

No Love Lost: 2026

Promotion: United Toughness Alliance
Date: March 7, 2026
Location: T-Mobile Arena — Las Vegas, NV

Preview

After a multi-week residency at the Palms, the UTA moves over to the T-Mobile Arena to show that after everything... there is.. NO LOVE LOST.

Results

Introduction

Segment

The screen is black. A low, cinematic rumble begins to build — deep... ominous... alive. A single heartbeat echoes through the darkness. Then another. Then another. Faster. Louder.

FLASH.

A rapid montage explodes across the screen — fists colliding, bodies crashing, championships raised, blood, sweat, glory, betrayal. Hakuryu standing cold and unshaken with the Fighting Championship. Jarvis Valentine staring forward with purpose reborn. El Fantasma emerging from shadow like ghosts of war. Valentina Blaze holding her title high while Susanita Ybanez refuses to fall. Marie Van Claudio and Amy Harrison screaming into each other's faces, hatred boiling over. Chris Ross glaring across the battlefield as Gunnar Van Patton stands like an unbreakable force... and Eric Dane Jr. steps into the storm.

The music swells.

One final image — the UTA Championship.

NO LOVE LOST

BOOM.

Pyro ERUPTS inside the sold-out T-Mobile Arena in Las Vegas, Nevada. Flames shoot skyward from the stage as the crowd ROARS — loud, electric, alive. Camera sweeps across thousands on their feet, signs waving, energy surging through the building like lightning.

John Phillips: "Ladies and gentlemen... welcome to LAS VEGAS! Welcome to the T-Mobile Arena! And welcome to UTA... NO LOVE LOST!"

Mark Bravo: "Listen to this place, John! You can FEEL it! Weeks of tension... weeks of violence... weeks of unfinished business — and tonight it all EXPLODES!"

Camera cuts to fans chanting loudly as another burst of pyro fires from the stage.

John Phillips: "After an incredible residency at the Palms, the United Toughness Alliance moves to one of the biggest stages in the world — and tonight every championship is surrounded by chaos, pride, and something far more dangerous... personal hatred."

Mark Bravo: "That's what No Love Lost is all about, John. Not competition... not respect... this is about people who genuinely want to hurt each other."

Graphic flashes across the screen: Hakuryu vs. Jarvis Valentine.

John Phillips: "The UTA Fighting Championship is on the line tonight when Hakuryu defends against former UTA Champion Jarvis Valentine. Jarvis is fighting to climb back to the top — but if Hakuryu wins, he moves just TWO defenses away from earning a UTA Championship opportunity of his own."

Mark Bravo: "Jarvis Valentine stepping into Fighting Championship rules? That's dangerous. Hakuryu lives in that world. He breathes it. He ENDS people there."

Graphic shifts: El Fantasma vs. Next Level.

John Phillips: "The UTA Tag Team Championships will be decided when the haunting champions El Fantasma defend against Next Level — a team hungry, fearless, and determined to defeat what they call the 'final boss' of the tag division."

Mark Bravo: "Good luck beating ghosts, John. El Fantasma don't break... they don't panic... and they don't forgive."

Graphic shifts: Valentina Blaze vs. Susanita Ybanez.

John Phillips: "The UTA Women's United States Championship is on the line as Valentina Blaze defends against the relentless and fearless Susanita Ybanez."

Mark Bravo: "Susanita never quits, never backs down, never stops coming. Valentina better be ready for a WAR."

Graphic shifts: Marie Van Claudio vs. Amy Harrison.

John Phillips: "And speaking of war... Marie Van Claudio and Amy Harrison collide once again for the UTA Women's Championship."

Mark Bravo: "There is REAL hatred there, John. Not storyline, not hype — real, boiling, emotional hatred. Tonight... someone leaves broken."

The crowd buzz grows louder as the final graphic appears: Chris Ross vs. Gunnar Van Patton vs. Eric Dane Jr.

John Phillips: "And in tonight's massive main event — the UTA Championship will be decided in a Triple Threat match. Chris Ross defends against the unstoppable Gunnar Van Patton... and the returning Eric Dane Jr."

Mark Bravo: "This is chaos, John. Pure chaos. Gunnar is a wrecking machine. Eric Dane Jr. just threw himself into the fire. And Chris Ross? He IS the standard. He IS The Boss. And tonight... only one walks out champion."

The camera returns to a wide shot of the roaring arena. Lights pulse. Energy surges. The stage glows.

John Phillips: "Championships. Pride. Redemption. Revenge."

Mark Bravo: "No mercy. No forgiveness. No love."

John Phillips: "UTA... starts RIGHT NOW!"

The crowd ERUPTS as the camera fades toward the stage...

El Fantasma vs. Next Level

Match

The camera cuts from the roaring crowd to the stage. The energy inside the T-Mobile Arena is electric... but suddenly... something shifts.

The lights flicker.

Once.

Twice.

Then — darkness.

A low, hollow hum begins to vibrate through the arena. Not music... not sound... something deeper. Something felt more than heard. Fog slowly begins to spill from the entrance ramp, crawling forward like smoke rising from beneath the earth.

John Phillips: "And here we go... the atmosphere has changed instantly. You can feel it — that heavy, suffocating presence that only one team in UTA brings with them."

Mark Bravo: "You don't just wrestle El Fantasma, John... you survive them. And sometimes? You don't."

The hum grows louder.

Distorted... metallic... echoing.

The giant screen flickers with shadowy static — shapes barely visible... twin figures... watching.

CRACK.

A blinding white flash erupts across the stage.

And they are there.

El Fantasma Oscuro I.

El Fantasma Oscuro II.

Standing side by side. Motionless. Identical masks. Identical posture. Twin shadows where one should be.

The crowd erupts — cheers mixed with unease, fascination, and fear.

John Phillips: "Every single time... every time they appear, it feels like reality itself bends. Like something unnatural has stepped into our world."

Mark Bravo: "Two bodies... one ghost. And when they move... people get hurt."

The fog continues to roll around their feet. The two figures do not acknowledge the crowd. Do not react. Do not move. They simply stare toward the ring — cold, silent, predatory.

Then... movement behind them.

Slowly emerging from the mist — twitching, rocking, breathing heavily — Madman Szalinski appears.

His eyes wide. Wild. Alive with chaotic energy.

He spreads his arms outward... presenting his creations to the world.

John Phillips: "And there he is... the architect of chaos... Madman Szalinski... the mind behind the monsters."

Mark Bravo: "You don't manage El Fantasma. You don't control them. You unleash them... and pray you survive what follows."

Szalinski tilts his head back slightly... whispering something unintelligible... laughing softly to himself.

The Fantasmas begin to move.

Slow.

Deliberate.

Mechanical.

Step by step... they descend the ramp... the fog trailing behind them like living shadow. The crowd noise grows louder

with each step — some cheering, some shouting, some simply watching in uneasy silence.

John Phillips: "They don't rush. They don't panic. They don't react. El Fantasma move like hunters... like predators who already know how this ends."

Mark Bravo: "And that's what makes them terrifying. No emotion. No hesitation. Just execution."

Halfway down the ramp, Oscuro I slowly turns his head toward the crowd — not acknowledging... not engaging... just staring. The moment is chilling. The energy in the arena tightens.

Behind them, Szalinski paces erratically... whispering... twitching... occasionally clapping once... twice... lost in his own chaotic rhythm.

John Phillips: "The UTA Tag Team Champions walk into No Love Lost with momentum, dominance, and an aura unlike anyone else in this division."

Mark Bravo: "But tonight might be their biggest challenge yet. Next Level is fast... synchronized... fearless. If anyone can disrupt the ghosts... it might be them."

The Fantasmas reach ringside.

Oscuro I suddenly slides beneath the bottom rope in one fluid, ghostlike motion.

Oscuro II steps onto the apron... pauses... then enters silently.

They take opposite corners.

Still.

Watching.

Waiting.

Madman Szalinski circles the ring outside, eyes wide, breathing erratic, whispering to the shadows as the crowd buzz grows louder.

John Phillips: "The champions are here."

Mark Bravo: "And the haunting has begun."

The camera slowly pushes in on the silent, motionless figures of El Fantasma... the fog still drifting around the ring... the tension building.

The arena remains dim... fog still lingering inside the ring as El Fantasma stand motionless in their corners. Madman Szalinski paces outside, whispering to himself... eyes darting... waiting.

Then—

A sharp digital tone cuts through the darkness.

Beep.

Beep.

Beep.

The screen above the stage flickers to life — pixelated lines, scanning grids, loading bars... a digital world forming out of the shadows.

Then the beat hits.

"Press Start."

The arena ERUPTS.

John Phillips: "And just like that — the mood shifts! The challengers have arrived!"

Mark Bravo: "From shadows to spotlight, John — and listen to this crowd come alive for Next Level!"

The entrance screen fills with bright HUD graphics — health bars, combo meters, flashing text reading: PLAYER ONE READY... PLAYER TWO READY.

Then — bursting through the curtain — Theo Sparks explodes onto the stage.

Energy. Motion. Life.

He bounces on his toes, slapping his hands together, pointing toward the ring like the match has already begun. He turns toward the crowd, shouting, hyping, feeding off the electricity surging through the building.

John Phillips: "Theo Sparks — Player One — the heart, the voice, the spark of this team — and he looks ready for the biggest fight of his career tonight!"

Mark Bravo: "He lives for this moment. Big stage, big fight, boss battle energy — this is his world!"

A step behind him... emerging from the curtain... Dex Raines.

Calm.

Still.

Focused.

Arms loose at his sides, eyes locked forward — not on the crowd, not on the lights — on the ring. On the champions. Studying. Calculating.

John Phillips: "And there is Dex Raines — Player Two — the mind, the execution, the precision. Where Theo brings chaos... Dex brings control."

Mark Bravo: "That's why this team works. Flash and logic. Fire and ice. Noise and silence. Together? They're dangerous."

Theo turns back toward Dex, nodding once. Dex gives a small nod in return — silent understanding between partners.

The two begin down the ramp.

Theo jogs — slapping hands, shouting toward the crowd, pointing at signs, yelling "LEVEL UP!" as the fans roar back at him.

Dex walks at a steady, measured pace — eyes never leaving the ring — tracking the silent figures of El Fantasma waiting inside.

John Phillips: "Next Level has risen fast in the UTA tag division. Speed, coordination, and chemistry unlike almost any team we've seen."

Mark Bravo: "But tonight? Tonight they face something different. Something cold. Something relentless."

Theo reaches ringside first and slides under the bottom rope in one fluid motion, popping instantly to his feet. He throws his arms wide — the crowd responding loudly.

Dex steps onto the apron... pauses... scanning the ring... studying El Fantasma in silence.

Then he steps through the ropes.

Theo climbs onto the second turnbuckle, miming pressing a controller button — starting the match — pointing toward

the champions.

Mark Bravo: "He's locked in now. The game has started."

Dex stretches his shoulders once... twice... then slowly nods toward Theo.

Across the ring — El Fantasma do not move.

Do not react.

Do not blink.

Just watching.

John Phillips: "UTA Tag Team Championships on the line... El Fantasma... Next Level... and this one is about to begin!"

The referee steps between both teams, raising the championships high as the crowd ROARS — tension thick... energy surging... the opening match of No Love Lost ready to explode.

The referee steps forward, holding the UTA Tag Team Championships high in the center of the ring. The gold catches the arena lights as the crowd roars.

John Phillips: "UTA Tag Team Championships on the line! El Fantasma defending against the rising force of Next Level — and what a way to open No Love Lost!"

Mark Bravo: "Styles make fights, John. Cold, silent execution versus high-speed synchronization. Somebody's game plan is about to break."

The referee hands the titles to ringside officials and signals both teams to prepare. Oscurio I steps forward from his corner. Theo Sparks bounces on his toes, stepping toward the center. Dex Raines remains on the apron, one hand on the top rope, eyes locked in.

John Phillips: "It looks like Theo Sparks will start for Next Level."

Mark Bravo: "And Oscurio I starting for the champions. Player One versus The Phantom Shade. Fire versus fog."

The bell rings.

DING DING

The crowd buzz intensifies as Theo and Oscurio I slowly circle.

Theo moves lightly on his feet, shoulders loose, eyes sharp. Oscurio I stands unnervingly still — head slightly tilted, mask expression unreadable, body language cold and deliberate.

John Phillips: "Notice the difference in approach already. Theo is bouncing, feinting, testing distance. Oscurio I hasn't taken a single unnecessary step."

Mark Bravo: "Because he doesn't waste motion. Strike and vanish — that's how he operates."

Theo suddenly darts in with a quick low feint, then backs away, testing reactions. Oscurio I barely shifts.

Theo nods to himself, then rushes forward — collar-and-elbow tie-up attempt —

Oscurio I slips to the side instead of locking up, avoiding the contact entirely.

John Phillips: "He refused the lock-up!"

Mark Bravo: "He doesn't play traditional wrestling. He makes you second-guess everything."

Theo smirks slightly, clapping his hands once as if acknowledging the mind game. He circles again — faster this time

— then suddenly explodes forward with a running dropkick combination — “Double Tap” — aimed at Oscuro I’s chest.

Oscuro I stumbles back into the ropes.

John Phillips: "Double Tap connects!"

Mark Bravo: "That speed caught him off guard!"

Theo springs to his feet and immediately sprints the ropes. He rebounds and leaps for a springboard crossbody—

Oscuro I catches him mid-air.

The crowd gasps.

John Phillips: "Caught!"

Without hesitation, Oscuro I spins and drives Theo down with a powerful slam to the mat.

Mark Bravo: "That’s the danger. One mistake and you’re grounded."

Theo rolls toward the ropes, absorbing the impact, shaking out his shoulders. Oscuro I stands over him briefly — not rushing — just staring.

Outside the ring, Madman Szalinski claps once... twice... then begins pacing erratically, whispering to himself.

John Phillips: "Szalinski watching closely already. He knows how important momentum is in a tag title defense."

Theo pops back to his feet quickly, refusing to show damage. He nods toward Dex.

Theo Sparks: "Let’s level up!"

He charges again — this time ducking under a swing from Oscuro I and firing a sharp kick to the knee. Oscuro I drops slightly.

Theo immediately tags Dex.

TAG

John Phillips: "Quick tag — smart strategy!"

Mark Bravo: "Here comes the data analyst."

Dex Raines enters calmly. No wasted motion. He grabs Oscuro I’s wrist and snaps into a rolling armbar takedown — “Patch Note.”

John Phillips: "Beautiful transition!"

Mark Bravo: "That’s precision. He isolates, he analyzes, he dismantles."

Dex cranks back on the arm, adjusting his grip subtly, testing leverage. Oscuro I shifts his weight, attempting to roll through — but Dex follows, maintaining control.

The crowd begins to chant.

Crowd: "NEXT! LE-VEL!"

John Phillips: "You can feel the belief in this team."

Oscuro I suddenly uses the ropes to flip backward, breaking the pressure and springing to his feet in one fluid motion.

Mark Bravo: "And that’s the vanish."

He charges forward — low dropkick to Dex’s knee.

Dex stumbles.

Oscuro I bounces off the ropes and delivers a slingshot dropkick that snaps Dex backward toward the corner.

John Phillips: "Now the champions picking up speed!"

Oscuro I looks toward his corner.

Oscuro II is waiting.

Still.

Watching.

John Phillips: "This match is about to escalate."

Oscuro I drags Dex toward the corner — eyes never leaving him — and extends his hand.

TAG

Oscuro II vaults over the top rope in one smooth motion, landing silently inside the ring.

John Phillips: "Here comes the other half of El Fantasma — and when these two start flowing together, it's almost impossible to slow them down."

Mark Bravo: "You blink, and suddenly you're staring at the lights."

Oscuro II immediately grabs Dex by the wrist and whips him hard into the corner. Dex hits chest-first and stumbles backward.

Oscuro II charges — Black Veil — a running knee into the corner that drives straight into Dex's ribs.

John Phillips: "Black Veil connects!"

Mark Bravo: "That might have cracked a rib right there."

Dex collapses to one knee. Oscuro II doesn't hesitate — he pulls Dex up and snaps off a tight tilt-a-whirl headscissors, sending him tumbling across the canvas.

John Phillips: "Look at that fluidity!"

Mark Bravo: "It's beautiful... and brutal."

Dex rolls toward the ropes, trying to create space. Theo reaches over the top rope, shouting encouragement.

Theo Sparks: "You're good! Read it! Read it!"

Oscuro II advances again — but Dex explodes forward with a sharp discus elbow — "Critical Hit."

The strike snaps Oscuro II's head back.

John Phillips: "Critical Hit!"

Mark Bravo: "That was perfectly timed!"

Both men stagger. Dex wastes no time — he lunges toward his corner.

TAG

Theo springs into the ring.

He launches himself off the top rope with a diving crossbody, flattening Oscuro II.

John Phillips: "Theo Sparks flying!"

Mark Bravo: "Now the pace shifts again!"

Theo pops up instantly, feeding off the crowd's energy. He sprints the ropes — springboard — "Debug Error" — Code Breaker!

Oscuro II's head snaps forward from the impact.

John Phillips: "Debug Error! He nailed it!"

Theo hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

Oscuro I dives in and breaks it up with a stiff forearm to the back of Theo's head.

Mark Bravo: "Not enough to keep the ghosts down."

The referee quickly orders Oscuro I back to the corner. Theo shakes it off, frustrated but focused.

Outside the ring, Madman Szalinski pounds the apron, laughing wildly.

John Phillips: "You can feel the intensity rising here. Both teams landing signature offense early."

Theo grabs Oscuro II and attempts to lift him for a snap suplex — but Oscuro II slips behind him.

Oscuro II shoves Theo toward the ropes — Theo rebounds — ducks a lariat — rebounds again — but Oscuro I slaps Oscuro II's shoulder.

TAG

Oscuro I springboards in as Theo turns — somersault cutter!

John Phillips: "Somersault Cutter!"

Mark Bravo: "That came out of nowhere!"

Theo hits hard.

Oscuro I quickly drags him toward center ring and hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

Theo kicks out!

John Phillips: "He got the shoulder up!"

Mark Bravo: "That was close. Very close."

Oscuro I rises slowly, head tilting again, studying Theo as he tries to push himself up.

Across the ring, Dex grips the top rope, ready.

John Phillips: "The champions have slowed the pace down now. This is exactly where El Fantasma are most dangerous."

Oscuro I pulls Theo up... and begins to position him near the ropes... setting something up.

Oscuro I pulls Theo upright by the wrist, dragging him toward the ropes. Theo tries to plant his feet — but Oscuro I yanks him forward and snaps a vicious low dropkick into Theo's knee.

John Phillips: "Right to the base! He's taking away Theo's speed!"

Mark Bravo: "That's not random. That's targeted. Slow down Player One, and you slow down the whole system."

Theo drops to a knee. Oscuro I wastes no time — he hooks Theo's arm and drapes it over the middle rope before slingshotting himself over with a sharp dropkick that snaps Theo's shoulder backward.

John Phillips: "Innovative offense from the champion!"

Mark Bravo: "Strike and vanish. That's his blueprint."

Theo tumbles to the mat clutching his shoulder. Oscuro I immediately drags him back toward the corner.

TAG

Oscuro II steps in, and the two champions move in eerie synchronization.

Oscuro I lifts Theo slightly — Oscuro II comes off the ropes — tandem dropkick to the chest that sends Theo skidding across the canvas.

John Phillips: "Beautiful double-team timing!"

Mark Bravo: "That's championship chemistry."

Oscuro II hooks Theo's leg.

ONE!

TWO!

Theo kicks out, rolling onto his stomach.

John Phillips: "Theo showing resilience here early."

Mark Bravo: "Resilience is great... oxygen is better. And he's running low."

Oscuro II pulls Theo up and whips him hard into the corner. Theo hits chest-first and slumps backward.

Oscuro II charges — running forearm smash — then immediately lifts Theo and drops him with a tight snap suplex.

John Phillips: "The challengers are in trouble!"

Outside the ring, Madman Szalinski begins rocking back and forth, clapping rhythmically, whispering:

Madman Szalinski: "Break the code... break the code... break the code..."

Oscuro II smirks beneath the mask and drags Theo toward center ring, applying a grounded chinlock, knee pressed firmly into Theo's back.

John Phillips: "Now they're grinding him down."

Mark Bravo: "Make him carry the weight. Make him feel every second."

The crowd begins to rally.

Crowd: "NEXT! LE-VEL! NEXT! LE-VEL!"

Dex pounds the turnbuckle, shouting encouragement.

Dex Raines: "Rotate out! Rotate out!"

Theo grits his teeth, pushing to one knee... then to his feet. He drives an elbow into Oscuro II's ribs. Another. And another.

John Phillips: "He's fighting out!"

Theo spins — fires a quick enzuigiri — catching Oscuro II flush.

Mark Bravo: "That connected!"

Both men stagger. Theo crawls toward his corner — fingertips stretching —

John Phillips: "He needs that tag!"

Oscuro II lunges — grabs Theo's ankle — drags him backward.

Mark Bravo: "Not yet!"

Oscuro II flips Theo onto his back and signals to his partner.

TAG

Oscuro I climbs the turnbuckle quickly — positioning himself high above the ring.

John Phillips: "Oh no... this is dangerous territory."

Oscuro II lifts Theo onto his shoulders.

Oscuro I leaps — springboard moonsault — crashing down onto Theo while Oscuro II drops him simultaneously in a coordinated slam.

John Phillips: "What a combination!"

Mark Bravo: "They just glitched the system!"

Oscuro I hooks the leg deeply.

ONE!

TWO!

Dex dives into the ring and breaks it up at the last possible second.

John Phillips: "Dex saves the match!"

Mark Bravo: "That was three if he's half a second late."

The referee forces Dex back to the apron as Oscuro I rises slowly, staring at the downed Theo.

Oscuro I steps back... measuring... whispering something inaudible beneath the mask.

John Phillips: "He's lining something up... and if he hits it, this could be over."

The arena grows tense as Oscuro I reaches down and begins pulling Theo up for something devastating.

Oscuro I pulls Theo up slowly... methodically... the crowd buzzing with tension. Theo's legs wobble, his shoulder and knee clearly worn down from the sustained attack.

John Phillips: "Theo Sparks has taken serious punishment here. The champions have isolated him perfectly."

Mark Bravo: "And now comes the execution phase."

Oscuro I hooks Theo's arm, positioning for a lifting inverted DDT — but Theo suddenly twists his hips and slips free.

Quick strike — spinning back kick to the midsection!

John Phillips: "Counter!"

Theo stumbles toward the ropes — rebounds — leaps — "Double Tap" dropkick to the chest!

Oscuro I staggers backward into the ropes.

Mark Bravo: "That burst of speed again!"

Theo collapses to one knee, exhausted... but alive.

Both men down.

John Phillips: "This is the window! Theo has to move!"

The crowd begins to clap rhythmically.

Crowd: "TAG! TAG! TAG! TAG!"

Theo crawls. Slow. Painful. Fingertips dragging across the canvas.

Oscuro I rolls — reaching — grabbing for Theo's ankle —

Theo lunges forward —

TAG!

The arena ERUPTS.

John Phillips: "DEX RAINES IS IN!"

Dex explodes into the ring with precision and speed.

Running forearm to Oscuro I!

Back elbow to Oscuro II as he tries to enter!

Mark Bravo: "He just cleared the board!"

Dex grabs Oscuro I — snap German suplex — holds the bridge —

ONE!

TWO!

Kick out.

John Phillips: "Not enough!"

Dex rolls through — grabs the arm — "Patch Note" rolling armbar — wrenching hard!

Mark Bravo: "He's isolating the limb!"

Oscuro I struggles — rolling — twisting — finally forcing Dex off with a shove.

Dex rebounds off the ropes — leaps — running knee strike to the jaw!

John Phillips: "Critical Hit!"

Oscuro I drops flat.

Theo pulls himself up on the apron — tagging his chest — calling for the sequence.

Theo Sparks: "Execute!"

Dex nods.

Dex lifts Oscuro I to a seated position.

Theo springboards — "Debug Error" — Code Breaker!

The impact snaps Oscuro I forward.

John Phillips: "They hit it! They hit Debug Error!"

Dex dives into the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Oscuro II dives across the ring — breaking it up at the last possible instant!

Mark Bravo: "The ghosts refuse to die!"

The arena is thunderous now.

All four men inside the ring.

The referee struggling to restore order.

John Phillips: "This match is reaching another level of intensity!"

Dex rises first — pulling Oscuro I back up — but Oscuro I suddenly rakes Dex's midsection with a sharp strike.

Oscuro II pulls Theo backward — launching him shoulder-first into the ring post!

Mark Bravo: "Chaos!"

Dex turns — Oscuro I leaps — spinning cutter!

Dex crashes to the canvas.

Oscuro I drags himself over — hooking the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

DEX KICKS OUT!

John Phillips: "He survives!"

Oscuro I slowly rises... breathing heavier now... the match wearing on even the champions.

Outside the ring — Madman Szalinski pounds the apron wildly.

Madman Szalinski: "End it... END IT... END IT!"

Oscuro I and Oscuro II exchange a glance.

They begin positioning Dex.

Setting up for something final.

John Phillips: "If they hit this... it's over."

The arena holds its breath.

Oscuro I drags Dex to his feet while Oscuro II climbs to the top turnbuckle in the corner. The arena noise dips into a nervous rumble.

John Phillips: "They're setting it up... we've seen this before. When El Fantasma go vertical like this, it usually ends in devastation."

Mark Bravo: "Double impact. Double nightmare."

Oscuro I hoists Dex up across his shoulders in a torture rack position. Oscuro II steadies himself on the top rope, eyes locked on the target.

Madman Szalinski is pacing in manic circles outside the ring, laughing under his breath.

Madman Szalinski: "Erase the file... erase the file..."

Oscuro II leaps.

But at the last second—

Theo Sparks explodes into the ring from the apron, launching himself at Oscuro II mid-air with a flying forearm!

John Phillips: "Theo just intercepted him out of the sky!"

Mark Bravo: "He just broke the sequence!"

Oscuro II crashes hard to the mat. The impact forces Oscuro I to stumble forward, losing balance. Dex slips down off the shoulders and shoves Oscuro I toward the ropes.

Oscuro I rebounds — Dex ducks — Theo catches him with a superkick to the jaw!

John Phillips: "Superkick from Sparks!"

Oscuro I staggers but stays upright.

Dex steps in — spinning back elbow — "Critical Hit!"

The strike lands flush.

Mark Bravo: "That one connected!"

Oscuro I collapses to a knee.

Theo grabs Dex's wrist.

Theo Sparks: "Finish it!"

They move in perfect synchronization.

Dex lifts Oscuro I into a powerbomb position... Theo springs to the second rope...

But suddenly — Madman Szalinski grabs Theo's ankle from the outside!

John Phillips: "Szalinski just grabbed Theo!"

Mark Bravo: "He's buying time!"

Theo kicks free — but the momentary distraction allows Oscuro II to recover.

Oscuro II slides back into the ring and charges.

He spears Dex through the midsection, breaking the lift and sending both men crashing down.

John Phillips: "That interference changed everything!"

The referee is arguing with Szalinski at ringside, warning him away from the apron.

Inside the ring, Oscuro I pulls Dex up quickly while Oscuro II climbs once more to the top rope.

Mark Bravo: "They got the reset. And this time there's no interruption."

Oscuro I hooks Dex's arms from behind in a dragon sleeper position.

Oscuro II leaps — diving knee strike to Dex's face as Oscuro I drops backward with a reverse DDT.

The impact echoes through the arena.

John Phillips: "Devastating combination!"

Oscuro I rolls into the cover, hooking both legs tightly.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

The bell rings.

DING DING DING

John Phillips: "El Fantasma retain the UTA Tag Team Championships!"

Mark Bravo: "Next Level had them. They really did. But one second — one distraction — and the ghosts capitalized."

The arena reaction is mixed — cheers, boos, stunned disbelief.

Oscuro I and Oscuro II rise slowly to their feet. No celebration. No emotion. Just silence.

Madman Szalinski slides into the ring, grabbing the championships and holding them high as he laughs wildly.

John Phillips: "What an opening contest here at No Love Lost! The champions survive — but Next Level proved they belong at this level."

Theo kneels at ringside, frustrated but defiant. Dex sits against the barricade, staring into the ring as El Fantasma stand tall once again.

Mark Bravo: "The boss level remains undefeated tonight."

The camera lingers on the silent champions — gold draped over their shoulders — as the tension in the T-Mobile Arena continues to simmer.

Opportunity

Segment

The camera fades in backstage. The roar of the arena hums faintly through the concrete corridors of the T-Mobile Arena. A UTA backdrop stands behind a composed Melissa Cartwright, microphone in hand, poised and professional.

Melissa Cartwright: "Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome my guest at this time... former UTA Champion... Jarvis Valentine."

The camera widens as Jarvis Valentine steps into frame.

He stands tall, calm, composed — but there is something deeper in his eyes. Focus. Resolve. Purpose. The aura of a man who has walked through fire... and returned.

Melissa Cartwright: "Jarvis... tonight marks your first match back inside a UTA ring since losing the UTA Championship last year. And you are stepping immediately into championship competition against the Fighting Champion, Hakuryu. I have to ask — what does this opportunity mean to you?"

Jarvis exhales slowly... nodding once before speaking.

Jarvis Valentine: "It means everything."

He pauses — gathering his thoughts — his tone calm, deliberate.

Jarvis Valentine: "When I lost the UTA Championship... I didn't just lose a title. I lost a part of who I was. Being champion wasn't just about gold... it was about purpose. Identity. Legacy."

His jaw tightens slightly.

Jarvis Valentine: "I stepped away because I needed to remember who Jarvis Valentine really is... without the title..."

without the spotlight... without the noise."

He looks directly into the camera now.

Jarvis Valentine: "And tonight... I return not as the man who lost... but as the man who rebuilt."

Melissa Cartwright: "Why now, Jarvis? Why choose this moment to return?"

Jarvis tilts his head slightly, thoughtful.

Jarvis Valentine: "Because I watched. I studied. I waited."

Jarvis Valentine: "I watched this company evolve. I watched new champions rise. I watched new warriors carve their names into history. And when I looked at the landscape... I saw something."

He pauses.

Jarvis Valentine: "Opportunity."

Melissa Cartwright: "And that opportunity... led you to challenge for the Fighting Championship instead of immediately pursuing the UTA Championship you once held. Why?"

Jarvis smiles faintly — not arrogant — confident.

Jarvis Valentine: "Because the path back to the top shouldn't be easy."

Jarvis Valentine: "I could have demanded a UTA Championship match. I could have used my name, my history, my legacy. But that wouldn't prove anything — not to the world... and not to myself."

His tone grows sharper now.

Jarvis Valentine: "Hakuryu is one of the most dangerous competitors in UTA today. The Fighting Championship is not just a title — it's survival. It's discipline. It's pain. And if I can walk into that environment... and take that championship from him... then I prove something real."

Melissa Cartwright: "And what is that?"

Jarvis looks straight into the camera — unwavering.

Jarvis Valentine: "That Jarvis Valentine still belongs at the top of this company."

A brief pause.

Jarvis Valentine: "Tonight isn't about reclaiming what I lost... it's about earning what comes next."

Melissa Cartwright: "Any final words for the Fighting Champion before your match tonight?"

Jarvis nods once.

Jarvis Valentine: "Hakuryu... I know what you are. I know how you fight. And I know what that championship represents."

Jarvis Valentine: "Tonight... I step into your world."

Jarvis Valentine: "Let's see if you can survive me."

Jarvis steps away, walking down the corridor — focused, composed, ready.

The camera returns to Melissa.

Melissa Cartwright: "Jarvis Valentine returns tonight... and the Fighting Championship will be on the line."

The scene fades out.

Victory

Segment

The screen fades to black.

A low, cinematic rumble begins to build beneath the sound of a roaring crowd.

Quick flashes — sold out arenas... championship gold raised high... bodies crashing against canvas... moments of triumph and devastation from the UTA's explosive 2026 run.

Voiceover: "In 2025... the United Toughness Alliance returned."

Clips of roaring fans. Fireworks exploding. Champions standing tall.

Voiceover: "And since that moment... no promotion... anywhere... has been able to touch the action you've witnessed every single week."

Quick cuts — Hakuryu delivering a crushing strike... Marie Van Claudio raising championship gold... Gunnar Van Patton staring coldly into the camera... Jarvis Valentine walking through smoke... El Fantasma standing silent and ominous.

The music shifts — rising... powerful... triumphant.

Voiceover: "Now... the UTA takes the show on the road."

Graphic flashes across the screen: VICTORY TOUR 2026.

The Victory logo pulses as arena lights sweep across it.

Voiceover: "It's time for a Victory lap across the United States."

Text flashes:

Victory: 03.13.2026

713 Music Hall — Houston, Texas

Footage of a Texas crowd exploding as pyro erupts.

Victory: 03.20.2026

PHX Arena — Phoenix, Arizona

Desert skyline. Arena lights. UTA logo projected across the rafters.

Hall of Fame: 2026

March 26 — Lenovo Center — Raleigh, North Carolina

Gold trim graphics. Hall of Fame imagery. Emotional embraces. Legends honored.

Voiceover: "Legends will be immortalized... memories etched forever."

Victory: 03.27.2026

Lenovo Center — Raleigh, North Carolina

Victory: 04.03.2026

Enterprise Center — St. Louis, Missouri

Victory: 04.10.2026

Moda Center — Portland, Oregon

Rapid-fire montage of arenas, cities, crowds chanting UTA.

Voiceover: "From Houston to Phoenix... from Raleigh to St. Louis... from Portland... all across this country..."

Clips of rivalries intensifying. Superstars staring down. Championship belts gleaming under arena lights.

Voiceover: "See your favorite UTA superstars as they come to YOUR hometown."

The music swells — louder now — drums pounding.

The screen cuts to a massive arena shot.

Victorious: 2026

April 18, 2026

CHI Health Center — Omaha, Nebraska

Fireworks explode in slow motion.

Voiceover: "After a Victory lap around the United States..."

Championship gold flashes across the screen.

Voiceover: "It's time to announce to the world..."

The screen goes black for one second.

Voiceover (intense): "That the United Toughness Alliance is..."

The VICTORIOUS logo slams onto the screen with explosive pyro behind it.

Voiceover: "VICTORIOUS."

Music peaks. Quick flashes of all major champions and contenders staring into camera.

Final graphic:

Victory Tour 2026 — On the Road to VICTORIOUS

Fade to black.

We're Empire

Segment

The camera cuts backstage to a private locker room. The Empire's logo hangs on the wall behind plush black leather chairs and scattered gear bags. The atmosphere is tense.

Dahlia Cross stands near the center of the room, arms crossed. Rosa Delgado sits on a bench taping her wrist. Selena Vex leans against a locker, adjusting her ring jacket. Their voices are low... but sharp.

Dahlia Cross: "She's lost it."

Rosa Delgado: "Completely."

Selena Vex: "I still can't believe she slapped you last week."

Dahlia's jaw tightens slightly, eyes narrowing.

Dahlia Cross: "In front of the cameras."

Rosa Delgado: "In front of everyone."

The locker room door suddenly swings open.

Amy Harrison steps inside.

The room immediately falls silent. The tension becomes suffocating.

Amy slowly shuts the door behind her. She looks at each woman one by one. Selena. Rosa. Dahlia. Her eyes linger on Dahlia just a second longer.

Amy Harrison: "Why does it feel like I just walked into a funeral?"

No one answers.

The silence stretches.

Amy tilts her head slightly, suspicious.

Amy Harrison: "You all go quiet when I show up now?"

Dahlia says nothing. Rosa looks down. Selena adjusts her gloves.

Amy exhales sharply.

Amy Harrison: "Good. Because tonight isn't about feelings. It isn't about egos. It isn't about what happened last week."

Her tone grows firmer.

Amy Harrison: "Tonight... I HAVE to walk out of this arena as the UTA Women's Champion."

She steps closer to them.

Amy Harrison: "Marie Van Claudio doesn't get to hold that championship while this group stands behind me. Not after everything."

Amy Harrison: "That gold belongs in The Empire."

Amy's intensity rises.

Amy Harrison: "And when I take it... I bring it back here. I bring it back to US. I show the entire locker room how it's done."

She looks directly at Dahlia.

Amy Harrison: "But I can't do that if I'm the only one operating at full strength."

Amy Harrison: "I expect every single one of you to be on your A game tonight. I expect you at ringside. I expect you ready. And if something needs to be handled... it gets handled."

The implication hangs heavy in the air.

Amy Harrison: "Understood?"

Selena nods first.

Selena Vex: "Of course."

Rosa follows.

Rosa Delgado: "We're with you."

All eyes shift to Dahlia.

Dahlia stares at Amy for a long moment before finally speaking.

Dahlia Cross: "We're Empire."

Her tone is controlled. Even. But not warm.

Dahlia Cross: "We handle business."

Amy nods slowly, satisfied — or at least pretending to be.

Amy Harrison: "Good."

She turns and exits the locker room.

The door closes.

The silence returns — but this time it's heavier.

Dahlia exhales slowly.

Rosa Delgado: "You good?"

Dahlia doesn't answer right away. She stares at the closed door.

Dahlia Cross: "Yeah."

But the look in her eyes says otherwise.

The camera lingers on The Empire — united on the surface... fractured underneath — before fading out.

Valentina Blaze vs. Susanita Ybanez

Match

The lights inside the T-Mobile Arena dim slowly, the energy in the building shifting from loud anticipation to a focused, electric tension. The crowd buzzes, knowing a championship is about to be contested.

John Phillips: "We are about to witness the first singles championship match of the night, and this one carries enormous weight for the Women's United States Division."

Mark Bravo: "Two very different warriors. One title. One opportunity. And no room for mistakes."

The ring announcer steps forward, voice echoing through the arena.

Ring Announcer: "The following contest is scheduled for one fall... and it is for the UTA Women's United States Championship!"

The crowd erupts in cheers.

Suddenly — the arena lights shift to a warm, pulsing glow. A rhythmic Latin beat begins to echo through the speakers — steady, powerful, heartbeat-like.

John Phillips: "Listen to this reaction... here comes the challenger."

Susanita Ybanez steps through the curtain.

No fireworks. No over-the-top theatrics.

Just presence.

She pauses at the top of the ramp — still — scanning the massive crowd inside T-Mobile Arena. Her eyes don't wander. They measure. They calculate.

Mark Bravo: "That look right there? That's not excitement. That's focus. That's someone who knows exactly what tonight means."

John Phillips: "Susanita Ybanez has fought her way through adversity her entire career. Every match, every moment, has been about proving she belongs."

Susanita begins her walk down the ramp — slow, deliberate, controlled. Each step purposeful. The crowd begins clapping rhythmically, some chanting her name.

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

Mark Bravo: "She's not rushing. She's not overwhelmed. She's walking into the biggest match of her career like she's been here before."

Susanita reaches the midpoint of the ramp and stops briefly, looking toward the ring — toward the championship that could change everything.

John Phillips: "That title represents validation. It represents arrival. And if she wins tonight, Susanita Ybanez becomes one of the defining figures in this division."

She continues forward, slapping a few hands along the barricade — connecting with the crowd — but never losing focus on the ring.

At ringside, she pauses again... taking a slow breath... centering herself.

Mark Bravo: "Big-match composure. You love to see it."

Susanita slides smoothly under the bottom rope and rises to her feet in one fluid motion.

She walks to the center of the ring and looks out at the sea of fans — not smiling, not celebrating — just absorbing the moment.

John Phillips: "This is what opportunity looks like."

Susanita steps into her corner, loosening her shoulders, bouncing lightly on her feet — calm, ready, focused.

The camera zooms in on her face.

Determination.

Belief.

Hunger.

Mark Bravo: "She came here tonight for one reason — to leave with gold."

The lights begin to dim again... signaling the champion's arrival is next.

The arena goes dark.

For a brief moment... silence.

Then—

A deep bass pulse hits the speakers.

BOOM.

BOOM.

BOOM.

The giant screen ignites in a burst of flame — orange and gold light flooding the arena as sparks cascade across the stage.

John Phillips: "And now... the champion."

The opening surge of "Firestarter" hits.

The crowd ERUPTS.

Through a wall of fire-lit smoke — Valentina Blaze steps onto the stage.

The UTA Women's United States Championship wrapped tightly around her waist. Head high. Eyes locked forward.

Confidence radiating from every step.

Mark Bravo: "That right there is a champion who knows exactly who she is."

John Phillips: "Valentina Blaze has carried this title with pride, fire, and intensity since the moment she won it. Tonight, she defends it on one of the biggest stages of the year."

Valentina raises her arm — fingers flaring upward in her signature motion.

Valentina Blaze: "LIGHT IT UP!"

The crowd shouts back in unison.

Crowd: "LIGHT IT UP!"

Pyro bursts behind her in streaks of flame.

She stands at the top of the ramp, soaking in the moment — champion... warrior... standard-bearer of the division.

John Phillips: "This is what leadership looks like in the Women's United States division."

Mark Bravo: "But leadership doesn't guarantee survival. Susanita is not here to admire the champion — she's here to take the title."

Valentina begins her walk down the ramp — confident, powerful strides — the championship gleaming beneath the arena lights.

The crowd roars louder with each step.

John Phillips: "This is the kind of pressure that defines champions. Big stage. Big challenger. Big stakes."

Halfway down the ramp, Valentina removes the championship from her waist and lifts it high above her head.

The arena explodes again.

Mark Bravo: "That title means everything to her. And she will fight like hell to keep it."

Valentina reaches ringside and circles the ring slowly, eyes locked on Susanita inside.

The challenger stands ready — calm, unshaken — staring right back.

John Phillips: "Champion and challenger... neither backing down."

Valentina steps onto the apron in one smooth motion and enters the ring.

She climbs the turnbuckle — raising the championship high once more — firelight flickering across her silhouette.

Mark Bravo: "That's the standard right there."

Valentina hops down and walks to the center of the ring.

The referee steps forward, taking the championship and raising it high between both competitors.

John Phillips: "The Women's United States Championship is on the line."

Valentina and Susanita step closer... face to face... eyes locked.

No words.

Only intensity.

The referee signals for the bell.

DING DING DING

The bell echoes through the arena as both women remain locked in place for a brief moment, the crowd roaring with anticipation. Neither rushes. Neither blinks. Champion and challenger measuring each other.

John Phillips: "And here we go — Women's United States Championship on the line!"

Mark Bravo: "No fear in either set of eyes. This is going to be a fight."

Valentina steps forward first, circling slowly. Susanita mirrors her movement, light on her feet, ready to react. The crowd begins to split into dueling chants.

Crowd: "LET'S GO VALEN-TI-NA!"

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

John Phillips: "Listen to this crowd — firmly behind both women."

Mark Bravo: "That's when you know it's special. No clear favorite — just respect for two fighters."

The two finally engage — collar and elbow tie-up. Valentina pushes forward with strength, trying to back Susanita toward the ropes. Susanita shifts her footing, pivots, and reverses position — forcing Valentina toward the corner.

John Phillips: "Great balance from the challenger."

The referee calls for a clean break. Susanita releases immediately — no cheap shots — stepping back.

Mark Bravo: "Respectful... but don't mistake that for soft."

They circle again. This time Susanita shoots in low — grabbing Valentina's wrist and transitioning into a quick arm drag takedown.

John Phillips: "Arm drag by Susanita!"

Valentina rolls through and pops back to her feet instantly, firing a sharp kick to Susanita's thigh.

Mark Bravo: "And the champion answers right back."

Susanita absorbs it, steps forward, and snaps off a second arm drag — this time holding the arm briefly, testing control.

John Phillips: "Susanita showing technical precision early."

Valentina rolls again, kips up, and fires a quick forearm strike that forces Susanita back a step.

The crowd pops.

Mark Bravo: "There's the fire!"

Valentina charges — springboards off the middle rope — flying crossbody—

Susanita rolls through the impact and nearly hooks a pin.

ONE!

Valentina kicks out immediately.

John Phillips: "Quick thinking from the challenger!"

Both women scramble to their feet at the same time — staring at each other — nodding slightly, acknowledging the level of competition.

Mark Bravo: "They both brought their A game tonight."

Valentina steps forward and fires a combination — forearm, back elbow, spinning heel kick — the final strike staggering Susanita toward the ropes.

John Phillips: "Champion building momentum!"

Valentina runs the ropes — but Susanita counters with a perfectly timed dropkick to the midsection.

Mark Bravo: "Not so fast!"

Susanita springs up — springboard moonsault — connects clean!

John Phillips: "Beautiful execution!"

Susanita hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

Valentina kicks out!

Mark Bravo: "Close! Very close!"

The crowd applauds loudly as both women begin to rise again, breathing heavier now, intensity growing.

John Phillips: "This match is exactly what a championship contest should be — competitive, even, and intense."

Valentina pushes to her feet first. Susanita follows. They meet in the center again — forearm from Valentina — forearm from Susanita — back and forth — each strike echoing through the arena.

Mark Bravo: "Now it's turning into a fight!"

The crowd begins clapping rhythmically as both women continue trading blows — neither backing down — neither giving an inch.

John Phillips: "Neither woman willing to yield here tonight."

Susanita ducks a strike — hooks Valentina — snap suplex — floats over into another cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Kick out again!

Mark Bravo: "This could go either way."

Both women remain down for a moment... breathing... recovering... gathering themselves for the next phase of the battle.

Both women push up slowly — not exhausted... but feeling it now. The early exchanges were sharp. The tempo is rising.

John Phillips: "You can already see the pace beginning to wear on both competitors. That's what happens when neither woman takes a backward step."

Mark Bravo: "This isn't about flash anymore. This is about who can dig deeper."

Valentina rises first, shaking out her arms. Susanita stands across from her, rolling her shoulder once before stepping forward again.

They collide center ring — forearm from Valentina — forearm from Susanita — louder now. Harder now.

Crowd: "YAY!"

Crowd: "BOO!"

John Phillips: "These are not light strikes."

Mark Bravo: "They're testing each other's limits."

Valentina fires a sharp spinning back kick to the ribs — the impact echoes. Susanita doubles slightly but answers with a snapping kick to the thigh that forces the champion to adjust her footing.

John Phillips: "Smart targeting from Susanita."

Susanita steps in — hooks the waist — lifts — German suplex!

Valentina flips and lands hard, rolling toward the corner.

Mark Bravo: "That was clean!"

Susanita doesn't waste time. She charges the corner — running meteora attempt—

Valentina slides out at the last second!

John Phillips: "Nobody home!"

Susanita crashes into the turnbuckles, absorbing the impact. Valentina springs back to her feet — runs — tilt-a-whirl headscissors sends Susanita rolling across the ring.

Mark Bravo: "There's the speed of the champion!"

Valentina feeds off the crowd's energy — hands up — urging them louder.

John Phillips: "The challenger may have the technical edge, but Valentina's explosiveness changes everything."

Valentina hits the ropes — springboard roundhouse — Flashpoint connects flush!

Susanita collapses to the mat.

John Phillips: "Flashpoint!"

Valentina dives into the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Susanita kicks out!

Mark Bravo: "She got the shoulder up!"

Valentina sits back on her knees briefly — not frustrated... but focused. She knows it's going to take more.

John Phillips: "That would have finished many competitors."

Valentina pulls Susanita up — looking for the Blaze Trigger setup — stepping toward the middle rope—

Susanita shoves her away mid-movement!

Mark Bravo: "Great awareness!"

Susanita explodes forward with a running knee to the jaw — the champion staggers.

Susanita follows with a snap exploder suplex that sends Valentina skidding across the canvas.

John Phillips: "Momentum shift!"

The crowd rises again as Susanita climbs the ropes — steady... controlled... not rushing.

Mark Bravo: "This could be it!"

Springboard diving crossbody—

Valentina rolls through!

ONE!

TWO!

Susanita kicks out and both women scramble apart.

John Phillips: "Incredible counter!"

They rise again at the same time — breathing heavy now — sweat glistening under the arena lights.

Susanita steps forward and slaps Valentina across the face.

The arena gasps.

Mark Bravo: "Oh!"

Valentina's head turns slowly back toward her challenger.

No smile.

Just fire.

John Phillips: "That may have been a mistake."

Valentina explodes with a flurry — forearm — back elbow — spinning heel kick — roaring with adrenaline.

Susanita absorbs, stumbles, but refuses to drop.

Mark Bravo: "These women are leaving everything in that ring!"

They collide again center ring — both going for simultaneous clotheslines — both connect.

Both hit the mat.

John Phillips: "Double impact!"

The referee begins counting as the crowd claps rhythmically.

Referee: "One! ... Two! ... Three!"

Both women stir... crawling... pushing themselves up at nearly the same time.

Mark Bravo: "Dead even."

They lock eyes again.

This is no longer about proving. This is about survival.

John Phillips: "Who wants it more?"

The referee's count reaches four as both women push to their knees... then their feet. The crowd is fully alive now, split chants echoing through the arena.

Crowd: "VAL-EN-TI-NA!"

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

John Phillips: "Listen to this building! This is what championship wrestling is supposed to sound like!"

Mark Bravo: "They've emptied the tank already — and we're not done."

Valentina steadies herself first, clutching her ribs briefly. Susanita shakes out her right arm, jaw tight, eyes

laser-focused.

They step toward each other again.

Forearm from Susanita.

Forearm from Valentina.

The shots echo through the arena — no wasted motion now, just raw impact.

John Phillips: "There's nothing pretty about this part of the fight."

Susanita fires a sharp kick to the thigh — targeting the champion's base. Another kick follows. Valentina's stance falters slightly.

Mark Bravo: "She's chopping the tree down."

Valentina answers with a sudden spinning back kick to the ribs — Susanita winces but stays upright.

John Phillips: "That caught her flush!"

Valentina charges the ropes — looking for speed — but Susanita steps in mid-run and catches her with a sudden tilt backbreaker across the knee.

Mark Bravo: "What timing!"

Valentina rolls off clutching her lower back.

Susanita rises quickly — adrenaline kicking in now.

John Phillips: "The challenger is sensing something here."

Susanita pulls Valentina up — hooks the waist — lifts — German suplex!

She maintains the grip.

Crowd: "ONE MORE TIME! ONE MORE TIME!"

Susanita rolls through — second German suplex!

Mark Bravo: "Back-to-back!"

Valentina lands hard, arching in pain.

Susanita keeps hold again — crowd roaring now — she drags the champion up for a third—

Valentina fights desperately, driving elbows backward until she breaks free.

John Phillips: "Champion's instinct right there!"

Valentina spins — superkick!

Susanita staggers but does not fall.

Mark Bravo: "She's still standing!"

Valentina fires another — this time a sharp forearm that drops Susanita to a knee.

Valentina sees her opening.

She backs into the corner — measuring.

John Phillips: "Blaze Trigger incoming?"

Valentina charges forward — leaps toward the middle rope—

Susanita explodes upward and shoves her off balance mid-jump!

Valentina crashes awkwardly onto the canvas.

Mark Bravo: "Huge disruption!"

Susanita wastes no time — she rushes in and drives a running knee into Valentina's jaw as the champion tries to rise.

John Phillips: "That might have rocked her!"

Susanita hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

Valentina kicks out!

Mark Bravo: "Still not enough!"

The challenger doesn't argue. She nods once, breathing heavy — recalculating.

She pulls Valentina up again — sets for the exploder — but Valentina counters mid-lift with a sudden DDT that plants Susanita hard.

John Phillips: "What a counter!"

Both women are down again.

The referee checks them as the crowd claps rhythmically, urging them on.

Mark Bravo: "This is championship heart from both sides."

Valentina crawls toward the ropes, dragging herself up slowly. Susanita rolls toward the opposite corner, pulling herself up using the turnbuckles.

They turn and lock eyes once more.

John Phillips: "Neither willing to give an inch."

The tension in the arena is palpable now.

The next mistake... might decide everything.

The two women step out of their corners almost at the same time — slower now, but no less dangerous. Sweat drips. Breathing is heavier. The stakes have never felt higher.

John Phillips: "You can see it in their faces. This is no longer about momentum. This is about survival."

Mark Bravo: "And about legacy."

Valentina strikes first — sharp forearm. Susanita answers. Another forearm from Valentina. Susanita fires back harder.

The sound of each strike cracks through the arena.

Crowd: "YAY!"

Crowd: "BOO!"

John Phillips: "They are trading bombs!"

Valentina spins — backfist connects clean.

Susanita stumbles — but instead of retreating, she steps forward and drives a headbutt into the champion's face.

Mark Bravo: "Oh that was nasty!"

Valentina staggers backward toward the ropes.

Susanita charges — running clothesline — Valentina ducks — rebounds off the ropes — flying forearm smash takes Susanita down.

John Phillips: "Champion's resilience on display!"

Valentina pulls Susanita up quickly — hooks her — snap suplex — floats into the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Susanita kicks out.

Mark Bravo: "Not enough!"

Valentina exhales sharply, nodding to herself. She backs toward the ropes, feeding off the crowd.

Valentina Blaze: "LIGHT IT UP!"

Crowd: "LIGHT IT UP!"

She rushes forward — looking for Flashpoint again—

Susanita ducks under it!

John Phillips: "Scouted!"

Susanita hooks from behind — waistlock — lifts — German suplex!

She doesn't release.

Crowd: "ONE MORE TIME! ONE MORE TIME!"

Susanita rolls through — second German suplex!

The arena is roaring now.

Mark Bravo: "She's stacking them up!"

Susanita pulls Valentina up again — arms trembling from the effort — third attempt—

Valentina blocks — driving elbows back repeatedly — breaking free.

John Phillips: "Champion refusing to fold!"

Valentina spins — superkick!

Susanita drops to one knee — dazed but not out.

Valentina rushes the ropes — rebounds — Blaze Trigger attempt—

Susanita steps aside at the last split second!

Valentina lands awkwardly off balance.

Mark Bravo: "Huge miss!"

Susanita seizes the moment — spinning backfist connects flush.

Valentina collapses to the mat.

John Phillips: "That rocked her!"

Susanita pulls the champion up slowly — hooks her — exploder suplex into the center of the ring.

The impact shakes the canvas.

Mark Bravo: "That might be it!"

Susanita crawls into the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Valentina barely kicks out!

John Phillips: "So close!"

Susanita rolls to her knees, breathing heavy — frustration creeping in now.

Mark Bravo: "She's thrown everything at the champion."

Susanita rises slowly, glancing toward the turnbuckles.

The crowd begins to buzz.

John Phillips: "What is she thinking here?"

Susanita climbs the ropes carefully — deliberate — balanced — steady.

Valentina stirs below, trying to push herself up.

Susanita leaps — diving crossbody—

Valentina rolls through into a pin attempt!

ONE!

TWO!

Susanita kicks out and both women scramble apart again.

Mark Bravo: "They are countering everything!"

They both rise slowly once more.

Exhaustion. Determination. Pride.

John Phillips: "We are in the deep waters now."

And neither woman is drowning.

Both women rise slowly once again — bodies battered, lungs burning, but neither willing to fall. The crowd is on its feet, sensing the finish drawing closer.

John Phillips: "We are entering the final moments of this championship battle!"

Mark Bravo: "And somehow... they're both still standing."

Valentina steps forward first — sudden forearm strike — another — then a spinning heel kick that staggers Susanita backward toward the ropes.

John Phillips: "Champion building momentum!"

Valentina charges — running knee — connects flush to Susanita's chest, driving her into the ropes.

Susanita drops to one knee.

Mark Bravo: "That might be the opening Valentina needed!"

The champion backs into the corner — breathing hard — measuring — calling her shot.

Valentina Blaze: "LIGHT IT UP!"

Crowd: "LIGHT IT UP!"

Valentina explodes forward — BLAZE TRIGGER—

SUSANITA DROPS UNDER IT!

John Phillips: "She missed!"

Valentina stumbles forward, off balance — turning—

Susanita explodes upward with a sudden burst of adrenaline — spinning backfist connects flush to the jaw!

Mark Bravo: "Huge shot!"

The champion staggers, dazed — Susanita hooks immediately — lifts — SNAP EXPLODER SUPLEX!

The impact shakes the ring.

John Phillips: "She planted her!"

But Susanita is not done.

The crowd is roaring now.

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

Susanita drags herself to the ropes — climbs — fighting through exhaustion — standing tall on the turnbuckle.

John Phillips: "This is everything for her!"

Valentina begins to stir below — trying to rise—

Susanita leaps — DIVING METEORA CONNECTS!

Mark Bravo: "OH MY GOD!"

Valentina collapses flat.

Susanita hooks both legs — tight — center of the ring.

ONE!

The crowd is thunderous.

TWO!

Valentina's shoulder twitches—

THREE!

DING DING DING

John Phillips: "SUSANITA YBANEZ HAS DONE IT! NEW CHAMPION!"

Mark Bravo: "WHAT A MOMENT! WHAT A MATCH!"

The arena erupts — cheers pouring down as Susanita rolls onto her back, overwhelmed — exhausted — emotional.

The referee retrieves the Women's United States Championship and kneels beside her, presenting it.

Susanita slowly sits up... staring at the title... almost in disbelief.

Her hands tremble slightly as she takes it.

She pulls the championship to her chest and drops to her knees in the center of the ring.

Emotion floods her face — pride, relief, validation, years of struggle pouring out in one moment.

John Phillips: "From challenger... to champion."

Mark Bravo: "She earned every second of that."

Susanita raises the championship high while still on her knees — the crowd roaring louder than ever.

Across the ring, Valentina slowly rolls to the ropes, disappointed but respectful — watching the moment.

John Phillips: "A career-defining victory for Susanita Ybanez tonight at No Love Lost."

The camera lingers on Susanita — kneeling, clutching the championship to her heart — tears in her eyes — as the arena celebrates the crowning of a new champion.

Behind the Firewall

Segment

The screen flickers with digital static.

The high-definition, polished logo of WrestleUTA appears... but it's stuttering. Red scanlines begin to bleed through the frame.

John Phillips: "What is this—?"

Suddenly, the feed cuts to a grainy, black-and-white security camera angle.

We see a man sitting in a cold, industrial chair in the middle of a dark room. He is wearing a tactical vest over a black hoodie.

This is Vance Stone.

He isn't looking at the camera. He's looking at a wall of monitors reflecting medical diagrams of the human cervical spine.

Vance Stone: "They call this a 'debut.' A fresh start. A new acquisition for the Board to brag about on their quarterly earnings call. To them, I'm just a line item. Asset #882-Stone. High ROI. Low maintenance."

Vance slowly turns his head.

His eyes are hollow — the thousand-yard stare of a man who has seen the inside of the machine and decided to dismantle it.

Vance Stone: "But the Board has a tracking issue. They think because they signed the check, they own the signal. They think because I'm standing in their ring, I'm playing their game. They couldn't be more wrong."

He stands up, his movements precise and economical. No wasted energy.

He walks toward the camera until his face fills the frame, bathed in the harsh red glow of the recording light.

Vance Stone: "I see the 'Paragons' in the locker room. The corporate puppets who smile for the cameras and recite the script. I see the 'Enforcers' who think rules provide safety. Rules aren't safety; they're constraints. And I am the kinetic energy that thrives when those constraints snap."

He reaches out and taps the camera lens with a black-gloved finger.

Vance Stone: "My 'Always/Never' list is simple. I Always roll under the bottom rope—because the middle is for people who want to be seen. I Never play to the crowd—because your cheers are just background noise to the frequency I'm tuned into. My objective isn't a championship belt; it's systemic erasure. I'm here to prove that your 'fed' is a fragile glass house."

Vance leans in closer.

His voice drops to a low, dangerous rasp.

Vance Stone: "When the bell rings, I don't see an opponent. I see a series of structural vulnerabilities. A C4-C5 vertebrae compression. A distal radius fracture. I will apply the Kill-Switch not to win a match, but to decommission the asset. Consider this your only warning."

He pulls a small device from his pocket and clicks a button.

Vance Stone: "Don't try to track my signal. I'm already behind the firewall."

STATIC.

BLACKOUT.

Mark Bravo: "Well, that was... creepy."

John Phillips: "Something tells me, we'll be seeing more from this guy soon."

Hall of Fame Announcement

Segment

The arena lights dim once again.

A soft golden glow fills the stage as the WrestleUTA Hall of Fame logo slowly appears on the screen.

John Phillips: "We continue tonight with another Hall of Fame announcement... and this one is layered in mystery."

Mark Bravo: "Some careers are loud. Some are dominant. And some... are calculated."

The screen shifts to archival footage — grainy, early-era clips from Valor Championship Wrestling. A young woman stands in the ring, poised, focused, eyes locked forward.

Video Narration: "She arrived with what many believed was a phony résumé... fabricated credentials... and questions surrounding her legitimacy."

Clips roll of sharp technical wrestling, quick counters, and a championship being raised overhead.

Video Narration: "But what began as skepticism quickly turned into silence. And silence turned into respect."

The name flashes across the screen in bold silver letters.

THE SECOND COMING

John Phillips: "Known to many as 2C... one of the most enigmatic figures of her era."

Mark Bravo: "Obsessively private. Strategic. Precise. And far more dangerous than people gave her credit for."

Footage shows her standing over fallen opponents, expression unreadable. No theatrics. No wasted movement.

Video Narration: "Very little was ever known about her."

Quick flashes appear onscreen:

- Parents who were entertainers...
- A father who was a well-known professional wrestler...

- A locked studio in her basement...
- A personal circle so small it could be counted on one hand...

Mark Bravo: "She was a mystery wrapped in discipline."

The footage shifts to her winning the VCW World Championship — the moment frozen in time.

Video Narration: "She did not chase fame. She did not crave applause. To her... this was a sport."

A close-up of her face fills the screen.

The Second Coming (archival audio): "I'm not looking for money or glory. This is a sport to me; something to be revered and treated with respect."

John Phillips: "A former VCW World Champion... a competitor who demanded excellence — and delivered it."

The screen flickers to black... then returns with a single spotlight shining over a Hall of Fame pedestal.

The Second Coming (archival audio): "The only thing you need to fear... is me."

The crowd begins to buzz, recognizing the gravity of the name.

Mark Bravo: "She walked into the industry with doubt hanging over her head... and walked out with gold."

The Second Coming (archival audio): "Never bet on or against a professional."

The WrestleUTA Hall of Fame graphic slams onto the screen.

HALL OF FAME – CLASS OF 2026

THE SECOND COMING

John Phillips: "It is official."

Mark Bravo: "The Second Coming will take her rightful place in the 2026 WrestleUTA Hall of Fame."

The crowd applauds — some cheering, some murmuring — the mystique still intact.

John Phillips: "A career built on precision, secrecy, and undeniable accomplishment."

The Hall of Fame logo lingers on screen as the music swells and the package fades to black.

For Paraguay

Segment

The hallway behind the curtain is chaos.

Production assistants rush past with headsets on. Trainers move equipment. Someone is shouting about camera angles for the replay package.

But none of it registers for Susanita Ybanez.

She sits on a production crate, still in her ring gear, the Women's United States Championship resting heavy across her lap. The gold plate reflects the harsh fluorescent lights above. Her hands tremble as she slowly runs her thumb across her name etched into the metal.

Her mascara is smudged. Her lip swollen. Tape peeling from her wrist.

And she's crying.

Not loud. Not dramatic.

Just overwhelmed.

Melissa Cartwright carefully steps into frame, almost respectfully.

Melissa Cartwright: "Susanita... you just won the Women's United States Championship. What's going through your mind right now?"

Susanita lets out a soft laugh through tears.

Susanita Ybanez: "Everything... Everything is going through my mind."

She wipes her face with the back of her hand, but the tears continue to fall.

Susanita Ybanez: "Valentina Blaze..."

She pauses... nodding slowly.

Susanita Ybanez: "She is a fighter. A real fighter. She pushed me to my limit tonight."

Her eyes fall to the championship in her lap.

Susanita Ybanez: "I respect the hell out of her. She didn't make it easy. She made me earn this."

Her breathing steadies slightly.

She lifts the championship just a little.

Susanita Ybanez: "But this? This is a new era in UTA."

Her tone changes — no longer just emotional — now powerful.

Susanita Ybanez: "This is the era of Susanita Ybanez."

The words hang in the air — real — claimed.

Susanita Ybanez: "I didn't come to the United States for nothing. I didn't leave Paraguay... my family... my home... just to participate."

She shakes her head slowly.

Susanita Ybanez: "I came here to be celebrated."

Her hand presses over the championship.

Susanita Ybanez: "And I came here to make my country proud."

Her eyes fill again — but this time, the tears strengthen her.

She looks directly into the camera.

Susanita Ybanez: "I promised myself that when I held this title, I would remember every sacrifice. Every doubt. Every person who said I couldn't do it."

She takes a deep breath... then softly begins to speak in Spanish.

Susanita Ybanez: "Gracias... gracias por creer en mí."

Her hand presses against her heart.

Susanita Ybanez: "Esto es para todos los que nunca dejaron de apoyarme."

She lifts the championship into the camera frame.

Susanita Ybanez: "Y esto es para Paraguay."

The camera lingers as she lowers her head — gently kissing the faceplate of the championship.

Backstage remains chaotic... but in this moment... Susanita Ybanez stands at the center of a brand new era.

My Moment

Segment

Backstage. The noise of the arena hums faintly through the walls.

UTA Women's Champion Marie Van Claudio stands composed, the championship resting proudly over her shoulder. Her expression is calm... focused... but determined.

Beside her stands Melissa Cartwright, microphone in hand.

Melissa Cartwright: "Marie, tonight you defend the UTA Women's Championship against Amy Harrison. A match with a long history, deep tension, and very personal stakes. How are you feeling going into this moment?"

Marie exhales slowly, steadying herself.

Marie Van Claudio: "Focused. Calm. Ready. I've been in big moments before... and tonight is no different. Amy is dangerous — I know that better than anyone — but this title... this championship... represents everything I fought to reclaim. And I am not letting it go."

Melissa nods, listening closely.

Melissa Cartwright: "There's been noticeable tension within The Empire lately. Last week we saw Amy slap Dahlia Cross, and tonight... there seems to be a divide. What do you make of that — and how do you think it affects Amy heading into this match?"

Marie's expression tightens slightly — thoughtful, measured.

Marie Van Claudio: "The Empire is strong... but strength only works when there is unity. When there's doubt... when there's cracks... things start to fall apart. Amy thrives when she's controlled, when she's sharp. But tonight? She's emotional. And emotion... makes mistakes."

Marie shifts the championship slightly on her shoulder.

Marie Van Claudio: "And mistakes... cost championships."

Melissa nods again, then shifts direction.

Melissa Cartwright: "Earlier tonight, your friend Susanita Ybanez captured the Women's United States Championship in an emotional victory. What are your thoughts on her big moment?"

A small, genuine smile appears on Marie's face.

Marie Van Claudio: "Susanita earned that. Every ounce of it. She fought with heart... with pride... and she proved she belongs at the top. I'm proud of her."

Marie pauses... then her tone sharpens again.

Marie Van Claudio: "But tonight... is my moment."

She looks directly into the camera.

Marie Van Claudio: "Amy... you said there's no love lost. You were right."

Marie turns and walks away, championship glinting under the hallway lights.

Melissa watches her go as the scene fades.

Refocus

Segment

Backstage. Inside Chris Ross' locker room.

The atmosphere is quiet — focused — heavy.

Chris Ross is seated on a bench, methodically taping his wrists, preparing for his main event later tonight.

Across from him, Valentina Blaze sits silently, still in partial ring gear. Her gaze is downward. The absence of the Women's United States Championship on her shoulder is noticeable.

For a moment, neither speaks.

Chris Ross: "You okay?"

Valentina exhales through her nose — frustrated, controlled.

Valentina Blaze: "I was supposed to walk out of here still champion."

She shakes her head slightly.

Valentina Blaze: "I had it. I felt it. And then... I didn't."

Ross finishes wrapping his tape and looks up at her — steady, calm.

Chris Ross: "You didn't lose because you weren't good enough."

Valentina looks up at him — searching for something.

Chris Ross: "You lost because someone else had their night."

He stands, flexing his hands, testing the tape.

Chris Ross: "It happens. It's part of this business. But you don't let one night define you."

Valentina swallows hard — the frustration still there.

Valentina Blaze: "I don't want to be remembered for losing."

Chris Ross: "Then don't."

He steps closer — tone firm but supportive.

Chris Ross: "You rebuild. You refocus. And the next time you get your shot... you make it count."

Ross pauses — glancing toward the door — knowing his own battle is coming.

Chris Ross: "Tonight isn't the end of your story. It's a chapter."

Valentina straightens slightly — not smiling — but steadier.

Valentina Blaze: "You better win tonight."

A faint smirk crosses Ross' face.

Chris Ross: "Planning on it."

He grabs his gear bag.

Valentina watches him leave — the frustration still there... but now mixed with resolve.

The camera lingers for a moment before fading out.

Hakuryu vs. Jarvis Valentine

Match

The lights inside the T-Mobile Arena begin to dim... not suddenly... but deliberately... until the noise of the crowd

settles into an uneasy murmur.

A deep gong echoes through the arena.

Once.

Twice.

With each strike, a narrow white spotlight blooms at the top of the entrance ramp — cutting through the darkness like a blade.

White smoke begins to roll across the stage floor as faint spiritual chants echo through the building.

John Phillips: "And just like that... everything changes."

Mark Bravo: "You can feel it. The temperature in this arena just dropped."

Through the haze... a figure in white appears.

Sinja emerges first — face painted, head lowered beneath the takuhatsugasa hat — white pilgrimage robes flowing as he plants the shakujo staff against the ramp with a soft metallic chime.

John Phillips: "The disciple... the interpreter... the voice of the White Dragon."

Sinja pauses... unmoving... then slowly turns to the side.

The chants grow louder.

Hakuryu steps forward.

The UTA Fighting Champion does not acknowledge the crowd. He does not look left. He does not look right. His eyes remain fixed forward — calm... empty... disciplined.

Mark Bravo: "That man doesn't enter arenas... he enters battlefields."

John Phillips: "The reigning UTA Fighting Champion... Hakuryu."

"White Dragon's Blade" begins to swell through the arena as Hakuryu starts his walk down the ramp — each step measured... ceremonial... deliberate.

Halfway down the ramp, Hakuryu stops.

He brings his hands together in prayer... murmuring words no one can hear.

Then lowers them... and continues.

Mark Bravo: "That's not an entrance. That's a ritual."

At ringside, Sinja moves ahead, holding the ropes open.

Hakuryu ascends the steel steps without breaking rhythm.

He steps onto the apron... pauses... slightly lifts his chin... just enough to look into the ring.

Then he enters.

Hakuryu walks to the center of the canvas... and kneels.

Hands together. Head bowed. Perfect stillness.

John Phillips: "Fighting Championship rules tonight... no pinfalls... one rope break... submission or referee stoppage only."

Mark Bravo: "And nobody thrives in suffering like Hakuryu."

Hakuryu slowly rises... removes his outer garments... and hands them to Sinja at ringside.

The Fighting Champion retreats to his corner.

Eyes closed.

Breathing slow.

Waiting.

The arena remains dim.

A low hum ripples through the crowd — anticipation building.

Then suddenly—

"American Flags" by Tom MacDonald hits.

The entire T-Mobile Arena erupts.

John Phillips: "LISTEN TO THIS REACTION!"

Mark Bravo: "Former UTA Champion! 2025 Superstar of the Year! He's back in a championship match!"

Red, white, and blue lights flood the stage.

Pyro bursts upward in sharp, explosive sequences — mimicking a Fourth of July display.

Jarvis Valentine steps through the curtain.

He pauses at the top of the ramp — shoulders squared — jaw set — eyes locked on the ring.

John Phillips: "Jarvis Valentine lost the UTA Championship at Seasons Beatings... and tonight marks his first championship opportunity since that loss."

Mark Bravo: "And instead of chasing the UTA title immediately... he chose the Fighting Championship. That tells you everything about this man."

Jarvis raises one hand subtly — forming the familiar Q shape — and the crowd responds louder.

He lowers his hand... and begins walking.

Each step down the ramp is deliberate. Controlled. Focused.

John Phillips: "This isn't desperation. This isn't revenge. This is purpose."

Mark Bravo: "And let's not forget — this man won the 2025 Rumble at WrestleZone, carried this company through its resurgence, and defended that UTA Championship ten times."

Jarvis slaps hands along the barricade — briefly — respectfully — but his eyes never leave the ring.

Inside the ring, Hakuryu slowly opens his eyes.

John Phillips: "There it is. Eye contact."

Mark Bravo: "Two completely different philosophies about what a championship means."

Jarvis reaches ringside.

He stops.

He looks up at Hakuryu.

No fear.

No hesitation.

He climbs the steel steps.

Steps onto the apron.

Then enters between the ropes.

The crowd rises as Jarvis moves to the center of the ring.

John Phillips: "A former champion looking to prove something."

Mark Bravo: "And a current champion looking to break another neck and add it to the collection."

Jarvis turns slowly — staring directly at Hakuryu.

Hakuryu stands in his corner... unmoving... breathing steady.

The referee steps between them and raises the UTA Fighting Championship high above his head.

John Phillips: "No pinfalls. One rope break. Submission or referee stoppage only."

Mark Bravo: "This isn't about flash. This is about endurance."

The referee hands the title to ringside.

Jarvis removes his jacket... rolling his shoulders... eyes locked forward.

Hakuryu lowers into a slow, meditative stance.

The tension is immediate.

The referee looks at both men...

Raises his hand.

DING.

The bell echoes... then fades into silence.

Neither man rushes.

Hakuryu remains grounded in his stance — feet planted — breathing slow and controlled.

Across the ring, Jarvis Valentine circles — measured... focused... studying.

John Phillips: "This is not a sprint. This is endurance. This is discipline."

Mark Bravo: "Fighting Championship rules change everything. One mistake... and it's over."

Jarvis steps forward first.

Hakuryu does not move.

The two men meet in the center — hands raised — cautious.

A slow collar-and-elbow tie-up.

No aggression. No panic. Just pressure.

Hakuryu shifts his weight — subtle — redirecting Jarvis' balance.

Jarvis responds — tightening grip — pushing forward.

John Phillips: "Strength versus structure."

Hakuryu pivots — wrist control — twisting Jarvis' arm downward.

Jarvis rolls through — reverses — maintaining chain wrestling.

Hakuryu drops low — leg sweep — Jarvis stumbles to a knee.

But Jarvis instantly regains footing.

The crowd murmurs — appreciating the discipline.

Mark Bravo: "No wasted movement. No emotion. Just combat."

They circle again.

Jarvis feints forward — testing reaction.

Hakuryu does not bite.

Jarvis lunges — quick body lock — trying to force momentum.

Hakuryu plants — absorbs — then subtly shifts — breaking the grip.

Both men step back.

Reset.

Eyes locked.

John Phillips: "Respect... but no hesitation."

Jarvis nods slightly.

Hakuryu gives no reaction.

The real fight... is about to begin.

Jarvis exhales... then steps forward again — this time faster.

John Phillips: "Here we go. Jarvis increasing the tempo."

Jarvis shoots in — deep body lock — driving Hakuryu backward across the ring.

Hakuryu absorbs... plants... but Jarvis surges again — forcing him into the ropes.

Mark Bravo: "Power test."

The referee steps in briefly — but Hakuryu slips sideways — breaking contact before a full separation.

Jarvis doesn't wait.

Quick kick to the thigh!

Another!

Testing balance... testing structure.

John Phillips: "Jarvis trying to disrupt the champion's base."

Jarvis lunges — arm drag attempt — Hakuryu rolls through — lands on his feet.

Jarvis immediately follows — shoulder block!

Hakuryu takes a step back — first visible disruption.

Mark Bravo: "That moved him."

Jarvis nods — realizing it — and presses forward.

Quick combination — body shot — forearm — body shot!

Hakuryu absorbs — but now forced to react.

Jarvis whips him toward the ropes —

Hakuryu rebounds — Jarvis lowers — back body drop attempt —

Hakuryu lands on his feet behind him!

But Jarvis turns instantly — explosive lariat!

Hakuryu drops to one knee.

John Phillips: "Jarvis finding success!"

Jarvis steps in — grabs the waist — trying to lift — testing strength again —

Hakuryu spreads his base — resisting — refusing to be moved.

The two struggle — raw strength — neither giving ground.

Mark Bravo: "This is about dominance now."

Jarvis surges — lifting slightly — but Hakuryu shifts weight — breaks free —

And suddenly... Hakuryu's eyes sharpen.

The champion has been tested.

Now he begins to respond.

Jarvis steps forward — confident — pressing the advantage.

But Hakuryu fires first.

Sharp kick to the ribs — stiff — precise.

Jarvis absorbs it — answers with a heavy forearm strike!

Hakuryu barely moves.

John Phillips: "Here we go — strike exchange!"

Hakuryu snaps another kick — this time to the thigh.

Jarvis grimaces — fires back — forearm!

Kick from Hakuryu — forearm from Jarvis!

The strikes grow louder — sharper — neither man backing down.

Mark Bravo: "This is strong-style punishment!"

Jarvis swings — Hakuryu ducks — spinning back kick to the midsection!

Jarvis folds slightly — and Hakuryu follows with a brutal knee strike to the jaw!

Jarvis drops to one knee.

John Phillips: "Hakuryu just shifted the entire tone!"

Hakuryu steps in — no hesitation — low kick to the thigh again.

Jarvis tries to rise — Hakuryu kicks the same leg again — and again — and again.

Mark Bravo: "He's targeting the base now."

Jarvis swings wildly — Hakuryu slips inside — elbow to the ribs — short, brutal.

Hakuryu grabs the arm — twisting sharply — dragging Jarvis to the mat.

John Phillips: "Here comes the dismantling."

Hakuryu traps Jarvis' wrist — bending the arm at an unnatural angle — applying precise torque.

Jarvis grits his teeth — refusing to submit.

Hakuryu shifts position — driving his knee into Jarvis' shoulder joint — increasing pressure.

Mark Bravo: "This is technical brutality."

Hakuryu releases — only to stomp the elbow joint — sharp and deliberate.

Jarvis rolls — clutching his arm — but Hakuryu follows — relentless.

He grabs the wrist again — dragging Jarvis to his knees — then snaps a kick directly into the shoulder.

John Phillips: "Hakuryu is systematically breaking him down."

Hakuryu circles — watching — calculating — waiting for the first real weakness.

The tide has turned.

Hakuryu remains crouched nearby... watching... waiting.

Jarvis clutches his arm... breathing heavy... pain visible — but not surrender.

John Phillips: "Jarvis Valentine is hurting — but he's still fighting."

Mark Bravo: "And in Fighting Championship rules... survival is everything."

Hakuryu steps forward — grabbing the wrist again — twisting — pulling Jarvis toward center ring.

He drops down — trying to trap the arm once more — torque increasing — submission pressure building.

Jarvis winces — teeth clenched — refusing to tap.

The crowd begins to clap... slow... steady.

Jarvis hears it.

He plants a boot... then another... pushing upward through the pain.

John Phillips: "He's powering up!"

Hakuryu increases pressure — wrenching harder — but Jarvis rises to one knee.

The crowd grows louder.

Jarvis surges — pulling Hakuryu upward — breaking the hold!

Mark Bravo: "He broke it!"

Jarvis fires a forearm — stiff — desperate!

Another!

Hakuryu absorbs — but Jarvis keeps swinging — fueled by will.

Hakuryu fires a kick — Jarvis catches it!

The crowd erupts.

John Phillips: "He caught it!"

Jarvis pulls — sweeping Hakuryu off balance — driving him down to the mat!

Jarvis staggers — arm hanging — but still standing.

The crowd now fully behind him.

Mark Bravo: "That's heart. That's why he was champion."

Hakuryu rolls... slowly rising... eyes now sharper... more dangerous.

Jarvis steadies himself across the ring — breathing hard — refusing to fall.

Neither man has broken.

The battle continues.

Hakuryu rises slowly... but there is something different now.

No meditation. No stillness.

Just calculation.

John Phillips: "That look in his eyes... that's the escalation."

Jarvis steps forward — still favoring the arm — ready to continue the exchange.

Hakuryu suddenly explodes.

Low kick to the thigh!

Another to the same leg!

Jarvis stumbles — Hakuryu steps inside — short elbow to the jaw!

Jarvis drops to a knee again.

Mark Bravo: "He's attacking multiple points now. Shoulder. Leg. Head."

Hakuryu grabs the damaged arm — pulls Jarvis upward — and snaps him down into a vicious arm-trap takedown.

Without hesitation, Hakuryu transitions.

He threads his legs — traps the shoulder — hooks the wrist — and wrenches back violently.

John Phillips: "Fujiwara armbar!"

Jarvis screams — pain immediate — shoulder hyperextended.

Mark Bravo: "This is deep! This is deep!"

Hakuryu cranks backward — no wasted motion — pure pressure.

Jarvis claws at the canvas — inching toward the ropes.

The crowd roars, urging him forward.

John Phillips: "Remember — one rope break only!"

Hakuryu increases torque — face expressionless.

Jarvis stretches — fingertips barely brushing the bottom rope.

He lunges — GRABS IT.

Referee: "Rope break! Rope break!"

Hakuryu does not release immediately.

Referee: "He's used it! He's used his rope break!"

Hakuryu finally releases at the count of four — standing calmly.

Jarvis rolls away — clutching his arm — breathing heavy.

John Phillips: "Jarvis Valentine has just burned his only rope break."

Mark Bravo: "And Hakuryu knows it."

Hakuryu stares down at his challenger.

Jarvis pulls himself up using the ropes — but there will be no more safety from them tonight.

The danger has multiplied.

Jarvis clutches his arm... breathing heavy... pain visible in every movement.

Across the ring, Hakuryu watches — calm... patient... waiting for weakness.

John Phillips: "Jarvis has no rope break left. If Hakuryu locks that arm again... it could be over."

Mark Bravo: "And Hakuryu knows exactly what he's hunting."

Hakuryu steps forward — slow — deliberate.

Jarvis steadies himself — forcing his body upright — refusing to stay down.

The crowd begins to clap — rallying behind the former champion.

John Phillips: "Listen to this crowd — they believe he can fight through it."

Hakuryu strikes first — sharp kick to the thigh!

Jarvis absorbs it — grimacing — but stays standing.

Another kick from Hakuryu — Jarvis fires back with a forearm!

Hakuryu answers with a stiff elbow — Jarvis responds again — trading through pain.

Mark Bravo: "This is willpower now."

Hakuryu targets the arm — reaching — but Jarvis pulls away and explodes forward — shoulder tackle!

Hakuryu stumbles — first real disruption in several moments.

John Phillips: "Jarvis still has fight left!"

Jarvis charges again — running forearm smash — driving Hakuryu backward!

Jarvis grabs the waist — lifting — forcing through the damaged arm — and slams Hakuryu down!

The crowd erupts.

Mark Bravo: "He powered through the pain!"

Jarvis staggers — clutching his shoulder — but refuses to fall.

Hakuryu rolls... slowly rising... eyes colder now... more dangerous.

Jarvis stands across the ring — exhausted — hurt — but unbroken.

The match continues... with nowhere left to run.

Jarvis breathes heavy... chest rising and falling rapidly... shoulder hanging lower than before.

Across the ring... Hakuryu tilts his head slightly.

John Phillips: "Jarvis is running on adrenaline right now."

Mark Bravo: "And adrenaline has an expiration date."

Jarvis steps forward — trying to press again — trying to keep momentum.

Hakuryu suddenly explodes.

Low kick to the thigh.

Another.

Jarvis swings a forearm — but it's slower now.

Hakuryu ducks under it — pivots — and drives a brutal knee strike directly into Jarvis' ribs.

John Phillips: "Oh!"

Jarvis doubles over — air leaving his lungs.

Hakuryu doesn't hesitate.

He grips Jarvis' head — pulls him downward — and fires a second knee straight into the jaw.

The crack echoes.

Mark Bravo: "That landed flush!"

Jarvis collapses to the canvas.

He doesn't roll. He doesn't move.

John Phillips: "He might be out!"

Hakuryu stands over him... breathing steady... watching.

The referee kneels beside Jarvis.

Referee: "Jarvis! Jarvis, can you hear me?"

No immediate response.

Mark Bravo: "This could be referee stoppage. That's legal under Fighting Championship rules."

The referee checks Jarvis' eyes... taps his face.

Referee: "Talk to me!"

Jarvis stirs slightly... blinking... trying to focus.

Hakuryu crouches down... stalking.

John Phillips: "If the referee waves this off, it's over."

Jarvis rolls weakly... trying to push up.

The crowd begins chanting his name.

Hakuryu suddenly grabs him from behind — locking in a tight rear waist grip — dragging him upward.

Jarvis' legs wobble.

Hakuryu lifts — German suplex — folding Jarvis violently into the mat.

Mark Bravo: "He's dismantling him!"

Jarvis rolls onto his side... barely conscious.

Hakuryu stands tall.

Cold. Relentless.

The champion senses the end approaching.

Jarvis lies on his side... breathing shallow... body battered... arm damaged... vision fading.

Hakuryu stands over him — silent... expressionless.

John Phillips: "Jarvis Valentine is barely conscious."

Mark Bravo: "And Hakuryu is about to end this."

Hakuryu drops to the mat — pulling Jarvis backward — threading his arm under the chin.

He locks his legs around the torso — body scissors tightening.

John Phillips: "Kill-Switch! He's got it locked!"

Hakuryu squeezes — cutting off air — crushing ribs — compressing the damaged shoulder.

Jarvis gasps — struggling weakly — refusing to tap.

Mark Bravo: "There's nowhere to go! No rope break left!"

The referee drops to the mat — watching closely.

Referee: "Jarvis! Do you submit?!"

Jarvis shakes his head weakly — barely conscious — refusing.

John Phillips: "He won't quit!"

Hakuryu tightens the hold — pressure increasing — crushing — suffocating.

Jarvis' movement slows... then fades... his arm dropping limp.

Referee: "Jarvis! Stay with me!"

No response.

Referee: "That's it! That's it!"

THE BELL RINGS.

John Phillips: "Referee stoppage!"

Mark Bravo: "Jarvis Valentine never submitted... but Hakuryu broke him anyway."

Hakuryu releases the hold slowly... calmly... rising to his feet without celebration.

Jarvis remains motionless on the mat as officials rush in.

John Phillips: "Hakuryu has retained the UTA Fighting Championship."

Mark Bravo: "And he is now two defenses away... from a UTA Championship opportunity."

Sinja steps forward at ringside... bowing slightly as Hakuryu retrieves the Fighting Championship.

Hakuryu stands over the fallen challenger... emotionless... untouchable.

The champion leaves as Jarvis is slowly helped by officials.

The message is clear.

The White Dragon endures.

There Can Be Only One

Segment

The locker room felt less like preparation and more like containment. The air hung heavy, metallic, charged. Fluorescent lights buzzed faintly overhead as if they, too, were uneasy about what was coming.

Each strike from Gunnar Van Patton sounded like a gunshot in a concrete tunnel.

THUD.

Arkady Bogatyr absorbed the kick into the thick striking pad strapped to his chest. His boots dragged an inch across the tile.

CRACK.

Another kick. Sharper. Meaner.

Torunn Sigurjonsson leaned against a bank of dented lockers, one side of her face streaked with black warpaint, the other bare—half warrior, half omen. Theron Tkachuk stood near the doorway, motionless. Hands at his sides. Eyes forward. Glacier-still. Watching everything.

And pacing before them—measured, deliberate, lethal in her elegance—was Avril Selene Kinkade. Her heels clicked like a metronome counting down an execution.

Avril Selene Kinkade: "Gunnar... pause for just a moment and consider the absurdity of tonight."

THUD.

Gunnar doesn't stop. Another kick caves the pad inward.

Avril Selene Kinkade: "The UTA Championship has been held by men who fancied themselves conquerors. Men who believed brutality equaled greatness. Men who mistook noise for power."

CRACK.

Arkady grunts, forced back a step.

Avril Selene Kinkade: "And now it rests at the center of a feud so grotesquely obsessive that neither participant can see beyond his own hatred."

Avril Selene Kinkade: "Chris Ross believes pain makes him profound. He skulks through shadows with a screwdriver in his fist and calls it authenticity."

THUD.

Avril Selene Kinkade: "Eric Dane Jr. believes legacy makes him inevitable. He confuses attention with destiny."

BOOM.

The pad buckles against Arkady's chest.

Avril Selene Kinkade: "Ross wants to be feared. Dane Jr. wants to be adored. And both of them are too blinded by their own reflection to notice the predator stalking them."

She stops pacing. Faces Gunnar directly.

Avril Selene Kinkade: "You."

Torunn Sigurjonsson: "Let them hate each other. Makes the blood thin."

Gunnar pivots. A vicious knee detonates into the pad. Arkady's heel skids across the tile.

Avril Selene Kinkade: "You already hold the WrestleZone Championship. One pillar of this company already bends to your will."

Avril Selene Kinkade: "Tonight you take the other. No man in UTA history has held both the WrestleZone Championship and the UTA Championship simultaneously."

THUD.

Avril Selene Kinkade: "If you leave that ring with both draped across your shoulders, you will not simply be champion. You will be the apex. The infrastructure. The unavoidable summit."

Arkady laughs under his breath and tosses the pad toward Theron. Theron catches it without looking down and braces.

Theron Tkachuk: "Hit."

CRACK. Theron absorbs the strike without flinching.

Avril Selene Kinkade: "With no other singles titles left to chase, every desperate soul in that locker room will have one destination."

Avril Selene Kinkade: "You."

Torunn Sigurjonsson: "And shadows swallow."

Another kick slams into the pad.

Avril Selene Kinkade: "Ross and Dane Jr. believe this is their war. Months of blood, parking lot assaults, corridor ambushes. They think hatred makes it personal."

Avril Selene Kinkade: "They are wrong. It becomes personal when you end it."

Gunnar finally speaks, voice low and gravel-thick.

Gunnar Van Patton: "Ross hides in dark corners swingin' tools like he's buildin' somethin'. He ain't buildin' nothin'."

CRACK.

Gunnar Van Patton: "Dane Jr. walks around thinkin' the world owes him applause 'cause of his last name."

Another strike. Louder.

Gunnar Van Patton: "Ah don't need applause. Ah need impact."

Avril Selene Kinkade: "While they claw at each other's throats, you will calculate. You will wait. And then you will strike with precision."

Torunn Sigurjonsson: "End it clean."

Avril Selene Kinkade: "You will pin one of them. The other will be forced to watch. And in that moment, their feud dies."

Avril Selene Kinkade: "No more divided spotlight. No more shared narrative. Only you."

Gunnar rolls his shoulders once, sweat glistening.

Gunnar Van Patton: "Ah'm takin' both belts."

THUD.

Gunnar Van Patton: "An' when Ah do, there ain't gonna be a second mountain to climb."

CRACK.

Gunnar Van Patton: "They'll all have to come through me."

Gunnar Van Patton: "Every clown. Every degenerate. Every loudmouth with a dream."

Another devastating strike echoes through the room.

Gunnar Van Patton: "Ah'll break Ross. Ah'll humble Dane Jr. Then Ah'll wait for the rest."

Avril's eyes gleam with satisfaction as she moves toward the door.

Avril Selene Kinkade: "Tonight, you do not join their war."

Avril Selene Kinkade: "You finish it."

Theron lowers the pad. Torunn finishes the final streak of warpaint across her face. Arkady grins, adrenaline humming.

Gunnar Van Patton steps forward and drives his shin into the pad one final time, the impact echoing down the hallway.

The siege is over.

Now the hunt begins.

Tonight Decides Everything

Segment

Backstage. A dimly lit hallway.

Dahlia Cross stands with Rosa Delgado and Selena Vex in front of a monitor. On the screen, Amy Harrison can be seen warming up in her locker room — pacing... shadowboxing... intense.

No one speaks at first.

Rosa Delgado: "She's not herself."

Dahlia doesn't respond immediately. Her eyes stay fixed on the screen.

Selena Vex: "She hasn't been for weeks."

On the monitor, Amy slams her fist into a locker door — hard.

Rosa Delgado: "If she loses tonight..."

She trails off.

Dahlia finally speaks — calm, measured.

Dahlia Cross: "Tonight decides everything."

The three women continue watching in silence as Amy stares at her own reflection in the mirror on screen.

Selena Vex: "We'll be there."

Dahlia nods slightly.

Dahlia Cross: "We'll be there... but this is her fight."

The monitor flickers as Amy grabs her championship contender gear and storms out of frame.

The camera lingers on The Empire — united in presence... divided in feeling.

Marie Van Claudio vs. Amy Harrison

Match

The arena lights dim once more. A low, tense hum rolls through the building as anticipation builds for the next championship encounter. The atmosphere shifts — heavier, colder — as the stakes become unmistakably clear.

John Phillips: "We are moments away from our next championship match... and this one carries far more than just gold."

Mark Bravo: "Yeah, this is power, control, and maybe... the breaking point of The Empire. You can feel it."

A single spotlight cuts across the stage.

Then — the music hits.

"Sanctify Me" by In This Moment floods the arena.

BOOS rain down instantly.

Amy Harrison steps through the curtain.

Alone.

John Phillips: "Listen to this reaction. Amy Harrison... the challenger tonight."

Mark Bravo: "And notice — no Empire with her... not yet."

Amy stands at the top of the stage, jaw tight, eyes burning with intensity. She doesn't play to the crowd — she stares forward, cold, focused, almost furious. The tension in her posture is unmistakable.

She slowly raises her arms to pose — but instead of soaking in the moment... her expression twists.

She turns sharply toward the entrance.

Angry.

Demanding.

Her hand snaps outward in a sharp motion — barking orders toward the back.

Mark Bravo: "Oh... there it is. She's calling them out."

John Phillips: "And you can tell — this isn't unity. This is command."

The curtain parts again.

Dahlia Cross steps out first — composed, silent, unreadable.

Behind her — Selena Vex and Rosa Delgado, the Tag Team Champions, moving in controlled formation.

The Empire has arrived.

John Phillips: "The Empire now joining Amy Harrison... and the numbers game immediately comes into play."

Mark Bravo: "But watch closely, John. Something feels... off. They're here — but this doesn't feel like loyalty. It feels like obligation."

Amy doesn't wait. She turns and begins marching down the ramp, barking instructions over her shoulder — sharp,

commanding, impatient.

Dahlia, Selena, and Rosa follow — silent, expressionless — moving like soldiers rather than allies.

John Phillips: "Amy Harrison looks laser-focused tonight. She knows what this match means."

Mark Bravo: "She wants control back. Of the division... of the title picture... and maybe of The Empire itself."

Amy reaches ringside and immediately slides into the ring, not waiting for theatrics. She paces like a caged predator, jaw clenched, eyes sharp.

Moments later, Dahlia Cross steps onto the apron... followed by Selena and Rosa.

They enter.

And take their positions.

Amy stands front and center — arms folded, chin raised — the undisputed focal point.

Behind her... The Empire.

United in appearance.

But the tension... unmistakable.

John Phillips: "Amy Harrison stands at the front... The Empire behind her... but you can feel the pressure in the air."

Mark Bravo: "Yeah... they look united... but not together. And tonight — that might matter."

The camera lingers on the formation — Amy at the front, Empire behind her — as the arena buzz builds for the champion's arrival.

The stage darkens once more.

The next entrance is coming.

And this moment... is about to change everything.

The lights dim once more — but this time, the atmosphere shifts completely.

A soft glow begins to rise across the arena... warm... triumphant... electric.

Then — the music hits.

"Forever & Ever" by Lacey Sturm ft. Lindsey Stirling fills the T-Mobile Arena.

THE CROWD ERUPTS.

John Phillips: "Listen to this ovation! The champion has arrived!"

Mark Bravo: "Future Hall of Famer, John. No question about it. Marie Van Claudio is one of the defining figures of this entire division."

Golden light floods the stage.

Marie Van Claudio steps through the curtain — the UTA Women's Championship resting proudly over her shoulder.

She pauses... taking in the moment... the energy... the roar of the crowd.

A confident smile crosses her face.

John Phillips: "She reclaimed that championship through heart, resilience, and pure will. Tonight, she defends it against perhaps her most dangerous rival."

Mark Bravo: "And unlike her challenger — she walks alone. No army. No Empire. Just the champion."

Marie raises the championship high — the gold catching the arena lights — and the crowd roars even louder.

She begins her walk down the ramp — composed, confident, proud.

Along the barricade, young fans reach out — and Marie meets them — smiling, slapping hands, acknowledging them one by one.

John Phillips: "You can see what this means to her. To these fans. To this division."

Marie continues down the ramp — never losing focus — the title still resting across her shoulder.

As she approaches ringside... her expression shifts.

Serious.

Focused.

She stops.

Across the ring — Amy Harrison stands front and center.

Behind her — The Empire.

Marie studies them... one by one.

Dahlia. Selena. Rosa.

Then... Amy.

No fear. No hesitation.

Only resolve.

Marie ascends the steel steps.

Steps onto the apron.

The referee immediately turns — gesturing firmly toward The Empire.

Referee: "Back. All of you. Back to the corner."

Dahlia, Selena, and Rosa hesitate — then slowly step backward, giving space.

Amy does not move... eyes locked on the champion.

Marie steps into the ring.

The referee moves toward the center — creating space between the two women.

Marie walks forward... then lifts the UTA Women's Championship high into the air.

The arena explodes.

John Phillips: "The champion stands tall!"

Mark Bravo: "And now... it's time."

Marie lowers the title slowly... never breaking eye contact with Amy Harrison.

The referee takes the championship... and prepares to signal for the bell.

The tension is absolute.

This is championship stakes.

This is personal.

The roar of the crowd slowly settles into a heavy, anticipatory buzz.

Marie stands poised in her corner, rolling her shoulders loose, eyes never leaving her challenger.

Across the ring, Amy Harrison doesn't break her stare either.

Then — suddenly — she turns.

John Phillips: "What's this now?"

Amy spins toward Dahlia, Selena, and Rosa — her expression sharp, irritated, commanding.

Amy Harrison: "Out. All of you. Outside."

The tone isn't a suggestion.

She points aggressively toward the ropes — snapping her fingers once as if calling servants to attention.

Amy Harrison: "I don't need you in here. Take position. Watch. And be ready."

Mark Bravo: "Oh... interesting."

John Phillips: "Amy Harrison ordering The Empire to the outside."

Dahlia Cross' eyes narrow for just a fraction of a second.

Selena and Rosa exchange a subtle glance.

It's small.

But it's there.

Still — without protest — they step toward the ropes.

One by one, they exit the ring.

Dahlia lingers half a beat longer than the others... staring at Amy's back.

Then she steps through the ropes as well.

Mark Bravo: "That didn't look like unity to me. That looked like... compliance."

John Phillips: "Amy wants this to be her moment. Her statement."

The Empire now stands at ringside — positioned strategically along the apron.

Amy turns back around.

She steps forward toward center ring.

And gestures mockingly toward Marie.

Amy Harrison: "See? No excuses tonight."

Marie smirks slightly — unimpressed.

John Phillips: "Champion versus challenger. Empire at ringside. And the tension... undeniable."

The referee looks between both women.

Raises his hand.

DING DING DING

The Women's Championship match is officially underway.

The bell echoes — and the tension immediately tightens.

Marie Van Claudio steps forward — composed, measured — eyes locked on Amy Harrison.

Amy... smirks.

John Phillips: "There's that confidence — maybe even arrogance — from Amy Harrison."

Amy slowly circles... hands low... almost mocking.

Marie doesn't flinch.

Then — without warning —

SMACK.

Amy slaps Marie across the face.

Mark Bravo: "OH!"

The sound echoes through the arena.

Marie freezes — hand rising to her cheek — stunned.

Her eyes widen — disbelief... then anger.

John Phillips: "That was disrespectful!"

Amy grins — smug — taunting.

Amy Harrison: "That's your champion?"

Marie SCREAMS — raw, furious — and explodes forward!

Lou Thesz Press!

Marie tackles Amy to the mat — raining down right hands — rapid — relentless!

John Phillips: "Marie Van Claudio unloading!"

Mark Bravo: "You don't slap a champion like that!"

Amy tries to cover — but Marie keeps firing — driving fists into her challenger with fury.

The crowd erupts — fully behind the champion.

At ringside, The Empire watches — tense — unreadable.

Marie finally rises — dragging Amy upward — still fired up — still furious.

The championship fight has exploded into motion.

Marie yanks Amy up by the arm — fire still burning in her eyes.

Amy stumbles — caught off guard — and Marie immediately takes control.

John Phillips: "The champion has taken over!"

Marie whips Amy hard into the ropes —

Rebound — running clothesline!

Amy hits the mat hard and rolls — trying to regroup — but Marie stays on her.

Marie grabs Amy by the hair — pulling her up — driving a sharp forearm across the jaw.

Then another.

And another.

Mark Bravo: "Marie is not letting Amy breathe!"

Marie hooks the arm — snapmare — and drives a running kick into Amy's back.

Amy arches in pain — clutching her spine.

John Phillips: "That slap may have been a mistake."

Marie pulls Amy up again — Irish whip into the corner —

Marie charges — corner forearm smash!

Amy staggers forward — Marie hooks — spinning neckbreaker!

Amy hits hard — Marie immediately floats into the cover.

Referee: "ONE!"

Amy kicks out.

Mark Bravo: "Early — but the tone is set."

Marie rises — breathing controlled now — anger turning into focus.

She looks toward The Empire at ringside — briefly — then back to Amy.

At ringside, Dahlia watches closely — arms folded — unreadable.

Marie pulls Amy up once more — firmly in control — as the crowd continues to rally behind the champion.

Marie steps back in, measured now. The fury from earlier settling into something more controlled. She gestures forward.

Amy pushes up to one knee, jaw clenched, brushing hair from her face. The smugness fades into irritation.

They circle.

Collar and elbow tie-up in the center of the ring.

John Phillips: "Now this is what I like to see. Strip away the emotion — these two can wrestle."

Marie quickly transitions — snapping into a tight side headlock.

She cranks down, grinding her forearm across Amy's temple.

Mark Bravo: "Textbook. Champion controlling the pace."

Amy plants her feet, shoves Marie off into the ropes —

Rebound — Marie shoulder blocks Amy down!

Marie runs the ropes again —

Amy drops down flat — leapfrog on the return —

Marie rebounds again —

And Amy explodes upward — catching Marie into her own side headlock!

John Phillips: "Beautiful counter!"

Amy wrenches the hold tight — grinding it in, proving she can hang technically.

Mark Bravo: "People forget — Amy grew up in this business. Wrestling family. She knows these fundamentals."

Marie shifts her hips — wraps her arms around Amy's waist —

She lifts — and DROPS Amy with a crisp back body drop!

The crowd pops.

John Phillips: "What elevation!"

Amy lands hard but rolls through — immediately popping back to her feet.

Marie charges — Amy sidesteps — waistlock from behind!

Marie breaks the grip — switches behind — standing switch —

Amy rolls forward — arm drag!

Marie pops up — answers with an arm drag of her own!

Both women scramble back to their feet — staring each other down.

Mark Bravo: "See? This isn't just drama. This is high-level wrestling."

The crowd applauds the exchange.

Amy smirks faintly now — nodding as if to say, "Okay."

Marie adjusts her stance.

Respect? Maybe.

But the tension underneath it? Still very real.

The two women circle again — slower now — eyes locked — neither blinking.

Amy suddenly raises both hands high — palms open — signaling for a test of strength.

John Phillips: "Interesting... a classic test of strength."

Mark Bravo: "Or a trap. With Amy Harrison, you never know."

Marie hesitates... studying Amy's face... searching for deception.

The crowd murmurs — sensing something.

Slowly... cautiously... Marie raises her hands.

Their fingers lace together.

Both women lean in — muscles tightening — pushing for leverage.

For a moment... it's pure competition.

Then —

THUD.

Amy drives her boot straight into Marie's stomach.

John Phillips: "Cheap shot!"

Marie doubles over — the air knocked from her lungs.

Amy yanks her downward — grabbing control instantly.

Mark Bravo: "Momentum shift!"

Amy hooks Marie's head — pulling her into position — and drives a sharp knee into her chest.

Marie stumbles backward — trying to recover — but Amy is already advancing.

At ringside, The Empire watches — silent — focused — but not celebrating.

Inside the ring, Amy Harrison has taken control.

Amy doesn't give Marie time to recover.

She storms forward — grabbing a handful of Marie's hair — yanking her upright.

John Phillips: "Amy getting rough now!"

Mark Bravo: "This isn't clean technique — this is aggression."

The referee immediately steps in.

Referee: "Watch the hair! Let go!"

Amy releases — but only after giving Marie one more sharp jerk downward.

Marie staggers — and Amy drives a forearm smash into her back.

Another.

Then a hard clubbing blow across the shoulders.

John Phillips: "Amy Harrison turning this into a fight."

Amy shoves Marie into the ropes —

Rebound — Amy explodes forward — running shoulder tackle!

Marie hits the mat hard.

Amy paces — breathing heavy — intensity rising — jaw tight.

She grabs Marie again — dragging her up by the hair once more — teasing the referee.

Referee: "I warned you!"

Amy releases at four — smirking slightly — then immediately drives a knee into Marie's ribs.

Marie drops to one knee — clutching her side.

Mark Bravo: "Amy is less controlled tonight... more emotional."

Amy grabs Marie's wrist — whipping her hard into the corner.

Marie hits chest-first — staggering —

Amy charges — corner splash — crushing impact!

Marie collapses forward — Amy hooks her — snap suplex!

Marie hits the mat — and Amy immediately rolls into a cover.

Referee: "ONE! ... TWO!"

Marie kicks out.

John Phillips: "Still alive!"

Amy sits up — frustration creeping in — but her aggression only growing.
At ringside, Dahlia watches closely — arms folded — unreadable.
Inside the ring, Amy Harrison remains firmly in control.
Amy rises first — eyes sharp — breathing steady — confidence building.
Marie pushes herself up slowly — still feeling the damage — but Amy is already closing in.
Amy grabs Marie by the arm — forcefully dragging her toward the corner.
John Phillips: "Amy Harrison still dictating this match."
THUD.
Amy slams Marie chest-first into the turnbuckles.
Marie recoils — arching — stumbling backward out of the corner.
She turns — dazed — trying to regain her footing —
Amy explodes forward.
Running bulldog!
Marie is driven face-first into the mat.
Mark Bravo: "Face planted!"
Amy rolls through and sits up beside her fallen opponent.
Then — slowly — deliberately — she wipes her hands together... brushing them off... as if discarding something beneath her.
The crowd erupts in boos.
John Phillips: "That's arrogance. That's control."
Mark Bravo: "She thinks this match is hers now."
Amy smirks — breathing steady — eyes cold.
Marie lies face-down — motionless for a moment — the champion now in trouble.
At ringside, The Empire watches — still... silent... unreadable.
Amy doesn't waste time admiring her work.
She rolls Marie over onto her back — hooking the far leg tightly.
Referee: "ONE! ... TWO—!"
Marie kicks out.
John Phillips: "Champion still in it!"
Amy releases immediately — sitting up — eyes flashing with irritation.
Mark Bravo: "That was quick... but not enough."
Amy runs a hand through her hair — shaking her head.
Amy Harrison: "Stay down!"
She slaps the mat in frustration before grabbing Marie by the wrist and yanking her upright again.

Amy drives a stiff forearm across Marie's jaw.

Then another.

Marie wobbles — but refuses to fall.

Amy snarls — pulling Marie into a tight front facelock — grinding it in harder than necessary.

John Phillips: "You can see it — Amy's frustration building."

Mark Bravo: "She thought that bulldog was the turning point. Now she's forcing it."

Amy shoves Marie backward into the ropes — leaning her weight into her — choking her briefly across the middle strand.

Referee: "Break it up! Come on!"

Amy holds until four — then steps back with her hands raised innocently.

Marie coughs — clutching at her throat — but her eyes remain focused.

Amy turns back in — grabbing Marie by the hair once more — dragging her toward center ring.

The boos grow louder as Amy's temper begins to show.

The challenger is still in control... but the cracks are beginning to surface.

Amy keeps her grip tight — dragging Marie back toward center ring.

Marie tries to steady herself — but Amy fires first — sharp forearm across the jaw.

Another — harder — snapping Marie's head back.

John Phillips: "Amy Harrison staying aggressive."

Amy grabs Marie by the arm — whipping her across the ring —

Marie rebounds — Amy lowers — driving a brutal shoulder into her midsection!

Marie folds — staggering backward — gasping.

Mark Bravo: "No finesse — just punishment."

Amy grabs Marie again — hooking her around the waist — and drives her down with a rough spinebuster.

Marie arches in pain — clutching her back — trying to roll away.

Amy stalks her — breathing heavier now — eyes intense.

She yanks Marie upright once more — grabbing her wrist — and with sudden force — launches her toward the ropes.

Marie rebounds — off-balance —

Amy charges forward — clothesline!

Marie is sent flipping over the top rope — crashing hard to the outside.

John Phillips: "Champion down on the floor!"

Marie lands hard on the ringside mats — rolling — clutching her ribs.

And directly in front of her —

The Empire.

Mark Bravo: "And now the numbers are looming."

Dahlia, Selena, and Rosa stand over the fallen champion — silent... watching... unreadable.

Inside the ring, Amy Harrison stands tall — breathing heavy — eyes locked on the scene outside.

Inside the ring, Amy Harrison suddenly turns — hand to her mouth.

Amy Harrison: "Ref! REF! I think she chipped my tooth!"

The referee blinks — confused — stepping toward her.

Referee: "Let me see. What are you talking about?"

Amy pulls her lip down dramatically — pointing — gesturing — creating a distraction.

John Phillips: "Oh come on."

Mark Bravo: "She's buying time. Classic Amy."

Outside the ring...

Marie Van Claudio is still down on one knee — shaken — clutching her ribs.

The Empire stands over her.

There's a pause.

A decision to be made.

Selena glances at Rosa.

Rosa looks toward Dahlia.

Dahlia Cross steps forward.

John Phillips: "What's Dahlia going to do here?"

Dahlia grabs Marie by the arm — pulling her upright.

For a split second... it looks like something worse could happen.

But instead —

Dahlia rolls Marie under the bottom rope... back into the ring.

Mark Bravo: "She... just rolled her back in?"

John Phillips: "That's not what I expected."

Selena's brow furrows.

Rosa tilts her head slightly — questioning.

They exchange a look — subtle — confused.

Why not take the opportunity?

Why not capitalize?

Inside the ring, Marie crawls slowly toward center — trying to recover.

Amy turns — spotting her opponent back inside.

Amy Harrison: "What—?!"

She immediately shoves the referee aside.

Referee: "Hey!"

Amy storms forward — eyes burning — pushing past the official to re-engage.

John Phillips: "Amy doesn't want this slipping away."

Marie begins to rise — and Amy is already closing the distance.

The tension at ringside is no longer just about the match.

Amy storms across the ring — fury in her eyes — reaching down to grab Marie by the arm.

She yanks the champion upward — trying to reassert control —

But Marie suddenly snaps to life.

Small package!

Referee: "ONE! ... TWO—!"

Amy kicks out — rolling free — shocked.

John Phillips: "Caught her!"

Mark Bravo: "Out of nowhere!"

The crowd erupts — the shift in momentum immediate.

Amy scrambles to her knees — stunned —

Marie surges forward — driving a forearm across Amy's jaw.

Another!

And another!

John Phillips: "The champion is fighting back!"

Amy staggers backward — trying to regroup —

Marie grabs her wrist — Irish whip —

Amy rebounds — Marie launches — Lou Thesz Press!

Marie rains down rights — the crowd roaring with every shot.

Mark Bravo: "Here comes Marie!"

Amy covers up — trying to escape — rolling away toward the ropes.

Marie pushes to her feet — adrenaline surging — the energy of the crowd behind her now.

At ringside, The Empire watches — and the tension between them lingers.

But inside the ring — the champion is back in the fight.

Marie is on her feet — breathing heavy — adrenaline pumping — the crowd fully behind her now.

Amy pulls herself up using the ropes — shaking her head — trying to reset —

Marie charges.

Running clothesline!

Amy goes down hard.

John Phillips: "Momentum swing!"

Amy scrambles back up — still dazed —

Marie hits the ropes —

Flying forearm smash!

Amy crashes to the mat again.

Mark Bravo: "Marie is rolling!"

The crowd roars — energy building.

Amy forces herself upright once more — desperation creeping in —

She swings wildly —

Marie ducks!

Kick to the midsection —

Snap suplex — perfectly executed!

Marie floats over — cover!

Referee: "ONE! ... TWO—!"

Amy kicks out — but barely.

John Phillips: "Close!"

Marie rises again — confidence building —

Amy tries to push up — throwing a forearm —

Marie absorbs it — fires back harder.

Amy throws another —

Marie answers — stronger — faster.

The exchange continues — Amy trying to regain control —

But Marie is surging now — fully back in this fight.

At ringside, The Empire watches — and the unease among them continues to grow.

Marie fires up — feeding off the energy — turning toward the ropes.

She sprints — looking to build momentum —

But suddenly —

Rosa Delgado reaches under the bottom rope — grabbing Marie's ankle!

Marie crashes forward — hitting the mat hard.

Crowd: "BOOOOOOOOOO!"

John Phillips: "Wait a minute—!"

Mark Bravo: "There's the numbers!"

Marie clutches her leg — shocked — trying to push herself up.

At ringside, Dahlia Cross turns sharply toward Rosa.

Her expression... questioning.

That was not the earlier decision.

Selena glances between them — tension building — silent but visible.

Inside the ring, Amy Harrison has pulled herself into the corner — breathing hard — recovering.

John Phillips: "That trip just bought Amy critical time."

Amy slowly rises — eyes locking back onto the fallen champion.

The crowd continues to boo — sensing the match may be slipping toward controversy.

And at ringside — The Empire no longer looks united.

Marie pushes up to her knees — frustration flashing across her face.

She looks toward ringside — eyes locking briefly with Rosa.

The crowd continues to rain down boos.

John Phillips: "That interference may have just changed everything."

Amy sees her opening.

She explodes out of the corner —

Running Yakuza Kick!

The boot connects flush with the side of Marie's head.

Marie collapses onto her back.

Mark Bravo: "Right on the button!"

Amy doesn't waste time.

She hooks both legs tightly.

Referee: "ONE! ... TWO—!"

Marie kicks out again — shoulder popping up at the last second.

John Phillips: "Still not enough!"

Amy slams the mat — visibly frustrated now.

Amy Harrison: "Stay. Down!"

She grabs Marie by the hair once more — dragging her upright.

Outside the ring, Dahlia shoots another look toward Rosa — this one sharper.

Selena stands still — arms folded — watching both the ring and her partners.

The cracks are showing.

Inside the ropes, Amy tightens her grip around Marie's head — pulling her into position.

The challenger is back in control.

Amy tightens her grip — breathing hard — eyes wild with determination.

This is no longer just about winning.

This is about proving something.

John Phillips: "You can see it in her eyes — Amy Harrison needs this."

Mark Bravo: "Not wants... needs."

Amy drives a brutal forearm across Marie's face.

Then another — harder — snapping the champion's head sideways.

Marie stumbles — barely staying upright.

Amy grabs her — pulling her into a tight waistlock — and throws her backward with a rough German suplex!

Marie lands hard — arching in pain — clutching her neck and shoulders.

John Phillips: "That was vicious."

Amy doesn't stop.

She pulls Marie back up — shoving her violently into the corner.

Shoulder thrust — driving into Marie's ribs.

Again.

Again.

And again.

Mark Bravo: "She's unloading!"

Amy grabs Marie by the wrist — whipping her across the ring —

Marie crashes into the opposite turnbuckles — collapsing forward to her knees.

Amy charges — sliding in — driving a running knee into the side of Marie's head!

The impact echoes.

Marie slumps sideways — barely conscious.

John Phillips: "Amy Harrison is throwing everything she has into this."

Amy rises slowly — breathing heavy — eyes burning.

She looks toward The Empire at ringside — almost as if demanding approval.

But their faces remain unreadable.

Inside the ring, Marie struggles to move — still trying to survive.

The challenger stands tall — aggression fully returned.

Amy stands over Marie — breathing hard — chest rising and falling — her focus drifting toward ringside.

She looks at The Empire... waiting... almost demanding recognition.

John Phillips: "Amy may be losing focus here."

Mark Bravo: "She wants validation — but this is still a fight."

Those few seconds... are enough.

Amy finally turns back — grabbing Marie by the arm — pulling her upward.

But as Marie rises...

CRACK!

Marie slaps Amy across the face.

The sound echoes through the arena.

The crowd erupts.

John Phillips: "Oh!"

Mark Bravo: "She answered!"

Amy freezes — stunned — eyes wide — jaw tight.

Marie stares back — breathing hard — fire in her eyes.

The moment hangs — electric —

And the fight is far from over.

For a split second... silence.

Then — both women explode forward.

Lefts and rights — wild — fast — furious.

This is no longer technical.

This is a fight.

John Phillips: "They're throwing everything now!"

Amy fires a forearm — Marie answers with a straight right.

Amy swings again — Marie blocks — returns with another shot.

Back and forth — blow for blow — neither backing down.

Mark Bravo: "This is pure emotion!"

The crowd is on their feet — roaring — feeding the chaos.

Amy lands a stiff shot — Marie staggers —

But Marie fires back harder — snapping Amy's head sideways.

Amy swings wildly —

Marie ducks — fires another punch —

Amy answers —

Both women still standing — still fighting — refusing to fall.

John Phillips: "This is no longer about titles — this is about pride!"

The fight has fully broken down.

Two warriors — trading everything — in the center of the ring.

The exchange doesn't slow.

Amy drives a forearm into Marie's cheek —

Marie answers with a right hook that snaps Amy's head back.

Amy fires again — a sharp elbow across the jaw.

Marie stumbles — but plants her feet — roaring back with a stiff left.

John Phillips: "They're just unloading on each other!"

The sound of each strike echoes through the arena.

Amy claws forward — driving a knee into Marie's midsection.

Marie doubles over — but responds with a short uppercut to the ribs.

Mark Bravo: "Nobody's backing up!"

Amy shoves Marie hard —

Marie shoves back even harder.

They collide again — forearm — punch — elbow — forearm —

Marie lands a heavy shot that staggers Amy toward the ropes.

Amy rebounds — swinging wildly —

Marie ducks and fires a backhand across Amy's face.

The crowd is electric — split-second chants beginning to rise.

John Phillips: "This is pride! This is history between these two!"

Amy wipes her mouth — tasting blood maybe — eyes blazing.

Marie cracks her knuckles against her own palm — ready for more.

They step in again — neither willing to give an inch.

They collide again — forearm for forearm — punch for punch.

Marie drives Amy backward with a heavy right.

Amy answers with a vicious elbow that rocks the champion.

Marie fires back — another stiff shot — sending Amy stumbling toward the ropes.

John Phillips: "This is completely out of control!"

Amy swings wildly — Marie ducks — shoulder into the midsection —

Both women crash through the ropes — tumbling to the outside.

The crowd erupts.

Mark Bravo: "They're on the floor!"

They hit hard on the ringside mats — scrambling to their knees — still throwing punches.

And they've landed directly in front of The Empire.

Dahlia stands firm — arms crossed.

Selena and Rosa step slightly closer — tension thick in the air.

John Phillips: "This is dangerous territory."

Marie throws another right — Amy answers with a forearm —

They stagger toward the barricade — slamming into it — still swinging.

The referee leans over the ropes — beginning his count.

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

But neither woman is listening.

This isn't about the count.

This isn't about the ring.

It's a fight — and it's happening at the feet of The Empire.

The fight continues on the outside — both women grappling — struggling for control.

Amy shoves Marie — Marie shoves back — neither willing to break.

Then — suddenly — Amy grabs Marie by both arms — holding her in place.

Amy leans in — screaming toward ringside.

Amy Harrison: "DO IT! DO IT NOW!"

The crowd roars — sensing something coming.

John Phillips: "What is she asking for?!"

Selena and Rosa exchange a look...

Then — slowly — they step forward.

They push Dahlia ahead of them.

Dahlia hesitates.

Her eyes lock on Marie.

Her hand curls into a fist... then opens.

She pulls it back — ready to strike.

Mark Bravo: "No... no... don't do this..."

Dahlia steps forward — swinging hard —

But at the last second —

Marie slips free.

CRACK!

Dahlia's strike connects with Amy.

Hard.

Amy's head snaps sideways — her body staggering — stunned.

The arena explodes.

John Phillips: "SHE HIT AMY!"

Mark Bravo: "Everything just broke apart!"

Dahlia freezes — shock across her face.

Selena and Rosa step back — wide-eyed.

Amy slowly turns — disbelief... fury... betrayal.

And Marie... watches... breathing hard... the opening now hers.

Amy staggers backward — hand to her face — eyes blazing with fury.

Amy Harrison: "WHAT DID YOU DO?!"

She turns on Dahlia — screaming — rage boiling over.

Dahlia Cross: "It was a mistake! You moved—"

Selena steps forward — shoving Dahlia in the shoulder.

Selena Vex: "How do you MISS?!"

Rosa immediately grabs Selena — pulling her back.

Rosa Delgado: "Enough! Stop!"

The Empire is no longer united.

Amy continues shouting — furious — pointing — demanding answers.

And in the chaos — nobody notices Marie.

The champion rolls into the ring — pulling herself up using the ropes.

She steps onto the apron — looking down at the chaos below.

John Phillips: "Wait a second..."

Marie begins running along the edge of the apron — gaining speed —

Mark Bravo: "NO WAY—!"

LEAP!

Marie launches herself off the apron — crashing down onto Amy, Dahlia, Selena, and Rosa!

All five bodies collide — slamming hard to the floor.

The crowd ERUPTS.

John Phillips: "SHE TOOK THEM ALL OUT!"

Mark Bravo: "The champion just wiped out The Empire!"

Bodies are scattered across the ringside area — the chaos complete.

Marie slowly begins to stir — still fighting — still alive —

And the match is far from over.

For a moment... everything is still.

Bodies scattered. The Empire down. Amy down.

Then — movement.

Marie pushes up to one knee... then to her feet.

She throws her head back —

and lets out a primal scream.

John Phillips: "The champion is still standing!"

The crowd roars — feeding her energy.

Marie turns — adrenaline surging — and dives back into the ring.

She rolls under the bottom rope — immediately forcing the referee to restart the count.

Referee: "COUNT RESET!"

Mark Bravo: "Smart. Very smart."

Marie doesn't stay.

She rolls back out — stepping through the scattered bodies at ringside.

Selena... Rosa... Dahlia... all still down.

Marie's eyes lock onto one target.

Amy Harrison.

The champion stalks forward — breathing hard — ready to finish this.

The chaos has passed.

The fight remains.

Marie reaches down — grabbing Amy by the hair and arm — dragging her up from the floor.

Amy is dazed... blinking... trying to find her bearings.

Marie pulls her fully upright and immediately fires.

Forearm to the jaw.

Another.

Amy staggers — barely staying on her feet.

John Phillips: "Marie Van Claudio is hunting now!"

Marie grabs Amy's wrist — turning her — looking toward the corner post on the outside.

She charges — trying to send Amy shoulder-first into the steel—

But at the last second... Amy reverses.

She yanks Marie back the other way —

And sends the champion shoulder-first into the corner post!

THUD!

Marie collapses instantly — clutching her shoulder in agony.

Mark Bravo: "Oh no— straight into the post!"

John Phillips: "That could change everything!"

Amy drops to one knee — breathing hard — shaking her head — trying to clear the fog.

At ringside, bodies are still stirring — The Empire slowly beginning to move — but the moment belongs to Amy again.

Marie stumbles backward from the steel post — clutching her shoulder — face twisted in pain.

Her arm hangs slightly lower now... compromised.

John Phillips: "That shoulder took the full impact."

Amy pushes up from one knee — adrenaline and fury mixing together.

She lunges forward — grabbing Marie by the head and tights — dragging her toward the ring.

With a heave — Amy rolls the champion under the bottom rope.

Marie tumbles inside — still clutching her shoulder.

Amy turns toward ringside — rage returning to her voice.

Amy Harrison: "Stop standing around! Get up! GET UP!"

She points wildly at Dahlia... at Selena... at Rosa.

Amy Harrison: "I don't need you fighting each other — I need you watching my back!"

The Empire begins to stir — tension still visible between them.

Amy shakes her head in disgust — then slides back into the ring.

She rises slowly — stalking toward the wounded champion.

Mark Bravo: "This is desperation now."

John Phillips: "And that shoulder may be the opening Amy needs."

Marie crawls toward the ropes — trying to steady herself — but Amy is already closing in.

Amy closes the distance — grabbing Marie by the injured arm — wrenching it violently.

Marie screams — dropping to one knee — clutching her shoulder.

John Phillips: "Amy targeting the injury!"

Amy yanks Marie back up — twisting the arm again — then drives a sharp knee into her ribs.

Marie stumbles backward — barely standing — trying to fight through the pain.

Amy grabs her wrist — pulling her into position —

Irish whip —

Marie rebounds —

Amy charges — looking for a big strike —

But Marie suddenly sidesteps —

Amy collides shoulder-first with the referee!

The official is knocked off his feet — crashing hard to the mat.

John Phillips: "Referee down!"

Mark Bravo: "This is bad — this is very bad!"

Amy turns — realizing what just happened — frustration flashing across her face.

The referee lies motionless — out of position — no count — no control.

Marie leans against the ropes — breathing hard — shoulder still compromised.

Outside the ring...

The Empire is finally back on their feet.

And with no referee...

anything can happen.

Marie pushes herself off the ropes — forcing through the pain — stepping forward.

Amy turns — eyes wild — voice sharp.

Amy Harrison: "NOW! GET IN HERE!"

Dahlia. Selena. Rosa.

They hesitate for only a moment...

Then they slide into the ring.

Circling.

Surrounding the champion.

John Phillips: "This is what we feared."

Mark Bravo: "The Empire has closed in."

The tension is thick — not just between Marie and The Empire... but within The Empire itself.

Marie looks around — breathing heavy — shoulder hanging — but eyes burning.

She steps forward first.

Forearm to Rosa!

Spins — elbow to Selena!

Backfist to Dahlia!

The crowd explodes — the champion fighting alone.

John Phillips: "She's fighting them all!"

Marie throws another shot — then another — staggering Rosa backward —

But Selena grabs her from behind.

Dahlia steps in — strike to the midsection.

Rosa joins — forearm across the back.

The numbers begin to overwhelm.

Mark Bravo: "It's too much!"

Marie fires one more desperate strike — but Selena hooks her arms.

Dahlia drives a shot into her ribs.

Rosa knocks her legs out.

The champion falls.

And The Empire begins to beat her down.

The crowd roars with anger — the referee still down — no one to stop it.

Chaos has taken over.

The Empire surrounds the fallen champion — strikes raining down — boots and forearms driving into Marie.

The crowd roars in fury — helpless — the referee still down.

Then — suddenly —

Amy reaches forward — grabbing Dahlia by the shoulder — and violently yanks her backward.

Amy Harrison: "MOVE!"

She shoves Dahlia aside — stepping in — stomping down onto Marie herself.

Again.

Again.

Dahlia stumbles back — frozen — eyes locked on Amy.

Something shifts.

The hesitation... the doubt... the restraint...

It breaks.

Dahlia's expression hardens.

Enough.

She lunges forward — leaping onto Amy's back — dragging her down!

John Phillips: "WHAT—?!"

Mark Bravo: "Dahlia just snapped!"

Dahlia rains down strikes — fists hammering into Amy — the crowd exploding in shock.

Selena and Rosa freeze — stunned — trying to process what they're seeing.

The Empire... is breaking apart.

Dahlia is still on top of Amy — fists flying — the arena in complete shock.

Selena and Rosa finally snap out of it — rushing forward.

John Phillips: "They're trying to stop this!"

Selena grabs Dahlia from behind — pulling her backward — dragging her off Amy.

Amy struggles beneath them — flailing — trying to push free —

And in the chaos —

Her boot lashes out —

CRACK!

It catches Rosa square in the face.

Rosa staggers back — stunned — hand to her jaw.

Mark Bravo: "Oh no—!"

There is no hesitation.

No thought.

Only anger.

Rosa lunges forward — tackling Amy — mounting her — throwing punches!

The crowd ERUPTS — deafening.

John Phillips: "THE EMPIRE HAS TURNED ON AMY HARRISON!"

Fists rain down — Amy covering up — overwhelmed — betrayed —

Selena sees the chaos spiraling — and dives in — grabbing Rosa — trying to pull her off.

Dahlia stands nearby — breathing hard — watching — the fracture complete.

The Empire is no more.

Chaos consumes the ring.

Dahlia and Rosa are still shouting — Selena trying to separate them — the fractured Empire pulling away from the center of the ring.

Amy Harrison lies near the ropes — dazed — barely moving.

And the referee... begins to stir.

John Phillips: "The official is coming to!"

Marie Van Claudio slowly pushes herself up — battered — shoulder aching — but eyes locked on one thing.

The challenger.

The champion grabs Amy — pulling her up — gathering everything she has left.

Mark Bravo: "This could be it!"

Marie spins — lifts — and DRIVES Amy down with her finisher!

The ring shakes.

Marie collapses forward — hooking the leg.

The referee crawls into position — still shaking off the impact —

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

The bell rings.

John Phillips: "SHE GOT HER!"

Mark Bravo: "Marie Van Claudio retains!"

At ringside, The Empire finally realizes what's happening — rushing toward the center —

But it's too late.

Amy Harrison has lost.

Marie rolls onto her back — exhausted — overwhelmed — clutching her championship.

The crowd roars — witnessing the end of a war... and the collapse of an empire.

Marie Van Claudio slowly rolls out of the ring — championship clutched tightly — exhaustion and triumph written across her face.

She leans against the barricade — breathing hard — soaking in the moment — the crowd roaring around her.

John Phillips: "Marie Van Claudio survives the war... and retains the championship."

Inside the ring... The Empire stands frozen — processing — fractured — broken.

Amy Harrison begins to stir.

She pushes up slowly — eyes wild — face twisted in disbelief.

Amy Harrison: "NO... NO... HOW—?!"

She staggers to her feet — screaming — voice cracking — tears forming.

Amy Harrison: "YOU COST ME THIS! ALL OF YOU! THIS IS YOUR FAULT!"

She points at Dahlia.

At Selena.

At Rosa.

Shoving them — furious — unraveling —

Amy Harrison: "I WAS SUPPOSED TO WIN! I NEEDED THIS!"

She shoves Rosa again — harder.

That's enough.

Rosa's expression hardens.

Boot to the stomach.

Amy doubles over — gasping —

Rosa lifts —

POWERBOMB.

Amy crashes violently into the mat.

The crowd erupts.

Mark Bravo: "The Empire is done!"

Selena stands frozen — shocked — watching the destruction.

Then she snaps back — grabbing Rosa — pulling her away.

She looks toward Dahlia — motioning.

Come on.

Dahlia hesitates... then nods.

The three turn — and exit the ring together.

Amy Harrison lies motionless — broken — alone.

Outside the ring — Marie Van Claudio leans against the barricade — championship over her shoulder — smiling.

The Empire... has fallen.

Not Done Yet

Segment

Backstage. The arena still hums from the chaos of the previous match. The camera settles on Melissa Cartwright standing beside former UTA Champion, Jarvis Valentine. Jarvis is seated on a production crate, wrist tape still on, chest rising and falling — worn, but composed.

Melissa Cartwright: "Jarvis... earlier tonight you challenged for the UTA Fighting Championship. It was your first match back since losing the UTA Championship last year... and you came up short. How are you feeling right now?"

Jarvis exhales slowly — eyes down for a moment — processing.

Jarvis Valentine: "How do I feel?"

He nods slightly, almost to himself.

Jarvis Valentine: "I feel pain. I feel exhaustion. I feel... alive."

He looks up — calm, steady.

Jarvis Valentine: "Hakuryu didn't beat me because I was weak. He beat me because he's one of the most dangerous men walking this earth. And tonight... I stood in front of that danger and refused to fall."

Melissa nods — listening closely.

Melissa Cartwright: "You refused to submit... even when the referee stopped the match."

Jarvis gives a faint, tired smile.

Jarvis Valentine: "That's who I am. I don't quit. I don't break. I don't disappear."

He slowly rises to his feet — posture straightening despite the fatigue.

Jarvis Valentine: "Tonight wasn't the end. It wasn't failure. It was a reminder."

Melissa Cartwright: "A reminder of what?"

Jarvis looks directly into the camera — intensity returning.

Jarvis Valentine: "That I still belong at the top of this company."

He pauses — voice lowering slightly.

Jarvis Valentine: "The Fighting Championship didn't come home with me tonight... but this journey isn't over. Not even close."

Jarvis steps past the camera — leaving the frame — determination clear.

Melissa watches him go — thoughtful.

Melissa Cartwright: "Jarvis Valentine... not done yet."

Electricity Without Direction Flickers

Segment

Black screen.

No music. No crowd. Just wind.

The image fades in slowly. An undisclosed location. Concrete floor. Exposed beams overhead. Light spilling in from a high window. Dust drifting in the air.

Eli Creed stands center frame. Hands folded behind his back. Dressed in simple black slacks and a white shirt. Sleeves rolled. Calm. Controlled.

Eli Creed: "My name is Eli Creed... and I'm here to help."

A beat.

The camera stays tight on him.

Eli Creed: "People think transformation is loud."

Eli Creed: "They think it comes with music. With applause. With declarations."

Eli Creed: "But the real work? The real shift?"

Eli Creed: "It happens in silence."

The camera slowly begins to drift to his right, but still keeps the frame tight enough that we can't see who he's speaking to.

Eli Creed: "You felt it, didn't you?"

Eli Creed: "The moment where the noise stopped mattering."

Eli Creed: "The moment where you realized the spotlight was never protecting you."

A slight nod from Eli — as if someone just answered him off-camera.

Eli Creed: "Break."

The camera shifts a little wider.

Eli Creed: "They broke you."

Eli Creed: "They clipped it. They replayed it. They laughed."

Eli Creed: "But you didn't shatter."

Eli Creed: "You bent."

The lens begins to widen more now. We see the outline of a shoulder in frame.

Eli Creed: "Bend."

Eli Creed: "That's the part most people misunderstand."

Eli Creed: "They think bending is weakness."

Eli Creed: "It's survival."

Eli slowly reaches forward... placing a hand gently on the shoulder of the person he's been addressing.

Eli Creed: "And once you survive..."

Eli Creed: "You build."

The camera finally pulls back.

It's not Troy Lindz.

It's Kairo Bex.

The Neon Ace stands still, jaw tight, eyes focused forward. No neon lights. No music. No crowd. Just concrete and quiet.

Eli Creed: "You don't chase the spotlight... you switch it on."

Kairo's eyes flicker slightly at that.

Eli Creed: "But what happens when it doesn't switch on for you?"

Eli Creed: "When the rhythm breaks?"

Eli Creed: "When the eight-count in your head doesn't save you?"

The reference lands. Kairo's posture stiffens just slightly.

Eli Creed: "You are electricity, Kairo."

Eli Creed: "But electricity without direction?"

Eli Creed: "It flickers."

The camera pulls back even farther now.

In the background... leaning against a steel beam... hood down... hands taped... calm and silent... stands Troy Lindz.

No glitter. No poses.

Just watching.

Eli Creed: "You know what I told Troy... when the world replayed that punch?"

Kairo doesn't speak. But he listens.

Eli Creed: "I told them that pain is punctuation."

Eli Creed: "It ends a sentence."

Eli Creed: "So you can start a new one."

Eli slowly removes his hand from Kairo's shoulder... then steps slightly to the side — allowing Kairo and Troy to both share the frame.

Eli Creed: "You lost."

Eli Creed: "You stumbled."

Eli Creed: "You felt the lights dim for just a second."

Eli Creed: "And now you have a choice."

Kairo finally speaks. Calm. Guarded.

Kairo Bex: "You think I'm broken?"

Eli smiles — warm, unsettling.

Eli Creed: "No."

Eli Creed: "I think you're unfinished."

Silence.

Troy steps forward slightly now — just enough to be fully visible.

Troy Lindz: "He didn't erase me."

Troy Lindz: "He sharpened me."

Kairo glances at Troy — studying the calm. The change.

Eli Creed: "Break."

Troy Lindz: "Bend."

Eli looks directly at Kairo.

Eli Creed: "Build."

A long pause.

Eli Creed: "You don't have to answer today."

Eli Creed: "You just have to decide if you're content being a highlight..."

Eli Creed: "Or if you're ready to become something inevitable."

The camera lingers on Kairo's face. Conflict. Pride. Consideration.

Troy stands in the background — proof of what the "method" produces.

Eli Creed: "My name is Eli Creed."

Eli Creed: "And I'm here... to help."

Fade to black.

Text fades in:

BREAK.

BEND.

BUILD.

Fade out.

Hightowers Don't Quit

Segment

Backstage. The camera pushes into the Hightower locker room. The lighting is dimmer here, more industrial than glamorous. A steel folding chair sits against a concrete wall. On a nearby bench rests Emily Hightower's gear bag, laces spilling out, tape hanging loose.

Emily Hightower sits forward on the bench, elbows on her knees, jaw tight. Her boots are unlaced, one foot planted hard on the floor as she works the other lace through with sharp, almost aggressive tugs.

David Hightower stands a few feet away, arms crossed over his chest, watching.

Melissa Cartwright: "Emily, earlier tonight things didn't exactly go your way. Your opportunity to reclaim the United States Championship was interrupted... and now we're hearing you weren't even originally scheduled for this card. How are you processing all of this?"

Emily doesn't look up at first. She pulls the lace tight, then finally lifts her eyes toward Melissa. They're frustrated — but focused.

Emily Hightower: "Processing?"

She gives a dry exhale.

Emily Hightower: "I lace these boots every single day. I'm in the gym before half this roster wakes up. I'm studying tape while other people are out chasing cameras and hashtags."

She stands up now, rolling her shoulders once.

Emily Hightower: "I don't skip the work. I don't dodge the grind. And what do I get? My shot gets swallowed up in somebody else's drama, and somehow I'm the one left standing on the outside lookin' in."

David shifts slightly, stepping closer but not interrupting.

Emily Hightower: "Meanwhile people walk in and get handed opportunities. Title shots. Spotlight segments. Main events. I'm not even on the damn card. The worst part? I can easily complain and kick up a huge stink about all this but really that wouldn't make me any better than Amy Harrison would it... "

The words hang in the air.

David finally steps forward, voice steady — not angry, not loud.

David Hightower: "You're talkin' like it's over."

Emily shoots him a look.

Emily Hightower: "It's not over. It's just... it's about time somebody put some respect on what I bring to this table."

She jabs a finger into her own chest.

Emily Hightower: "Nobody outworks me. Nobody. I've proven it in dog collar matches. I've proven it in title defenses. I've proven it when I'm bleeding and still swinging. I outlasted every other female in that survivor series match! I won that Women's US Championship in my Debut for god sake!!!"

Her breathing steadies.

Emily Hightower: "If they don't see it? I'll make 'em see it. Anytime. Any place."

David nods once, proud but composed.

David Hightower: "That's what I wanted to hear."

He folds his arms again.

David Hightower: "And you ain't fightin' alone much longer."

Emily looks at him, brows narrowing.

Emily Hightower: "What does that mean?"

David's mouth twitches slightly — not a smile. A knowing look.

David Hightower: "Calls've been made."

He takes a step closer, lowering his voice.

David Hightower: "Next show... the whole clan's gonna be there."

Emily's posture straightens just a bit.

David Hightower: "And the Hightowers? We always got each other's backs."

Emily considers that. The frustration is still there — but now it's sharpened into something more dangerous.

Emily Hightower: "Good... People want to keep sticking their nose in my business... They can deal with the pack!"

She grabs her jacket off the bench.

Emily Hightower: "Because if I've gotta claw my way back to the top of this division, I'll do it the hard way."

She zips the jacket halfway, looking straight into the camera.

Emily Hightower: "They want to overlook me?"

Her jaw sets.

Emily Hightower: "They're about to regret that."

David stands beside her, solid and unmoving.

David Hightower: "What Hightowers do."

Emily nods once.

Emily Hightower: "We don't quit.... We don't get angry.... We get even...."

The camera lingers on the two of them — not broken, not defeated. Just recalibrating.

Fade out.

Chris Ross vs. Gunnar Van Patton vs. Eric Dane Jr

Match

The arena lights dim slowly — not to darkness, but to something colder. The glow inside T-Mobile Arena shifts from spectacle to atmosphere. A low mechanical hum rolls through the sound system... then silence.

No music yet.

No movement.

Just tension.

John Phillips: "This is it. The main event of No Love Lost — and we begin with one of the most dangerous men to ever step inside a UTA ring."

Mark Bravo: "This isn't a grand entrance, John. This is a warning."

Suddenly — the opening blast of "Boots and Blood" hits.

The stage floods in harsh white light — no colors — no flash — no celebration.

And then... he appears.

Gunnar Van Patton stands at the top of the stage — unmoving — stone still — the WrestleZone Championship resting across his shoulder.

John Phillips: "There he is. The Fallen Soldier. The WrestleZone Champion. Gunnar Van Patton."

Mark Bravo: "Look at him. No emotion. No theatrics. This man doesn't enter arenas — he invades them."

Gunnar does not acknowledge the crowd.

He does not pose.

He does not move.

His one visible eye scans the ring — measuring — calculating — assessing.

John Phillips: "Gunnar Van Patton has built a reputation on precision violence. Suplexes, strikes, submissions — everything he does is meant to end you."

Mark Bravo: "And tonight? He walks into the biggest opportunity of his career. He could leave here a dual champion."

Gunnar slowly reaches up... gripping the WrestleZone Championship... lifting it just slightly — not for the crowd — not for show — but toward the ring.

A silent declaration.

He lowers the championship... and begins walking.

Each step heavy. Controlled. Purposeful.

No wasted motion.

No hesitation.

John Phillips: "You don't beat Gunnar Van Patton with heart. You don't outlast him with toughness. You survive him — if you can."

Mark Bravo: "And Chris Ross and Eric Dane Jr. are about to find out just how brutal survival can be."

Gunnar reaches the base of the ramp — stopping for a moment — staring into the ring.

The camera catches his jaw tighten slightly — controlled breathing — the calm before war.

He steps forward — circling the ring once — never breaking eye contact with the squared circle.

John Phillips: "This is the biggest match of Gunnar Van Patton's career — and he looks completely unshaken."

Mark Bravo: "Because to him, this isn't pressure. This is execution."

Gunnar steps onto the apron.

He pauses — one hand on the top rope — eyes forward — unmoving.

Then he steps between the ropes.

The moment his boots hit canvas — the lights tighten — isolating him in the center of the ring.

Gunnar removes the WrestleZone Championship from his shoulder — holding it in both hands — staring at it for a brief moment.

Then slowly — deliberately — he raises it.

John Phillips: "Gunnar Van Patton has conquered everything placed in front of him... but tonight is different."

Mark Bravo: "Tonight, he doesn't just fight for dominance... he fights for legacy."

Gunnar lowers the title... handing it off without expression.

He steps to the center of the ring.

Still.

Silent.

Waiting.

The lights remain low.

Gunnar Van Patton stands motionless in the center of the ring — a statue carved from war.

The WrestleZone Champion does not pace.

He does not blink.

He simply waits.

John Phillips: "Gunnar Van Patton has made his presence known... and now the question becomes — how does the champion respond?"

Mark Bravo: "You don't intimidate Chris Ross. You don't out-stare him. You survive him — and not many have."

Suddenly — the arena goes completely black.

No warning.

No transition.

Just darkness.

And then... a single low guitar chord rips through the building.

The crowd explodes.

John Phillips: "Oh listen to this reaction!"

Mark Bravo: "He's here."

Red light pulses across the stage.

Smoke pours upward.

And through it... Chris Ross steps forward.

No smile.

No theatrics.

Just presence.

The UTA Championship rests around his waist, glinting beneath the red strobes.

John Phillips: "The reigning, defending UTA Champion... the man they call 'The Boss.'"

Mark Bravo: "This is his house. This is his company. And that championship? That's not just gold — that's identity."

Ross stands at the top of the ramp for a long moment — soaking in the thunderous crowd reaction.

He doesn't play to them.

He absorbs them.

His jaw tightens.

His eyes lock directly onto Gunnar in the ring.

John Phillips: "There is history, there is violence, there is pride in this match — but make no mistake — Chris Ross is the emotional center of this battlefield."

Mark Bravo: "And he knows tonight might be his toughest defense yet."

Ross begins his walk down the ramp.

Measured.

Confident.

Every step radiates controlled aggression.

He slaps a few outstretched hands along the barricade — not for approval — but as acknowledgment.

John Phillips: "Chris Ross has carried this company on his back since its return. He thrives in chaos. He thrives in

pressure."

Mark Bravo: "And he thrives when violence gets uncomfortable."

Ross reaches ringside.

He pauses.

Looking up at Gunnar.

The tension between them is thick enough to cut.

John Phillips: "Two champions. Two very different kinds of killers."

Mark Bravo: "But only one UTA Champion."

Ross climbs onto the apron.

He steps between the ropes — never taking his eyes off Gunnar.

The crowd is roaring.

Ross slowly unhooks the UTA Championship from his waist.

He holds it at chest level for a moment — staring at it.

Then he raises it high above his head.

John Phillips: "This is what it's all about!"

Mark Bravo: "The top prize in this industry."

Gunnar doesn't move.

Ross lowers the championship.

The two men step closer.

Forehead to forehead.

The building is shaking.

John Phillips: "The Boss has arrived."

Mark Bravo: "And this just became a war."

John Phillips: "This is pure tension. Pure hostility. Neither man giving an inch."

Mark Bravo: "This isn't a match yet, John. This is two predators deciding who owns the territory."

Ross' jaw tightens.

Gunnar's breathing remains slow. Controlled.

No fear.

No hesitation.

Ross shoves Gunnar.

The crowd explodes.

John Phillips: "And here we go!"

Gunnar doesn't stumble — doesn't react — he steps right back into Ross' space.

Now Gunnar shoves Ross.

Harder.

Mark Bravo: "These two are ready to fight right now!"

Ross fires a forearm — Gunnar blocks — grabs Ross by the collar —

The referee rushes in between them!

Referee: "HEY! BACK IT UP! BACK IT UP!"

Ross tries to push past.

Gunnar leans forward — eyes locked — unflinching.

The referee forces separation — arms extended — holding both men apart.

John Phillips: "This thing is ready to explode before the bell even rings!"

Mark Bravo: "And we still haven't seen Eric Dane Jr. yet."

Ross backs toward his corner — never breaking eye contact.

Gunnar steps back to center — still stone cold.

The tension remains... thick... dangerous... unfinished.

The referee is still between Chris Ross and Gunnar Van Patton — arms extended — tension thick as smoke.

Ross is pacing now.

Gunnar stands in the center.

And then —

The arena lights CUT.

A single golden spotlight snaps on at the top of the stage.

The music hits.

Loud. Flashy. Arrogant.

Mark Bravo: "Ohhh here we go."

John Phillips: "And just like that — the temperature changes."

Gold pyro shoots vertically across the stage in timed bursts.

Through the shimmer of sparks... Eric Dane Jr. steps into the spotlight.

He is draped in an outrageously sparkled robe — gold, white, and black sequins catching every flicker of light.

His arms extend wide.

He slowly turns in a full circle — demanding every camera angle.

The boos mix with cheers — but he soaks in all of it.

Eric Dane Jr.: "DRINK... IT... IN."

John Phillips: "The son of a legend — and a man with unfinished business against Chris Ross."

Mark Bravo: "These two have history. Brutal history. Personal history."

Dane points directly at the ring — specifically at Ross.

He smirks.

Ross doesn't blink.

John Phillips: "Eric Dane Jr. believes tonight is about destiny. About legacy."

Mark Bravo: "And about proving he's not just Eric Dane's son — but the main character of this company."

Dane begins his walk down the ramp — exaggerated swagger in every step.

He slaps hands. He blows kisses. He talks trash to fans in the front row.

He climbs onto the barricade — arms out again — spotlight still following him.

Eric Dane Jr.: "This is MY moment!"

He hops down and approaches the ring.

He circles it once — admiring it — like it belongs to him already.

John Phillips: "Eric Dane Jr. always tries to steal the spotlight — but tonight he may be stepping into the most dangerous ring he's ever stood in."

Mark Bravo: "You've got Ross — violent. Gunnar — surgical. And Dane — unpredictable."

Dane climbs the steel steps slowly — deliberately — milking every second.

He steps onto the apron — spotlight tightening on him alone.

He wipes his boots theatrically before stepping through the ropes.

Once inside — he spreads his arms again — back turned to Ross and Gunnar — head tilted back.

Eric Dane Jr.: "Bow down."

He finally turns.

The smile fades slightly.

He's now face to face with both men.

The referee looks between the three.

Three very different forces.

John Phillips: "And now... the battlefield is complete."

Mark Bravo: "This is about to be chaos."

Eric Dane Jr. lowers his arms slowly — the smug grin never leaving his face.

Chris Ross stands across from him — unmoving — eyes cold.

Gunnar Van Patton remains in the center — silent — watching both men.

The referee backs away — unsure — tension thick enough to choke the air.

John Phillips: "Three men. Three champions. Three completely different forces of destruction."

Mark Bravo: "Nobody blinking. Nobody backing down."

Dane begins to slowly circle clockwise — exaggerated confidence in every step.

Ross turns with him — measured — calm — eyes locked.

Gunnar pivots in place — tracking both.

The triangle tightens.

The crowd hums — growing louder — anticipation building.

Eric Dane Jr.: "Look at you, Ross... still clutching that title like it's the only thing keeping you relevant."

Ross doesn't react.

Doesn't speak.

Doesn't blink.

Eric Dane Jr.: "And you..." He glances toward Gunnar. "...the war machine. The executioner. The guy who thinks silence makes him scary."

Gunnar says nothing.

His eye never leaves Dane.

Mark Bravo: "Dane is trying to get in their heads — but I don't think either man lives there."

John Phillips: "This is psychological warfare now."

Dane steps closer to Ross — chest out — chin high.

Eric Dane Jr.: "You know how this ends. Same way it always does. Me... standing over you."

Ross takes one step forward.

Close enough to touch.

But he doesn't.

The crowd roars — sensing explosion.

Mark Bravo: "Ross isn't rattled. Not even a little."

John Phillips: "And Gunnar still hasn't moved."

Dane turns slightly — spreading his arms — addressing both men now.

Eric Dane Jr.: "Two champions. One spotlight. And guess what?"

He smirks.

Eric Dane Jr.: "It belongs to me."

Ross cracks his neck.

Gunnar slowly steps forward.

The triangle collapses inward.

The crowd is on its feet.

John Phillips: "This is about to erupt."

Mark Bravo: "And when it does — somebody's world is changing."

The three men stand within striking distance — the tension unbearable — the crowd roaring.

DING DING DING.

John Phillips: "And here we go!"

Before anyone can move —

ERIC DANE JR. STRIKES FIRST.

A sharp forearm CRACKS across Chris Ross' jaw.

The crowd gasps.

Ross' head turns slightly...

But he doesn't stumble.

He doesn't fall.

He doesn't react.

Mark Bravo: "...Oh that was a mistake."

Dane blinks — surprised — but swings again — this time at Gunnar.

FOREARM to the Fallen Soldier.

Gunnar's head barely moves.

No step back.

No emotion.

John Phillips: "He didn't even budge!"

Dane looks between them — confidence flickering.

Then both men move.

At the same time.

Ross grabs Dane by the collar — Gunnar by the arm —

DOUBLE HEADBUTT.

The crowd explodes.

Mark Bravo: "Oh they're working together now!"

Ross fires brutal forearms — left — right — left —

Gunnar drives stiff body shots — surgical — precise — punishing.

Dane staggers — overwhelmed — trying to cover up.

John Phillips: "Eric Dane Jr. may have woken up two monsters!"

Ross whips Dane across the ring —

Gunnar meets him — BELLY-TO-BELLY SUPLEX.

Dane crashes hard — the ring shaking.

He rolls toward the ropes — trying to escape —

Ross charges — BOOT to the face — sending Dane tumbling under the bottom rope to the floor.

The crowd roars.

Mark Bravo: "And just like that — Dane is OUT of the ring!"

John Phillips: "And now... it begins."

Chris Ross turns.

Gunnar Van Patton is already staring at him.

No alliance.

No hesitation.

No escape.

Just two champions.

Alone.

The crowd rises — buzzing — sensing the real fight is about to start.

Chris Ross and Gunnar Van Patton stand alone in the ring — the noise of the crowd swelling into a thunderous roar.

John Phillips: "Two champions. Two completely different philosophies of violence. And now... we finally see who breaks first."

Ross steps forward first — no hesitation.

Gunnar meets him — no retreat.

FOREARM — ROSS.

CRACK.

Mark Bravo: "Heavy shot right out of the gate!"

Gunnar fires back — brutal body strike to the ribs.

John Phillips: "Gunnar answering with precision!"

Ross swings again — forearm across the jaw.

Mark Bravo: "Ross is bringing the fight!"

Gunnar responds — stiff palm strike to the face.

John Phillips: "That rocked him!"

Ross grits his teeth — steps in closer — fires another — and another — forearm after forearm driving Gunnar backward half a step.

Mark Bravo: "Ross is trying to overwhelm him early!"

Gunnar suddenly plants his feet — absorbing — then answers with a brutal elbow smash to the side of Ross' head.

John Phillips: "And Gunnar just changed the tone!"

Ross stumbles — but fires back instantly — a vicious forearm snapping Gunnar's head back.

Mark Bravo: "These two are not feeling each other out — they are trying to hurt each other!"

FOREARM — ROSS.

ELBOW — GUNNAR.

FOREARM — ROSS.

PALM STRIKE — GUNNAR.

John Phillips: "This is strong-style brutality!"

The crowd begins chanting — each strike echoing through the arena.

Crowd: "YEAH! ... YEAH! ... YEAH!"

Ross roars — unloading a rapid combination of forearms — forcing Gunnar toward the ropes.

Mark Bravo: "Ross turning up the aggression!"

Gunnar suddenly shifts — stepping inside — short, crushing knee to Ross' midsection.

John Phillips: "Precision knee strike!"

Ross doubles slightly — but answers with a HEADBUTT.

Gunnar barely moves.

Mark Bravo: "What does it take to drop this man?!"

Gunnar responds — another brutal body strike — then a stiff open-hand shot across Ross' chest.

SMACK.

John Phillips: "Listen to that impact!"

Ross snarls — fires a spinning forearm — staggering Gunnar half a step.

Mark Bravo: "Neither man giving ground!"

They lock eyes — both breathing heavier now — both already marked by battle.

And suddenly —

Gunnar grabs Ross — trying to pull him into position —

But Ross breaks free — shoving Gunnar backward — resetting distance.

John Phillips: "We are witnessing two of the most dangerous competitors in this industry collide head-on!"

Outside the ring...

Eric Dane Jr. begins to stir.

Mark Bravo: "And don't forget — this match is far from two men."

Chris Ross and Gunnar Van Patton are still trading shots in the center of the ring — sweat already flying, forearms landing with sickening thuds.

John Phillips: "Neither man slowing down! Ross bringing the aggression, Gunnar answering with surgical brutality!"

Mark Bravo: "This is a main event fight! No wasted motion, no theatrics — just violence!"

Ross drives Gunnar back with another heavy forearm — but Gunnar answers with a stiff elbow that snaps Ross' head sideways.

John Phillips: "What a shot!"

Outside the ring, Eric Dane Jr. pulls himself up using the apron — jaw clenched, ego bruised more than his body.

Mark Bravo: "You can see it on his face — he does not like being left out of this."

Dane slides under the bottom rope — quick — opportunistic.

John Phillips: "Here comes Dane again!"

Dane charges — trying to catch both men from behind — swinging wildly!

But Ross turns at the last second — catches the arm —

Gunnar steps in simultaneously — grabbing Dane by the other shoulder.

Mark Bravo: "Oh no — not again!"

DOUBLE KNEE STRIKE TO THE MIDSECTION.

John Phillips: "They cut him off!"

Dane folds over — Ross grabs him by the hair — driving forearms down across his back.

Mark Bravo: "Dane tried to steal the moment again and he paid for it!"

Gunnar hooks Dane from behind —

GERMAN SUPLEX.

Dane lands high on his shoulders — rolling toward the ropes in desperation.

John Phillips: "Massive German from the WrestleZone Champion!"

Ross charges — boots Dane square in the chest — sending him tumbling through the ropes and crashing to the outside yet again.

Mark Bravo: "And Eric Dane Jr. is ejected once more!"

The crowd roars — sensing the pattern now.

John Phillips: "Dane wants the spotlight — but every time he steps into the fire, he gets burned!"

Inside the ring, Ross turns.

Gunnar is already facing him.

No smirk.

No alliance.

Just inevitability.

Mark Bravo: "And once again, we're back to where this really matters — Ross and Gunnar."

They step toward each other again.

The crowd rises.

Chris Ross and Gunnar Van Patton step toward each other once more — the crowd buzzing — the fight already brutal.

John Phillips: "We are back to Ross and Gunnar — and neither man has gained a clear advantage yet."

Mark Bravo: "But watch Gunnar. He's calculating. He's thinking. And that's when he's most dangerous."

Ross steps in — throwing another heavy forearm —

But Gunnar suddenly changes levels.

He ducks — slips inside — and snatches Ross' arm.

John Phillips: "There it is!"

Gunnar twists — sharp — deliberate — wrenching the shoulder and elbow.

Ross grunts — trying to pull free —

But Gunnar keeps control — stepping behind — torquing the arm even further.

Mark Bravo: "He's slowing this down now — this is surgical dismantling."

Gunnar drives a knee into Ross' tricep — targeting the limb.

Then another.

John Phillips: "Precision strikes to the arm — taking away Ross' power!"

Ross fires a desperate back elbow — catching Gunnar across the jaw —

But Gunnar absorbs — refusing to release the hold.

Mark Bravo: "He won't let go!"

Gunnar twists again — snapping Ross forward — then slams the arm across his shoulder.

Ross drops to one knee — grimacing — shaking the arm.

John Phillips: "Ross is in trouble — Gunnar has found the target!"

Gunnar stalks — calm — controlled — then grabs the wrist again — yanking Ross upward.

Short-arm elbow strike — directly to the shoulder joint.

Mark Bravo: "He's dismantling him piece by piece!"

Ross tries to swing with his free arm — but Gunnar slips inside — hooks the arm —

DRAGON SCREW TAKEDOWN.

John Phillips: "Beautiful technique!"

Ross hits the mat — clutching the arm — breathing heavier now.

Gunnar doesn't rush.

He circles.

Watching.

Waiting.

Mark Bravo: "This is where Gunnar becomes terrifying — when he controls the tempo."

Gunnar steps in — grabbing the arm again — beginning to torque it back...

But outside the ring — Eric Dane Jr. is stirring once more.

John Phillips: "And Dane is still lurking."

Gunnar Van Patton stands over Chris Ross — gripping the damaged arm — slowly beginning to torque it backward.

John Phillips: "Gunnar has the arm — and once he starts targeting something, he doesn't stop."

Mark Bravo: "Ross is in deep water right now."

Gunnar pulls Ross upward — looking to continue the dismantling —

But suddenly —

ERIC DANE JR. reaches in from the outside — grabbing Ross by the leg — yanking him out of the ring.

John Phillips: "Dane with a smart move!"

Mark Bravo: "That's not chaos — that's strategy!"

Ross crashes onto the floor — rolling — clutching his arm.

Dane doesn't attack wildly this time.

He backs away — watching.

Calculating.

John Phillips: "He's isolating Gunnar!"

Inside the ring, Gunnar steps toward the ropes — staring down at Dane.

No anger.

No reaction.

Just analysis.

Mark Bravo: "Dane is forcing Gunnar to change the battlefield."

Dane smirks — tapping his head — signaling intelligence.

Eric Dane Jr.: "Think, soldier. Think."

Gunnar steps through the ropes — dropping to the floor.

John Phillips: "And now Gunnar is coming to him!"

Dane backs away — drawing Gunnar in —

Then suddenly lunges — throwing a sharp forearm!

Gunnar absorbs — barely reacting — then fires a brutal body shot.

Mark Bravo: "Still not enough!"

Meanwhile — Ross is beginning to rise — shaking out the damaged arm — eyes locked on both men.

John Phillips: "And the champion is coming back into this!"

The battlefield is no longer one-on-one.

The war is now fully three-sided.

At ringside — the war tightens.

Gunnar Van Patton and Eric Dane Jr. stand face to face on the floor — tension thick — the crowd roaring.

John Phillips: "Dane pulled Ross out to isolate Gunnar — but now he's standing face to face with the most dangerous man in this match."

Mark Bravo: "And this time... Dane isn't rushing. He's thinking."

Dane backs up slightly — baiting Gunnar forward.

Gunnar advances — slow — deliberate — predatory.

Dane suddenly pivots — ducking — and shoves Gunnar shoulder-first into the steel ring post!

CLANG.

John Phillips: "Oh my God!"

Mark Bravo: "That was perfectly timed!"

Gunnar staggers half a step — not falling — but the impact is real.

Dane wastes no time — grabbing Gunnar — driving him head-first into the post again.

CLANG.

John Phillips: "Dane is targeting the machine!"

Gunnar drops to one knee — absorbing — breathing deeper now.

Dane smirks — confidence returning.

Eric Dane Jr.: "You bleed too."

Dane grabs Gunnar by the arm — dragging him toward the steel steps.

Mark Bravo: "Now this is smart. Break the structure — break the man."

Dane lifts — slamming Gunnar shoulder-first into the steel steps!

CRASH.

John Phillips: "Massive impact!"

Gunnar slumps against the steps — momentarily slowed.

Dane turns — and suddenly —

Chris Ross is there.

Mark Bravo: "Champion back in it!"

Ross explodes forward — driving a brutal forearm into Dane's jaw.

Dane stumbles — Ross grabs him — slamming him spine-first into the barricade.

John Phillips: "Ross has re-entered the fight!"

The crowd roars — the triple-threat chaos fully alive now.

Behind them...

Gunnar Van Patton is slowly rising.

Unstoppable.

Chris Ross drives Eric Dane Jr. into the barricade again — the champion firing heavy forearms — keeping control.

John Phillips: "Ross is fighting through the damage — refusing to give up control!"

Mark Bravo: "But this fight is far from over!"

Ross grabs Dane — pulling him away from the barricade —

And then —

GUNNAR VAN PATTON SURGES BACK INTO THE FIGHT.

He grabs Ross from behind — wrenching him away —

Then snatches Dane by the arm with the other hand.

John Phillips: "Oh no!"

Mark Bravo: "Look at the strength!"

Gunnar pulls both men inward — positioning — controlling —

Then EXPLODES.

DOUBLE OVERHEAD BELLY-TO-BELLY SUPLEX.

Both Ross and Dane crash violently onto the floor.

The crowd ERUPTS.

John Phillips: "WHAT POWER!"

Mark Bravo: "He just launched both of them!"

Ross rolls — clutching his arm — stunned.

Dane sprawls — breath knocked out — eyes wide.

Gunnar rises slowly — towering over both men — breathing steady — unfazed.

John Phillips: "This is why Gunnar Van Patton is one of the most feared competitors in this company!"

Mark Bravo: "He doesn't panic. He doesn't react. He destroys."

Gunnar grabs Ross — dragging him upward — rolling him back into the ring.

He turns — grabbing Dane — hauling him up as well — tossing him under the bottom rope.

John Phillips: "Gunnar resetting the battlefield!"

Gunnar climbs onto the apron — then steps back into the ring — calm — cold — inevitable.

Ross is slowly rising.

Dane is crawling toward the ropes.

And Gunnar stands between them.

In control.

Gunnar Van Patton stands tall in the center of the ring — Ross and Dane both down — the crowd buzzing in anticipation.

John Phillips: "Gunnar has taken control of this match in devastating fashion!"

Mark Bravo: "And when Gunnar controls the tempo, things get dangerous very fast."

Ross pushes himself up first — clutching his arm — forcing himself to stand.

Gunnar watches.

Waiting.

Ross turns —

Gunnar strikes.

Brutal knee to the midsection.

John Phillips: "Right to the body!"

Gunnar hooks Ross — pulling him into position — setting for a devastating finish.

Mark Bravo: "He's looking to end this!"

Gunnar lifts — beginning the motion for his finisher —

The crowd rises — sensing it —

John Phillips: "If he hits this — it could be over!"

But Ross fights.

Elbow to the side of Gunnar's head.

Another.

And another.

Mark Bravo: "Ross refusing to go down!"

Gunnar tightens his grip — trying to complete it —

Ross roars — and drives a HEADBUTT into Gunnar's face.

John Phillips: "He broke free!"

Gunnar staggers half a step —

Ross explodes forward —

SPINNING DISCUS FOREARM.

Gunnar drops to one knee.

Mark Bravo: "That stunned him!"

Ross pulls Gunnar up — adrenaline surging —

BIG SIDE SLAM.

The ring shakes.

Ross collapses into the cover.

John Phillips: "We could have a winner!"

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

GUNNAR KICKS OUT.

Mark Bravo: "NO!"

John Phillips: "He survived!"

Ross rolls away — breathing heavily — arm still hurting — but eyes burning with determination.

Gunnar sits up slowly — jaw tight — still dangerous.

And nearby...

Eric Dane Jr. is beginning to rise again.

Gunnar sits upright, shaking off the impact. Ross pushes to his knees, still clutching his arm. The crowd buzzes — sensing the war continuing.

John Phillips: "This thing is far from over! All three men are still in this fight!"

Mark Bravo: "And look who's moving again... Eric Dane Jr. has that look in his eyes."

Dane slides silently back into the ring — stalking — watching Ross... watching Gunnar... calculating.

Ross begins to rise — still focused on Gunnar — unaware.

DANE POUNCES.

Roll-up from behind on Ross!

John Phillips: "DANE STEALING ONE!"

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

ROSS KICKS OUT — exploding upward with fury.

Mark Bravo: "Not today!"

Dane scrambles backward — hands up — smirking — mocking.

Eric Dane Jr: "Stay down, champ."

Ross lunges — Dane ducks —

Dane shoves Ross forward — INTO GUNNAR.

Gunnar absorbs the collision — then grabs Ross —

Dane dives again — SCHOOLBOY ON GUNNAR.

John Phillips: "Another steal attempt!"

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

GUNNAR POWERS OUT — launching Dane across the ring.

Mark Bravo: "You don't steal from a monster!"

Dane rolls through — pops back up — breathing fast — grin widening.

Ross charges —

Dane sidesteps — hooks Ross — SMALL PACKAGE!

John Phillips: "HE'S TRYING AGAIN!"

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

ROSS KICKS OUT AGAIN.

Dane immediately pivots — dives toward Gunnar —

CRUCIFIX PIN!

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

GUNNAR THROWS HIM OFF — violent — rising with anger now.

Mark Bravo: "Okay now he's mad. And mad Gunnar is bad for everybody."

Dane scrambles to the ropes — laughing nervously — trying to play mind games.

Eric Dane Jr: "You two kill each other — I'll take the gold."

Ross steps forward — eyes burning.

Gunnar steps forward — cold and silent.

Dane realizes too late.

Both men charge him.

John Phillips: "OH NO — HE PUSHED TOO FAR!"

DOUBLE CLOTHESLINE — DANE TURNED INSIDE OUT.

The crowd erupts.

Ross and Gunnar look at each other again... breathing heavy... war far from over.

Dane crashes hard to the mat — rolling toward the ropes — barely conscious.

Chris Ross doesn't even look at him.

Ross turns slowly... eyes locked on Gunnar Van Patton.

John Phillips: "Uh oh... I know that look. The Boss is about to unleash something ugly."

Mark Bravo: "And Gunnar's the wrong man to poke if you value breathing."

Ross charges.

HEAVY FOREARM — CRACK.

Another.

Another.

Gunnar absorbs them — barely moving — but Ross keeps coming — relentless.

John Phillips: "Listen to those shots! Ross is unloading everything!"

Mark Bravo: "This is pure violence — not wrestling — violence!"

Ross grabs Gunnar — whips him hard into the corner.

RUNNING KNEE STRIKE — THUNDEROUS IMPACT.

Gunnar staggers out — Ross hooks him —

SPINEBUSTER — RING SHAKES.

The crowd ERUPTS.

John Phillips: "ROSS IS ROLLING!"

Dane crawls in — desperate —

ROSS TURNS —

BRUTAL LARIAT — DANE FLIPS INSIDE OUT.

Mark Bravo: "He just erased him!"

Ross rises — chest heaving — crowd roaring behind him.

He turns back to Gunnar.

Ross grabs him by the vest — pulling him upward —

Forehead to forehead.

Chris Ross (low, dangerous): "I see you."

Ross' hand slowly rises... gripping Gunnar's eyepatch.

John Phillips: "Wait... wait a second..."

Mark Bravo: "Oh no... he's not... don't do that..."

Ross YANKS —

GUNNAR GRABS HIS WRIST — STOPS HIM.

The arena gasps.

Gunnar's breathing changes — deeper — darker.

John Phillips: "Ross just tried to remove the eyepatch!"

Mark Bravo: "That's sacred territory, John. You don't touch that."

Ross smirks — shoves Gunnar back — then charges again.

BIG BOOT — staggers Gunnar into the ropes.

Ross grabs him again — BOTH HANDS —

THIS TIME — HE RIPS THE EYEPATCH OFF.

The crowd ERUPTS — SHOCK — NOISE — CHAOS.

John Phillips: "HE DID IT!"

Mark Bravo: "OH MY GOD!"

Gunnar freezes.

His exposed eye... black... with a glowing red crosshair.

Unnatural. Mechanical. Terrifying.

Ross stares.

The arena goes nearly silent.

Gunnar's head slowly lifts.

Something inside him... breaks.

John Phillips (whispering): "I think Ross just unleashed something..."

Mark Bravo: "Run, Boss... run."

Gunnar lets out a low, animalistic growl.

Then —

HE EXPLODES.

The arena trembles with anticipation — Gunnar Van Patton stands motionless for a split second... then SNAP.

He erupts.

John Phillips: "GUNNAR JUST SHIFTED— THIS IS DIFFERENT!"

Mark Bravo: "Ross woke something up... and now somebody's gonna pay for it!"

Gunnar CHARGES.

FOREARM — THUNDEROUS.

Ross staggers.

ANOTHER — harder.

Ross drops to a knee.

John Phillips: "Ross is getting rocked!"

Mark Bravo: "I've NEVER seen Gunnar move like this!"

Gunnar grabs Ross by the throat — hauls him upright —

HEADBUTT — CRACK.

Ross collapses backward — stunned — dazed.

The crowd is in SHOCK.

John Phillips: "Ross can barely stand!"

Gunnar doesn't stop.

He grabs Ross — lifts —

GERMAN SUPLEX — BRIDGE — NO PIN — RELEASE — PURE VIOLENCE.

Mark Bravo: "He's not trying to win — he's trying to END him!"

Ross crawls — barely — trying to regroup.

Gunnar stalks forward... eyes glowing... breathing heavy.

Then—

ERIC DANE JR SLIDES IN.

John Phillips: "Dane's back!"

Mark Bravo: "Oh no... Eric don't... not now..."

Dane smirks — seeing Ross down — seeing Gunnar distracted —

He charges —

BIG FOREARM TO GUNNAR —

...

Gunnar doesn't move.

Dane freezes.

John Phillips: "That... didn't work."

Gunnar slowly turns his head.

Crosshair eye LOCKED on Dane.

Mark Bravo: "Eric... you messed up."

Dane swings again —

GUNNAR CATCHES HIM —

HEAD & ARM SUPLEX — VIOLENT — DANE SPIKES.

The crowd ROARS.

Dane tries to crawl —

GUNNAR GRABS HIM AGAIN —

SAITO SUPLEX — HIGH ANGLE — DANE CRASHES ON HIS NECK.

John Phillips: "GUNNAR IS DESTROYING HIM!"

Mark Bravo: "This isn't wrestling anymore — this is survival!"

Dane rolls — helpless — barely conscious —

Gunnar grabs him a third time —

HALF NELSON —

DRIVES HIM INTO THE MAT — BRUTAL.

Dane doesn't move.

The crowd is LOUD — stunned — electric.

Gunnar stands — chest rising — fury radiating.

Then slowly... he turns back toward Chris Ross.

The champion is pushing up... barely.

John Phillips: "Ross is still trying to fight!"

Mark Bravo: "But Gunnar isn't the same man right now."

Gunnar steps forward.

Ross looks up... sees the eye...

And stands anyway.

The arena ERUPTS.

Chris Ross stands on instinct alone — arm damaged, chest heaving — but refusing to fall.

Gunnar Van Patton steps forward... the black eye with red crosshairs locked onto him.

Gunnar Van Patton: "Ah will swallow yer soul..."

John Phillips: "Listen to him... he's not even human right now."

Mark Bravo: "Ross may have ripped that patch off — but he unleashed something ancient."

Ross swings wildly — a desperate haymaker —

Van Patton ducks under it.

PUNISHING LEFT HOOK TO THE BODY.

John Phillips: "Oh my God!"

LEFT HOOK TO THE JAW.

Mark Bravo: "That snapped his head back!"

Before Ross can even register the two —

RIGHT FOREARM TO THE JAW.

Ross' legs turn to jelly.

Mark Bravo: "Ross is going to be eating his meals through a straw next week."

John Phillips: "That was absolutely horrifying to watch."

The reigning champion collapses to a seated position — dazed — barely conscious.

Van Patton snarls — gripping Ross' arm in place.

John Phillips: "Gunnar has him exactly where he wants him."

GVP forms his hand into a pistol — presses it against Ross' forehead —

Pulls the trigger.

Mark Bravo: "He's signaling it."

John Phillips: "This could be it! Van Patton is looking to end it!"

The crowd begins to shift — a strange rumble building.

Van Patton hooks Ross by the head and neck — pulling him upward.

Mark Bravo: "If he hits the FUKSZ, we'll have a new champion."

Suddenly —

A commotion erupts in the crowd.

John Phillips: "Wait... what's going on?"

Two massive, hooded figures emerge from the sea of humanity.

Tribal tattoos. Massive frames.

John Phillips: "The Fatus are here!"

Mark Bravo: "Stevie Wonder could see why they are here, Phillips. Scott Stevens won't allow Van Patton to claim any more power."

Kimo and Keanu Fatu each hold steel chairs.

They slide into the ring.

John Phillips: "No! Not like this!"

The referee rushes toward them —

Kimo shoves him aside effortlessly.

Mark Bravo: "Official has no chance against those two."

Van Patton is locked in on Ross — fury blinding him.

Keanu slips up behind him.

BANG!!!

John Phillips: "Chairshot to the spine!"

Van Patton roars — dropping Ross.

He turns —

Kimo SMASHES the chair into his midsection.

BANG!!!

Mark Bravo: "They're targeting the ribs!"

Keanu strikes again — vicious shot to the back.

BANG!!!

John Phillips: "This is a mugging!"

Van Patton arches in pain — wide open.

Kimo swings full force —

BOOOOOOOOOM!!!

Mark Bravo: "Right across the skull!"

The chair warps around Gunnar's head.

The arena gasps.

Van Patton collapses — blood immediately pouring from his forehead.

John Phillips: "He's busted wide open!"

Kimo hurls the dented chair aside — Keanu rains right hands down onto the lifeless Van Patton.

Mark Bravo: "Even unleashed, even rabid — nobody survives that."

Backstage — chaos.

Nearly fifty security guards block the gorilla position.

Theron Tkachuk. Arkady Bogatyr. Torunn Sigurjonsson.

The Unholy Wolf Brigade fights desperately to break through.

John Phillips (voice-over): "The Wolves are trying to get out here!"

Scott Stevens stands nearby — smiling — satisfied.

Mark Bravo (voice-over): "This was planned. Every second of it."

Behind them — Avril watches.

Still.

Controlled.

Her eyes meet Scott's.

A knowing glance.

Back to the ring.

The Fatus drag Van Patton out of the ring —

Launching him over the announce table.

John Phillips: "They're dismantling him!"

Gunnar lies helpless across the table.

Keanu holds his leg in place.

Kimo swings.

BANG!

BANG!

BANG!

BANG!

BANG!

BANG!

Mark Bravo: "They're trying to cripple the WrestleZone Champion!"

Gunnar sits up — only to be smashed across the skull again.

John Phillips: "This is sickening!"

Blood pours down his face.

Keanu hoists the lifeless Van Patton over his shoulder.

Kimo retrieves the mangled chair.

The twin Samoans exit through the crowd.

Mark Bravo: "They just removed Gunnar Van Patton from this match."

John Phillips: "And Chris Ross is barely standing inside that ring..."

Inside the ring — Ross pulls himself up using the ropes.

Eric Dane Jr. is stirring...

The battlefield has changed.

The arena is still buzzing from the chaos — Gunnar Van Patton carried out through the crowd — security scrambling — the landscape of the match completely changed.

Inside the ring... Chris Ross barely stands.

His chest heaving... his body battered... his eyes still burning.

John Phillips: "Ross shouldn't even be standing right now... but somehow — he is."

Mark Bravo: "Champion instincts, Phillips. He's running on fumes and pure will."

Behind him... movement.

Eric Dane Jr. rolls slowly to his side... then to his knees.

John Phillips: "Dane's back in this!"

Mark Bravo: "And he smells opportunity."

Dane grips the ropes — pulling himself up — eyes locked on Ross' back.

A slow, sinister grin spreads across his face.

Mark Bravo: "Here comes the snake."

Dane explodes forward —

RUNNING HIGH KNEE — CRACK — to the back of Ross' skull.

John Phillips: "OH MY GOD!"

Ross collapses instantly — face first into the mat.

The crowd erupts in shock.

Mark Bravo: "Dane just stole this moment!"

Dane wastes no time — flipping Ross over — hooking BOTH legs tight.

John Phillips: "NEW CHAMPION?!"

ONE!!!

TWO!!!

THR—

ROSS KICKS OUT.

John Phillips: "HE KICKED OUT!"

Mark Bravo: "HOW?! HOW IS HE STILL IN THIS?!"

Dane sits up — stunned — hands on his head.

Eric Dane Jr.: "NO... NO... THAT WAS IT!"

The crowd roars — rallying behind the champion.

John Phillips: "Ross refuses to die tonight!"

Mark Bravo: "But Dane is inches away from rewriting history!"

Dane grabs Ross by the hair — dragging him upward — fury building.

The match is now a war of survival.

Eric Dane Jr. kneels over Chris Ross — breathing heavy — eyes wild — desperation creeping in.

Mark Bravo: "Dane knows how close he was... and he knows he may not get another chance."

John Phillips: "Ross is barely conscious — this could be the opening Dane has been waiting for."

Dane slowly rises... pulling Ross up with him — the champion limp — barely able to stand.

The crowd buzzes with tension.

Mark Bravo: "You can feel it... something big is coming."

Dane hooks Ross' arm... pulling him into position.

He pauses — soaking in the moment — looking out at the crowd.

Eric Dane Jr.: "This... is MY moment."

John Phillips: "Dane is setting him up... if he hits this—"

Dane pulls Ross in tighter —

Lifts —

ROSS SLIPS — almost collapsing — but Dane drags him back up — refusing to lose control.

Mark Bravo: "Ross can't even stand — he's running on instinct alone!"

Dane tightens his grip — shouting —

Eric Dane Jr.: "STAY DOWN!"

He tries again — lifting Ross higher — the crowd on its feet —

THIS TIME — Ross is fully airborne —

John Phillips: "HE'S GOT HIM!"

Mark Bravo: "NEW CHAMPION—"

Ross suddenly fires an elbow — weak — but enough.

Dane stumbles — grip loosening — but he refuses to release.

He roars — forcing Ross back into position —

LIFTS AGAIN — HIGHER —

John Phillips: "DANE IS DOING EVERYTHING HE CAN TO PUT HIM AWAY!"

The arena is electric — every fan standing — waiting —

Dane screams — preparing to drop Ross with everything he has.

The moment is HERE.

The arena is standing — electric — every eye locked on the ring.

Eric Dane Jr. has Chris Ross lifted — barely holding him — but refusing to let the moment slip away.

John Phillips: "This is it — if Dane hits this — we may be looking at a new UTA Champion!"

Mark Bravo: "Ross has nothing left — nothing — he's surviving on instinct alone!"

Dane roars — muscles tightening — determination burning in his eyes.

He SPIKES Ross into the mat with his finisher — violent — thunderous — ring-shaking impact.

John Phillips: "HE HIT IT!"

Mark Bravo: "DANE HIT IT CLEAN!"

The crowd gasps — shock — disbelief.

Dane instantly crawls over — draping himself across Ross — hooking BOTH legs tight —

John Phillips: "THIS IS IT — NEW CHAMPION!"

ONE!!!

TWO!!!

THR—

ROSS KICKS OUT.

John Phillips: "NO!!!"

Mark Bravo: "HOW DID HE SURVIVE?!"

The crowd EXPLODES — deafening roar — the arena shaking.

Dane sits frozen — eyes wide — hands gripping his head.

Eric Dane Jr.: "NO! NO! NO! THAT WAS THREE!"

The referee emphatically signals — TWO.

John Phillips: "Ross refuses to lose the UTA Championship tonight!"

Mark Bravo: "That was 2.99 — I swear it!"

Dane slams the mat — furious — disbelief turning into desperation.

Chris Ross lies motionless... but still alive.

Eric Dane Jr. stares at the referee — disbelief — rage — his world collapsing in real time.

Eric Dane Jr.: "THAT WAS THREE!"

John Phillips: "Dane has lost it!"

Mark Bravo: "He knows he had him — and he can't accept it!"

Dane slams both fists into the mat — then suddenly turns — grabbing Chris Ross by the hair.

Ross barely responds — limp — drained — vulnerable.

John Phillips: "Ross is defenseless right now!"

Dane drags him up violently — shouting — wild — reckless.

Eric Dane Jr.: "YOU DON'T TAKE THIS FROM ME!"

FOREARM — CRACK.

Another — harder.

Another — uncontrolled — savage.

Mark Bravo: "Dane isn't thinking anymore — he's just swinging!"

Ross staggers — barely standing —

Dane shoves him into the ropes —

BIG BOOT — drops Ross to a knee.

John Phillips: "Ross can't even defend himself!"

Dane screams — pacing — chest heaving — fury pouring out.

He rushes back in —

RUNNING KNEE — crushing Ross again.

Mark Bravo: "He's trying to end him!"

Ross collapses onto his back — barely conscious.

Dane grabs him — dragging him toward the corner —

Climbs to the second rope — pulling Ross with him.

John Phillips: "What is Dane doing now?!"

Mark Bravo: "Something desperate... something dangerous!"

Dane hooks Ross — trying to position him for another devastating impact.

The crowd buzzes — sensing chaos — sensing the end drawing near.

Dane screams — ready to deliver another crushing blow.

Eric Dane Jr. stands on the second rope — dragging Chris Ross upward — rage blinding him — desperate to end it.

John Phillips: "Dane is risking everything right now!"

Mark Bravo: "When desperation takes over, mistakes happen."

Dane screams — trying to lift Ross —

But Ross suddenly moves.

HEADBUTT — CRACK.

John Phillips: "ROSS COUNTERS!"

Dane staggers — stunned — grip loosening.

Ross fires another headbutt — harder.

Dane nearly loses balance.

Mark Bravo: "The champion is still alive!"

Ross snarls — adrenaline surging —

FOREARM — CRACK.

ANOTHER —

Dane collapses off the ropes — crashing to the mat below.

The crowd ERUPTS.

John Phillips: "ROSS IS FIGHTING BACK!"

Mark Bravo: "He refuses to die tonight!"

Ross drops from the ropes — landing hard — but immediately rising again.

His eyes burn — violence radiating — the champion reborn in the chaos.

Dane pushes up — dazed —

ROSS CHARGES.

BRUTAL LARIAT — DANE FLIPS INSIDE OUT.

John Phillips: "WHAT IMPACT!"

Dane tries to crawl —

ROSS GRABS HIM —

SPINEBUSTER — RING SHAKES.

Mark Bravo: "The Boss is rolling!"

Ross stands — breathing heavy — chest rising —

The arena roars behind him.

John Phillips: "Momentum has shifted again!"

Mark Bravo: "But how much does Ross have left?"

Ross turns... eyes locked on Eric Dane Jr.

And steps forward — ready to finish the war.

Chris Ross stands over Eric Dane Jr., chest heaving, eyes burning with violent purpose. The crowd roars, sensing the champion is moments away from ending it.

John Phillips: "Ross is looking to finish this right now!"

Mark Bravo: "Dane is barely moving— this could be the end!"

Ross reaches down — hauling Dane up — hooking him —

He pulls him in tight, setting for the kill.

John Phillips: "Ross has him! This could be it!"

But suddenly —

Dane's eyes snap open.

A desperate surge — pure instinct — pure survival.

THUMB TO THE EYE!

John Phillips: "Oh come on!"

Mark Bravo: "Desperation, Phillips! He had no choice!"

Ross stumbles backward — clutching his eye — momentarily blinded.

Dane gasps for air — scrambling — adrenaline flooding back.

He charges wildly —

LOW DROPKICK TO THE KNEE!

Ross collapses to one leg.

John Phillips: "Dane is fighting like a cornered animal!"

Dane springs up —

RUNNING FOREARM — CRACK — Ross drops flat on his back.

The crowd gasps again.

Mark Bravo: "He just bought himself life!"

Dane crawls — draping over Ross — hooking a leg —

John Phillips: "NOT LIKE THIS!"

ONE!!!

TWO!!!

ROSS KICKS OUT.

John Phillips: "NO!"

Mark Bravo: "He still can't put him away!"

Dane slams the mat in frustration — screaming — half-mad — half-exhausted.

Ross rolls to his side — still alive — still fighting.

Eric Dane Jr. slams the mat — frustration boiling over — eyes wild — desperation fully consuming him.

Eric Dane Jr.: "STAY DOWN!"

John Phillips: "Dane is unraveling!"

Mark Bravo: "When a man gets this desperate, he starts doing dangerous things."

Dane staggers to his feet — grabbing Chris Ross — dragging him toward the corner.

The champion barely resists — exhausted — battered — vulnerable.

Dane shoves Ross down near the turnbuckles.

Then... he turns... climbing.

John Phillips: "No... no, Dane, don't do this."

Mark Bravo: "This is reckless — but it might be his only chance!"

Dane reaches the top rope — standing tall — arms out — soaking in the moment.

The crowd rises — buzzing — tension thick.

Eric Dane Jr.: "THIS... IS... MINE!"

Dane launches —

HIGH-RISK DIVING IMPACT —

BUT ROSS MOVES.

John Phillips: "HE MISSED!"

Dane CRASHES hard into the mat — violent impact — the ring shaking.

Mark Bravo: "That may have been his last gamble!"

Dane rolls — clutching his ribs — gasping — barely able to move.

Chris Ross slowly pushes himself up — pain etched across his face — but fire still burning.

John Phillips: "Ross survived... and Dane may have just handed him the match!"

The crowd begins to roar again — sensing the end approaching.

Ross steps toward the fallen Dane...

Ready to strike.

Eric Dane Jr. lies on the mat — chest heaving — ribs screaming — but his eyes flick open.

John Phillips: "I don't know how he's even conscious right now."

Mark Bravo: "This is what championship desperation looks like."

Chris Ross steps in — grabbing Dane by the head — hauling him upward for the kill.

The crowd is roaring — ready for it.

John Phillips: "Ross is about to end it!"

Ross hooks him — setting for his finisher —

But suddenly —

DANE SPINS — lightning quick — slipping free.

Mark Bravo: "WHAT?!"

LOW SUPERKICK — flush to the jaw!

Ross staggers — stunned —

Dane springs up — adrenaline overriding pain —

John Phillips: "Dane found something!"

Dane grabs Ross —

BIG IMPACT DRIVER — SPIKES HIM.

Mark Bravo: "HE JUST PLANTED THE CHAMPION!"

Dane doesn't even go for the cover.

He rolls through — rising again — eyes wide — sensing destiny.

Eric Dane Jr.: "IT'S MINE!"

He pulls Ross up again — somehow — ignoring his own agony.

John Phillips: "He's not going for the pin?!"

Mark Bravo: "He wants to make a statement!"

Dane hooks Ross — lifting — going for something even bigger — something devastating —

The crowd is losing its mind — this could be it.

Dane roars — hoisting Ross high —

BUT AT THE LAST POSSIBLE SECOND —

ROSS SHIFTS HIS WEIGHT.

SPINS OUT.

HOOKS THE ARM.

John Phillips: "ROSS COUNTERS!"

DEVASTATING COUNTER IMPACT — RING SHAKES.

Mark Bravo: "HOW?!"

Dane is folded in half — stunned — motionless.

Ross collapses beside him — both men spent — both men broken.

John Phillips: "These two are giving everything!"

Mark Bravo: "This is championship insanity!"

The crowd stands — roaring — knowing the end is seconds away.

The arena is thunderous — every fan on their feet — watching two broken warriors struggle to move.

Chris Ross... barely breathing... slowly rolls toward Eric Dane Jr.

John Phillips: "Ross is moving... the champion is moving!"

Mark Bravo: "I don't know how he has anything left — but he does."

Dane twitches — trying to push up — still stunned from the counter.

Ross reaches him — grabbing his arm — dragging him upward.

John Phillips: "Ross isn't going for the cover... he wants to END this."

The crowd begins to rise again — sensing it.

Ross pulls Dane in — hooks him tight —

Everything left... one final surge...

DEVASTATING FINISHER — THUNDEROUS IMPACT — THE RING SHAKES.

John Phillips: "HE HIT IT! HE HIT IT!"

Mark Bravo: "DANE IS DONE!"

Ross collapses forward — draping over Dane — hooking the leg.

The referee slides in —

John Phillips: "UTA CHAMPIONSHIP ON THE LINE!"

ONE!!!

TWO!!!

THREE!!!

John Phillips: "HE GOT HIM!"

Mark Bravo: "CHRIS ROSS RETAINS!"

The bell rings — the crowd ERUPTS — deafening roar filling the arena.

Chris Ross rolls onto his back — exhausted — battered — but still champion.

John Phillips: "What a war... what an absolute war."

Mark Bravo: "Ross survived Gunnar... survived Dane... and proved why he is The Boss."

The referee helps Ross to his knees — placing the UTA Championship into his hands.

Ross grips the title — breathing heavy — eyes burning — victorious.

The crowd continues to roar as The Boss stands tall.

The bell continues to echo as the crowd roars inside T-Mobile Arena. Chris Ross remains on his knees, clutching the UTA Championship against his chest — exhausted, battered, but victorious.

John Phillips: "What a war we have witnessed tonight... Chris Ross has survived one of the most brutal battles of his career."

Mark Bravo: "He went through Gunnar Van Patton, he went through Eric Dane Jr... and somehow — somehow — he is still the UTA Champion."

Ross slowly pushes himself to his feet. His body trembles from exhaustion, sweat and pain covering him — but his grip on the championship never loosens.

The crowd begins chanting —

Crowd: "BOSS! BOSS! BOSS! BOSS!"

Ross looks out into the sea of fans — breathing heavy — absorbing the moment.

Across the ring, Eric Dane Jr. lies on his side — barely conscious — staring blankly, realizing how close he came... and how far away he still is.

John Phillips: "Eric Dane Jr. pushed Ross to his absolute limit tonight."

Mark Bravo: "But close doesn't win championships."

Medical staff begin checking on Dane as Ross slowly climbs the nearest turnbuckle — raising the UTA Championship high above his head.

The crowd ERUPTS again.

John Phillips: "The Boss stands tall once more!"

Mark Bravo: "But you have to wonder... at what cost?"

The camera briefly cuts toward the entrance — where the chaos earlier unfolded — the memory of Gunnar Van Patton being carried out still fresh in everyone's mind.

John Phillips: "Gunnar Van Patton was removed from this match in a brutal assault... and knowing him — this story may not be over."

Mark Bravo: "Oh, it's far from over, Phillips. Not by a long shot."

Back in the ring, Ross drops down from the turnbuckle — staggering slightly — before raising the title one final time at center ring.

The lights dim slightly... the champion standing alone... victorious... but clearly marked from war.

John Phillips: "For everyone here at the United Toughness Alliance... thank you for joining us for No Love Lost."

Mark Bravo: "Goodnight... and remember... in the UTA... there is never... any love lost."

Chris Ross stands tall... the UTA Championship raised high... as the screen slowly fades to black.

Conclusion

Card Subject to Change

Show Credits

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite