillips: "Kaida lands on the apron! Kaida is not eliminated yet!"

Emily turns and charges.

Kaida drops low, driving a shoulder through the ropes into Emily’s midsection.

Emily staggers back.

Kaida grips the top rope and begins to rise.

She starts to springboard.

Valkyrie Knoxx suddenly hurls Rosa Delgado sideways into Emily, knocking Emily off line.

Rosa and Emily collide and stumble.

Kaida launches from the apron anyway.

Springboard missile dropkick.

But Valkyrie turns.

Valkyrie catches Kaida out of the air.

The O2 gasps.

Kaida is trapped across Valkyrie’s arms.

Valkyrie’s face darkens.

Valkyrie Knoxx: "You cut at queens."

Kaida fires elbows into Valkyrie’s jaw.

One.

Two.

Three.

Valkyrie staggers toward the ropes, still holding her.

Kaida twists, trying to slip free.

Kirsty McKinney sees Valkyrie’s base exposed and shoots low at her leg.

Rosa Delgado comes in from the opposite side, charging Valkyrie with a forearm.

Emily Hightower, still rocked from Rosa’s collision, shoves Rosa forward with one hand, unintentionally adding momentum.

Rosa’s forearm catches Valkyrie across the back of the head.

Kirsty clips Valkyrie’s leg.

Valkyrie stumbles into the ropes.

Kaida slips out of Valkyrie’s grip and lands standing on the apron again.

She grabs the top rope, feet safe, body outside.

For one second, Kaida survives everything.

Then Emily Hightower sees her.

Emily rushes forward through the pain in her leg, through the collision, through the chaos.

Kaida turns to duck back inside.

Emily hits her with a massive forearm across the chest.

Kaida’s grip loosens.

Kaida hangs for one heartbeat.

Then falls.

Kaida Shizuka drops to the floor.

Both feet hit.

The official points.

Ring Announcer: "Kaida Shizuka has been eliminated!"

John Phillips: "Kaida Shizuka is gone! Emily Hightower eliminates The Silent Blade!"

Mark Bravo: "Kaida survived Valkyrie, survived the apron, survived almost everything, but Emily Hightower finally caught her on the edge and knocked her loose!"

Kaida lands on one knee at ringside, head lowered.

She does not scream.

She does not argue.

She simply looks up at Emily Hightower from the floor.

Emily leans against the ropes, breathing hard, one hand gripping the top strand, her damaged leg trembling beneath her.

Kaida gives the smallest nod.

Emily does not return it.

Not visibly.

But she watches Kaida as officials guide The Silent Blade away.

John Phillips: "The Women’s Championship field is now down to four. Emily Hightower, Kirsty McKinney, Valkyrie Knoxx, and Rosa Delgado."

Mark Bravo: "And Emily Hightower just took out one of the most dangerous technical strikers in the match. That matters."

Before Emily can recover, Valkyrie Knoxx turns her attention back to Rosa Delgado and grabs her by the hair.

Rosa slaps Valkyrie’s hands away and fires back with a forearm.

Kirsty McKinney stays low behind both women, not choosing a side, waiting for either one to make the bad step.

Across the ring, the male field erupts.

Clovis Black and Yoshii collide again, but this time El Fantasma Oscuro 1 and El Fantasma Oscuro 2 use the impact to spring into motion.

Oscuro 2 runs up the ropes near the corner.

Oscuro 1 drops low and sweeps around Clovis’ base.

Silas Grimm steps in with a palm strike to Clovis’ ribs.

Graham Keel immediately attacks the leg.

For the second time, Clovis Black is swarmed.

But Clovis has had enough.

He grabs Silas by the throat with one hand and shoves him backward into the corner.

Keel tries to hook the knee.

Clovis stomps down, forcing Keel to roll away before he gets trapped beneath the boot.

Oscuro 1 springboards toward him.

Clovis catches the movement with a brutal bell clap that knocks Oscuro 1 down to one knee, protected but stunned.

Oscuro 2 comes off the top rope.

Diving crossbody.

Clovis catches him.

The crowd roars.

John Phillips: "Clovis caught El Fantasma Oscuro 2!"

Oscuro 2 kicks his legs, trying to scramble free.

Clovis shifts him up onto one shoulder.

Blackout Slam tease.

Oscuro 1 rises and rushes in to save his partner.

Yoshii suddenly steps between them.

Not on purpose, maybe.

Or maybe because Yoshii saw movement and wanted to be involved.

Either way, Oscuro 1 crashes into Yoshii instead of Clovis.

Yoshii looks down at him.

Yoshii: "Ghost!"

Oscuro 1 staggers back, unable to reach his partner.

Clovis turns toward the ropes with Oscuro 2 on his shoulder.

Silas Grimm rushes from the corner.

Mikey Unlikely cuts him off with a forearm.

The crowd reacts in surprise as Mikey blocks Silas' lane, not to help Clovis out of kindness, but because Mikey sees the field thinning and understands what eliminating one half of El Fantasma means.

Mikey Unlikely: "Not this time, bruv."

Silas' head snaps to the side.

Clovis powers forward.

Oscuro 2 slips halfway down his back, trying to drag Clovis with him.

Clovis grabs the top rope with one hand and hoists with the other.

Oscuro 2 goes up.

Over.

He lands on the apron.

One hand still on Clovis' shoulder.

Oscuro 1 tries to rush again, but Yoshii grabs him around the waist and holds him back with confused enthusiasm.

Yoshii: "No ghost save!"

El Fantasma Oscuro 2 swings a desperate kick from the apron.

Clovis absorbs it against the shoulder.

Then Clovis backs up two steps.

Freight Line.

The massive shoulder tackle crashes into Oscuro 2 through the ropes.

Oscuro 2 flies backward off the apron.

He hits the floor.

Both feet land.

The official points.

Ring Announcer: "El Fantasma Oscuro 2 has been eliminated!"

John Phillips: "El Fantasma Oscuro 2 is gone! Clovis Black eliminates one half of El Fantasma!"

Mark Bravo: "The ghosts doubled the field, but Clovis Black just ran one of them off the tracks!"

El Fantasma Oscuro 2 lands hard on the floor and rolls toward the barricade, one hand clutching his ribs.

Oscuro 1 freezes inside the ring.

Yoshii releases him.

Silas Grimm stands still, the faint smile gone now.

For the first time since Oscuro 2 entered, the shadow formation is broken.

Oscuro 1 slowly turns toward Clovis Black.

Clovis turns back toward him.

Neither speaks.

They do not need to.

John Phillips: "El Fantasma Oscuro 1 is still protected and still active, but Oscuro 2 is out. That alliance has been cut in half."

Mark Bravo: "And look at Silas Grimm. He does not like that one bit."

Graham Keel uses the moment to slide behind Clovis and hook at his ankle again.

Clovis turns, but Keel rolls away before he can be caught.

Mikey Unlikely backs off from Silas, eyes moving between the broken ghost pairing and the bigger title implications.

Maxwell Jett, still hiding behind Bobby Dean, raises one finger carefully.

Maxwell Jett: "For the record, I helped by not interfering."

Bobby Dean turns to him slowly.

Bobby Dean: "You are the worst person I have met inside a ring."

Maxwell considers that.

Maxwell Jett: "Inside a ring is doing a lot of work there."

Valkyrie Knoxx and Rosa Delgado crash into the ropes on the far side, Rosa trying to force Valkyrie up and over, Valkyrie digging her boots into the mat.

Emily Hightower turns away from Kaida’s elimination and sees Valkyrie vulnerable.

She limps forward.

Kirsty McKinney sees Emily’s limp and slides behind her again.

Emily pauses before committing to Valkyrie, sensing Kirsty in her blind spot.

That hesitation saves Emily’s leg, but it also saves Valkyrie from the double team.

Valkyrie headbutts Rosa and shoves her away from the ropes.

Kirsty rolls back to her feet, expression unchanged.

Emily turns toward her.

Emily Hightower: "You keep crawlin’ around my legs."

Kirsty McKinney: "Your legs keep failing."

Emily steps toward Kirsty.

Rosa steps toward Valkyrie.

Clovis and Yoshii reset near center.

El Fantasma Oscuro 1 stands alone now, with Silas Grimm behind him and Graham Keel crouched nearby.

Bobby Dean grips the rope.

Maxwell Jett grips Bobby’s ankle.

Bobby looks down.

Bobby Dean: "Let go."

Maxwell Jett: "No."

Maxwell Jett still crawls near Bobby Dean, one hand occasionally clutching Bobby’s ankle like the UTA Champion has decided fear is a tag-team strategy.

Bobby keeps trying to shake him loose without moving too close to the ropes, too close to Clovis Black, too close to Yoshii, too close to El Fantasma Oscuro 1, too close to anything that might remember he is still legally in the match.

Bobby Dean: "Let go."

Maxwell Jett: "No."

Bobby Dean: "I am not your shield."

Maxwell Jett: "You are shaped like one."

Bobby looks genuinely wounded.

Bobby Dean: "That was mean."

Across the ring, Clovis Black and Yoshii are still circling one another, both men breathing harder now, both men marked by the damage of an endless rumble, both men still refusing to give the other the satisfaction of moving backward first.

El Fantasma Oscuro 1 stands alone now, the second shadow gone. Silas Grimm remains behind him, but the shape of the darkness has changed. The formation is broken. Graham Keel crouches low nearby, still hunting, still calculating, still waiting for the wrong foot to land too close.

Mikey Unlikely stands near the ropes, one hand pressed against the top strand, chest rising and falling as he stares across at Silas, El Fantasma, and Keel.

On the women’s side, only four remain.

Emily Hightower.

Kirsty McKinney.

Valkyrie Knoxx.

Rosa Delgado.

The final female remaining becomes UTA Women’s Champion.

John Phillips: "We are down to four in the Women’s Championship race. Emily Hightower, Kirsty McKinney, Valkyrie Knoxx, and Rosa Delgado. One of these four women will leave tonight as UTA Women’s Champion."

Mark Bravo: "And every one of them is dangerous for a different reason. Emily is power and rage. Valkyrie is power and cruelty. Rosa is fighting with old Empire fire. Kirsty is the woman waiting for your foot to land wrong so she can end your night before you know you made a mistake."

Kirsty McKinney proves the point immediately.

Emily Hightower steps toward Valkyrie Knoxx, still wanting to get back to the Fighting Champion, still angry from every collision, every kick, every moment stolen by someone else’s timing.

Kirsty shoots low behind Emily’s damaged leg.

Emily senses her half a second late.

That is all Kirsty needs.

Kirsty hooks the ankle, turns her hips, and drags Emily down to one knee.

John Phillips: "Kirsty has Emily’s leg!"

Emily catches the middle rope with one hand, stopping herself from being fully turned toward the top strand.

Kirsty keeps twisting, face blank, almost emotionless.

Kirsty McKinney: "Too heavy on the bad side."

Emily snarls and reaches backward, trying to grab Kirsty by the hair or shoulder, anything she can get.

Kirsty stays just out of reach and keeps applying pressure.

Valkyrie Knoxx watches from a few steps away, then moves in.

Not to save Emily.

To destroy the opening.

Valkyrie grabs Kirsty by the back of the neck and yanks her off Emily.

Kirsty releases the ankle but immediately rolls through, trying to catch Valkyrie’s leg on the way down.

Valkyrie stomps down beside her hand, missing the fingers by inches.

Kirsty rolls away and pops back up, colder than ever.

Valkyrie Knoxx: "Crawl again."

Kirsty McKinney: "Stand worse."

Rosa Delgado crashes into Valkyrie from the side with a forearm, knocking the Iron Valkyrie toward the ropes.

The crowd rises.

Rosa follows with another forearm.

Then another.

Valkyrie staggers but refuses to go down.

Rosa grabs her by the wrist and tries to whip her across the ring.

Valkyrie reverses and sends Rosa instead.

Rosa rebounds.

Valkyrie lowers her head for a back body drop.

Rosa stops short and kicks Valkyrie in the chest.

Valkyrie snaps upright.

Rosa lunges.

Valkyrie catches her around the waist.

Rosa fires elbows down into Valkyrie’s jaw, refusing the lift.

Emily Hightower gets back to her feet, limping badly now, and sees Kirsty rising near the ropes.

For a moment, Emily looks toward Valkyrie and Rosa.

Then she looks back at Kirsty.

Kirsty sees the decision before Emily moves.

She drops low, ready to shoot again.

Emily charges anyway.

Kirsty dives for the leg.

Emily jumps just enough.

Not pretty.

Not graceful.

Just enough.

Kirsty slides under the first step, missing the leg by inches.

Emily lands behind her, grabs Kirsty around the waist, and deadlifts her up.

John Phillips: "Emily caught Kirsty!"

Kirsty kicks backward, trying to shift her weight, trying to break the grip, trying to turn the angle into another escape.

Emily roars and drives Kirsty forward chest-first into the ropes.

Kirsty bounces off.

Emily keeps the grip.

She lifts.

German suplex.

Kirsty lands hard and rolls toward the ropes, dazed for the first time in several minutes.

Mark Bravo: "That was not technical. That was Emily Hightower saying enough with the ankles!"

Emily pulls herself up, grimacing from the bad leg.

Kirsty reaches for the ropes, dragging herself upright.

Emily charges again.

Kirsty ducks low and pulls the top rope down.

The O2 gasps as Emily nearly spills over.

Emily catches herself with both arms over the top strand, her upper body leaning dangerously to the outside.

Kirsty rises behind her.

This is the angle.

This is the moment.

Kirsty grabs Emily’s damaged leg and starts lifting.

John Phillips: "Kirsty may have Emily!"

Emily’s face tightens with panic and fury.

Her body tips higher.

Her hands cling to the rope.

Valkyrie Knoxx sees it and steps forward, but Rosa grabs her from behind and yanks her back, refusing to let Valkyrie decide the moment.

Kirsty keeps lifting.

Emily is almost over.

Then Bobby Dean, backpedaling away from Maxwell, accidentally bumps into Kirsty from behind.

Not hard.

Not enough to be an attack.

Enough.

Kirsty’s grip shifts.

Emily’s bad leg drops just enough to touch the canvas again.

Kirsty turns her head, furious in the quietest possible way.

Kirsty McKinney: "Move."

Bobby freezes.

Bobby Dean: "I’m trying not to."

That half-second costs Kirsty everything.

Emily shoves herself backward off the ropes, turns, and catches Kirsty with a brutal forearm.

Kirsty staggers.

Emily grabs her by the back of the head and waistband.

Kirsty tries one last time to drop low.

Emily does not let her.

She powers Kirsty up and hurls her over the top rope.

Kirsty lands on the apron, one hand clinging to the top strand.

The crowd rises.

Kirsty tries to slide low through the ropes again.

Emily steps forward, bad leg shaking, and drives a boot through the ropes into Kirsty’s chest.

Kirsty’s grip breaks.

She falls backward.

Kirsty McKinney hits the floor.

Both feet land.

The official points.

Ring Announcer: "Kirsty McKinney has been eliminated!"

John Phillips: "Kirsty McKinney is gone! Emily Hightower eliminates Kirsty!"

Mark Bravo: "Kirsty almost had her! She almost turned Emily's bad leg into the elimination, but one accidental bump from Bobby Dean, one shift in balance, and Emily Hightower made her pay!"

Kirsty lands on the floor and immediately sits up, staring into the ring with cold disbelief.

She does not scream.

She does not throw a fit.

She looks at Bobby Dean first.

Bobby sees it.

Bobby Dean: "Sorry."

Kirsty's expression does not change.

Bobby Dean: "I mean it."

Officials guide Kirsty away, but her eyes remain on Bobby long enough for Bobby to look deeply uncomfortable.

Bobby Dean: "I do not want enemies."

Maxwell Jett: "Too late."

Bobby slowly turns toward Maxwell.

Bobby Dean: "You are one."

Maxwell's mouth opens, then closes.

Across the ring, Rosa Delgado has Valkyrie Knoxx backed into the corner with repeated forearms.

The Women's Championship field is now down to three.

Emily Hightower.

Valkyrie Knoxx.

Rosa Delgado.

John Phillips: "We are down to three women. Emily Hightower, Valkyrie Knoxx, and Rosa Delgado. The final female remaining becomes UTA Women's Champion."

Mark Bravo: "And look at that triangle. Emily has been fighting through everyone. Valkyrie represents The Empire's last hope. Rosa may be the woman most determined to stop that from happening."

Rosa grabs Valkyrie by the wrist and tries to pull her from the corner.

Valkyrie reverses and yanks Rosa into a knee to the ribs.

Rosa doubles over.

Valkyrie hooks her.

Valknut Driver tease.

Rosa fights out with elbows to the ribs.

Emily Hightower limps forward and blasts Valkyrie with a forearm from the side.

Valkyrie releases Rosa and turns toward Emily.

Rosa hits Valkyrie from behind.

Emily hits her from the front.

The O2 roars as Emily and Rosa finally force Valkyrie backward toward the ropes again.

Valkyrie plants herself.

Emily pushes.

Rosa pushes.

Valkyrie grips the top rope with both hands.

She refuses.

Valkyrie Knoxx: "I will not fall for either of you."

Rosa snarls.

Rosa Delgado: "Then fall for what you became."

Rosa shifts suddenly, ducking low and driving her shoulder into Valkyrie’s midsection.

Emily clubs Valkyrie across the chest.

Valkyrie nearly tips.

The O2 rises.

But Valkyrie reaches out and grabs Rosa by the hair, yanking her forward and down.

Rosa’s face hits the top rope.

Emily lunges again.

Valkyrie kicks Emily’s damaged leg.

Emily drops to one knee.

Valkyrie grabs Rosa from behind.

Deadlift German suplex.

Rosa lands hard near the ropes and rolls onto her side, clutching her neck.

Valkyrie rises slowly, breathing hard now, sweat across her face, gauntlet hand flexing.

Emily pushes up from one knee.

Valkyrie rushes her.

Emily ducks under the big boot.

Rosa rises behind Valkyrie and hooks her around the waist.

Emily sees it.

Rosa tries to lift Valkyrie from behind.

Valkyrie blocks with one leg wrapped around Rosa’s.

Emily charges in, looking to clothesline both women toward the ropes.

Valkyrie ducks at the last second.

Emily’s forearm catches Rosa instead.

The crowd gasps.

Rosa staggers backward into the ropes, dazed.

John Phillips: "Emily caught Rosa by mistake!"

Valkyrie turns instantly.

Running big boot.

The boot catches Rosa flush.

Rosa spills backward over the top rope.

She lands on the apron, one hand clinging to the top strand, boots scraping along the edge.

Emily realizes what happened and lunges toward Rosa to pull her back in.

Valkyrie cuts Emily off with a short-arm lariat.

Emily drops hard to the mat.

Rosa tries to roll back inside.

Valkyrie turns.

Rosa reaches through the ropes.

Valkyrie grabs her wrist.

For one second, their eyes lock.

Old Empire.

New Empire.

Everything between them.

Rosa Delgado: "You still kneel."

Valkyrie’s face twists.

Valkyrie Knoxx: "I conquer."

Valkyrie rips Rosa’s hand off the rope and drives a forearm through the gap between the ropes.

Rosa loses her grip.

She falls from the apron.

Rosa Delgado hits the floor.

Both feet land.

The official points.

Ring Announcer: "Rosa Delgado has been eliminated!"

John Phillips: "Rosa Delgado is gone! Valkyrie Knoxx eliminates Rosa!"

Mark Bravo: "And that means the Women's Championship race is down to two! Emily Hightower and Valkyrie Knoxx! One of those two women will become UTA Women's Champion!"

The O2 roars with the realization.

Rosa sits on the floor, furious, looking up at Valkyrie Knoxx.

Valkyrie stands over her inside the ropes, breathing hard, one hand still on the top strand.

Emily Hightower is pushing herself up behind Valkyrie.

The final two women.

Emily Hightower.

Valkyrie Knoxx.

One will leave as UTA Women's Champion.

John Phillips: "Emily Hightower and Valkyrie Knoxx. The Fighting Champion and the woman who has been fighting through punishment all match long. The next woman eliminated loses the Women's Championship race. The final woman standing becomes champion."

Mark Bravo: "This is it for the women. The Empire's last hope is Valkyrie Knoxx. If Emily Hightower can eliminate her, The Empire is shut out of the Women's Championship. If Valkyrie survives, Marie may be gone, Amy may be gone, Susanita may have broken the night open, but The Empire still walks away with gold."

Valkyrie slowly turns away from Rosa on the floor.

Emily is waiting.

They stare at each other from across only a few feet.

No one else matters for that heartbeat.

Then the male field erupts again.

Clovis Black grabs El Fantasma Oscuro 1 and tries to hurl him toward the ropes.

Silas Grimm cuts Clovis off with a palm strike to the throat.

Graham Keel attacks the knee.

Yoshii barrels into all three, sending bodies scattering.

Mikey Unlikely is caught in the spillover.

El Fantasma Oscuro 1 springs off the ropes, twisting through the air, and catches Mikey with a flying headscissors.

Mikey flips over the top rope.

The O2 gasps.

John Phillips: "Mikey Unlikely is over!"

Mikey goes over the top rope and drops toward the floor.

For one terrible second, it looks over.

Maxwell Jett pops up from behind Bobby Dean, eyes wide, practically glowing.

Maxwell Jett: "Mikey’s gone!"

Mikey falls.

But his right hand catches the bottom rope.

His body swings under the bottom strand.

His boots hover inches above the floor.

One foot nearly brushes the padding.

Nearly.

Not quite.

Mikey hangs upside down outside the ring, one hand clamped around the bottom rope, the other reaching desperately for the apron skirt.

Mark Bravo: "His feet haven’t touched! His feet haven’t touched!"

The official drops low to check.

Mikey swings, grimacing, using every bit of core strength and veteran panic to pull himself sideways.

El Fantasma Oscuro 1 looks down through the ropes.

Silas Grimm steps closer.

Graham Keel moves toward the ropes, eyes on Mikey’s hand.

Bobby Dean sees what is happening and, without fully understanding why, backs into Graham Keel’s path.

Keel stops.

Graham Keel: "Again."

Bobby Dean: "I’m standing here."

Maxwell Jett lunges toward the ropes, trying to stomp Mikey’s hand, but Bobby’s body blocks him too.

Maxwell Jett: "Move! He’s almost out!"

Bobby Dean: "You were mean."

Maxwell Jett: "This is not the time for accountability!"

Mikey uses the delay.

He pulls himself along the bottom rope, slides his shoulders beneath it, and rolls under the bottom strand back into the ring.

His feet never touch the floor.

The official throws both hands outward.

Ring Announcer: "Mikey Unlikely has not been eliminated!"

The O2 erupts.

John Phillips: "Mikey Unlikely survives! Mikey Unlikely survives! His feet never touched the floor!"

Mark Bravo: "He went over the top, he hung from the bottom rope, and somehow he slid back in! Mikey Unlikely is still

in the All or Nothing Rumble!"

Mikey rolls onto his back inside the ring, breathing hard, staring up at the lights with the expression of a man who just borrowed one more life from the universe.

Maxwell Jett stands frozen beside Bobby Dean.

He slowly turns toward Bobby.

Maxwell Jett: "You blocked me."

Bobby looks at him.

Bobby Dean: "You laughed when Chris took my chair."

Maxwell’s face collapses into disbelief.

Maxwell Jett: "This is about that?"

Bobby Dean: "It is about a lot of things now."

Silas Grimm looks at Mikey on the mat, then at Bobby Dean, then at Maxwell Jett.

For once, even Silas seems mildly intrigued by the absurd emotional machinery of the match.

Silas Grimm: "Grievance is a strange rope."

Mikey Unlikely: "Please don’t make this poetic while I’m still dizzy."

Clovis Black shoves Yoshii backward into the ropes again.

Yoshii rebounds with a massive chest slap.

El Fantasma Oscuro 1 resets near Silas.

Graham Keel circles around Bobby, annoyed.

Maxwell Jett backs away from both Bobby and Mikey now, realizing that his list of safe places has somehow gotten even smaller.

And at the center of the women’s race, Emily Hightower and Valkyrie Knoxx step toward each other.

Kirsty McKinney is gone.

Rosa Delgado is gone.

Only Emily and Valkyrie remain for the UTA Women’s Championship.

Emily rolls her damaged leg once and raises her fists.

Valkyrie flexes the steel-spiked gauntlet hand and lowers her stance.

Emily Hightower: "Just you and me now."

Valkyrie Knoxx: "Then kneel."

Emily spits to the side.

Emily Hightower: "Come make me."

The O2 rises as the final two women collide, while the rest of the rumble continues to spiral toward the championship endgame.

The O2 is standing now, not because anyone has told them to, but because sitting feels impossible.

The All or Nothing Rumble has entered the part of the night where every breath feels like a countdown even though there is no clock left.

Kirsty McKinney is gone.

Rosa Delgado is gone.

The UTA Women’s Championship race has narrowed to two.

Emily Hightower.

Valkyrie Knoxx.

One of them will become UTA Women’s Champion.

On the men’s side, the field has become sharper, meaner, and stranger.

Maxwell Jett remains alive, crawling low, panicked and opportunistic in equal measure.

Bobby Dean remains inside the ring, still protected, still separated from the battle chair, still carrying a grudge against Maxwell for laughing at his suffering.

Mikey Unlikely is still active after somehow surviving elimination by grabbing the bottom rope, swinging beneath it, and sliding back into the ring without either foot touching the floor.

El Fantasma Oscuro 1 remains active, now alone without Oscuro 2.

Silas Grimm stands near him like a shadow that refuses to detach.

Graham Keel stays low, waiting for any ankle, any knee, any base to betray its owner.

Yoshii remains near center, enormous, grinning, still somehow treating this catastrophe like a party that keeps getting better.

And Clovis Black stands across from him.

Not smiling.

Not talking.

Just breathing.

Heavy.

Slow.

Like a train idling before it runs through something that cannot move out of the way.

John Phillips: "We are getting deep now. Every elimination from here changes the championship math."

Mark Bravo: "And look at Clovis Black and Yoshii, John. Those two have been circling, colliding, and refusing to move for what feels like half the match. Something has to give."

Yoshii steps forward.

Clovis steps forward.

The ring almost seems to brace.

Yoshii raises one massive hand.

Clovis lowers his shoulder.

They collide.

The sound rolls through The O2 like a loading dock door being hit by a truck.

Neither man goes down.

Yoshii’s grin widens.

Yoshii: "Again!"

Clovis does not answer.

He takes two steps back, plants his boots, and charges.

Running body block.

Yoshii absorbs it with a grunt and staggers one full step backward.

The crowd gasps.

One full step against Yoshii feels like a national event.

Jed Eye grabs his own head at ringside.

Jed Eye: "Whoa! Whoa! He moved the monument!"

Clovis backs up again.

He charges a second time.

Yoshii steps into him this time and throws both arms forward, catching Clovis in the collision and stopping him dead.

Clovis’ boots skid against the canvas.

Yoshii’s smile fades into effort.

The two men lock up like machines grinding gear teeth.

John Phillips: "Yoshii caught Clovis Black!"

Mark Bravo: "That is not a lock-up. That is a structural stress test!"

Clovis drives a knee into Yoshii’s midsection.

Yoshii grunts.

Clovis drives another.

Yoshii’s grip loosens.

Clovis breaks free and claps both hands against the sides of Yoshii’s head.

Bell clap.

The sound snaps through the ring.

Yoshii stumbles sideways, one hand going to his ear.

Clovis grabs him by the wrist and tries to pull him toward the ropes.

The O2 rises again.

John Phillips: "Clovis is trying to move Yoshii toward the ropes!"

Yoshii plants.

Clovis pulls.

Yoshii plants harder.

Clovis’ jaw tightens.

He drives a forearm into Yoshii’s chest.

Another.

Another.

Yoshii staggers, but only a step at a time.

Near the ropes, Maxwell Jett watches from behind Bobby Dean, eyes wide.

Maxwell Jett: "They are going to break the building."

Bobby Dean: "Good. Then maybe I can leave."

Graham Keel sees Clovis’ base exposed as the big man tries to muscle Yoshii toward the ropes.

Keel moves.

Low.

Fast.

Silent until the final second.

He clips Clovis behind the knee.

Clovis drops to one leg.

John Phillips: "Graham Keel attacks the knee of Clovis!"

Mark Bravo: "Of course he does! Keel has been waiting all night for Clovis to commit his weight!"

Clovis turns with fury, reaching for Keel.

Keel rolls away before Clovis can grab him, but the damage is done.

Yoshii is free.

Silas Grimm steps in from the side and drives a palm strike into Clovis’ ribs.

Clovis turns toward him.

El Fantasma Oscuro 1 springs off the ropes and hits Clovis with a dropkick to the same damaged knee.

Clovis drops fully to one knee now, one hand on the mat.

The crowd buzzes, sensing the shift.

John Phillips: "Clovis Black is down to one knee!"

Clovis rises anyway.

Slowly.

Angrily.

Like the match has offended him by suggesting he can be brought down.

Silas Grimm watches him stand.

Silas Grimm: "Even iron bends at the joint."

Clovis steps toward Silas.

Clovis Black: "Then break."

Clovis swings The Whistle.

Silas ducks.

The short-arm lariat misses Silas and catches El Fantasma Oscuro 1 across the chest instead.

El Fantasma drops hard, but remains active, rolling away toward the ropes.

Clovis turns back toward Silas.

Yoshii is already there.

Huge chest slap.

The impact sends Clovis backward into the ropes.

The O2 explodes.

John Phillips: "Yoshii sends Clovis into the ropes!"

Clovis rebounds and charges on instinct.

Freight Line.

He crashes into Yoshii with the massive shoulder tackle.

This time, Yoshii actually falls back into the ropes.

Both arms hook over the top strand.

The crowd loses it.

Mark Bravo: "Clovis has Yoshii on the ropes! Clovis has Yoshii on the ropes!"

Clovis backs up, limping slightly now, and roars without words.

He charges again.

Yoshii ducks low.

Not gracefully.

Not quickly.

Just enough.

Clovis' momentum carries him chest-first into the top rope.

The rope snaps him backward.

Yoshii grabs him from behind.

Clovis throws an elbow backward.

It catches Yoshii in the jaw.

Yoshii releases halfway.

Clovis turns.

Graham Keel clips the knee again.

Clovis buckles.

Silas Grimm strikes him in the throat with a sharp palm.

El Fantasma Oscuro 1, recovered enough, rushes and dropkicks Clovis square in the back.

Clovis falls forward into Yoshii.

Yoshii catches him.

For half a second, Clovis Black is held upright by the very man he has been trying to run through.

Yoshii looks at him.

Yoshii: "Good fight."

Then Yoshii powers forward.

Both arms around Clovis.

A massive heave.

Clovis is driven backward into the ropes.

The top rope catches him across the back.

His upper body tips over.

Clovis grabs the rope with both hands.

The O2 rises to a roar.

John Phillips: "Clovis is hanging on!"

Yoshii pushes.

Keel attacks the leg from below.

Silas presses one shoulder into Clovis' ribs.

El Fantasma Oscuro 1 springboards from the side and lands a kick to Clovis' shoulder.

Still, Clovis does not fall.

His fingers grip the top rope.

His boots scrape for traction.

His jaw is clenched so hard it looks like bone might crack.

Across the ring, Mikey Unlikely watches the swarm, calculating.

Maxwell Jett pops his head up from behind Bobby.

Maxwell Jett: "Yes. Good. Everyone focus on the large man."

Bobby turns toward him.

Bobby Dean: "You say everything out loud."

Maxwell Jett: "Stress."

Emily Hightower and Valkyrie Knoxx crash into the corner nearby, the final two women still tearing into each other. Emily drives a shoulder into Valkyrie's ribs. Valkyrie clubs Emily across the back. The Women's Championship hangs over them, but the camera snaps back to Clovis Black because the entire ring is now bending around his survival.

Clovis throws one arm backward and catches Silas Grimm across the face, knocking him loose.

He kicks out with the damaged leg and catches Graham Keel in the shoulder, forcing Keel to roll away.

El Fantasma Oscuro 1 charges again.

Clovis grabs him by the throat.

The crowd explodes.

Even hanging halfway over the rope, Clovis has El Fantasma by the throat.

John Phillips: "Clovis still fighting! Clovis has El Fantasma!"

Yoshii steps back.

Then rushes forward with all his weight.

Massive body avalanche.

Yoshii crashes into Clovis Black and the ropes at the same time.

Clovis' grip on El Fantasma breaks.

The top rope snaps under the impact and rebounds.

Clovis' body tips fully over.

He tries to grab the rope again.

His fingers scrape it.

Miss.

Clovis Black falls.

He hits the floor with a heavy crash.

Both feet land.

The official points.

Ring Announcer: "Clovis Black has been eliminated!"

John Phillips: "Clovis Black is gone! Yoshii eliminates Clovis Black!"

Mark Bravo: "It took Yoshii, Keel, Silas, El Fantasma, and the kind of collision that should come with a road closure, but Clovis Black has finally been eliminated!"

The O2 gives Clovis a huge reaction as he sits on the floor, one hand on his knee, chest rising and falling, looking back into the ring with fury and exhaustion.

Yoshii stands near the ropes, breathing hard, one hand on the top strand.

For once, even Yoshii looks like the fight took something out of him.

Jed Eye walks alongside the barricade, pointing at Clovis on the floor and then back at Yoshii.

Jed Eye: "That was a train wreck! That was Godzilla versus Amtrak! That was property damage with feelings!"

Clovis slowly rises at ringside.

He looks at Yoshii.

Yoshii looks back.

Yoshii gives him a single nod.

Clovis does not nod back.

He just stares.

Then officials step in, guiding him away from ringside before the look becomes something worse.

John Phillips: "Clovis Black fought like a monster tonight, but his rumble is over."

Mark Bravo: "And look at what it did to the field. We are one step closer to the final eight. One step closer to guaranteed championships."

Inside the ring, the remaining competitors reset through the wreckage.

Yoshii remains active.

El Fantasma Oscuro 1 remains active.

Silas Grimm remains active.

Graham Keel remains active.

Mikey Unlikely remains active.

Bobby Dean remains active.

Maxwell Jett remains active.

Emily Hightower and Valkyrie Knoxx remain the final two women, still fighting for the UTA Women’s Championship.

Nine remain.

One more elimination until the final eight are guaranteed gold.

That realization hits the ring like a second bell.

Maxwell Jett stops crawling.

Bobby Dean notices and stops too.

Mikey Unlikely looks around, doing the math.

Graham Keel’s eyes sharpen.

Silas Grimm smiles faintly again.

El Fantasma Oscuro 1 lowers into a crouch.

Yoshii turns slowly, still breathing hard from eliminating Clovis.

Emily and Valkyrie pull apart just enough to realize it too.

John Phillips: "Nine remain. The next elimination is enormous. Once one more person is gone, the final eight are locked in, and every single one of them is guaranteed to leave with championship gold."

Mark Bravo: "That means panic changes now. Strategy changes. Every person in that ring is looking around thinking the same thing: do not be number nine."

Maxwell Jett slowly looks at Bobby Dean.

Maxwell Jett: "Friend?"

Bobby Dean looks back at him.

Bobby Dean: "No."

Nine remain.

One more elimination until the final eight are guaranteed championship gold.

That truth hangs over the ring like a loaded blade.

Maxwell Jett knows it.

Bobby Dean knows it, even if he wishes knowing things did not happen to him inside wrestling rings.

Mikey Unlikely knows it.

Graham Keel knows it.

Silas Grimm knows it.

El Fantasma Oscuro 1 knows it.

Yoshii knows it, though he mostly looks delighted that everyone else has finally caught up to the stakes.

And then there are the final two women.

Emily Hightower.

Valkyrie Knoxx.

The entire Women’s Championship race has collapsed down to them.

One will be eliminated.

One will become UTA Women’s Champion.

But because only nine competitors remain overall, the winner of this women’s battle will not only secure the Women’s Championship.

She will also enter the final eight.

She will be guaranteed to walk out of the All or Nothing Rumble with another UTA championship around her waist before the night is done.

John Phillips: "This is enormous. We are at nine competitors remaining. Emily Hightower and Valkyrie Knoxx are the last two women in the match. Whoever survives this clash becomes UTA Women’s Champion and also advances into the final eight, guaranteeing herself one of the remaining championships as well."

Mark Bravo: "That is insane, John. One elimination decides the UTA Women’s Championship and locks the winner into more gold. Emily Hightower can change her career forever right here. Valkyrie Knoxx can keep The Empire alive and walk toward becoming a double champion."

The O2 understands it now.

The noise starts low.

A rumble.

A rolling wave of anticipation.

Emily Hightower stands on one side of the ring, sweat pouring, hair loose, thigh damaged, shoulder bruised, breath heavy.

She has survived Marie Van Claudio.

She has survived Susanita’s emotional storm.

She has survived Kaida Shizuka’s surgical kicks.

She has survived Kirsty McKinney’s ankle attacks.

She has survived Shannon Ray’s precision.

She has survived her own father entering the match, changing the air around her, and being eliminated before her eyes.

Now she has Valkyrie Knoxx.

The Iron Valkyrie stands opposite her, breathing hard but still upright, steel-spiked gauntlet hand flexing, eyes cold beneath the storm of boos falling from every level of The O2.

Valkyrie entered as The Empire’s last remaining hope.

Amy Harrison is gone.

Marie Van Claudio is gone.

Susanita Ybanez made sure of that.

Rosa Delgado tried to make sure Valkyrie followed them.

But Valkyrie survived Rosa.

Now the whole Empire question rests on one final clash.

Emily Hightower takes one limping step forward.

Valkyrie steps forward too.

Emily Hightower: "No Amy."

Another step.

Emily Hightower: "No Marie."

Another.

Emily Hightower: "No Empire."

Valkyrie’s jaw tightens.

Valkyrie Knoxx: "The Empire does not die because parasites cheer for it."

Emily smiles, but there is nothing pretty in it.

Emily Hightower: "Then I’ll bury it myself."

The crowd erupts.

They collide.

Emily throws the first forearm.

Valkyrie answers with one of her own.

Emily rocks back.

Valkyrie steps in.

Emily fires again.

Valkyrie absorbs it and drives a knee into Emily’s midsection.

Emily doubles over, but immediately wraps both arms around Valkyrie’s waist and drives forward.

Valkyrie’s back hits the ropes.

The O2 rises.

John Phillips: "Emily is trying to get Valkyrie over!"

Emily lowers her shoulder and pushes.

Valkyrie grips the top rope with both hands.

Her boots drag against the canvas, but she stays planted.

Emily digs deeper, bad leg trembling beneath her.

Valkyrie clubs her across the back.

Once.

Twice.

Three times.

Emily drops to one knee.

Valkyrie grabs her by the wrist.

Short-arm lariat.

Emily hits the mat hard.

Mark Bravo: "That short-arm lariat has stopped Emily more than once tonight!"

Valkyrie keeps hold of the wrist.

She drags Emily up.

The crowd boos as Valkyrie pulls Emily close.

Valkyrie Knoxx: "You are not a queen."

She yanks Emily in again.

Another short-arm lariat.

Emily drops to one knee but does not fall flat this time.

Her free hand slaps the canvas.

Once.

Twice.

She starts pushing up.

Emily Hightower: "Never said I was."

Valkyrie pulls her in for a third.

Emily ducks under.

The crowd explodes.

Emily comes up behind Valkyrie and drives both forearms into the back of Valkyrie’s neck.

Valkyrie stumbles forward.

Emily grabs her around the waist.

German suplex attempt.

Valkyrie blocks.

Emily tries again.

Valkyrie widens her stance and elbows backward.

Emily takes the elbow on the jaw and staggers.

Valkyrie turns, hooks Emily, and lifts.

Deadlift German suplex.

Emily lands high on her shoulders and rolls toward the ropes, dazed.

John Phillips: "Deadlift German by Valkyrie Knoxx! Emily Hightower may be in serious trouble!"

Valkyrie rises slowly, stalking forward.

Maxwell Jett has stopped crawling.

Bobby Dean has stopped trying to reach the battle chair.

Mikey Unlikely watches from the ropes.

Even Yoshii, Silas Grimm, Graham Keel, and El Fantasma Oscuro 1 pause enough to understand the moment.

The UTA Women’s Championship is seconds from being decided.

Valkyrie grabs Emily by the hair and hauls her up.

Emily’s legs wobble.

Valkyrie drives a knee into the body.

Then another.

Emily slumps forward.

Valkyrie pulls her into position.

John Phillips: "Valknut Driver. Valkyrie may be looking for the Valknut Driver!"

The boos rise into a wall.

Valkyrie tries to lift.

Emily blocks.

Valkyrie clubs her across the back and tries again.

Emily blocks again.

Valkyrie snarls and shifts her grip, trying to muscle Emily up through pure force.

Emily suddenly surges forward, driving Valkyrie backward into the corner.

The turnbuckles shake.

Emily backs up half a step and drives her shoulder into Valkyrie’s ribs.

Then another.

Then another.

The crowd chants with each one.

Crowd: "ONE! TWO! THREE!"

Valkyrie clubs Emily across the back, but Emily does not stop.

She steps back and throws a massive forearm.

Valkyrie’s head snaps to the side.

Emily throws another.

Valkyrie fires back.

Emily eats it.

Her head turns.

Her body sways.

Then she turns back.

Emily Hightower: "Hit harder."

The O2 erupts.

Valkyrie does.

A brutal forearm cracks Emily across the jaw.

Emily stumbles backward to the center of the ring.

Valkyrie charges out of the corner.

Running big boot.

Emily sidesteps.

Valkyrie’s leg catches the top rope as she overextends.

She stumbles awkwardly, hung up for just a heartbeat.

Emily sees it.

The same way Kirsty saw bad feet.

The same way Kaida saw damaged legs.

The same way Shannon saw targets.

Emily sees the opening.

And unlike earlier, she does not hesitate.

She barrels forward and crushes Valkyrie against the ropes with a full-body tackle.

Valkyrie flips over the top rope.

The crowd screams.

Valkyrie lands on the apron.

Both hands grip the top strand.

Her feet stay off the floor.

John Phillips: "Valkyrie lands on the apron! Valkyrie is not out!"

Emily staggers backward, then sees Valkyrie still hanging on.

Valkyrie starts to pull herself back in.

Emily’s bad leg nearly gives out beneath her.

She catches herself.

She looks at Valkyrie.

Then at the crowd.

The O2 is begging her forward.

Emily screams and charges.

Valkyrie swings a forearm from the apron.

Emily ducks under it.

She catches Valkyrie around the head and shoulder through the ropes.

For one wild second, Emily is pulling Valkyrie inward while Valkyrie is trying to stay outside.

Valkyrie drives a knee through the ropes into Emily’s ribs.

Emily grunts but holds on.

Another knee.

Emily’s grip loosens.

Valkyrie starts to climb back through.

Emily suddenly releases the head and grabs Valkyrie’s gauntlet arm.

She yanks it down across the top rope.

Valkyrie’s shoulder snaps against the strand.

The Iron Valkyrie cries out for the first time.

Emily backs up.

Bad leg shaking.

Jaw clenched.

Both fists balled.

Emily Hightower: "This is for every woman you stepped on."

Emily charges.

Massive lariat.

The blow catches Valkyrie across the chest and jaw.

Valkyrie’s grip breaks.

She falls backward off the apron.

The O2 holds its breath.

Valkyrie Knoxx hits the floor.

Both feet land.

The official points.

Ring Announcer: "Valkyrie Knoxx has been eliminated!"

For one second, the sound disappears into shock.

Then The O2 explodes.

John Phillips: "EMILY HIGHTOWER HAS DONE IT! EMILY HIGHTOWER HAS ELIMINATED VALKYRIE KNOXX!"

Mark Bravo: "Emily Hightower is the final female remaining! Emily Hightower is the new UTA Women’s Champion!"

Emily Hightower drops to both knees in the center of the ring.

Her head lowers.

Her hands press against the canvas.

She is still in the All or Nothing Rumble.

She is now guaranteed to be part of the final eight.

She is guaranteed to leave with another championship before the night is over.

But none of that lands first.

What lands first is the announcement.

The release.

The impossible truth.

Ring Announcer: "As the final female competitor remaining in the All or Nothing Rumble... Emily Hightower is the NEW UTA Women’s Champion!"

The roar becomes deafening.

Emily Hightower lifts her head slowly.

Her face is a mix of pain, disbelief, exhaustion, and something that looks almost too big to name.

Victory.

Not clean.

Not easy.

Not pretty.

Earned.

At ringside, Valkyrie Knoxx sits on the floor, stunned, one hand clutching her shoulder, eyes locked on Emily inside the ring.

The Empire’s last hope has fallen.

Amy Harrison is gone.

Marie Van Claudio is gone.

Valkyrie Knoxx is gone.

The UTA Women’s Championship has escaped The Empire.

John Phillips: "What a night for Emily Hightower. What a journey through this match. She survived Kaida Shizuka, Kirsty McKinney, Shannon Ray, Rosa Delgado, and finally Valkyrie Knoxx. She has done it. Emily Hightower is the UTA Women’s Champion."

Mark Bravo: "And do not forget the bigger picture. Because Valkyrie is eliminated at ninth overall. That means the final eight are now set. Emily Hightower is in that final eight. She is not only the new UTA Women’s Champion, she is guaranteed to leave with another title too."

That realization spreads through the ring like fire.

Valkyrie Knoxx is eliminated at ninth.

The final eight are locked.

Maxwell Jett.

Bobby Dean.

Yoshii.

El Fantasma Oscuro 1.

Graham Keel.

Silas Grimm.

Mikey Unlikely.

Emily Hightower.

Eight competitors.

Eight guaranteed championships.

The UTA Women’s Championship has already been awarded.

Now the remaining titles begin to fall into place with every elimination that follows.

Maxwell Jett stares across the ring, horrified by the math.

Maxwell Jett: "Oh no. We’re in the part where everybody wins things."

Bobby Dean looks around slowly.

He looks at the abandoned battle chair.

Then at the seven other competitors.

Then back at the chair.

Bobby Dean: "Does the chair get a title?"

Mark Bravo: "Honestly, it has had a better strategy than half the field."

Mikey Unlikely pulls himself upright against the ropes, eyes scanning the final eight.

Yoshii raises both arms and shouts in delight.

Yoshii: "Yoshii champion!"

Jed Eye is nearly climbing the barricade with excitement.

Jed Eye: "My big beautiful monster is guaranteed gold! Guaranteed! Somebody call the mint!"

El Fantasma Oscuro 1 stands silent near Silas Grimm.

Graham Keel lowers into his stance again, expression unreadable but eyes sharper than ever.

Silas Grimm smiles faintly.

Silas Grimm: "Now everyone leaves changed."

Emily Hightower pushes herself up from her knees.

She can barely stand.

Her leg is damaged.

Her body is wrecked.

Her breathing is ragged.

But when the referee outside raises the UTA Women’s Championship into view, Emily looks at it like she is seeing the end of one fight and the beginning of another.

The official cannot hand it to her yet.

The match is not over.

Emily is still active.

But the title is hers.

She has done it.

Emily Hightower is the new UTA Women’s Champion.

And the final eight now stare at one another as the All or Nothing Rumble becomes something entirely different.

No one is trying to reach the final eight anymore.

They are the final eight.

Now every elimination creates a champion.

John Phillips: "The final eight are official. From this point forward, every elimination awards a championship. The first two eliminated from the final eight become the new UTA Tag Team Champions."

Mark Bravo: "That means nobody wants to be the next person eliminated, John, but the next two people eliminated together are walking out with the tag titles. This is where the rules get wild. This is where strategy gets ugly."

Maxwell Jett looks like the rules have personally insulted him.

He is crouched behind Bobby Dean again, though Bobby keeps trying to sidestep away from him.

Maxwell Jett: "So wait. If you get eliminated now, you get a title?"

Bobby Dean: "I think two people get titles."

Maxwell Jett: "That sounds dangerous."

Bobby Dean: "Everything sounds dangerous in here."

Bobby glances toward the abandoned battle chair at ringside.

Bobby Dean: "Except that."

Graham Keel crouches near the ropes, his eyes moving from Bobby’s feet to Maxwell’s knees to Mikey Unlikely’s exhausted stance.

Yoshii raises both arms near center, still delighted.

Yoshii: "Yoshii champion!"

Jed Eye is beside himself at ringside, pacing so fast he nearly trips over a cable.

Jed Eye: "That’s right! Guaranteed gold! Guaranteed Yoshii! Guaranteed monster money!"

Emily Hightower limps away from the ropes, the weight of the Women’s Championship realization still fresh, but the match not giving her enough time to truly live in it.

Mikey Unlikely watches her for a moment, then looks toward Silas Grimm and El Fantasma Oscuro 1.

The two dark figures remain close.

Oscuro 2 is gone.

But Oscuro 1 still stands with Silas behind him.

Not quite a team.

Not quite separate.

Something stranger.

John Phillips: "El Fantasma Oscuro 1 and Silas Grimm have orbited each other for most of this match, especially after Oscuro 2 entered. Now Oscuro 2 is gone, but Silas and Oscuro 1 remain in the final eight."

Mark Bravo: "And that is a dangerous pairing even if nobody officially calls it one. Silas Grimm is the kind of man who makes every alliance feel like a haunted house with paperwork."

Silas slowly turns toward El Fantasma Oscuro 1.

The masked figure does not move.

Silas Grimm: "The shadow endured."

El Fantasma says nothing.

Silas smiles faintly.

Silas Grimm: "But endurance is not the same as escape."

Before Oscuro can respond in any way, Graham Keel shoots across the mat toward Mikey Unlikely.

Mikey sees him at the last second and hops backward, one hand still grabbing the rope after his near-elimination minutes earlier.

Mikey Unlikely: "Nope. Not doing the ankle thing."

Keel adjusts immediately, turning the failed shot into a roll toward Bobby Dean.

Bobby yelps and steps back.

Maxwell Jett, still behind him, gets clipped instead.

Maxwell screams as Keel grabs his ankle.

Maxwell Jett: "Not the champion ankle!"

Keel begins to twist.

Maxwell flails and grabs Bobby’s leg.

Bobby Dean: "Let go!"

Maxwell Jett: "Make him let go first!"

Bobby tries to shake Maxwell loose, but the motion causes Maxwell to kick out wildly with his free foot.

The kick catches Graham Keel in the side of the head.

Keel releases the ankle and rolls away, annoyed more than hurt.

Graham Keel: "Undisciplined survival reflex."

Maxwell Jett: "Effective survival reflex!"

Yoshii sees the pile forming and lumbers toward it, grinning.

Yoshii: "Pile!"

Maxwell’s eyes go wide.

Maxwell Jett: "No pile!"

Yoshii reaches for Maxwell, but Maxwell crawls frantically between Bobby’s legs again.

Bobby freezes.

Bobby Dean: "Boundaries. Again."

Mikey Unlikely uses the distraction to step toward Silas Grimm.

Silas meets him with a calm tilt of the head.

Mikey Unlikely: "You and spooky mask over there have been real comfortable."

Silas Grimm: "Comfort is for men who believe the room is theirs."

Mikey Unlikely: "See, that’s exactly what I mean."

Mikey fires a forearm.

Silas absorbs it and answers with a palm strike to the ribs.

Mikey staggers back toward the ropes, but ducks as El Fantasma Oscuro 1 springboards in from the side.

Oscuro’s legs whip past Mikey’s head.

He lands on his feet near the ropes.

Emily Hightower, still limping, steps into the space and blasts El Fantasma with a heavy forearm.

The O2 pops.

John Phillips: "Emily Hightower is still fighting! New Women’s Champion or not, she is still in this rumble!"

El Fantasma stumbles toward Silas.

Silas catches him by the shoulder, steadying him for a moment.

Emily sees both men side by side.

Mikey sees it too.

So does Yoshii.

So does Graham Keel.

For the first time since the final eight formed, the group seems to understand something at the same time.

If Silas and El Fantasma are allowed to keep operating together, the endgame gets darker fast.

Mark Bravo: "Look at the eyes in that ring. Everybody sees the same problem now. Silas and El Fantasma might be too dangerous together."

Silas Grimm notices the shift and smiles wider.

Silas Grimm: "Recognition arrives before ruin."

Mikey Unlikely: "Enough with the fortune cookie horror show."

Mikey rushes Silas.

Emily rushes El Fantasma.

Graham Keel moves low toward Silas' leg.

Yoshii lumbers toward the whole mess with both arms open, delighted to participate.

Maxwell Jett and Bobby Dean both back away from the pile.

Bobby Dean: "Nope."

Maxwell Jett: "Agreed."

For one rare second, Bobby and Maxwell make the same decision.

They flee from responsibility.

At the ropes, Silas catches Mikey with a palm strike.

Mikey answers with a forearm.

El Fantasma ducks under Emily's shot and springs to the middle rope.

Emily grabs him before he can launch.

She yanks him off the rope and toward center.

Oscuro lands on his feet, twisting through the motion, but Graham Keel clips one leg from below.

Oscuro drops to one knee.

Silas turns sharply toward Keel.

Silas Grimm: "Wrong shadow."

Keel looks up coldly.

Graham Keel: "Wrong stance."

Silas steps toward Keel.

Mikey grabs Silas from behind and runs him toward the ropes.

Silas hooks the top rope with both arms.

Mikey tries to lift.

Silas elbows backward into Mikey’s jaw.

Mikey staggers.

El Fantasma Oscuro 1 gets back up and rushes toward Emily, trying to catch her with a springboard headscissors.

Emily catches him again.

This time, not cleanly.

Not pretty.

But with enough power to stop the motion.

She turns and throws El Fantasma toward the same ropes where Silas is still tangled with Mikey.

El Fantasma collides with Silas Grimm.

Both men stumble into the top rope.

John Phillips: "Silas and El Fantasma collide!"

Yoshii sees both of them near the ropes.

His face lights up.

Yoshii: "Two!"

Jed Eye screams at ringside.

Jed Eye: "Yoshii! No! Yes! Maybe! That’s tag title math, baby!"

Yoshii charges.

Silas and El Fantasma both see him coming.

They try to move.

Mikey grabs Silas’ arm and holds him in place for one crucial heartbeat.

Emily grabs El Fantasma by the mask and shoulder, shoving him back toward the ropes.

Yoshii crashes into both men.

The impact is massive.

Silas Grimm spills over the top rope.

El Fantasma Oscuro 1 goes with him.

The O2 erupts.

Both men tumble over.

Silas lands on the floor.

El Fantasma lands beside him.

Both sets of feet hit almost together.

The officials point.

Ring Announcer: "Silas Grimm has been eliminated! El Fantasma Oscuro 1 has been eliminated!"

John Phillips: "A double elimination! Silas Grimm and El Fantasma Oscuro 1 are gone!"

Mark Bravo: "And because they are the first two eliminated from the final eight, Silas Grimm and El Fantasma Oscuro 1 are the new UTA Tag Team Champions!"

The crowd erupts in disbelief, a complicated roar of shock, cheers, boos, and realization.

Silas Grimm sits on the floor, looking up into the ring with a strange, unreadable expression.

El Fantasma Oscuro 1 rolls to one knee beside him, one hand clutching his ribs from the impact.

For a moment, they do not look at the officials.

They look at each other.

Their night in the rumble is over.

But gold has found them anyway.

Ring Announcer: "As the first two competitors eliminated from the final eight... Silas Grimm and El Fantasma Oscuro 1 are the NEW UTA Tag Team Champions!"

The UTA Tag Team Championships are raised at ringside.

The camera catches the belts gleaming beneath the lights as the officials carry them toward the newly eliminated pair.

Silas slowly rises to his feet.

He looks at the championship being handed toward him.

Then he smiles.

Silas Grimm: "A crown for the fall."

El Fantasma Oscuro 1 says nothing.

He simply takes his half of the tag titles and holds it close to his chest, mask tilted slightly toward the ring.

Inside the ropes, Yoshii raises both arms in celebration, apparently proud of what he has done.

Yoshii: "Yoshii make champions!"

Jed Eye nearly collapses laughing and shouting at the same time.

Jed Eye: "That’s right! My man is out here manufacturing gold! The Yoshii Mint is open for business!"

Mikey Unlikely leans against the ropes, breathing hard, eyes on Silas and El Fantasma as they receive the titles.

Mikey Unlikely: "That somehow made them worse."

Emily Hightower stands nearby, one hand on her bad leg, staring out at the tag titles with a tired, almost disbelieving shake of her head.

Emily Hightower: "That’s how they get gold?"

Mark Bravo: "Those are the rules, champ!"

Emily turns slowly toward commentary with a glare that makes Mark immediately look down at his notes.

Maxwell Jett, however, looks delighted by the idea that being eliminated can still come with prizes.

Maxwell Jett: "Wait. So being thrown out can be good now?"

Bobby Dean looks at him.

Bobby Dean: "Depends when."

Maxwell’s eyes widen as the math becomes horrifying again.

Maxwell Jett: "I hate conditional success."

Graham Keel resets low, watching the remaining bodies.

The field has narrowed again.

Six remain.

Maxwell Jett.

Bobby Dean.

Yoshii.

Graham Keel.

Mikey Unlikely.

Emily Hightower.

Emily Hightower is already the UTA Women’s Champion.

Silas Grimm and El Fantasma Oscuro 1 are now the UTA Tag Team Champions.

And the next elimination will create the new UTA Hardcore Champion.

John Phillips: "We are down to six. The tag titles have been awarded to Silas Grimm and El Fantasma Oscuro 1. The next competitor eliminated becomes the new UTA Hardcore Champion."

Mark Bravo: "Now this gets nasty. Hardcore Champion is next, and with this field? Graham Keel, Mikey Unlikely, Yoshii, Bobby Dean, Maxwell Jett, Emily Hightower? Somebody is about to leave with a title that invites pain."

Maxwell Jett slowly backs away from everyone.

Maxwell Jett: "I do not want the pain title."

Bobby Dean looks toward the battle chair again.

Bobby Dean: "The chair could be hardcore."

Graham Keel’s eyes shift to Bobby’s knees.

Mikey Unlikely sees Keel move and raises both hands.

Mikey Unlikely: "Here we go again."

Yoshii laughs near center.

Emily Hightower limps forward, Women’s Champion and still fighting.

The ring feels too open now.

Too exposed.

There are fewer places to hide, fewer bodies to use as cover, fewer collisions to disappear behind.

Maxwell Jett knows this better than anyone.

He has survived seventy entrants, legends, monsters, former champions, angry rivals, returning ghosts, Chris Ross, Sean Jackson, Valentina Blaze, and the ongoing emotional warfare of Bobby Dean.

Somehow, the man who entered as UTA Champion is still in the All or Nothing Rumble.

Somehow, he still has a chance to leave the way he entered.

With the UTA Championship.

John Phillips: "We are down to six. Emily Hightower is already the new UTA Women’s Champion, and the next competitor eliminated becomes the new UTA Hardcore Champion."

Mark Bravo: "That is a wild sentence. Emily could walk out of this match with two championships. But if she goes next, she leaves as Women’s Champion and Hardcore Champion. That is still history, John."

Graham Keel crouches low near the ropes.

Mikey Unlikely stands a few steps away, one hand on his ribs, watching Keel carefully.

Yoshii is near center, still massive, still breathing hard, still smiling like a man who thinks this is the best birthday party anyone has ever thrown.

Bobby Dean is still between survival and longing, glancing at the empty battle chair outside like he can emotionally summon it back into his life.

And Maxwell Jett is behind Emily Hightower.

No one notices at first.

Because Emily is looking at Yoshii.

Because Mikey is watching Graham.

Because Bobby is watching Maxwell only half the time and grieving the chair the other half.

Because Maxwell Jett has spent so long crawling, hiding, ducking, and surviving that the ring has almost learned to underestimate the moment he finally stands.

Emily takes one step toward Yoshii.

Her bad leg wobbles.

She catches herself.

Maxwell rises behind her.

Slowly.

Carefully.

Like a thief in a room full of alarms.

Bobby Dean: "Maxwell?"

Bobby sees it too late.

Maxwell lunges.

Both hands slam into Emily Hightower’s back.

Emily’s eyes widen.

She crashes chest-first into the ropes.

Her hands grab for the top strand.

Maxwell keeps pushing.

John Phillips: "No! Maxwell Jett from behind!"

Emily tries to hook the rope with her arm.

Her bad leg gives beneath her.

Maxwell drops low and drives his shoulder into the back of her legs, lifting just enough.

Emily tips over the top rope.

The O2 screams.

She reaches back for anything.

The top rope.

Maxwell’s hair.

The apron.

Nothing holds.

Emily Hightower falls to the floor.

Both feet hit.

The official points.

Ring Announcer: "Emily Hightower has been eliminated!"

The reaction is immediate and furious.

Boos crash down over Maxwell Jett as he stumbles away from the ropes, eyes wide, hands raised like he cannot believe what he has gotten away with even though he is the one who did it.

John Phillips: "Maxwell Jett eliminates Emily Hightower from behind! Emily Hightower’s run in the All or Nothing Rumble is over!"

Mark Bravo: "The new Women’s Champion gets blindsided by the man who has crawled his way through this entire match! Maxwell Jett may be a lot of things, John, but he is still alive!"

Emily lands at ringside, exhausted and furious, one hand on the floor, the other gripping her bad leg.

She looks up at Maxwell.

If looks could break bones, Maxwell Jett would be in several medical journals.

The referee at ringside checks on her while another official receives the title from the timekeeper’s area.

The UTA Women’s Championship is already hers.

Now, by rule, the next title is awarded.

Ring Announcer: "As the sixth-place finalist eliminated from the All or Nothing Rumble... Emily Hightower is the NEW UTA Hardcore Champion!"

The O2 erupts again, this time in a roar mixed with anger, respect, and celebration.

Emily Hightower, already the new UTA Women’s Champion, is now also the new UTA Hardcore Champion.

She is helped to one knee as the Hardcore Championship is brought to her.

Her face is still furious.

Her eyes are still locked on Maxwell.

But when the Hardcore Championship is placed near her, she reaches for it.

Not gently.

Not ceremonially.

She grabs it like a weapon.

John Phillips: "Emily Hightower leaves this match as UTA Women's Champion and UTA Hardcore Champion. What a night for Emily, even if it ends with that cheap elimination by Maxwell Jett."

Mark Bravo: "That is the part that is going to stick in her throat. Two titles, yes. History, yes. But Maxwell Jett shoved her out from behind, and Emily Hightower does not look like a woman who is going to forget that."

Inside the ring, Bobby Dean stares at Maxwell.

Not scared.

Not confused.

Disappointed.

Bobby Dean: "That was not very nice."

Maxwell turns toward him, still breathing fast.

Maxwell Jett: "This is not a nice match."

Bobby Dean: "Emily was tired."

Maxwell Jett: "Exactly."

Bobby's face hardens in a way Maxwell does not like.

Bobby Dean: "I really do not like you now."

Maxwell points at Bobby, almost offended.

Maxwell Jett: "You said that already."

Bobby Dean: "It got worse."

Graham Keel suddenly moves.

He has watched enough.

He has waited enough.

Maxwell Jett is upright.

Maxwell Jett is exposed.

Maxwell Jett entered this match as UTA Champion and, somehow, still has a path to leave as UTA Champion.

Graham Keel charges.

John Phillips: "Graham Keel going right after Maxwell Jett!"

Maxwell sees him coming.

For one instant, panic flashes across his face.

Then something else replaces it.

Instinct.

The survival instinct that has carried him through the entire night.

Keel comes in low, aiming for the legs, looking to take Maxwell down and perhaps twist him into position for the ropes.

Maxwell drops suddenly, almost collapsing more than ducking.

Keel’s momentum carries him over Maxwell’s lowered shoulder.

Maxwell catches him across the body.

The crowd gasps.

Mark Bravo: "Wait a minute!"

Maxwell staggers under Keel’s weight, but he has him.

Somehow, he has him.

Keel tries to shift his hips.

He tries to hook Maxwell’s neck.

He tries to grab the rope.

Maxwell turns with a panicked shout.

Maxwell Jett: "Nope nope nope nope!"

He charges the ropes with Graham Keel across his shoulder.

Keel claws at the top strand.

Maxwell heaves.

Graham Keel goes over the top rope.

He lands on the apron for a split second, one hand barely grabbing the rope.

Maxwell kicks the arm loose.

Keel drops to the floor.

Both feet hit.

The official points again.

Ring Announcer: "Graham Keel has been eliminated!"

John Phillips: "Graham Keel is gone! Maxwell Jett eliminates Graham Keel!"

Mark Bravo: "Graham charged him, Maxwell caught him, and the man who started this match as UTA Champion just dumped Keel over the top rope!"

The O2 is stunned by how quickly it happened.

Emily Hightower had barely been announced as Hardcore Champion before Maxwell Jett struck again.

Graham Keel sits on the floor, staring up at the ring, jaw tight, eyes furious, one hand gripping the apron skirt.

The title math continues.

Ring Announcer: "As the fifth-place finalist eliminated from the All or Nothing Rumble... Graham Keel is the NEW UTA Fighting Champion!"

The crowd reacts strongly, a mix of surprise and respect.

Graham Keel’s first UTA Championship.

The Fighting Championship.

A title built around grit, violence, challenge, and survival.

It fits him too well for anyone to ignore.

An official brings the UTA Fighting Championship to Keel at ringside.

Keel slowly rises, still glaring into the ring at Maxwell Jett.

He takes the championship with both hands.

No smile.

No celebration.

Just possession.

John Phillips: "Graham Keel has secured his first UTA Championship. He is the new UTA Fighting Champion."

Mark Bravo: "And that is a dangerous man to put that title on. Graham Keel with a championship built around fighting? Around grinding people down? Around proving yourself? That might be a perfect storm."

Keel looks down at the belt, then back at Maxwell.

Graham Keel: "Temporary champion behavior."

Maxwell leans against the ropes, breathing hard, eyes wide, sweat pouring down his face.

Maxwell Jett: "Still champion behavior."

The boos pour down.

Bobby Dean steps away from Maxwell.

Not far enough to be safe.

Just far enough to make it clear he is no longer letting Maxwell hide behind him.

Bobby Dean: "You pushed Emily. Then you kicked Graham’s hand."

Maxwell turns toward him.

Maxwell Jett: "That is called eliminating people."

Bobby Dean: "It was rude."

Maxwell Jett: "This is a wrestling match."

Bobby Dean: "Rude wrestling."

Mikey Unlikely pulls himself upright in the corner, watching Maxwell with a look that mixes exhaustion, irritation, and the growing realization that Maxwell Jett is not just lucky anymore.

He is dangerous because he keeps surviving long enough for danger to become someone else’s problem.

Yoshii turns from center ring, looking from Bobby to Mikey to Maxwell, still excited by the championship math.

Yoshii: "Four!"

Jed Eye points from ringside, screaming with both championships already awarded and more still coming.

Jed Eye: "That’s right! Four left! Four left and my monster is still in there!"

The field has narrowed again.

Four remain.

Maxwell Jett.

Bobby Dean.

Yoshii.

Mikey Unlikely.

Emily Hightower leaves the match as UTA Women’s Champion and UTA Hardcore Champion.

Graham Keel leaves with his first UTA Championship as the new UTA Fighting Champion.

Silas Grimm and El Fantasma Oscuro 1 are the new UTA Tag Team Champions.

And still inside the ropes, the next elimination will create the new WrestleZone Champion.

John Phillips: "We are down to four. The next person eliminated becomes the new WrestleZone Champion."

Mark Bravo: "Maxwell Jett entered this match as UTA Champion, and somehow, John, somehow, he is still alive with a chance to leave with that title. But Bobby Dean, Yoshii, and Mikey Unlikely are all still standing between him and the impossible."

Maxwell Jett looks around at the final four.

For the first time in a while, he stands fully upright.

Not confident.

Not exactly.

But aware.

Aware that he has made it this far.

Aware that the title he came in with is still somehow within reach.

Bobby Dean stares at him.

Mikey Unlikely stares at him.

Yoshii smiles at all of them.

Yoshii: "Yoshii fight!"

The final four close in as the championship endgame tightens again.

John Phillips: "Look at this ring. Maxwell Jett has survived everything tonight, but now he is surrounded by Bobby Dean, Yoshii, and Mikey Unlikely."

Mark Bravo: "That is three men who have seen everything UTA can throw at them, John. Maxwell has been able to hide in chaos all night. There is not much chaos left."

Mikey Unlikely leans against the ropes, breathing hard, one arm draped over the top strand. His hair is a mess, his jaw is marked, his ribs clearly bother him, but his eyes are still sharp.

Bobby Dean stands several feet away, hands on his knees, still glancing toward the abandoned battle chair at ringside every few seconds like he cannot believe he has made it this far without it.

Mikey looks at Bobby.

The crowd starts to buzz before either man says a word.

Because they know.

Because history knows.

Because some names carry whole eras inside them.

Mikey Unlikely: "Bobby."

Bobby lifts his head.

Bobby Dean: "Yeah?"

Mikey pushes himself off the ropes and points toward Maxwell Jett.

Mikey Unlikely: "Let’s take it back to the WTFC days."

The O2 erupts.

Bobby’s face changes instantly.

The fear is still there.

The exhaustion is still there.

The deep emotional wound of being separated from the battle chair is absolutely still there.

But beneath all of that, something lights up.

Memory.

Brotherhood.

Old chaos.

Old nonsense.

Old violence done by men who probably should have known better.

Bobby Dean: "WTFC?"

Mikey nods.

Mikey Unlikely: "Let’s do this."

Bobby’s eyes go wide.

Then he smiles.

A huge, ridiculous, exhausted smile.

Bobby Dean: "I’m down."

Mark Bravo: "Oh no."

John Phillips: "Mikey Unlikely just called Bobby Dean back to the WTFC days, and Bobby Dean is fired up!"

Maxwell Jett, across the ring, hears every word.

His face collapses.

Maxwell Jett: "No. No, no, no, no. I do not know what that means, but I hate the reaction."

Mikey starts toward him.

Bobby starts too.

Slow at first, then with growing confidence.

The crowd rises, chanting, clapping, buzzing, roaring at the sight of two old allies locking in on the same target.

Maxwell backs up.

His hands go out in front of him.

Maxwell Jett: "Gentlemen. Legends. Icons. Men with complicated food histories. Let’s talk."

Mikey keeps coming.

Bobby keeps coming.

Maxwell looks left.

Ropes.

He looks right.

Corner.

He looks down.

Canvas.

He turns.

And Yoshii steps between them.

The crowd reacts with surprise.

Mikey stops.

Bobby stops.

Maxwell freezes behind Yoshii.

Then his face lights up.

Maxwell Jett: "Yes! Yes! Beautiful wall! Beautiful Yoshii wall!"

Yoshii stands between Maxwell and WTFC history, massive arms at his sides, chest rising and falling.

Mikey looks up at him.

Mikey Unlikely: "Big man."

Bobby points around Yoshii toward Maxwell.

Bobby Dean: "He was very rude."

Maxwell laughs from behind Yoshii, half-hysterical and fully relieved.

Maxwell Jett: "You cannot get me! Yoshii has chosen diplomacy!"

Yoshii slowly turns his head.

Maxwell’s laugh fades.

Yoshii turns around completely.

Now Maxwell Jett is staring up at Yoshii.

Then Maxwell looks past him.

Mikey Unlikely is staring at him.

Bobby Dean is staring at him.

Yoshii is staring at him.

Three UTA legends.

One Maxwell Jett.

The crowd explodes.

John Phillips: "Wait a minute! Yoshii has turned around! Maxwell Jett is surrounded!"

Mark Bravo: "No place to run! No place to hide! This is the nightmare Maxwell has been crawling away from all night!"

Maxwell’s eyes flick from Bobby to Mikey to Yoshii.

He swallows hard.

Maxwell Jett: "I apologize for everything specific and also generally."

Mikey steps forward.

Bobby steps forward.

Yoshii steps forward.

Maxwell drops instantly to the mat.

He crawls under Yoshii’s legs.

Of course he does.

The crowd boos and laughs at the same time as Maxwell scrambles beneath Yoshii, trying to escape the triangle of doom.

He pops out the other side and rises fast, thinking for half a second he has gotten away.

He has not.

Because when Maxwell stands, he comes face to face with Mikey Unlikely.

Mikey smiles.

Mikey Unlikely: "Hello."

Bobby Dean perks up.

Bobby Dean: "That one is mine too."

Maxwell tries to duck away.

Mikey grabs him by the head and unloads with a forearm.

The O2 erupts.

Another forearm.

Another.

Maxwell staggers backward.

Mikey stays on him.

Shot after shot, driving the man who came in as UTA Champion back toward the ropes.

John Phillips: "Mikey Unlikely has Maxwell Jett!"

Maxwell tries to cover up.

Mikey grabs him by the wrist and yanks him into a short forearm to the jaw.

Maxwell’s back hits the ropes.

The crowd rises again.

Mikey presses him against the top strand, one arm across Maxwell’s chest, the other gripping the rope for leverage.

Maxwell kicks his legs wildly, trying to find the mat, trying to slide away, trying to do anything except stay where Mikey has him.

Mikey Unlikely: "Bobby!"

Bobby Dean looks up.

Mikey Unlikely: "Now!"

The O2 explodes.

Bobby Dean looks across the ring.

At Mikey holding Maxwell in place.

At Maxwell trapped against the ropes.

At the abandoned battle chair outside.

At Yoshii, who claps his hands together with absolute joy.

Yoshii: "Bobby run!"

Bobby inhales.

Every mile of this match seems to show on him.

Every second spent outside in the battle chair.

Every panicked crawl after Chris Ross threw him in.

Every time Maxwell hid behind him.

Every rude word.

Every lost snack.

Every betrayal against chair-based dignity.

Bobby Dean lowers his head.

Then he runs.

The building loses its mind.

John Phillips: "Bobby Dean is charging!"

Mark Bravo: "The full force of the Dean machine!"

Bobby runs across the ring with every bit of energy he has left.

Mikey holds Maxwell in place.

Maxwell’s eyes widen.

He sees Bobby coming.

He sees the clothesline loading up.

He sees WTFC history coming directly at his face.

And in the final possible instant, Maxwell Jett sidesteps.

He grabs Mikey’s arm as he moves.

He pulls.

Mikey’s eyes widen.

Bobby cannot stop.

The clothesline lands.

Thunderous.

Full-body.

All of Bobby Dean’s momentum crashes into Mikey Unlikely.

Mikey flips over the top rope.

The O2 gasps in horror.

Mikey reaches for the rope again.

This time there is no bottom-rope miracle.

No swing.

No slide back in.

Mikey Unlikely crashes to the floor.

Both feet hit.

The official points.

Ring Announcer: "Mikey Unlikely has been eliminated!"

Bobby Dean stops dead in the ring.

His face falls.

Maxwell Jett collapses backward into the corner, laughing in disbelief, clutching his chest like he has just survived a natural disaster through paperwork.

John Phillips: "No! No! Bobby Dean just clotheslined Mikey Unlikely over the top rope after Maxwell Jett moved out of the way!"

Mark Bravo: "Maxwell pulled Mikey into the line of fire! Bobby was trying to take out Maxwell, and he eliminated Mikey Unlikely!"

The O2 is stunned.

Mikey lies on the floor for a moment, staring up at the lights, then slowly turns his head toward Bobby Dean.

Bobby is still frozen.

Bobby Dean: "Mikey..."

Mikey pushes himself up to one elbow, wincing.

He looks angry.

He looks shocked.

Then he sees Maxwell Jett laughing in the corner.

And the anger shifts.

Not at Bobby.

At Maxwell.

Still, the rule is the rule.

Ring Announcer: "As the fourth-place finalist eliminated from the All or Nothing Rumble... Mikey Unlikely is the NEW WrestleZone Champion!"

The O2 erupts again, this time with a massive cheer for Mikey despite the heartbreaking elimination.

An official retrieves the WrestleZone Championship and brings it to ringside.

Mikey slowly rises, still breathing hard, still glaring into the ring.

He takes the championship in both hands.

He looks down at it.

Then back at Bobby.

Bobby’s eyes are wide with guilt.

Bobby Dean: "I’m sorry."

Mikey looks at him for a long second.

Then he nods once.

Small.

Enough.

Mikey Unlikely: "Get him."

The crowd pops huge.

Bobby turns slowly toward Maxwell.

Maxwell’s laughter dies almost instantly.

Maxwell Jett: "That sounded supportive."

Bobby’s face changes again.

The sadness is still there.

The guilt is still there.

But beneath it, for maybe the first time all night, Bobby Dean looks genuinely determined.

Bobby Dean: "You made me hit Mikey."

Maxwell holds up both hands.

Maxwell Jett: "Technically, you ran."

Bobby steps toward him.

Bobby Dean: "You moved."

Yoshii steps in behind Bobby, also staring at Maxwell.

Yoshii: "Maxwell bad."

Maxwell looks from Bobby to Yoshii.

Then to Mikey on the floor holding the WrestleZone Championship.

Then to the ropes.

Then back to Bobby.

Maxwell Jett: "Can we talk about the fact that Mikey is champion now? Happy ending. Beautiful moment. No need for escalation."

Bobby takes another step.

Yoshii takes another step.

Maxwell backs into the corner.

John Phillips: "We are down to three. Maxwell Jett, Bobby Dean, and Yoshii. Mikey Unlikely has been eliminated, but he leaves as the new WrestleZone Champion."

Mark Bravo: "And Maxwell Jett is still alive. He entered with the UTA Championship, and he is now one of the final three. But Bobby Dean just got manipulated into eliminating one of his oldest friends, and Yoshii knows Maxwell is bad. This may finally be the moment where Maxwell runs out of luck."

Mikey Unlikely backs away from ringside with the WrestleZone Championship over his shoulder, eyes never leaving Maxwell Jett.

Inside the ring, Bobby Dean and Yoshii continue to close in.

Maxwell Jett looks smaller than he has all night.

For the first time, there are only two men left for him to hide from.

And both of them are looking right at him.

John Phillips: "We are down to three. Maxwell Jett, Bobby Dean, and Yoshii. The next elimination becomes the new UTA United States Champion, and then we will be down to the final two."

Mark Bravo: "Maxwell Jett has survived everything, John. Everything. But look at Bobby Dean. Look at Yoshii. This may be the first time all night that Maxwell has nowhere good to go."

Maxwell is backed into the corner.

Hands up.

Eyes wide.

Hair a mess.

Breathing like a man who has spent the last hour being chased by consequences and is offended they are still in shape.

Maxwell Jett: "Let’s all be adults."

Bobby Dean steps forward.

Bobby Dean: "You made me hit Mikey."

Yoshii steps forward too.

Yoshii: "Maxwell bad."

Maxwell looks at Yoshii.

Maxwell Jett: "Why does it hurt more when you say it?"

Bobby takes another step.

Maxwell quickly drops to his knees and tries to crawl out between Bobby and Yoshii.

Bobby reaches down and grabs him by the back of the tights.

Maxwell freezes.

Bobby Dean: "No crawling."

The O2 roars.

Yoshii claps both hands together.

Yoshii: "No crawling!"

Bobby pulls Maxwell upward.

Maxwell twists, trying to slip free, but Bobby holds on with surprising stubbornness.

For all the jokes, for all the panic, for all the longing glances toward the battle chair, Bobby Dean has lasted this long.

And now he has Maxwell Jett.

Bobby turns Maxwell toward Yoshii.

Yoshii opens both arms.

Maxwell shakes his head wildly.

Maxwell Jett: "No hugging! No monster hugging! I formally decline!"

Bobby shoves Maxwell forward.

Yoshii catches him.

The crowd explodes.

Maxwell disappears into Yoshii’s arms like a man being swallowed by a friendly avalanche.

Yoshii: "Got Maxwell!"

John Phillips: "Yoshii has Maxwell Jett!"

Yoshii squeezes.

Maxwell’s face contorts in horror.

Maxwell Jett: "Ribs! Champion ribs!"

Bobby Dean points toward the ropes.

Bobby Dean: "Throw him out."

The O2 roars even louder.

Yoshii turns toward the ropes with Maxwell in his arms.

Maxwell’s feet kick wildly.

Maxwell Jett: "No! No, no, no! Yoshii! Friend! Wall! Beautiful wall!"

Yoshii marches toward the ropes.

One step.

Another.

Bobby follows behind, ready to help, ready to finish the man who has spent the entire match turning everyone else’s effort into his own survival.

Mark Bravo: "This is it! Yoshii is carrying Maxwell Jett to the ropes!"

Yoshii reaches the ropes and starts to lift Maxwell up.

Maxwell flails, grabbing at Yoshii’s head, at the top rope, at anything.

Bobby steps in to help shove Maxwell over.

Maxwell sees Bobby coming.

His eyes shift.

Desperation becomes calculation.

Again.

Always again.

Maxwell grabs Yoshii by the ear with one hand and Bobby by the shirt with the other.

Bobby recoils.

Bobby Dean: "Ow!"

Yoshii loosens his grip just enough from the ear pull.

Maxwell drops his weight suddenly.

He slips down between Yoshii’s arms.

Yoshii lurches forward from the shift.

Bobby, still coming in to shove, crashes chest-first into Yoshii’s back.

Yoshii stumbles into the ropes.

The crowd gasps.

John Phillips: "Yoshii is against the ropes!"

Maxwell falls to the mat, then instantly rolls behind Bobby.

Bobby turns, angry and confused.

Bobby Dean: "Stop moving!"

Maxwell points past him.

Maxwell Jett: "Yoshii!"

Bobby turns.

Yoshii is draped against the top rope, one leg nearly hooked awkwardly over the middle strand from the momentum. He is not out. Not close enough.

But he is vulnerable.

And that vulnerability is the worst thing to show Maxwell Jett.

Maxwell rises behind Bobby and shoves him forward with both hands.

Bobby collides into Yoshii again.

Yoshii tips higher over the top rope.

Mark Bravo: "Maxwell just used Bobby as the battering ram!"

Bobby realizes what happened and tries to stop, wrapping both arms around Yoshii's waist from behind.

Bobby Dean: "No! No! Yoshii!"

Yoshii kicks his legs, trying to come back inside.

Maxwell sees Bobby trying to save him and panics.

He hits the opposite ropes.

The crowd rises, hating what they know is coming.

Maxwell charges.

Bobby turns his head.

Maxwell throws himself low into the back of Bobby's knee.

Bobby collapses forward, not over the rope, but into Yoshii's lower body.

Yoshii's balance goes.

The big man's eyes widen.

Yoshii: "Uh-oh."

Yoshii topples over the top rope.

Bobby grabs at his wrist desperately.

For one heartbeat, Bobby has him.

The O2 screams.

Yoshii hangs outside the ring, one hand in Bobby's grip, both feet still above the floor.

John Phillips: "Bobby has Yoshii! Bobby is trying to save Yoshii!"

Maxwell crawls forward and grabs Bobby's ankle.

Bobby shakes his leg.

Bobby Dean: "No! Stop!"

Maxwell yanks.

Bobby slips just enough.

Yoshii's hand slides from Bobby's grasp.

Bobby reaches again.

Too late.

Yoshii falls.

He hits the floor with a massive crash.

Both feet land.

The official points.

Ring Announcer: "Yoshii has been eliminated!"

The O2 erupts in shock and boos as Bobby Dean sits on the mat, one arm still reaching through the ropes toward where Yoshii fell.

John Phillips: "Yoshii is gone! Maxwell Jett used Bobby Dean again, and Yoshii has been eliminated!"

Mark Bravo: "Bobby tried to save him! Bobby had Yoshii by the hand, and Maxwell pulled Bobby's ankle! Maxwell Jett just survived another impossible moment!"

At ringside, Yoshii sits on the floor, stunned but not angry at first.

He looks at Bobby.

Bobby looks devastated.

Bobby Dean: "I'm sorry."

Yoshii blinks.

Then, slowly, Yoshii gives Bobby a thumbs up from the floor.

Yoshii: "Bobby good."

The crowd gives a warm, emotional reaction.

Bobby's face crumples with relief and guilt all at once.

Then the title announcement comes.

Ring Announcer: "As the third-place finalist eliminated from the All or Nothing Rumble... Yoshii is the NEW UTA United States Champion!"

The O2 explodes again, this time with a massive ovation for the big man.

Jed Eye nearly loses his mind at ringside.

Jed Eye: "YES! YES! UNITED STATES OF YOSHII! SAY IT WITH YOUR CHEST! MY MONSTER GOT GOLD!"

An official brings the UTA United States Championship to Yoshii.

Yoshii rises slowly, still catching his breath from the fall, and accepts the championship with both hands.

He looks down at it like it is both treasure and snack-sized confusion.

Yoshii: "Yoshii champion."

The crowd cheers louder.

Yoshii lifts the United States Championship high.

Jed Eye jumps beside him, pointing up at the belt.

John Phillips: "Yoshii is the new UTA United States Champion! What a performance by the former UTA Champion, what a run tonight, and what a moment for the big man!"

Mark Bravo: "Yoshii may be eliminated, but he leaves with gold. The United States Championship belongs to Yoshii, and listen to London!"

Inside the ring, Bobby Dean slowly turns away from Yoshii and looks at Maxwell Jett.

The final two are set.

Bobby Dean.

Maxwell Jett.

The next man eliminated becomes the UTA International Champion.

The last man standing becomes UTA Champion.

Maxwell Jett is on his knees, breathing hard, eyes wide, trying to smile through the realization that the last obstacle between him and retaining the UTA Championship is the man he has mocked, used, hidden behind, and repeatedly wronged all night.

Bobby Dean stands.

Slowly.

One hand on the ropes.

His chest rises and falls.

His face is not goofy now.

Not scared.

Not longing for the chair.

Hurt.

Angry.

Focused.

Bobby Dean: "You made me hit Mikey."

He takes a step toward Maxwell.

Bobby Dean: "You made me lose Yoshii."

Another step.

Bobby Dean: "You laughed at the chair."

The crowd pops huge for that one.

Maxwell holds up both hands from his knees.

Maxwell Jett: "I respect the chair now."

Bobby shakes his head.

Bobby Dean: "Too late."

The O2 rises into a thunderous roar.

Maxwell Jett entered the All or Nothing Rumble as UTA Champion.

Bobby Dean entered it in a battle chair and spent most of the match refusing to get in the ring.

Now they are the final two.

One will become UTA International Champion.

One will become UTA Champion.

And for the first time all night, Maxwell Jett has no one left to hide behind.

Maxwell is on his knees near the ropes, breathing hard, one hand still raised like he is hoping negotiations can save him.

Bobby stands in front of him.

Not goofy.

Not panicked.

Not looking at the chair.

Not asking for help.

Just standing.

His face is red.

His chest rises and falls.

His eyes are wet, but they are not soft.

They are fixed on Maxwell Jett.

John Phillips: "I don’t know if I have ever seen Bobby Dean look like this."

Mark Bravo: "John, I have joked about Bobby Dean all night. Everybody has. The scooter, the snacks, hiding outside, missing the chair. But look at him right now. That is not the same Bobby Dean we were laughing at earlier."

Maxwell slowly rises to one knee, then both feet, still keeping his back near the ropes.

Maxwell Jett: "Bobby. Listen. We can be reasonable."

Bobby takes one step forward.

Bobby Dean: "No."

Maxwell nods quickly, palms out.

Maxwell Jett: "Great. Love a firm boundary. Respect that. Very healthy. I just think—"

Bobby steps in and cracks Maxwell across the jaw with a right hand.

The O2 explodes.

Maxwell stumbles backward into the ropes, eyes wide with shock.

John Phillips: "Bobby Dean just rocked Maxwell Jett!"

Maxwell comes off the ropes and swings wildly.

Bobby ducks.

Not clumsily.

Not by accident.

Clean.

Sharp.

Like muscle memory waking up after years buried under jokes, snacks, self-preservation, and a body no one expected to move that way anymore.

Bobby comes up behind Maxwell, wraps him around the waist, and throws him backward with a release German suplex.

Maxwell lands high on his shoulders and rolls across the canvas, stunned.

John Phillips: "German suplex! Bobby Dean with a German suplex!"

Mark Bravo: "Where did that come from? Where has that been?"

Bobby rises slowly.

The crowd is not laughing now.

They are roaring.

Maxwell scrambles to the corner, blinking hard, one hand on the back of his neck.

Maxwell Jett: "No. No. Absolutely not. You don’t get to suddenly be good now."

Bobby advances.

Maxwell kicks out from the corner, catching Bobby in the knee.

Bobby staggers one step.

Maxwell immediately lunges forward and rakes Bobby across the eyes.

The crowd boos.

John Phillips: "Cheap shot to the eyes by Maxwell Jett!"

Bobby turns away, temporarily blinded.

Maxwell grabs him by the back of the head and tries to run him toward the ropes.

Bobby plants his feet.

Maxwell strains, trying to force him forward.

Bobby does not move.

Maxwell looks back.

Bobby wipes at his eyes with one hand.

Then he turns.

Maxwell’s expression collapses again.

Bobby Dean: "No more."

Bobby grabs Maxwell by the wrist, pulls him in, and blasts him with a short-arm clothesline that turns Maxwell inside out.

The O2 erupts again.

Mark Bravo: "Bobby Dean just folded the UTA Champion!"

Maxwell hits the mat and rolls toward the ropes, trying to get underneath them, trying to slip away by instinct.

Bobby reaches down and grabs him by the ankle.

Maxwell claws at the canvas.

Maxwell Jett: "Let go!"

Bobby Dean: "You first."

Bobby drags Maxwell back toward center ring.

Maxwell twists onto his back and kicks upward, catching Bobby under the chin.

Bobby’s head snaps back.

Maxwell rolls away, gets to one knee, and throws a desperate forearm into Bobby’s midsection.

Another.

Another.

Then Maxwell grabs the waistband and tries to shove Bobby toward the ropes.

Bobby reverses the momentum and sends Maxwell instead.

Maxwell rebounds.

Bobby lowers his shoulder.

Back body drop.

Maxwell flies high and lands hard near the center of the ring.

The crowd rises with another huge reaction.

John Phillips: "Bobby Dean with the back body drop! Bobby is dominating Maxwell Jett!"

Mark Bravo: "I cannot believe what I’m seeing. This is Bobby Dean, John. This is Bobby Dean looking like the man people used to whisper he could be when he actually cared enough to fight."

Bobby stands over Maxwell.

For a second, his eyes flick toward ringside.

The battle chair is still there.

Waiting.

But Bobby does not stare at it long.

Not this time.

He looks back down at Maxwell.

The crowd notices.

They cheer louder.

John Phillips: "Bobby looked at the chair, but he came right back to Maxwell. He is not trying to escape this anymore."

Maxwell crawls backward, shaking his head.

Maxwell Jett: "Bobby, come on. Think about this. You don’t want the UTA Championship. You want the chair. You want snacks. You want comfort. You want—"

Bobby grabs Maxwell by the throat with one hand.

Not a chokeslam grip exactly.

Not theatrical.

Just firm.

Bobby Dean: "I wanted my friends."

The line cuts through the noise.

Maxwell freezes.

Bobby pulls him up and throws him into the corner.

Maxwell hits back-first and slumps.

Bobby charges.

Corner avalanche.

The impact crushes Maxwell against the turnbuckles.

Maxwell stumbles forward, gasping.

Bobby catches him.

Belly-to-belly suplex.

Maxwell crashes across the ring, rolling almost to the opposite ropes.

John Phillips: "Belly-to-belly suplex! Bobby Dean is throwing Maxwell Jett around!"

Mark Bravo: "This crowd cannot believe it. I cannot believe it. Maxwell cannot believe it. Bobby Dean has found something in himself at the very end of the longest match of his life."

Maxwell pulls himself up using the ropes.

His face is no longer just panicked.

Now there is anger there.

Embarrassment.

The champion who has survived everyone suddenly being handled by the man he mocked all night.

Bobby steps toward him.

Maxwell kicks the middle rope upward as Bobby approaches.

The rope snaps up into Bobby’s body.

Bobby grunts and bends forward.

Maxwell follows with a sharp knee to the face.

The crowd boos as Bobby staggers.

John Phillips: "Another cheap shot from Maxwell!"

Maxwell grabs Bobby by the head and drives him face-first into the top turnbuckle.

Once.

Twice.

Then a third time.

Bobby stumbles backward.

Maxwell rushes him from behind and tries to dump him over the top rope.

The crowd gasps.

Bobby’s upper body goes over.

His hands grab the top strand.

Maxwell pushes with everything he has.

Maxwell Jett: "Go! Go! Go!"

Bobby’s feet slide.

One boot leaves the canvas for a second.

The O2 screams for him.

Bobby clamps both arms around the top rope and refuses to go.

Maxwell keeps pushing.

Bobby’s face twists.

He looks down at the floor.

The UTA International Championship is waiting for the next man eliminated.

The UTA Championship waits for the last man standing.

Bobby closes his eyes.

Then he pushes backward.

Maxwell loses balance and stumbles to the mat.

Bobby rolls back inside under the top rope and lands on one knee.

The crowd explodes.

John Phillips: "Bobby Dean survives!"

Maxwell scrambles up and charges again.

Bobby rises at the same time.

Maxwell throws a forearm.

Bobby blocks it.

Maxwell throws another.

Bobby blocks again.

Bobby answers with a jab.

Then another.

Then another.

The crowd starts punching the air with each shot.

Crowd: "BOB-BY! BOB-BY! BOB-BY!"

Bobby whips Maxwell toward the ropes.

Maxwell reverses.

Bobby hits the ropes, rebounds, and runs through Maxwell with a shoulder block.

Maxwell hits the mat.

Bobby keeps moving.

He hits the ropes again.

Maxwell rolls onto his stomach.

Bobby steps over.

Maxwell pops up.

Bobby catches him with a scoop slam.

The ring shakes.

Mark Bravo: "Scoop slam by Bobby Dean! Listen to these people!"

Bobby rises and looks around the arena.

For the first time since he was forced into the ring, The O2 is not laughing at him.

They are with him.

Fully.

Completely.

And Bobby Dean feels it.

He points toward the battle chair.

The crowd pops.

Then he points toward Maxwell.

The crowd roars.

Bobby Dean: "For the chair."

Maxwell groans from the mat.

Maxwell Jett: "I apologized to the chair!"

Bobby pulls Maxwell up.

Maxwell suddenly grabs Bobby by the trunks and yanks him forward throat-first across the middle rope.

Bobby snaps backward, coughing.

The boos return instantly.

John Phillips: "Maxwell again with the cheap tactic!"

Maxwell staggers up, grabs Bobby by the head, and drives a series of frantic knees into Bobby’s ribs.

One.

Two.

Three.

He pulls Bobby toward the ropes, trying to muscle him up and over.

But Bobby blocks.

Maxwell tries again.

Bobby blocks harder.

Maxwell punches him in the ribs.

Bobby grunts.

Maxwell claws at the eyes again.

Bobby turns away, but this time he catches Maxwell’s wrist.

The crowd rises.

Bobby turns slowly.

Maxwell tries to pull free.

He cannot.

Bobby Dean: "No more eyes."

Bobby twists the wrist, pulls Maxwell in, and drops him with a short lariat.

Maxwell bounces off the mat and rolls to the apron under the bottom rope, still not eliminated, but desperate to create space.

Bobby follows.

Maxwell grabs the bottom rope, trying to stay low.

Bobby reaches through and grabs Maxwell by the hair.

Maxwell screams.

Maxwell Jett: "Hair is not legal!"

Mark Bravo: "You raked his eyes twice!"

Bobby pulls Maxwell back inside under the bottom rope.

Maxwell slides across the canvas, kicking and scrambling.

Bobby drops an elbow across his chest.

The impact forces the air out of Maxwell.

Bobby gets up.

Slowly.

Everything hurts now.

But Bobby Dean is still moving.

Maxwell rolls to the corner, trying to pull himself up.

Bobby follows and grabs him by the head.

He starts to lift Maxwell toward the top turnbuckle, clearly thinking of dumping him over from the corner.

The O2 comes alive.

John Phillips: "Bobby may be trying to get Maxwell over from the corner!"

Bobby gets Maxwell seated on the top turnbuckle.

Maxwell grabs the ropes on both sides, kicking frantically.

Bobby climbs to the second rope.

The entire arena stands.

Bobby’s hands close around Maxwell’s waist.

He tries to lift.

Maxwell pounds at Bobby’s back.

Bobby tries again.

Maxwell drives a thumb toward Bobby’s eye.

Bobby turns enough to avoid the worst of it, but the shot catches his cheek.

Maxwell shoves Bobby down from the second rope.

Bobby lands on his feet but stumbles backward.

Maxwell stands on the middle rope, preparing to leap.

He comes off.

Bobby catches him.

The crowd explodes again.

Bobby catches Maxwell across his chest, turns, and plants him with a massive powerslam.

John Phillips: "Powerslam! Bobby caught Maxwell out of the air!"

Mark Bravo: "This is not a joke anymore. Bobby Dean is wrestling the match of his life!"

Bobby stays down beside Maxwell for a moment, both men flat on the canvas.

The camera cuts to the championships at ringside.

The UTA International Championship.

The UTA Championship.

One for the next man eliminated.

One for the last man standing.

The camera cuts back.

Bobby rolls to his side first.

Maxwell is breathing hard, eyes half-open, trying to crawl away even before his body fully agrees.

Bobby pushes himself to one knee.

The crowd chants again.

Crowd: "BOB-BY! BOB-BY! BOB-BY!"

Bobby hears it.

He looks around.

For the first time all night, Bobby Dean looks like he remembers not just who he is, but who he used to be.

Not the man in the chair.

Not the punchline.

Not the snack at ringside.

A great wrestler.

A dangerous wrestler.

A man standing one elimination away from the UTA Championship.

Maxwell Jett pulls himself up against the ropes, dazed and desperate.

Bobby Dean rises in the center of the ring.

They stare at one another.

No one can believe this is the final battle.

But no one can look away.

John Phillips: "This is it. Bobby Dean and Maxwell Jett. The next man eliminated becomes the UTA International Champion. The last man standing leaves as UTA Champion."

Mark Bravo: "And I cannot believe I'm saying this, John, but Bobby Dean might do it. Bobby Dean might actually win the All or Nothing Rumble."

Maxwell pulls himself upright against the ropes, one hand on the top strand, the other pressed to his ribs after Bobby's powerslam.

His eyes scan the ring.

Ropes.

Corners.

Canvas.

The abandoned battle chair outside.

The championships at ringside.

The UTA Championship.

Still within reach.

Bobby steps toward him.

Maxwell raises one hand.

Maxwell Jett: "Wait."

The crowd boos instantly.

Bobby does not stop.

Maxwell Jett: "Bobby. Bobby, wait. Look at me."

Bobby keeps coming.

Bobby Dean: "No more talking."

Maxwell’s voice cracks with panic.

Maxwell Jett: "The chair."

Bobby stops.

Just for half a second.

That word hits somewhere deeper than Maxwell deserves.

Bobby’s eyes flick toward ringside.

The battle chair is still there.

Still abandoned.

Still waiting.

Still the one thing that stayed loyal until Chris Ross ripped Bobby from it.

John Phillips: "No. Bobby, don’t listen to him."

Maxwell sees the flicker.

He leans into it immediately.

Maxwell Jett: "You miss it. I know you miss it. I saw you looking at it all night. You and the chair made it this far together."

Bobby turns back toward him, jaw tight.

Bobby Dean: "You laughed at it."

Maxwell Jett: "I was wrong."

The crowd boos louder.

Maxwell places one hand over his chest.

Maxwell Jett: "I was wrong about the chair. I was wrong about you. I was wrong about... several chair-adjacent matters."

Mark Bravo: "Chair-adjacent matters? This man is unbelievable."

Bobby takes another step.

Bobby Dean: "Too late."

Maxwell backs into the corner.

Maxwell Jett: "No, no, it’s not. Because if you win, Bobby, you do not just win for you. You win for the chair."

Bobby hesitates again.

The O2 groans, pleading with him not to fall for it.

Crowd: "BOB-BY! BOB-BY! BOB-BY!"

Bobby hears them.

His eyes harden again.

Bobby Dean: "I know."

He charges.

Maxwell ducks out of the corner at the last second.

Bobby stops himself before crashing chest-first into the turnbuckles.

Maxwell grabs him from behind and tries to shove him over the top rope.

The crowd gasps.

Bobby catches the top strand with both hands.

Maxwell pushes with everything left in him.

Maxwell Jett: "Go! Go! Please go!"

Bobby’s upper body tips over.

One leg lifts.

The O2 screams.

Bobby plants his other boot and shoves backward.

Maxwell stumbles away, rolling across the mat.

John Phillips: "Bobby Dean survives again!"

Maxwell scrambles up and runs forward.

Bobby turns and catches him with a huge right hand.

Maxwell drops to one knee.

Bobby grabs him by the head and pulls him upright.

He marches Maxwell toward the ropes.

The crowd rises to a deafening level.

John Phillips: "Bobby has him! Bobby Dean has Maxwell Jett!"

Maxwell grabs the top rope with both hands.

Bobby pushes.

Maxwell kicks wildly.

Bobby lowers his shoulder into Maxwell’s ribs and drives forward.

Maxwell’s feet start leaving the mat.

The O2 is losing its mind.

Mark Bravo: "He’s going! Maxwell is going!"

Maxwell reaches out with one desperate hand.

Not for the rope.

Not for Bobby.

For the referee on the outside.

He grabs the official by the shirt.

The official yelps, pulled hard into the apron.

Bobby pauses just enough, startled by the referee being dragged into the mess.

John Phillips: "Maxwell has the referee!"

Maxwell releases the official and immediately jams his thumb into Bobby’s eye.

The boos become volcanic.

Bobby recoils, blinded.

Maxwell drops back inside the ring, landing on his knees, coughing, laughing, half-sobbing.

Maxwell Jett: "Still legal!"

Bobby staggers away, one hand over his eye.

John Phillips: "That was disgusting! Maxwell used the official as a distraction and went to the eyes!"

Maxwell crawls toward Bobby from behind, grabs the back of his gear, and tries to lift him toward the ropes.

Bobby is too heavy.

Maxwell cannot get him over.

He strains.

He screams.

Bobby starts to recover.

Maxwell realizes it and changes plans again.

He lets go.

Then he looks outside.

At the battle chair.

Maxwell’s eyes widen with the worst possible idea.

He slides under the bottom rope.

Not eliminated.

He goes to the floor under the bottom rope and grabs the battle chair by the handlebar.

The crowd explodes in boos.

Bobby Dean: "No."

Bobby’s voice is low.

Dangerously low.

Maxwell looks up from ringside, one hand on the scooter.

Maxwell Jett: "Come get it."

Mark Bravo: "Oh, that is evil. That is evil, John. He knows Bobby has been thinking about that chair all night."

Bobby turns fully toward the ropes.

His eye is red from the thumb.

His chest is heaving.

He sees Maxwell touching the chair.

He sees the scooter being pulled away from its spot.

And every bit of focus becomes rage.

Bobby Dean: "Get away from it."

Maxwell slowly pushes the scooter backward, keeping his eyes on Bobby.

Maxwell Jett: "Then come outside."

Bobby steps through the middle rope, careful not to go over the top.

He plants one foot on the apron.

The crowd gasps.

John Phillips: "Bobby has to be careful. If he goes over the top and both feet hit, it’s over. He’s going through the middle rope, so he is safe, but Maxwell is baiting him."

Bobby reaches down from the apron toward the chair.

Maxwell backs away another step.

Bobby climbs fully onto the apron, still not eliminated, both hands on the top rope.

Maxwell lets go of the chair.

For a second, Bobby looks down at it.

Relief flashes across his face.

Then Maxwell dives.

He grabs Bobby’s ankle from the floor and yanks hard.

Bobby drops to one knee on the apron.

The O2 screams.

John Phillips: "Maxwell has Bobby’s ankle!"

Bobby kicks with his free foot, trying to knock Maxwell away.

Maxwell holds on like his entire title reign depends on it.

Because it does.

Bobby grabs the middle rope and tries to pull himself back inside.

Maxwell climbs onto the apron beside him, using the ropes to drag himself up.

Now both men are on the apron.

One wrong move ends everything.

Mark Bravo: "Both men on the apron! Both men in danger!"

Bobby gets to his feet first.

Maxwell is still crouched low.

Bobby grabs Maxwell by the head.

The crowd roars, sensing one final chance.

Bobby pulls Maxwell up.

Maxwell swings wildly and catches Bobby in the ribs.

Bobby absorbs it.

Maxwell swings again.

Bobby absorbs that too.

Bobby headbutts Maxwell.

Maxwell nearly falls from the apron but grabs the top rope in desperation.

John Phillips: "Maxwell almost went!"

Bobby grabs him again.

He hooks Maxwell for a suplex on the apron.

The O2 reaches a fever pitch.

Bobby tries to lift.

Maxwell blocks.

Bobby tries again.

Maxwell hooks his foot around the bottom rope.

Bobby pulls harder.

Maxwell cannot stop him forever.

So he does the only thing left.

He lets go.

Maxwell drops dead weight, slipping out of Bobby’s grip and falling flat onto the apron.

Bobby’s momentum carries him backward.

He wobbles.

One foot slips off the apron.

The crowd screams.

Bobby catches the top rope with both hands.

He is hanging.

Both feet still above the floor.

Maxwell crawls along the apron toward him.

Bobby tries to pull himself up.

Maxwell reaches for Bobby’s fingers.

Bobby Dean: "No."

Maxwell does not answer.

He bites Bobby’s hand.

The O2 erupts in absolute fury.

John Phillips: "He bit him! Maxwell Jett bit Bobby Dean’s hand!"

Bobby cries out.

His grip weakens.

Maxwell pries at the fingers.

One finger slips.

Then another.

Bobby swings beneath the apron, trying to hook a boot on anything.

The battle chair is inches away on the floor.

Bobby’s foot brushes the seat.

Not the floor.

The chair.

The crowd gasps as he almost uses it to steady himself.

Maxwell sees that too.

With one last desperate shove, Maxwell kicks the battle chair away.

The scooter rolls out from under Bobby’s reach.

Bobby’s eyes widen.

His last grip breaks.

Bobby Dean falls from the apron.

He hits the floor.

Both feet land.

The official points.

The O2 explodes into chaos.

Ring Announcer: "Bobby Dean has been eliminated!"

Maxwell Jett lies flat on the apron, breathing hard, eyes wide, barely able to move.

Then the announcement comes.

Ring Announcer: "As the final competitor eliminated from the All or Nothing Rumble... Bobby Dean is the NEW UTA International Champion!"

The crowd gives Bobby a huge ovation through the anger.

Bobby sits on the floor beside the displaced battle chair, staring at his hands, stunned by the ending, stunned by the title, stunned by how close he came.

An official brings him the UTA International Championship.

Bobby looks at it.

Then at the chair.

Then up at Maxwell.

Maxwell slowly rolls under the bottom rope and back into the ring.

He has not gone over.

He has not touched the floor.

He is still legal.

He is alone.

The last man standing.

John Phillips: "I cannot believe it. I cannot believe it. Maxwell Jett has done it."

Mark Bravo: "Somehow. Somehow, John. After seventy entrants, after every legend, every monster, every rival, after Bobby Dean found the fight of his life, Maxwell Jett is still the UTA Champion."

Maxwell pushes himself up to his knees in the center of the ring.

He looks around The O2.

The boos are deafening.

There is no admiration in them.

No respect.

Only disbelief and fury.

Maxwell Jett smiles anyway.

Because boos still mean he is there to hear them.

Because anger still means he survived.

Because everyone else is gone.

Ring Announcer: "The winner of the All or Nothing Rumble... and STILL UTA Champion... Maxwell Jett!"

The UTA Championship is carried into the ring.

Maxwell reaches for it with shaking hands.

He clutches it to his chest like a life raft.

Then, slowly, he rises.

Not proudly.

Not cleanly.

But he rises.

Still champion.

Still hated.

Still Maxwell Jett.

John Phillips: "Maxwell Jett entered with the UTA Championship and survived the most chaotic match in UTA history.

He eliminated Emily Hightower from behind. He eliminated Graham Keel. He manipulated Bobby Dean into eliminating Mikey Unlikely. He used Bobby to help eliminate Yoshii. And now he has cheated, tricked, and clawed his way past Bobby Dean himself."

Mark Bravo: "You can hate every second of it. You can call it cheap, dirty, cowardly, disgusting. And you'd be right. But the result is the result. Maxwell Jett is still the UTA Champion."

At ringside, Bobby Dean is helped up by the official while holding the UTA International Championship.

The crowd gives him another huge ovation.

Bobby does not celebrate.

Not at first.

He looks at the title.

He looks at Maxwell.

He looks at the battle chair, now a few feet away after Maxwell kicked it from under him.

Then Bobby walks to the chair.

He sets the UTA International Championship across the seat.

The O2 cheers.

Bobby rests one hand on the handlebar.

He looks back into the ring.

Maxwell Jett is standing with the UTA Championship raised high.

But Bobby Dean is not the same man who started this match.

Not anymore.

Maxwell survived him.

But Bobby Dean woke something up.

And the look on Bobby's face says the UTA International Championship may only be the beginning.

Inside the ring, Maxwell backs into the corner and clutches the UTA Championship tighter as the boos rain down.

The final image of the All or Nothing Rumble is not clean.

It is not fair.

It is not heroic.

It is Maxwell Jett, battered and terrified and grinning through the hatred, still holding the biggest prize in UTA.

Somehow.

Some way.

Still.

Conclusion

CARD SUBJECT TO CHANGE

Show Credits

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite