

World Tour: Italy '26

Promotion: United Toughness Alliance
Date: May 8, 2026
Location: Inalpi Arena — Turin, Piedmont Region, Italy, TO

Preview

The United Toughness Alliance embarks on an epic World Tour for 2026. The next stop? Italy.

Results

Introduction

Segment

The screen is black.

For a moment, there is only the low rumble of a crowd.

Then, the sound swells.

A sweeping aerial shot of Turin, Italy fills the screen. The camera glides over the city beneath the evening sky, capturing historic streets, glowing lights, and the unmistakable beauty of the Piedmont Region. The Mole Antonelliana rises in the distance as the music begins to build, strings and drums giving the moment a cinematic weight.

Quick cuts follow.

Fans lined outside Inalpi Arena.

UTA banners waving in the Italian night.

Merchandise tables crowded with supporters wearing shirts for Hakuryu, Chris Ross, Valkyrie Knoxx, Amy Harrison, The Empire, Bianca Page, and more.

A young fan holds up a sign reading, "TURIN IS TOUGHNESS COUNTRY." Another reads, "3 WEEKS UNTIL ALL OR NOTHING."

The camera pushes closer to the arena as the roar inside grows louder and louder.

Then, with a thunderous crash, the World Tour: Italy '26 logo bursts across the screen.

Pyro erupts from the stage inside Inalpi Arena as thousands of fans explode to their feet. Red, white, and green lights sweep across the building before shifting into UTA's familiar red, black, and gold. The entrance ramp gleams beneath the lights, the ring stands proudly at center stage, and the atmosphere feels massive.

The cameras cut from section to section, catching fans waving flags, pointing to the camera, chanting, and raising their signs high above their heads.

At ringside, John Phillips and Mark Bravo sit behind the commentary desk, dressed for the occasion and already having to speak over the noise.

John Phillips: "Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to World Tour: Italy '26! We are live from Inalpi Arena in Turin, Italy, and this crowd is absolutely electric tonight!"

Mark Bravo: "Electric? John, this place is nuclear! Turin showed up tonight, and I don't blame them. The World Tour rolls on, International Affair is getting closer, and everybody in the back knows time is running out to make a

statement."

John Phillips: "That is exactly right. After tonight, only three weeks remain until International Affair and the All or Nothing match. Careers can change in one night. Championships, opportunities, momentum, pride — all of it will be hanging in the balance."

Mark Bravo: "And that means nights like this matter even more. Nobody wants to limp into International Affair. Nobody wants to be an afterthought. You want your name on everyone's lips, you want your stock rising, and you want to make sure the rest of that locker room sees you coming."

The camera cuts to a sweeping shot of the crowd as a chant begins to roll through the arena.

Crowd: "U-T-A! U-T-A! U-T-A!"

John Phillips: "The United Toughness Alliance has taken this 2026 World Tour across the globe, and tonight, the next stop is Italy. We are in one of the most passionate sporting cities in the world, and the card tonight reflects just how intense things have become."

Mark Bravo: "And look, we've got championships on the line. The WrestleZone Championship, the Fighting Championship, the International Championship — we've got grudges forming, debuts, streaks, Empire drama, old Empire, new Empire, whatever flavor of chaos you prefer, we have it tonight."

John Phillips: "Let's talk about our opening contest scheduled for later tonight. Bianca Page goes one-on-one with Brittany Reid. After what happened backstage in Mexico, these two women now meet in the ring."

Mark Bravo: "Bianca Page has momentum. That matters. She's been stacking up wins, building confidence, and carrying herself like someone who knows the spotlight is starting to follow her. But Brittany Reid? She has a huge opportunity tonight. A debut win over Bianca Page on the World Tour? That can change how everyone looks at you overnight."

John Phillips: "Bianca Page has looked focused and composed, but Brittany Reid has nothing to lose and everything to gain. That can make someone extremely dangerous."

Mark Bravo: "Exactly. Debuts are tricky. Nobody has the full scouting report yet. Bianca may think she knows what she's walking into, but once that bell rings, Brittany Reid might bring something completely different."

The broadcast briefly cuts to a graphic for Bianca Page versus Brittany Reid, showing both competitors side by side beneath the World Tour: Italy '26 branding.

John Phillips: "And we also have another championship match now officially set for tonight. Hakuryu defends the WrestleZone Championship against one half of the UTA Tag Team Champions, Trey Mack."

The crowd reacts loudly as the broadcast cuts to a graphic showing Hakuryu on one side, Trey Mack on the other, and the WrestleZone Championship centered between them.

Mark Bravo: "That is a huge opportunity for Trey Mack. He already carries tag team gold alongside Clovis Black, but tonight, he has a chance to bring even more championship power into The Empire."

John Phillips: "Hakuryu has been one of the most dangerous and respected champions in UTA, and he has shown time and again that he can absorb punishment, shift gears, and end a match in an instant. Trey Mack cannot afford one mistake."

Mark Bravo: "No, but neither can Hakuryu. Trey Mack is powerful, athletic, and he's not coming alone in spirit, John. Even if The Empire isn't physically out there with him, you know their influence hangs over everything he does."

John Phillips: "The WrestleZone Championship will be on the line tonight in Turin. Hakuryu defending against Trey

Mack. Champion versus champion, singles gold against tag team dominance, and another opportunity for The Empire to tighten its grip on UTA."

John Phillips: "Also tonight, the UTA Fighting Championship will be defended as Valkyrie Knox puts the title on the line against Rosa Delgado."

The crowd reacts loudly at the mention of Valkyrie Knox, with a mix of cheers and boos rumbling through the arena.

Mark Bravo: "Now this one has layers, John. This is New Empire versus Old Empire. That alone is enough to make the air feel different."

John Phillips: "Valkyrie Knox has made it clear that the Fighting Championship is not merely a title to her. It is a mission. It is a proving ground. And tonight, she looks to notch her first victory on the journey to five."

Mark Bravo: "But Rosa Delgado is not coming here to be a statistic. Rosa knows what this means. She knows what it would mean to beat Valkyrie. She knows what it would mean to take that Fighting Championship away before Valkyrie can even get rolling."

John Phillips: "Under Fighting Championship Rules, there is nowhere to hide. Valkyrie thrives in violence, but Rosa Delgado has experience, pride, and history on her side. This could be one of the most physical matches of the entire night."

Mark Bravo: "Could be? John, I'm already worried for the poor officials. Fighting Championship Rules with Empire history involved? Somebody better check the turnbuckles, the floor mats, and the front row insurance policies."

The Fighting Championship match graphic appears on screen: Valkyrie Knox defending against Rosa Delgado. The title shines between them as the arena noise rises again.

John Phillips: "And then, in what could be our most combustible situation of the evening, Amy Harrison defends the International Championship against Dante Rivera."

The crowd gives another strong reaction, louder this time, as the International Championship graphic fills the screen.

Mark Bravo: "That match is supposed to be singles action. Supposed to be. I want to put a huge underline under that phrase."

John Phillips: "With The Empire lurking, that question is unavoidable. Can Amy Harrison get a clean title defense? Can Dante Rivera get the opportunity he has earned without outside chaos? Or is this match destined to become something far more complicated?"

Mark Bravo: "Amy Harrison has been a fighting champion, but being a fighting champion means you keep finding yourself surrounded by people who want to take what you've got. Dante Rivera is hungry. The Empire is always watching. And Amy has to defend the title with eyes in the front, back, and sides of her head."

John Phillips: "The International Championship has become one of the most important prizes on this World Tour. Every defense matters. Every challenger matters. And with International Affair just three weeks away after tonight, one win could send someone into that event with enormous momentum."

Mark Bravo: "And one loss could send someone spiraling. That's the part people forget. When we get this close to a major event, momentum is currency. You either spend it, steal it, or watch someone else walk away with it."

The camera cuts back to the commentary desk as the fans continue buzzing behind them.

John Phillips: "The All or Nothing match looms over everything. We do not yet know every turn the road will take, but we know what it represents. Risk. Opportunity. Consequence. It is one of those matches where surviving is not enough. You have to be willing to gamble everything."

Mark Bravo: "That's why tonight is dangerous. Everybody wants leverage. Everybody wants a better position. Some people want to impress management. Some people want to intimidate future opponents. Some people just want to hurt somebody before the biggest gamble of the year."

John Phillips: "UTA has never been a place where the path forward is easy, and this World Tour has only made that more obvious. Mexico gave us controversy, confrontation, and momentum shifts. Tonight in Italy, the pressure only increases."

Mark Bravo: "And you can feel it, John. This crowd can feel it. The wrestlers in the back can feel it. We are three weeks away from International Affair after tonight, and there is no room left for hesitation."

The lights sweep across the arena again as the crowd rises into another chant. The camera glides over signs, flags, and faces filled with anticipation.

John Phillips: "Championships will be defended. Scores will be settled. New statements will be made. From Turin, Italy, this is World Tour: Italy '26..."

Mark Bravo: "And business is about to pick up in a hurry."

The camera cuts to the stage as the opening music begins to fade, replaced by the rising anticipation of the first entrance of the night.

John Phillips: "Do not go anywhere. UTA action starts right now!"

Moments Away

Segment

The camera cuts backstage inside Inalpi Arena, where Melissa Cartwright stands ready with a microphone in hand.

Before she can introduce the segment, "Classy" Bianca Page comes walking into frame in her wrestling gear, looking every bit as confident as she did earlier in the night. Ace Andrews walks beside her, composed and polished, while Sione Maivia follows a step behind them, silent and stoic.

Melissa steps forward, raising the microphone.

Melissa Cartwright: "Bianca, may we get your final thoughts on your match tonight?"

Bianca stops.

She turns toward Melissa with a confident smile, almost amused that the question needed to be asked at all.

Bianca Page: "Oh, Melissa, I wouldn't necessarily call my match against Brittany Reid a match."

Bianca gives a small laugh, glancing toward Ace Andrews, who smiles along with her.

Bianca Page: "I think of it more as an exhibition. A little opportunity to sharpen my skills, pick up another win, and perform an act of kindness by allowing that airheaded cheerleader to be in my presence."

Bianca and Ace laugh.

Sione Maivia remains behind them, arms at his sides, expression unmoving.

Melissa Cartwright: "But..."

Bianca immediately raises a hand, cutting her off.

Bianca Page: "But nothing, Melissa."

The smile fades just enough for the arrogance underneath it to sharpen.

Bianca Page: "I am going to drop some knowledge on the fools in the UTA locker room, and more importantly, I am

going to put Brittany Reid in her place."

Bianca's confident smile returns, colder this time.

Ace Andrews gives Melissa a smug glance before stepping away with Bianca. Sione follows behind them without a word.

Melissa watches them leave, the camera holding on her for a moment before the scene cuts away.

A Night to Remember

Segment

The broadcast cuts away from the roaring crowd inside Inalpi Arena and takes us backstage.

The camera moves down a corridor lined with production cases, cables, and UTA staff moving quickly from one assignment to the next. The noise from the arena is muffled here, but still present, a constant reminder that thousands of people are waiting just beyond the walls.

Then the camera reaches a door.

A black and gold placard is taped across it.

THE EMPIRE

The camera lingers for a second before the door opens.

Inside, the room is quiet in a way that feels intentional.

Amy Harrison stands in the center of the locker room, dressed in her ring gear with the UTA International Championship resting proudly over her shoulder. Around her are the soldiers of The Empire. Valkyrie Knox leans against the wall with the UTA Fighting Championship in her possession, her eyes sharp and cold. Trey Mack sits forward on a bench, elbows on his knees, focused and ready. Clovis Black stands near the back of the room, arms folded, saying nothing, his presence alone enough to make the room feel smaller.

And then there is Marie Van Claudio.

The former pillar of the women's division sits apart from the rest of them, her posture rigid, her eyes lowered toward the floor. There is no glamour in her expression tonight. No smile. No fire. Just the quiet humiliation of someone who knows exactly where she stands.

Amy slowly looks around the room, taking in each member of The Empire as a faint, satisfied smile forms on her face.

Amy Harrison: "Tonight is the night."

No one interrupts her.

Amy adjusts the International Championship on her shoulder, letting the gold catch the overhead light.

Amy Harrison: "Tonight is the night The Empire shows the world what everyone else has already known for a very, very long time."

She steps forward, slow and deliberate, her voice calm but edged with authority.

Amy Harrison: "We are untouchable."

Valkyrie's mouth curls slightly, almost amused. Trey Mack nods once. Clovis Black remains completely still. Marie does not move at all.

Amy Harrison: "Every week, people convince themselves that this is the night it all falls apart. Every week, they whisper about cracks. They talk about resistance. They talk about heroes, challengers, redemption, justice..."

Amy laughs softly, almost pitying the idea.

Amy Harrison: "And every week, they learn the same lesson."

She turns first toward Valkyrie Knoxx.

Valkyrie pushes off the wall just enough to give Amy her full attention, the Fighting Championship visible as a symbol of violence more than prestige.

Amy Harrison: "Valkyrie."

Amy steps closer to her, studying the champion with approval.

Amy Harrison: "Tonight, you put the final nail in the coffin of Rosa Delgado."

Valkyrie's eyes narrow, but she says nothing. She does not need to.

Amy Harrison: "Old Empire. New Empire. Legacy. Loyalty. Whatever pathetic little story she wants to tell herself, it ends tonight."

Amy gestures toward the Fighting Championship.

Amy Harrison: "And since that is for the Fighting Championship, that means Fighting Championship Rules."

Amy's grin grows colder.

Amy Harrison: "So do not just beat her."

She steps even closer, her voice dropping into something crueler.

Amy Harrison: "Hurt her. Hurt her so badly she cannot make it back to Mexico, or wherever it is she crawled out from."

Valkyrie tilts her head slightly, absorbing the order with a dangerous calm.

Valkyrie Knoxx: "Rosa wanted the old war back."

Valkyrie looks down at the Fighting Championship, then back to Amy.

Valkyrie Knoxx: "Tonight, I bury it with her in the ring."

Amy smiles, satisfied.

Amy Harrison: "That is what I like to hear."

Amy turns away from Valkyrie and walks toward Trey Mack.

Trey looks up at her, his expression focused, but there is a spark behind his eyes. Opportunity has a way of changing a man's posture, and tonight, Trey Mack knows exactly what is in front of him.

Amy Harrison: "Trey."

She places one hand on his shoulder, almost maternal in presentation, though there is nothing warm about it.

Amy Harrison: "I told you when you joined The Empire that the opportunities would never stop coming."

Trey slowly rises to his feet.

Amy Harrison: "People outside this room do not understand what loyalty earns. They do not understand what discipline earns. They think The Empire takes and takes and takes because we can."

She pauses, then smirks.

Amy Harrison: "And we do."

Trey grins slightly.

Amy Harrison: "But we also reward the ones who know their place. Tonight, you face Hakuryu for the WrestleZone Championship. Tonight, you bring more gold into The Empire."

Trey rolls his shoulders, confidence building in him as Amy speaks.

Trey Mack: "Hakuryu's tough."

Amy raises an eyebrow.

Trey Mack: "But he ain't ready for what I'm bringing. Not tonight. Not with this behind me."

He glances around the room at The Empire.

Trey Mack: "That championship comes home with us."

Amy taps the side of his face lightly, not quite affectionately, but approvingly.

Amy Harrison: "Good."

She steps away from Trey and turns toward the back of the room.

Clovis Black has not moved once.

He stands like a shadow given muscle, silent, imposing, and expressionless. Amy approaches him with a smile that is different from the others. There is pride there, but also something proprietary. As though she is admiring a weapon she knows only she can command.

Amy Harrison: "And Clovis..."

Clovis lowers his gaze slightly to meet hers.

Amy Harrison: "Do not think I forgot about my big, strong, silent killer."

Clovis says nothing. He does not even blink.

Amy reaches up and straightens the front of his gear, though it does not need straightening.

Amy Harrison: "Your Empress has a special surprise set up for you."

There is the faintest shift in Clovis Black's expression. Not a smile. Not curiosity exactly. More like something deep and violent stirring beneath the surface.

Amy Harrison: "You have been patient. You have done exactly what I needed you to do. You have stood where I told you to stand. You have hurt who I told you to hurt. And tonight..."

Amy leans closer.

Amy Harrison: "Tonight, I reward patience."

Clovis slowly nods.

Clovis Black: "Tell me where to stand."

Amy's smile returns.

Amy Harrison: "Oh, I will."

For a moment, the room feels almost satisfied.

Then Amy turns.

The atmosphere changes immediately.

Marie Van Claudio still sits where she has been sitting, eyes fixed on the floor. She has not reacted to Valkyrie. She

has not reacted to Trey. She has not reacted to Clovis. She looks as if every word in the room has landed on her shoulders and stayed there.

Amy slowly walks toward her.

Each step feels louder than it should.

Valkyrie watches with cold interest. Trey's expression tightens slightly. Clovis remains still.

Amy stops in front of Marie.

Marie does not look up.

Amy Harrison: "And then there is you."

Marie's jaw tightens, but her eyes remain on the floor.

Amy Harrison: "The great Marie Van Claudio."

Amy slowly crouches in front of her, trying to force herself into Marie's field of vision.

Amy Harrison: "The legend. The icon. The first lady. The woman who used to walk around here like this entire division belonged to her."

Marie remains silent.

Amy's smile fades.

Amy Harrison: "Look at me."

Marie does not move.

The silence in the room becomes sharp.

Amy Harrison: "I said..."

Amy rises back to her feet, her voice suddenly cracking through the room.

Amy Harrison: "LOOK AT ME!"

Marie's eyes close for half a second, but she still does not raise her head.

Valkyrie pushes away from the wall.

In one sudden motion, Valkyrie steps behind Marie, grabs her by the back of the head, and forces her face upward. Marie's expression twists with anger and humiliation as she is made to stare directly at Amy Harrison.

Amy looks down at her, pleased by the sight.

Amy Harrison: "There she is."

Marie breathes heavily through her nose, refusing to give Amy words, though every part of her face shows how badly she wants to.

Amy Harrison: "Tonight, you are going to be by my side when I defend the International Championship."

Marie's eyes flick toward the title on Amy's shoulder.

Amy Harrison: "You are going to stand there. You are going to watch. You are going to remember what power actually looks like."

Amy leans closer, her voice dropping into a venomous whisper.

Amy Harrison: "And you are going to make sure nothing happens to me."

Marie's lips part slightly, but Valkyrie tightens her grip, keeping her exactly where Amy wants her.

Amy Harrison: "Because if anything happens tonight..."

Amy pauses, letting the threat settle into the room.

Amy Harrison: "If Dante Rivera gets lucky..."

She tilts her head.

Amy Harrison: "If The Empire is embarrassed..."

Another step closer.

Amy Harrison: "If one single thing goes wrong..."

Amy points directly in Marie's face.

Amy Harrison: "You are going to pay for it."

Marie glares at her now, forced into eye contact, the old fire trying to break through the humiliation.

Marie Van Claudio: "You already took enough."

Amy smiles again, but this one is colder than all the others.

Amy Harrison: "No, Marie."

She reaches down and taps Marie lightly on the cheek.

Amy Harrison: "I took what you were too weak to keep."

Marie surges forward slightly, but Valkyrie yanks her back by the hair, keeping her seated and controlled. Trey Mack shifts in the background, watching but not interfering. Clovis Black remains a statue.

Amy Harrison: "Save that look. I want you angry tonight. I want you humiliated. I want every person in this arena to see what happens when someone stands on the wrong side of The Empire and survives only because I allow it."

Amy steps back and lifts the International Championship higher onto her shoulder.

Amy Harrison: "Tonight belongs to us. Valkyrie breaks Rosa Delgado. Trey Mack brings home the WrestleZone Championship. Clovis receives his surprise. And I..."

She looks directly into the camera now.

Amy Harrison: "I remain the International Champion."

Amy turns her attention back to the room.

Amy Harrison: "That is not hope. That is not confidence. That is not arrogance."

She spreads her arms slightly, the championship gleaming beneath the locker room lights.

Amy Harrison: "That is The Empire."

Valkyrie finally releases Marie, letting her head drop forward slightly as Marie catches herself. Amy walks past her without another glance.

The camera holds on Marie Van Claudio as she sits there, breathing hard, eyes burning, pride wounded but not dead.

Then the shot shifts to Amy Harrison standing in front of The Empire, surrounded by gold, muscle, violence, and control.

The image lingers just long enough for the message to become clear.

Tonight, The Empire does not merely intend to win.

They intend to rule.

The broadcast cuts back toward ringside.

Bianca Page vs. Brittany Reid

Match

The broadcast returns from the backstage locker room of The Empire and cuts back to ringside inside Inalpi Arena, where the Turin crowd is still buzzing from what they just witnessed.

The camera sweeps across the audience, catching fans waving Italian flags, UTA signs, and a few homemade posters aimed directly at The Empire after Amy Harrison's threats moments ago.

John Phillips: "Welcome back to World Tour: Italy '26, and Mark, what we just saw backstage from The Empire was disturbing. Amy Harrison not only laying out the expectations for her group tonight, but also clearly tightening her grip around Marie Van Claudio."

Mark Bravo: "Yeah, that was not leadership, John. That was ownership. Amy Harrison is walking around here like every person in that room belongs to her, and honestly, some of them look like they believe it."

John Phillips: "But right now, we shift focus to our opening contest. Bianca Page, accompanied by Ace Andrews, goes one-on-one with the debuting Brittany Reid."

Mark Bravo: "And that right there is interesting. Bianca Page is coming off a big win in Mexico. She has momentum, she has Ace Andrews whispering strategy in her ear, and she has an ego that somehow needs its own checked luggage on this World Tour."

John Phillips: "But Brittany Reid comes into UTA tonight with a tremendous opportunity. Her debut match, on the World Tour, in front of this incredible crowd in Turin. A win over Bianca Page would immediately put the entire locker room on notice."

Mark Bravo: "It would. But debuting against Bianca Page is not exactly a soft landing. Bianca is experienced, she is vicious when she needs to be, and with Ace Andrews at ringside, Brittany is not just walking into a wrestling match. She is walking into a business arrangement where she did not get to read the fine print."

The lights inside Inalpi Arena begin to dim.

The reaction from the crowd rises quickly, not because they know exactly what is coming, but because they can feel something new arriving.

For a moment, the stage is dark.

Then the first hard beat of "Catch Me If You Can" by BabyMetal cuts through the building.

A sharp green spotlight slices through smoke gathering at the top of the entrance ramp.

On the next beat, a cannon of green and black confetti explodes outward across the stage.

The confetti hangs in the air like a burst of electricity, and through it, Brittany Reid appears at the top of the ramp.

The Turin crowd gives her a bright, immediate reaction.

Brittany stands there for a second, almost frozen in the moment. Twin ponytails tied with big pom-pom bows bounce lightly as she looks out over the arena. Her green, black, and white cheerleader-inspired gear catches the spotlight, the word HORNETS displayed proudly across her chest. Her gloves, pads, and high-top sneakers all match the look perfectly, polished and game-day ready.

Then the smile hits.

Big. Bright. Genuine.

John Phillips: "And here she is! Making her official UTA debut, from Charlotte, North Carolina, this is Brittany Reid!"

Mark Bravo: "Look at this energy! She looks like she could lead a pep rally, win a gymnastics meet, and somehow steal your lunch money with a hurricanrana before you knew what happened."

John Phillips: "Known as The Killer Bee, Brittany Reid brings a background in competitive cheerleading and gymnastics, and from everything we have heard, she is one of the most explosive young high-flyers to step onto the UTA stage."

Mark Bravo: "Five-foot-one, all motion, all spring-loaded chaos. That is the kind of opponent who can make someone like Bianca Page very uncomfortable if she gets rolling early."

Brittany begins jogging down the ramp in rhythm with the music.

Step. Clap.

Step. Clap.

She does not move like someone overwhelmed by the size of the stage. She moves like someone who has waited her whole life for a moment big enough to match the picture in her head.

Every few steps, she reaches toward the fans at the barricade, slapping hands, pointing to signs, and laughing when the Italian crowd responds louder than expected. A young girl in the front row leans over the barricade with both hands out, and Brittany stops just long enough to squeeze her hand and mouth, "Thank you!" before continuing toward the ring.

John Phillips: "There is something infectious about her already. Brittany Reid has not even entered the ring yet, and this crowd is starting to rally behind her."

Mark Bravo: "That is the babyface spark, John. Some people have to beg for the crowd to like them. Brittany looks like she brought sunshine through customs."

John Phillips: "But she cannot let the moment overwhelm her. Bianca Page is not going to care how inspirational this debut feels."

Mark Bravo: "No, Bianca is going to see the smile, the bows, the cheerleader gear, and she is going to think Brittany is somebody she can embarrass. That may be a mistake, but it is absolutely what Bianca is going to think."

Brittany reaches three paces from the ring.

She plants her feet.

Then, with perfect compact form, she snaps into a cartwheel that carries her cleanly onto the apron. Her hands hit the edge, her legs whip through, and she lands facing the ring with no wasted motion, drawing a loud pop from the crowd.

John Phillips: "Oh, look at the athleticism!"

Mark Bravo: "That was not just flash. That was control. She landed that like she was stepping onto a curb."

Brittany grips the top rope and pivots smoothly, stepping through the ropes with one fluid motion. As soon as her feet touch the canvas, the green spotlight tightens around her.

She bounces once in place, then rushes to the nearest corner.

The crowd rises with her as she climbs to the middle turnbuckle, then to the top, balancing with the poise of someone who has spent years learning exactly where her body is in the air.

Brittany turns toward the people and throws her arms wide in a cheerleader pose, chin up, smile shining beneath the arena lights.

Brittany Reid: "LET'S GO, TURIN!"

The crowd answers her with a strong cheer.

Crowd: "BRIT-TA-NY! BRIT-TA-NY!"

The chant is not massive yet, but it is real, and Brittany hears it. Her eyes widen a little, touched by the reaction. She points out to the audience, then taps both hands over her heart.

John Phillips: "That has to feel incredible. First night in UTA, first match on the World Tour, and already this crowd is giving her something back."

Mark Bravo: "And that can be dangerous too. She loves the crowd. You can see it. That is fuel, but it can also become a distraction if Bianca Page starts finding ways to punish her for playing to the people."

Brittany dips slightly on the turnbuckle.

Then she launches into a tight, controlled forward flip dismount.

She lands on both feet in the center of the ring, chest up, arms out, steady as a gymnast finishing a routine.

The audience pops again.

John Phillips: "Beautiful dismount by Brittany Reid!"

Mark Bravo: "That was clean. That was polished. And somewhere backstage, Bianca Page just rolled her eyes so hard she saw tomorrow."

Brittany immediately turns that landing into crowd work, bouncing toward the ropes and pointing to a group of teenagers near ringside. She mimes taking a quick selfie with them from the ring, then blows a kiss toward the upper deck. The fans respond with more noise, and Brittany feeds off it, pacing from one side of the ring to the other.

She leans back into the ropes, cups a hand to her ear, and the crowd grows louder.

John Phillips: "She is young, she is enthusiastic, and she is clearly not afraid of the stage."

Mark Bravo: "That is confidence, but it is a different kind than Bianca's. Bianca walks in like she owns the place. Brittany walks in like she is thrilled you invited her, and then she might flip off the balcony just to thank you."

Brittany finally backs into her corner, still smiling, still moving. She stretches one leg against the middle rope, then rolls her shoulders and shakes out her arms, trying to settle the excitement into focus.

The camera cuts close to her face.

The smile is still there.

But now, behind it, there is concentration.

John Phillips: "Brittany Reid has made her entrance. The UTA debut is real now."

Mark Bravo: "And now comes the hard part."

Brittany looks toward the entrance stage.

The music begins to fade.

The cheers continue for a moment longer before turning into a restless buzz.

John Phillips: "Because next comes Bianca Page."

Brittany bounces lightly in her corner, eyes fixed on the ramp, waiting for the woman who intends to turn her dream debut into a very rude welcome to UTA.

Brittany Reid remains in her corner, still bouncing lightly on the balls of her feet as the last notes of "Catch Me If You Can" fade into the noise of Inalpi Arena.

The Italian crowd continues to cheer her, some of them already clapping along, some of them chanting her name, and some of them simply reacting to the kind of bright, athletic energy that feels impossible not to root for.

Then the arena lights begin to change.

The green glow around Brittany fades.

The stage goes black.

Not chaotic black.

Elegant black.

A hush rolls across the building, followed almost immediately by a wave of boos from fans who already know exactly whose sense of occasion is about to take over the room.

John Phillips: "And now, the mood changes."

Mark Bravo: "You could feel the temperature drop. Brittany Reid brought sunshine. Bianca Page brings a tax audit in a designer gown."

A single white spotlight blooms at the top of the entrance ramp.

Gold light follows, sweeping in slow arcs across the stage like curtains being pulled open in a grand theater. The entrance screen fills with elegant script spelling one word.

CLASSY

Then the opening notes of "Wildest Dreams" by Taylor Swift begin to play.

The boos intensify immediately.

Crowd: "BOOOOOOOOOOO!"

The music swells, and through the white and gold light, Bianca Page steps onto the stage.

She does not rush.

She appears as though the entire arena has been waiting for permission to see her.

Bianca stands at the top of the ramp, posture perfect, chin lifted, one hand resting elegantly at her hip. Draped over her shoulders is a long, shimmering entrance robe, white and gold with sparkling trim that catches every sweep of light. It trails just enough behind her to make the moment feel royal without ever looking accidental.

She turns her head slightly, letting the camera catch her profile. Then she slowly extends both arms out to either side, showing off the robe, the lights, the presentation, and the sheer arrogance of someone who believes spectacle is not something she creates, but something she deserves.

John Phillips: "Here comes 'Classy' Bianca Page. Naples, Florida by way of New York City, accompanied tonight by Ace Andrews, and Bianca Page has been very clear that she believes UTA should already be treating her like one of its centerpieces."

Mark Bravo: "Look at her, John. That is not an entrance. That is a hostile takeover with sequins."

Bianca slowly pivots at the top of the ramp, one arm floating upward as she gives the crowd a regal, pageant-like wave.

The smile on her face is perfect. Too perfect. Practiced, polished, and completely dismissive of the venom raining down from the crowd.

She blows a kiss to the fans on one side of the arena.

The boos get louder.

Bianca smiles wider.

John Phillips: "That reaction does not bother her at all."

Mark Bravo: "Of course it does not. Bianca Page hears boos and thinks the peasants have learned harmony."

Behind her, Ace Andrews steps into the light.

He is immaculate in a tailored suit, every line of it sharp, expensive, and intentional. His expression is controlled, carrying that quiet billionaire confidence of a man who believes every situation has a price and every person has a weakness. He pauses just behind Bianca, not stealing her spotlight, but clearly standing close enough to remind everyone that Bianca Page is not entering alone.

John Phillips: "And there is Ace Andrews. Fourteen-time world champion in his own right, billionaire casino owner, and now the man helping guide Bianca Page's rise here in UTA."

Mark Bravo: "Ace Andrews does not stand beside people by accident. He sees value in Bianca. He sees return on investment. And that should terrify Brittany Reid, because Ace does not just manage matches. He manages outcomes."

Ace leans toward Bianca and says something quietly.

Bianca keeps her eyes forward, but her smile sharpens.

Inside the ring, Brittany watches from her corner. The smile has not left her face entirely, but her bounce has slowed. She is studying now, taking in the robe, the lights, the manager, the confidence, the whole machine surrounding Bianca Page.

John Phillips: "That is part of the challenge for Brittany Reid tonight. It is not just Bianca's ability in the ring. It is this entire environment Bianca creates around herself. The lights, the arrogance, the mind games, Ace Andrews at ringside."

Mark Bravo: "And Brittany has to learn that in real time. This is her first night. Bianca Page is going to try to make it feel like Brittany walked into the wrong ballroom."

Bianca finally begins to walk.

Her stride is slow and measured, almost ceremonial. She takes the center of the aisle as if the ramp is a runway and the ring is a throne room. The robe glitters behind her with each step, while Ace Andrews follows at a precise distance, hands loosely clasped in front of him.

Bianca keeps her chin high, letting the boos wash over her. She gives no sign of hurry. No sign of nerves. No sign that she sees Brittany Reid as anything other than a decorative obstacle placed in her way.

John Phillips: "Bianca Page is coming off a victory over Shannon Ray in Mexico, and that win has only strengthened her belief that her rise through UTA is inevitable."

Mark Bravo: "That is the most dangerous part. Bianca already thought she was important before she won. Now she has proof she can point to. You know she has replayed that win in her head a hundred times, and every version probably ends with confetti and a statue."

John Phillips: "But tonight is different. Brittany Reid is debuting. Bianca has not been in the ring with her before. There is limited tape, limited familiarity, and Brittany brings a completely different kind of pace."

Mark Bravo: "Sure, but Bianca has Ace. That means Bianca has someone watching the parts of the match she is too busy admiring herself to notice."

Bianca reaches the midway point of the ramp and stops.

She turns toward the hard camera, slowly lifting one hand to the clasp of her robe.

The crowd boos louder, sensing the pageantry continuing.

Bianca pauses just long enough to make them wait.

Then she opens the robe slightly, extending both arms again as gold light catches the sparkling fabric. She tilts her head back and closes her eyes for a moment, bathing in the spotlight like it is owed to her.

Mark Bravo: "That woman could turn checking the mail into a coronation."

John Phillips: "Everything about Bianca Page is designed to make you look at her."

Mark Bravo: "And then while you are looking, Ace Andrews is probably stealing your routing number."

Bianca closes the robe again and continues toward ringside.

A fan near the barricade leans over and yells something in her direction. Bianca stops, turns, and looks at him as if he has committed an unforgivable breach of etiquette.

For half a second, her smile disappears.

Then it returns, colder.

She lifts one hand and gives the fan a tiny, mocking wave.

Bianca Page: "How brave."

The fan yells louder as Bianca walks away, completely pleased with herself.

John Phillips: "There is that edge under the elegance. Bianca can present herself as polished and refined, but there is nothing kind about her once that bell rings."

Mark Bravo: "That is what makes her dangerous. The entrance says royalty. The attitude says she would trip you into traffic if it advanced her career."

At ringside, Bianca stops near the bottom of the ramp.

She turns toward the ring and finally locks eyes with Brittany Reid.

Brittany stands in her corner, hands on the top rope now, watching closely.

Bianca looks her up and down.

The cheerleader gear. The bows. The bright expression. The debuting optimism.

Bianca almost laughs.

Bianca Page: "Oh, this is precious."

Brittany's smile tightens, but she does not look away.

Ace Andrews steps beside Bianca at ringside, his eyes moving from Brittany to the referee to the corners to the ropes. He is already mapping the match before it begins.

Ace Andrews: "Let her burn energy. She wants applause. Make her spend it."

Bianca nods once, still staring at Brittany.

John Phillips: "Ace Andrews already offering instruction, and listen to what he is saying. He knows Brittany Reid is high-energy. He knows she wants to feed off the crowd."

Mark Bravo: "That is smart. Do not try to match the pep rally. Let the pep rally tire itself out, then pull the fire alarm."

Bianca turns away from Brittany just enough to give the crowd one final look.

Then she performs a slow, graceful twirl at ringside, her robe sweeping around her like a queen showing off a gown at court. The gold lights follow the motion, catching the trim, making every inch of it feel excessive and intentional.

The crowd boos again.

Bianca soaks it in like applause.

John Phillips: "That signature Bianca Page arrogance on full display."

Mark Bravo: "Signature arrogance? John, that twirl had its own tax bracket."

Ace steps ahead and moves toward the ring steps, then turns back slightly, offering a hand toward Bianca.

Bianca accepts it, not because she needs help, but because allowing someone else to assist her is part of the show.

She ascends the steps slowly.

At the top, she pauses on the apron and looks directly at the referee.

Then she looks at the ropes.

Then back at the referee.

The official hesitates.

Bianca lifts an eyebrow.

The referee steps over and opens the ropes for her.

The crowd erupts in boos.

John Phillips: "Of course."

Mark Bravo: "What? That was clear communication."

John Phillips: "That was entitlement."

Mark Bravo: "Entitlement with results."

Bianca steps through the ropes with perfect grace, the robe trailing behind her as she enters the ring. She pauses just inside, then turns back toward Ace.

Ace carefully helps remove the robe from her shoulders. Bianca extends her arms out to the sides while he does it, making even that look like ceremony.

The lights catch her ring gear as the robe is finally taken away. Ace folds it over one arm with the care of a man handling something worth more than the front row's collective rent.

Bianca walks to the center of the ring.

Brittany remains in her corner.

The contrast is immediate.

Brittany Reid, bright, compact, athletic, and full of nervous excitement.

Bianca Page, tall, polished, composed, and radiating contempt.

John Phillips: "You can see the difference right there. Brittany Reid is all heart, energy, and explosive athleticism. Bianca Page is poise, calculation, and cruelty wrapped in elegance."

Mark Bravo: "And that is why this match is so interesting. Brittany wants to turn this into a track meet. Bianca wants to turn it into a slow dance where she keeps stepping on your feet."

Bianca raises both arms out to her sides, chin lifted, letting the boos pour down on her from every corner of Inalpi Arena.

She turns slowly in place, giving the crowd one final look at her as "Wildest Dreams" continues to play.

When she faces the hard camera, she smiles and mouths two words.

Bianca Page: "You're welcome."

The boos sharpen.

Brittany watches from the corner and shakes her head with a small, disbelieving smile.

Bianca notices.

Her eyes narrow slightly.

Bianca Page: "Enjoy the moment, sweetheart. It is the best part of your night."

Brittany steps out of her corner just a few inches, still smiling, but with a little more steel behind it now.

Brittany Reid: "I was thinking the same thing about yours."

The crowd reacts with a sharp cheer.

Bianca's smile vanishes for one flicker of a second.

Then she laughs, soft and dismissive, and backs toward her corner.

Ace Andrews steps down from the apron to the floor, still holding the robe. He moves to Bianca's side of the ring and leans in just enough to speak through the ropes.

Ace Andrews: "Do not chase her pace. Break her rhythm. Make the debut feel heavy."

Bianca nods without taking her eyes off Brittany.

John Phillips: "Ace Andrews telling Bianca Page to make the debut feel heavy. That may be the entire strategy tonight."

Mark Bravo: "That is exactly what you do to someone like Brittany. She is excited. She is fast. She wants this to feel like a dream. Bianca needs to turn it into paperwork."

The music begins to fade.

Bianca rolls her neck once, then rests one hand lightly on the top rope, poised and composed.

Across the ring, Brittany Reid lowers into a ready stance, no longer just soaking in the moment. The smile is still there, but now it has become competitive.

The referee steps between them and begins checking both corners.

John Phillips: "Brittany Reid's UTA debut is moments away. Bianca Page looks to continue her winning streak with Ace Andrews watching from ringside."

Mark Bravo: "Welcome to UTA, kid. Hope you stretched."

Bianca and Brittany stare across the ring at each other as the crowd swells again, waiting for the bell.

The referee steps between Bianca Page and Brittany Reid as the crowd inside Inalpi Arena continues to buzz with anticipation.

Brittany stays low in her corner, bouncing lightly, hands loose, eyes bright. The smile is still there, but it is different now. Less debut-night wonder. More competitive fire.

Across the ring, Bianca Page stands tall and composed, one hand resting on the top rope, chin raised, her expression carrying the unmistakable look of someone who believes this entire match is beneath her.

Ace Andrews remains on the floor outside Bianca's corner, arms folded, watching Brittany with a cold businesslike interest. He is not reacting to the crowd, not reacting to the energy, not reacting to the moment. He is studying.

John Phillips: "Brittany Reid making her UTA debut here tonight on the World Tour, and what a test this is right out of the gate. Bianca Page is not just experienced. She is dangerous, confident, and has Ace Andrews at ringside."

Mark Bravo: "And Bianca already looks annoyed, John. Brittany got cheers. Brittany got chants. Brittany answered back. Bianca Page did not come to Italy to share the spotlight with a five-foot-one cheer captain with a springboard offense."

John Phillips: "That may be exactly what she has to do if Brittany has anything to say about it."

The referee looks to Brittany.

Brittany nods quickly.

The referee looks to Bianca.

Bianca does not nod. She simply gives him a look, as if his need for confirmation is irritating.

The referee calls for the bell.

DING DING DING!

The crowd erupts as Brittany immediately bursts out of the corner.

Bianca steps forward with far more patience, raising her hands as though she expects a traditional lockup. Brittany does not give her one. Instead, Brittany darts in low, feints toward Bianca's lead leg, then springs backward before Bianca can grab her.

Bianca freezes for a beat, eyes narrowing.

Brittany Reid: "Too slow!"

The crowd laughs and cheers.

Bianca's lips press into a tight smile.

Bianca Page: "Cute."

They circle again.

This time Bianca reaches out faster, trying to snatch Brittany by the wrist, but Brittany spins underneath the hand, catches Bianca's arm, and twists into a quick wristlock. Bianca's expression flashes with surprise as Brittany cranks the arm once and skips around her like the movement is part wrestling hold, part cheer routine.

John Phillips: "Brittany Reid showing that quickness right away!"

Mark Bravo: "That is what she has to do. Do not stand still. Do not let Bianca set the pace. Make the bigger, taller, more experienced woman keep resetting."

Bianca reaches for Brittany's hair with her free hand, but Brittany ducks under it, rolls forward, and pops back up still controlling the wrist. She twists again and sends Bianca down briefly to one knee.

The crowd cheers louder.

Bianca looks up from one knee, offended more than hurt.

Bianca Page: "Do not get comfortable."

Brittany grins.

Brittany Reid: "Wasn't planning on it!"

Brittany releases the wrist, hits the ropes, and rebounds fast.

Bianca rises quickly and throws a clothesline, but Brittany ducks underneath. Bianca turns around just in time for Brittany to come off the opposite ropes, leap, and snap her over with a quick arm drag.

Bianca rolls through and hurries back to her feet, frustration already forming.

Brittany charges again.

Bianca swings high.

Brittany ducks again, rebounds off the ropes, and this time catches Bianca with a second arm drag, even cleaner than the first. Bianca hits the mat and slides toward the ropes, scrambling up with one hand clutching the middle rope.

John Phillips: "Two quick arm drags, and Brittany Reid has Bianca Page reeling in the early going!"

Mark Bravo: "Bianca does not like this. You can see it in her face. She wanted a debuting rookie she could embarrass. Right now, Brittany is making her look a step behind."

Brittany pops to her feet and throws both arms up, rallying the crowd.

Brittany Reid: "Come on!"

The Turin fans answer with a strong cheer.

Crowd: "BRIT-TA-NY! BRIT-TA-NY!"

Bianca stands near the ropes, breathing through her nose, eyes flicking toward Ace Andrews.

Ace remains calm. He lifts one hand, palm down, signaling for her to slow everything down.

Ace Andrews: "Let her spend it. She wants speed. Make her miss."

Bianca nods once, more annoyed than reassured.

John Phillips: "Ace Andrews telling Bianca to let Brittany spend that early energy."

Mark Bravo: "And that is smart. Brittany is fireworks right now. Bianca needs to wait until the smoke gets in her eyes."

Bianca steps away from the ropes and approaches again, this time more carefully. She raises one hand for a test of strength, though the height difference makes the offer feel deliberately insulting.

Brittany looks at the hand.

Then up at Bianca.

Then out to the crowd.

The audience buzzes, warning her not to take it.

Bianca smiles.

Bianca Page: "What's wrong? Need a boost?"

Brittany's smile turns mischievous.

She reaches up like she is going to accept the test of strength, then suddenly slaps Bianca's hand away, cartwheels to the side, and catches Bianca with a dropkick to the hip and lower ribs as Bianca turns.

Bianca stumbles sideways into the ropes.

John Phillips: "Dropkick by Brittany! Right to the side of Bianca Page!"

Mark Bravo: "That was not just athletic. That was disrespectful. Bianca tried to patronize her, and Brittany turned it into a setup."

Brittany is back up immediately.

She charges again, looking to keep the pace high, but Bianca drops suddenly and rolls under the bottom rope to the floor.

The crowd boos as Bianca lands outside beside Ace Andrews and throws one hand up toward the referee.

Bianca Page: "Back her up!"

Brittany stops short in the ring and turns to the crowd, hands on her hips as if to say, already?

The crowd boos Bianca louder.

John Phillips: "Bianca Page taking an early breather."

Mark Bravo: "That is veteran instinct. When the match starts moving faster than you like, get out of the ring and make the referee become the speed bump."

Ace steps close to Bianca and speaks quietly, his eyes never leaving Brittany.

Ace Andrews: "She is light. She needs momentum. Remove the runway."

Bianca adjusts her hair, glaring into the ring.

Bianca Page: "I know what I am doing."

Ace smiles faintly.

Ace Andrews: "Then do it."

Inside the ring, Brittany backs up as the referee asks, but she keeps moving. She jogs in place, claps twice, and gets the crowd clapping with her.

Step. Clap.

Step. Clap.

The sound spreads around Inalpi Arena.

Mark Bravo: "Look at this. Bianca tried to slow things down, and Brittany just turned the whole building into her warmup routine."

John Phillips: "That is the charisma Brittany Reid brings to this match. She does not want to let the moment get cold."

Bianca turns away from Ace and slowly climbs back onto the apron.

Brittany starts forward, but the referee holds her back.

Bianca takes advantage, entering through the ropes with deliberate slowness, forcing Brittany to wait.

Once both women reset, Bianca raises her hands again.

Brittany circles.

This time, Bianca lunges suddenly.

Brittany ducks under the grab and shoots to the ropes, but Bianca was ready. Instead of chasing, Bianca pivots with her and catches Brittany on the rebound with a sharp knee to the midsection.

Brittany flips forward from the impact and lands hard on her back, the air knocked from her body.

John Phillips: "Oh! Bianca Page caught her coming in!"

Mark Bravo: "There it is. Ace said remove the runway. Bianca just turned Brittany's speed against her."

Bianca stands over Brittany, breathing heavier now, but pleased.

She looks out at the crowd, then down at Brittany.

Bianca Page: "Pep rally is over."

Bianca reaches down, grabs Brittany by one of the ponytails, and begins pulling her up as the referee immediately warns her.

Referee: "Bianca, watch the hair!"

Bianca releases at four, then immediately hooks Brittany by the arm and snaps her into a short-arm knee to the ribs.

Brittany gasps and doubles over.

Bianca follows by driving a forearm across Brittany's upper back, sending her down to one knee.

John Phillips: "And just like that, Bianca Page has changed the complexion of this match."

Mark Bravo: "That is experience. Brittany was winning the first minute because she had energy and surprise. Bianca only needed one read, one adjustment, and now the debut starts feeling heavy."

Bianca pulls Brittany upright and sends her toward the corner with a hard Irish whip.

Brittany hits the turnbuckles back-first, her smaller frame snapping against the pads. She staggers forward, and Bianca steps in with a stiff chop across the chest.

The sound cracks through the arena.

Crowd: "OOOOOOH!"

Brittany clutches her chest, eyes widening from the sting.

Bianca smiles cruelly.

Bianca Page: "Welcome to UTA."

She fires another chop.

Brittany sinks slightly in the corner, but Bianca grabs her by the wrist and pulls her back upright before the referee can step in too far.

John Phillips: "Bianca Page now using that size and experience advantage. Brittany Reid is giving up height, strength, and time in this environment."

Mark Bravo: "And Bianca is making sure she feels every bit of that difference. Brittany came in bouncing. Bianca wants her crawling."

Bianca takes Brittany by the wrist and whips her across the ring toward the opposite corner.

Brittany hits hard, but this time she uses the momentum.

As Bianca charges in, Brittany springs up, plants both feet on Bianca's chest, and pushes off into a backflip, landing behind her.

Bianca collides chest-first with the turnbuckles.

The crowd explodes.

John Phillips: "Brittany Reid escapes! Look at the agility!"

Mark Bravo: "That is what we talked about! She can turn a bad landing into a launch pad!"

Bianca stumbles backward out of the corner.

Brittany hits the ropes.

Bianca turns around.

Brittany leaps, catches Bianca around the head, and snaps her over with a tilt-a-whirl head scissors that sends Bianca rolling across the ring.

Bianca scrambles back up, dizzy and furious.

Brittany rushes in again and connects with a dropkick that sends Bianca through the ropes and tumbling out to the floor in front of Ace Andrews.

The crowd comes alive.

John Phillips: "Brittany Reid sends Bianca Page to the outside!"

Mark Bravo: "The kid is back in it! The Killer Bee just stung her twice!"

Bianca lands on the floor and immediately reaches for Ace, more out of frustration than need. Ace helps steady her while Bianca pounds one hand against the apron.

Bianca Page: "Enough!"

Inside the ring, Brittany looks out at the crowd.

The fans begin to rise.

Brittany points toward Bianca on the floor.

The cheers swell.

John Phillips: "Brittany Reid has something in mind!"

Mark Bravo: "Oh, no. John, remember what Ace said. She needs a runway. She has got one now!"

Brittany backs into the far ropes.

She takes off at full speed.

Bianca looks up.

Ace's eyes widen.

Brittany launches herself through the ropes with a tope con hilo, twisting beautifully through the air.

But Ace yanks Bianca by the arm just enough to pull her out of the direct line.

Brittany manages to adjust mid-flight, grazing Bianca and crashing mostly into Ace's shoulder and chest, sending all three bodies tumbling near ringside.

John Phillips: "Brittany Reid takes flight!"

Mark Bravo: "She got part of Bianca, but Ace pulled her out of the way! Ace just saved Bianca from taking the full hit!"

The crowd boos Ace loudly while still cheering Brittany's courage.

Brittany rolls onto her side, wincing but moving. Ace sits up against the barricade, adjusting his suit with a look of deep personal offense. Bianca is down on one knee, stunned but spared from the worst of the impact.

John Phillips: "Ace Andrews may have just changed the outcome of that exchange, and the referee did not have a clear enough view to call it as interference."

Mark Bravo: "He did not shove Brittany. He did not strike her. He moved his investment out of danger. That is corporate instinct."

John Phillips: "That is still involvement."

Mark Bravo: "Oh, absolutely. But it is the kind that comes with plausible deniability and probably a legal department."

The referee begins counting from inside the ring.

Referee: "ONE!"

Brittany grabs the edge of the apron, pulling herself upward. Bianca crawls toward Ace, who is already trying to get to his feet while smoothing the front of his jacket.

Referee: "TWO!"

Brittany looks at Ace, realizing what happened. For the first time all match, the sunny expression fades almost completely.

Brittany Reid: "Seriously?"

Ace points toward the ring with a cold, dismissive motion.

Ace Andrews: "Focus on your match."

That gives Bianca the opening.

Bianca suddenly grabs Brittany from behind and drives her ribs-first into the edge of the apron.

Brittany cries out and drops to one knee.

John Phillips: "Bianca Page from behind! Brittany took her eyes off Bianca for one second!"

Mark Bravo: "And one second is all Bianca Page needs. Ace did not just save Bianca. He created the distraction after it."

Referee: "THREE!"

Bianca grabs Brittany by the back of the head and rolls her under the bottom rope into the ring.

Bianca slides in after her, then immediately covers, hooking the near leg.

Referee: "ONE!"

Referee: "TWO!"

Brittany kicks out.

The crowd pops as Bianca sits up sharply, glaring at the referee.

Bianca Page: "That was three."

Referee: "Two."

Ace Andrews, now standing outside, points calmly at the official.

Ace Andrews: "Count with authority."

John Phillips: "Brittany Reid survives, but Bianca Page has found the opening she needed."

Mark Bravo: "And that opening came from the outside. Brittany had the crowd. Brittany had the flight. But Ace Andrews turned a highlight into a headache."

Bianca rises slowly and looks down at Brittany, who is clutching her ribs and trying to breathe through the pain.

The smirk returns to Bianca's face.

She plants one boot lightly on Brittany's shoulder and shoves her back down to the mat.

Bianca Page: "Adorable effort."

The crowd boos heavily as Bianca turns toward Ace.

Ace gives her a small nod.

Bianca bends down, grabs Brittany by the arm, and begins dragging her toward the center of the ring.

John Phillips: "Bianca Page is in control now, and Brittany Reid's dream debut has suddenly become a fight for survival."

Mark Bravo: "Welcome to the big leagues, Killer Bee. The flowers at ringside have thorns."

Brittany reaches toward the crowd as Bianca pulls her up, the cheers trying to lift her back into the match while Bianca Page begins to slow the pace exactly the way Ace Andrews wanted.

Bianca Page drags Brittany Reid toward the center of the ring by the arm, the bright early momentum of the debut now replaced by the cold reality of Bianca's control.

Brittany clutches at her ribs with her free hand, still feeling the impact against the apron, still trying to get enough air back into her body to move the way she wants to move.

Bianca looks out at the crowd and gives them a small, disappointed shake of the head.

Bianca Page: "You got excited for that?"

The crowd boos loudly.

John Phillips: "Bianca Page now taking complete control after Ace Andrews pulled her out of the path of that dive, and Brittany Reid paid for it ribs-first into the apron."

Mark Bravo: "That is the part of this match Brittany has to learn fast. Her athleticism can win exchanges, but Bianca and Ace can turn one moment of frustration into a full strategy."

Bianca pulls Brittany up and immediately drives a knee into the midsection.

Brittany doubles over.

Bianca keeps hold of the wrist, yanks her upright, and drives in another knee, this one sharper and more deliberate.

Brittany gasps as Bianca steps behind her and hooks both arms in a tight abdominal stretch, twisting the smaller wrestler's body and pulling back across the ribs.

John Phillips: "Abdominal stretch by Bianca Page! Perfectly targeted after that impact on the apron."

Mark Bravo: "That is smart. Brittany's ribs are compromised, and Bianca knows it. You do not chase the fast girl. You fold her in half and make every breath expensive."

Brittany cries out as Bianca leans back, using her height and leverage to stretch her body sideways.

The referee drops low, checking Brittany's face.

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

Brittany Reid: "No!"

Bianca rolls her eyes.

Bianca Page: "Of course not. The inspirational ones never do when they should."

Brittany shakes her head, trying to twist her hips free, but Bianca adjusts and digs an elbow into the ribs.

Brittany cries out again.

Outside the ring, Ace Andrews moves closer to Bianca's side, hands folded in front of him as if observing a quarterly report.

Ace Andrews: "Good. Keep her breathing shallow. No lift, no spring."

John Phillips: "That is the strategy from Ace Andrews. Take away Brittany's spring, take away the aerial offense."

Mark Bravo: "And he is right. Brittany Reid is a gymnast in wrestling boots. If she cannot breathe deep and explode upward, she becomes a lot easier to manage."

Brittany tries to step toward the ropes, but Bianca yanks her back into position.

The crowd begins clapping, trying to rally her.

Crowd: "BRIT-TA-NY! BRIT-TA-NY!"

Brittany hears it.

Her hand opens and closes, reaching toward the ropes that still feel a mile away.

Bianca leans down near her ear.

Bianca Page: "Listen to them. They are already begging for you because they know you need help."

Brittany clenches her jaw.

Brittany Reid: "They're not begging."

She plants her foot.

Brittany Reid: "They're believing."

The crowd pops as Brittany starts to shift her weight.

Bianca's expression tightens.

Brittany rocks once.

Twice.

Then she rolls her hip inward, creating just enough space to slip one arm free. Bianca reaches to resecure the hold, but

Brittany snaps her elbow backward into Bianca's thigh, not a huge shot, but enough to break Bianca's base.

Brittany spins out underneath Bianca's arm and lands on one knee, still holding her ribs.

John Phillips: "Brittany Reid slips free!"

Mark Bravo: "That was creative. Not pretty, not powerful, but creative. That is what she needs."

Bianca charges forward immediately, not wanting to give her room.

Brittany drops flat to the mat.

Bianca steps over her and rebounds off the ropes.

Brittany pops up, leapfrogs Bianca on the return, but grabs her ribs mid-air and lands a half-step awkwardly.

That half-step costs her.

Bianca stops herself off the next rebound, catches Brittany from behind, and snaps her backward to the mat with a hair-assisted mat slam before the referee can get a clean angle.

John Phillips: "Oh, come on! Bianca Page used the hair!"

Mark Bravo: "The referee was on the wrong side, and Bianca knew it. That is not accidental."

Brittany hits the mat hard, rolling to her side as Bianca immediately drops a knee across the ribs.

Brittany jolts from the impact.

Referee: "Bianca, watch it!"

Bianca Page: "Watch what? Her fall apart?"

Bianca hooks the leg.

Referee: "ONE!"

Referee: "TWO!"

Brittany kicks out, twisting her shoulder off the mat just in time.

The crowd cheers, but Brittany's movement is slower now.

Bianca sits up, irritation deepening.

Bianca Page: "You are making this much harder than it needs to be."

Bianca gets to her feet and pulls Brittany up by the arm. She whips Brittany hard into the corner, and Brittany hits chest-first this time, unable to fully turn her body because of the ribs.

Brittany bounces backward from the impact, and Bianca catches her around the neck.

In one smooth motion, Bianca drops down and plants Brittany with a snap DDT.

John Phillips: "Snap DDT! Bianca Page plants Brittany Reid!"

Mark Bravo: "That is one of Bianca's favorite ways to cut somebody off, and Brittany may be out."

Bianca rolls Brittany over and covers again, this time pressing her forearm across Brittany's face.

Referee: "ONE!"

Referee: "TWO!"

Brittany kicks out again.

The crowd pops louder.

Bianca slaps the mat once and turns toward the referee.

Bianca Page: "Can you count to three, or did customs confiscate that ability?"

Referee: "It was two, Bianca."

Ace Andrews lifts both hands slightly from ringside.

Ace Andrews: "Do not argue with the help. Finish the work."

Bianca turns her head toward Ace, annoyed but listening.

Mark Bravo: "Ace is right again. Bianca is letting frustration creep in."

John Phillips: "And that may be because Brittany Reid has refused to stay down. Bianca expected this debuting competitor to fold by now."

Mark Bravo: "Bianca Page likes control. Brittany surviving is not part of the decor."

Bianca stands and takes a slow walk around Brittany, who is trying to push up onto her hands and knees.

Bianca stops beside her, looks down, and places the sole of her boot against Brittany's shoulder.

She gives a shove.

Brittany drops back down.

Bianca smiles.

Bianca Page: "Stay."

The crowd boos.

Brittany's eyes narrow.

Bianca bends down to pull her up again, but Brittany suddenly reaches out and catches Bianca in a small package.

John Phillips: "Small package! Small package!"

Referee: "ONE!"

Referee: "TWO!"

Bianca kicks out hard, rolling away in shock.

The crowd gasps, then cheers.

Mark Bravo: "Whoa! That almost became the funniest debut win in UTA history!"

John Phillips: "Brittany Reid nearly caught Bianca Page right there!"

Bianca scrambles back to her feet, eyes wide, then furious.

Brittany is slower up, clutching her ribs, but she flashes a tired grin.

Brittany Reid: "Almost had you."

Bianca storms forward and swings a forearm.

Brittany ducks.

Bianca turns around.

Brittany springs upward and catches her with a dropkick to the chest.

Bianca stumbles back into the ropes but does not go down.

Brittany rolls through, pops up, and hits another dropkick, this one sending Bianca through the middle rope and onto the apron.

John Phillips: "Brittany Reid finding another burst!"

Mark Bravo: "This kid is running on adrenaline and crowd noise right now!"

Bianca clutches the ropes from the apron, trying to steady herself.

Brittany grabs the top rope and charges.

She leaps, looking to spring into a hurricanrana or headscissors over the ropes, but Bianca catches her legs and holds on.

The crowd groans as Bianca traps Brittany upside down over the top rope.

Bianca smiles wickedly.

Bianca Page: "Bad idea."

Bianca drops down from the apron, snapping Brittany throat-first across the top rope.

Brittany whiplashes backward into the ring and collapses to the canvas, coughing and clutching at her throat and ribs.

John Phillips: "Oh! Bianca Page counters on the apron, and Brittany Reid crashes back inside!"

Mark Bravo: "That is what happens when you get too eager. Brittany had the crowd, had the burst, and Bianca turned the ropes into a weapon."

Bianca stands on the floor beside Ace Andrews, smoothing her hair back with both hands as if the near fall never rattled her.

But it did.

Her breathing is sharper. Her movements are a little less elegant. The mask of perfect composure has cracks now.

Ace sees it immediately.

Ace Andrews: "Good. Now make the mistake expensive."

Bianca nods and climbs back onto the apron.

Instead of entering immediately, she pauses, looks out at the crowd, and raises one arm as if presenting herself again.

The fans boo loudly.

John Phillips: "Bianca Page may have countered Brittany there, but that small package rattled her. There is no question about it."

Mark Bravo: "It should rattle her. A debuting wrestler almost beat her because Bianca got arrogant for half a second. That is the whole danger tonight. Brittany can turn a tiny opening into a giant problem."

Bianca steps through the ropes and moves toward Brittany, who is crawling toward the corner.

Bianca grabs Brittany by the ankle and drags her back toward the center of the ring.

Brittany kicks with her free leg, catching Bianca in the forearm once.

Bianca holds on.

Brittany kicks again, this time catching Bianca higher on the shoulder.

Bianca releases and backs off, shaking out the arm.

John Phillips: "Brittany still fighting from underneath!"

Mark Bravo: "That is the thing about someone her size. Even when she is hurt, she can make herself slippery."

Brittany pulls herself up in the corner.

Bianca charges.

Brittany gets both feet up, catching Bianca under the chin.

Bianca staggers back.

Brittany grabs the top rope, jumps to the middle rope, then springboards out with a twisting crossbody.

She lands across Bianca and hooks both legs as the crowd erupts.

Referee: "ONE!"

Referee: "TWO!"

Bianca kicks out again.

Brittany rolls off, wincing, holding her ribs from the landing.

John Phillips: "Springboard crossbody! Brittany Reid almost had Bianca again!"

Mark Bravo: "But every time Brittany takes flight, those ribs punish her when she lands. That is the problem."

Both women are down now.

The referee checks them both, then begins a standing count.

Referee: "ONE!"

Brittany rolls onto one side, breathing hard.

Bianca turns toward the ropes, reaching instinctively for Ace's side of the ring.

Referee: "TWO!"

Ace steps closer, tapping the apron lightly with one hand.

Ace Andrews: "Breathe. Let her rush. She will come to you."

Referee: "THREE!"

Brittany pushes up to one knee.

The crowd begins clapping again.

Crowd: "BRIT-TA-NY! BRIT-TA-NY!"

Referee: "FOUR!"

Bianca grabs the ropes and pulls herself upright, one hand at her jaw.

Brittany gets to her feet in the opposite corner, chest rising and falling, eyes locked on Bianca.

For a second, Bianca looks across the ring and sees something she did not expect to see this late in the match.

The debuting girl is still smiling.

Hurt, yes.

Breathing hard, yes.

But still smiling.

Bianca hates it.

Bianca Page: "What is wrong with you?"

Brittany wipes at her mouth, then raises both hands like pom-poms are still there.

Brittany Reid: "Never say die!"

The crowd pops.

Bianca charges.

Brittany charges too.

Bianca swings for the Right Stuff discus clothesline, spinning through with force.

Brittany ducks under it at the last second.

Bianca turns, off balance from the miss.

Brittany hits the ropes, rebounds, and springs into a tilt-a-whirl head scissors, using Bianca's momentum to whip her across the ring.

Bianca crashes near the corner.

John Phillips: "Brittany Reid ducks the discus clothesline and sends Bianca flying!"

Mark Bravo: "She is turning Bianca's frustration into fuel now!"

Brittany pops back up, but immediately grabs her ribs again. She fights through it, running toward Bianca as Bianca gets to one knee.

Brittany leaps and drives a shining wizard knee across the side of Bianca's head.

John Phillips: "O-M-Knee! Brittany Reid connects!"

Bianca drops flat.

Brittany falls into the cover, hooking the leg as best she can.

Referee: "ONE!"

Referee: "TWO!"

Bianca gets a shoulder up.

The crowd groans.

Brittany rolls onto her back, staring at the lights, then sits up with both hands on her head.

John Phillips: "So close! Brittany Reid nearly scored the debut win right there!"

Mark Bravo: "And look at Ace Andrews now."

The camera cuts to Ace Andrews at ringside.

For the first time all match, Ace's calm has dimmed. He is still composed, still measured, but his jaw is tighter. His eyes have sharpened.

This is no longer a routine investment.

This is risk exposure.

Ace Andrews: "Bianca. Now."

Bianca rolls toward the ropes, dazed, trying to get back to her feet.

Brittany pushes herself upright and looks toward the nearest corner.

The crowd begins to rise, sensing something big.

John Phillips: "Brittany may be thinking Queen Bee!"

Mark Bravo: "Double-rotation moonsault? With those ribs? John, that is either brave or wildly irresponsible."

Brittany points to the turnbuckle.

The crowd erupts.

She starts climbing.

Slowly at first, because every movement pulls at her ribs.

Bianca remains down near the center, one arm over her head.

Ace Andrews moves quickly along the floor, positioning himself closer to the corner Brittany is climbing.

John Phillips: "Ace Andrews is moving around ringside. He needs to stay away from Brittany Reid."

Mark Bravo: "He is not touching her, John. He is just... occupying space suspiciously."

Brittany reaches the top rope and steadies herself.

She looks down at Bianca.

Then out at the crowd.

For one second, she cannot help herself.

She raises both arms, feeding off the roar.

Crowd: "BRIT-TA-NY! BRIT-TA-NY!"

That one second gives Ace exactly what he wants.

He steps onto the apron just enough to catch the referee's attention.

Ace Andrews: "Her boot is untied."

The referee turns toward him, confused.

Referee: "Get down, Ace!"

Brittany sees Ace and looks over, irritated.

Brittany Reid: "Are you kidding me?"

Behind her, Bianca suddenly moves.

She dives into the ropes, shaking the top strand just enough to throw Brittany off balance.

Brittany drops hard onto the top turnbuckle, seated and grimacing as pain shoots through her ribs.

John Phillips: "Ace Andrews caused the distraction, and Bianca Page just shook the ropes!"

Mark Bravo: "That was a veteran trap. Brittany could not help but react, and Bianca made her pay."

Ace steps down from the apron with both hands raised innocently.

The referee yells at him, but Ace simply adjusts his sleeves.

Bianca slowly rises, smirking now despite the damage she has taken.

She walks toward the corner and climbs to the middle rope in front of Brittany.

Brittany tries to fight back, throwing a forearm from the seated position.

It catches Bianca on the shoulder.

Bianca answers with a sharp forearm of her own.

Brittany nearly falls backward, but grabs the top rope to stay upright.

John Phillips: "Both women battling on the turnbuckles now!"

Mark Bravo: "This is dangerous for Brittany. Her ribs are bad, she is up high, and Bianca is stronger in this position."

Bianca hooks Brittany by the head and looks out at the crowd.

She smiles, then mouths something to the camera.

Bianca Page: "Watch closely."

Bianca tries to pull Brittany into position for a superplex.

Brittany blocks it, wrapping one leg around the rope.

Bianca pulls again.

Brittany blocks again.

Then Brittany fires a desperate headbutt into Bianca's chest.

Bianca loses balance and drops backward off the middle rope, landing on her feet but staggering.

Brittany stays seated on the top turnbuckle, breathing hard.

Bianca charges back in.

Brittany suddenly flips forward over Bianca, landing behind her in a controlled tumble.

Bianca turns around.

Brittany leaps up and catches her with a sudden Diamond Cutter.

John Phillips: "Hornet's Sting! Hornet's Sting out of nowhere!"

Bianca's face hits the canvas and she bounces onto her back.

The crowd explodes.

Brittany rolls onto her stomach, eyes wide, knowing this is her chance.

She crawls toward Bianca.

Ace Andrews pounds the apron once.

Ace Andrews: "Move!"

Brittany drapes an arm across Bianca's chest.

Referee: "ONE!"

Referee: "TWO!"

Bianca gets her foot on the bottom rope.

The referee sees it and stops the count.

The crowd groans loudly.

John Phillips: "Bianca Page gets the foot on the rope! That was almost it!"

Mark Bravo: "Ace told her to move, and Bianca found the rope just in time. That may have saved the match."

Brittany rolls back and sits up, disappointment crossing her face for the first time. She looks at the referee, then at Bianca's foot on the rope, then back toward the crowd.

The fans clap for her again.

John Phillips: "Brittany cannot afford to get discouraged here. She has Bianca Page hurt."

Mark Bravo: "But this is where inexperience matters. She hit the move. She had the moment. She just was not close enough to the center of the ring."

Brittany nods to herself, pushing through the disappointment. She grabs Bianca by the wrist and starts trying to drag her away from the ropes.

Bianca grabs the bottom rope with both hands.

The referee steps in and begins counting.

Referee: "One! Two! Three!"

Brittany releases and backs up, frustrated but still listening to the official.

Bianca clings to the rope, blinking hard, trying to clear her head.

Ace leans in close to Bianca from the floor.

Ace Andrews: "You are letting her turn this into a story. End it."

Bianca slowly turns her head toward Ace.

Her eyes are furious now.

Not just at Brittany.

At the match itself.

At the idea that this debuting girl has forced her to survive.

At the crowd for believing.

At Ace for needing to tell her what she already thinks she knows.

Bianca Page: "I said I know what I'm doing."

Ace's expression remains calm, but his voice sharpens.

Ace Andrews: "Then prove it."

Bianca pulls herself up using the ropes.

Brittany waits in the opposite corner, one hand on her ribs, the other gripping the top rope.

The two women stare across the ring at each other.

Brittany is hurt.

Bianca is angry.

And Ace Andrews, for the first time all match, looks like his investment is starting to wobble.

John Phillips: "This match has become far more competitive than Bianca Page expected, and Brittany Reid is one big moment away from a dream debut."

Mark Bravo: "Or one mistake away from Bianca Page making sure she never forgets what this felt like."

The crowd rises again as both women step out of their corners, the match moving toward its decisive stretch.

Brittany Reid and Bianca Page step out of opposite corners, both women carrying the damage of the match in very different ways.

Brittany is hunched slightly, one arm pressed to her ribs, her breathing visibly shorter than when the bell first rang. But her feet are still moving. Still bouncing. Still trying to find that rhythm that made the Turin crowd fall in love with her in the first place.

Bianca stands taller, but the perfect image has been disturbed. Her hair is out of place. Her jaw is tight. Her eyes have lost some of that cold, polished amusement and replaced it with something more dangerous.

Embarrassment.

Anger.

Urgency.

John Phillips: "Both women have taken punishment here, but the story may be Bianca Page's frustration. She did not expect Brittany Reid to be in this match this late."

Mark Bravo: "No, she did not. Bianca expected a showcase. Brittany turned it into a fight. That is a problem for Bianca because the longer this goes, the louder this crowd gets, and the more Brittany starts believing this dream can actually happen."

The crowd claps in rhythm again.

Crowd: "BRIT-TA-NY! BRIT-TA-NY!"

Brittany hears it and raises one hand, not high, not dramatically, just enough to show she is still with them.

Bianca sees it and sneers.

Bianca Page: "They cannot save you."

Brittany takes a breath, then gives her a tired but defiant smile.

Brittany Reid: "Wasn't asking them to."

Bianca rushes forward.

Brittany ducks under a forearm and hits the ropes. Bianca turns quickly and catches her on the rebound, lifting her slightly for a tilt-a-whirl backbreaker, but Brittany spins through the rotation and lands on her feet behind Bianca.

The crowd pops.

Bianca whips around.

Brittany jumps, looking for another head scissors, but Bianca catches her this time, holding her around the waist and stopping the rotation cold.

Mark Bravo: "Bianca caught her!"

Brittany tries to twist free, but Bianca shifts her grip and drops her ribs-first across one knee.

Brittany folds off the impact, rolling to the mat in pain.

John Phillips: "Backbreaker variation by Bianca Page, right across those injured ribs!"

Mark Bravo: "That is brutal. Brittany tried to create motion, and Bianca turned it into a crash landing."

Bianca immediately crawls into the cover, hooking both legs and folding Brittany tight.

Referee: "ONE!"

Referee: "TWO!"

Brittany kicks out.

The crowd erupts again.

Bianca sits back on her knees, staring at the referee like she cannot believe he has personally insulted her.

Bianca Page: "No. No, that was three."

Referee: "Two count."

Bianca presses both hands to her face for one second, then drags them down slowly, trying to compose herself.

Outside the ring, Ace Andrews steps closer.

Ace Andrews: "You are arguing with math. Finish her."

Bianca snaps her head toward Ace.

Bianca Page: "I am aware!"

Ace does not flinch.

Ace Andrews: "Then stop performing for them."

Bianca's expression darkens.

John Phillips: "Ace Andrews trying to keep Bianca focused, but Bianca does not seem to appreciate the tone."

Mark Bravo: "That is the danger with managing someone who already thinks she is royalty. You can advise a queen, but you better choose your words carefully."

Bianca turns back to Brittany and grabs her by the hair again, yanking her up as the referee immediately begins warning her.

Referee: "Bianca! Let go of the hair!"

Bianca releases at four, then shoves Brittany backward into the ropes.

Brittany rebounds weakly, and Bianca meets her with a sharp boot to the midsection.

Brittany doubles over.

Bianca hooks her head and grabs the waistband, setting her up near the center of the ring.

John Phillips: "Bianca may be looking for Graceful here, that Ace Cutter!"

Mark Bravo: "If she hits this, the debut might be over."

Bianca twists, trying to snap Brittany down, but Brittany shoves her forward before Bianca can complete the motion.

Bianca hits the ropes chest-first and rebounds backward.

Brittany drops low and rolls her up from behind.

John Phillips: "Roll-up! Roll-up!"

Referee: "ONE!"

Referee: "TWO!"

Bianca kicks out just in time, bursting free and scrambling to her feet with panic flashing across her face.

Brittany rolls backward and pops up more slowly, but the crowd is roaring now.

Mark Bravo: "That is twice! Twice Brittany has almost stolen this thing!"

John Phillips: "Bianca Page keeps making tiny mistakes, and Brittany Reid is fast enough to punish every one of them."

Bianca charges in a rage.

Brittany ducks under a clothesline and hits the ropes again.

Bianca turns.

Brittany comes back and leaps, throwing all her weight upward into a high-impact superkick that catches Bianca flush in the mouth.

The impact knocks Brittany backward onto the mat as well, the force and her own ribs taking as much out of her as it does Bianca.

John Phillips: "Super Duper Kick! Brittany Reid caught her!"

Mark Bravo: "She threw everything into that! She left her feet to reach Bianca's jaw!"

Bianca drops hard to the canvas.

Brittany lands on her back, clutching her ribs, eyes squeezed shut from the pain of the landing.

The crowd is on its feet.

Crowd: "BRIT-TA-NY! BRIT-TA-NY!"

The referee looks at both women, then begins the count.

Referee: "ONE!"

Brittany rolls toward Bianca.

Referee: "TWO!"

Bianca stirs, one hand reaching blindly for the ropes.

Referee: "THREE!"

Brittany crawls, dragging herself across the canvas inch by inch.

Ace Andrews steps closer, his calm fully gone now. He points toward Bianca, urging her to move.

Ace Andrews: "Rope. Bianca, rope."

Brittany reaches Bianca and throws an arm across her chest.

Referee: "ONE!"

Referee: "TWO!"

Bianca kicks out.

The crowd groans loudly.

Brittany rolls onto her stomach, her face showing disbelief for only a second before she forces herself to keep moving.

John Phillips: "Bianca Page survives the Super Duper Kick, but Brittany Reid has her in trouble!"

Mark Bravo: "Brittany has to stay on her. This is the part where she cannot get caught admiring the moment."

Brittany pushes herself up using the ropes, wincing as she rises.

She looks to the corner.

The crowd sees it before the commentators say it.

John Phillips: "Brittany may be thinking Queen Bee again."

Mark Bravo: "With those ribs, I do not know if she can do a double-rotation moonsault. I do not know if she should."

Brittany steps toward the corner, but Ace Andrews moves around the outside again, positioning himself between her and the turnbuckles.

The crowd boos immediately.

John Phillips: "Ace Andrews is moving again."

Mark Bravo: "He knows what is coming. He knows if Brittany gets up there clean, Bianca may be finished."

Brittany sees Ace and points at him.

Brittany Reid: "Stay down!"

Ace lifts both hands, mockingly innocent.

Ace Andrews: "I am merely standing."

The referee turns toward Ace.

Referee: "Ace, move away from the corner!"

Ace takes one slow step back.

Then another.

Too slow.

Deliberately slow.

Brittany hesitates, watching him, frustrated.

That gives Bianca enough time to roll away from the center and toward the opposite side of the ring.

John Phillips: "Ace is buying time. That is all this is."

Mark Bravo: "And it is working. Brittany is losing seconds she cannot afford to lose."

Brittany finally turns away from Ace and rushes toward Bianca instead.

Bianca is pulling herself up near the ropes.

Brittany charges.

Bianca suddenly grabs the front of Brittany's gear and falls backward, pulling her throat-first across the middle rope.

Brittany snaps back and collapses to the mat, coughing and clutching her throat.

John Phillips: "And Bianca Page uses the ropes again!"

Mark Bravo: "Ace bought the time, and Bianca found the trap. That is the partnership."

Bianca rolls to the apron, then pulls herself up on the outside, breathing hard, wiping at her mouth after the superkick.

She looks down at Brittany, then toward Ace.

Bianca Page: "Enough. I am ending this."

Ace nods, but there is still tension in his face.

Ace Andrews: "Cleanly. Quickly."

Bianca glares at him again.

Bianca Page: "Do not tell me how to win."

Bianca steps through the ropes and stalks toward Brittany.

She grabs Brittany by the legs and begins twisting them together.

John Phillips: "Bianca Page going for Class Act! The Indian Deathlock!"

Mark Bravo: "This is bad. Brittany's ribs are hurt, but if Bianca gets the legs tied up, Brittany loses the one advantage she has left."

Brittany kicks desperately, trying to stop Bianca from locking the hold in.

Bianca catches one leg, crosses it over, then reaches for the other.

Brittany claws toward the ropes, but Bianca drags her back.

Bianca Page: "You wanted to fly? Let's see you crawl."

Bianca steps over, nearly completing the hold.

Brittany suddenly twists her hips and uses both legs to shove Bianca backward.

Bianca stumbles into the referee.

The referee staggers but does not go down, turning briefly to regain his balance.

Ace sees the moment.

He reaches under the bottom rope and grabs Brittany's ankle.

The crowd erupts in boos.

John Phillips: "Ace has the ankle! Ace Andrews has Brittany's ankle!"

Mark Bravo: "The referee did not see it! He was bumped off balance!"

Brittany looks down, shocked, then kicks backward with her free foot, catching Ace's hand.

Ace yanks his hand away, angry now.

The referee turns back just as Ace steps away, adjusting his cuff like nothing happened.

Referee: "Ace! I warned you!"

Ace Andrews: "Warned me for what? Standing near a ring?"

Brittany uses the distraction to pull herself to the ropes.

Bianca storms forward, livid that the submission did not happen.

She grabs Brittany and pulls her upright, then hooks her head again.

John Phillips: "Bianca looking for another big move here!"

Bianca tries to set for the Snap DDT again, but Brittany spins out, catches Bianca's wrist, and leaps to the middle rope.

In one fluid motion, she springboards backward, twisting into a hurricanrana that takes Bianca over and stacks her shoulders to the mat.

John Phillips: "Rah-Rah Rana! Into the cover!"

Referee: "ONE!"

Referee: "TWO!"

Bianca kicks out just before three, rolling through so violently that both women spill apart.

The crowd explodes again, nearly convinced that was the finish.

Mark Bravo: "That was almost it! That was almost the dream debut right there!"

John Phillips: "Brittany Reid is finding counters from everywhere!"

Bianca rolls onto all fours, eyes wide with panic and fury.

Brittany is slower to rise, the ribs and throat and legs all adding up, but the crowd is dragging her forward with every chant.

Ace slaps the apron with one hand.

Ace Andrews: "Bianca! Stop letting her turn your offense into opportunity!"

Bianca turns toward him, snapping with frustration.

Bianca Page: "Then stop standing there and do something useful!"

Ace's eyes narrow.

John Phillips: "You can hear the frustration between Bianca Page and Ace Andrews now. This match is slipping closer and closer to disaster for them."

Mark Bravo: "That is not a conversation you want on camera. Ace is the manager. Bianca is the talent. They are supposed to be aligned, not negotiating blame mid-match."

Bianca gets to her feet first and charges Brittany with a sudden spear attempt.

Brittany sees it coming at the last possible second and leapfrogs over Bianca, but the movement is not clean. She lands clutching her ribs, stumbling forward.

Bianca crashes shoulder-first into the middle turnbuckle.

The crowd roars.

John Phillips: "Bianca Page misses the spear!"

Bianca pulls herself out of the corner, stunned.

Brittany turns back, takes three quick steps, and leaps onto Bianca's back, flipping over into a sunset flip.

Referee: "ONE!"

Referee: "TWO!"

Bianca kicks out again, but this time she does not fully escape cleanly. She scrambles backward toward the ropes,

breathing hard, eyes burning.

Brittany rolls to one knee, exhausted.

Brittany Reid: "Come on, Bianca!"

The crowd cheers Brittany's fire.

Bianca looks at her from near the ropes, disgusted that this debuting wrestler is daring to challenge her so openly.

Bianca Page: "You do not get to say my name like that."

Bianca charges again, this time with a boot aimed at Brittany's face.

Brittany ducks and catches the leg, but Bianca counters with an enzuigiri-style kick from the other side, cracking Brittany across the temple.

Brittany drops to one knee.

Bianca grabs her quickly and sets her up.

John Phillips: "Bianca has her hooked!"

Bianca snaps Brittany down with Graceful, the Ace Cutter, driving Brittany into the mat.

John Phillips: "Graceful! Bianca Page hits Graceful!"

Mark Bravo: "That might do it! That might finally put Brittany away!"

Bianca rolls Brittany over and hooks the leg deep, her face twisted with desperation masked as arrogance.

Referee: "ONE!"

Referee: "TWO!"

Brittany gets her foot on the bottom rope.

The referee sees it and waves off the count.

The arena explodes.

John Phillips: "Foot on the rope! Brittany Reid got the foot on the rope!"

Mark Bravo: "Barely! Barely, John! But she knew where she was!"

Bianca stares at the foot.

Then at the referee.

Then at the foot again.

Something in her snaps.

Bianca Page: "No. Absolutely not."

She grabs Brittany's ankle and throws the foot off the rope, then points at the referee.

Bianca Page: "You were already counting!"

Referee: "She got the rope before three."

Bianca Page: "She does not even know where she is!"

Referee: "Rope break."

Bianca rises slowly, furious beyond composure. She steps toward the official, arguing, jabbing one finger toward his

chest.

Ace Andrews moves to her side of the ring, trying to redirect her.

Ace Andrews: "Bianca. Stop. You hit it once. Hit it again."

Bianca whips around toward him.

Bianca Page: "I had her!"

Ace Andrews: "You almost had her. There is a difference."

The words land badly.

Bianca steps toward the ropes, glaring down at Ace.

Bianca Page: "Do not correct me."

The referee moves toward Brittany, checking on her, while Bianca continues leaning over the ropes toward Ace.

Ace Andrews: "Then stop giving me reasons to."

The crowd rises, sensing something behind Bianca.

John Phillips: "Wait a minute. Brittany Reid is moving."

Brittany rolls onto her stomach.

Then to one knee.

She is dazed. Hurt. Barely steady.

But Bianca's back is turned.

Mark Bravo: "Bianca does not see her. Bianca is arguing with Ace!"

Brittany crawls forward, then gets both feet beneath her.

Bianca turns away from Ace, still furious, and steps backward toward center ring.

Brittany suddenly springs forward from behind, grabs Bianca around the waist, and rolls backward into a tight schoolgirl pin, folding Bianca's shoulders to the mat.

John Phillips: "ROLL-UP! ROLL-UP BY BRITTANY!"

Brittany hooks both legs as tight as she can, using every ounce of leverage in her smaller frame.

Referee: "ONE!"

Ace's eyes go wide.

Ace Andrews: "BIANCA!"

Referee: "TWO!"

Bianca kicks wildly, trying to break free, but Brittany shifts her weight, stacking her tighter.

Referee: "THREE!"

DING DING DING!

For half a second, the entire arena seems to pause in disbelief.

Then Inalpi Arena erupts.

John Phillips: "SHE GOT HER! SHE GOT HER! BRITTANY REID HAS WON HER UTA DEBUT!"

Mark Bravo: "Bianca Page argued with Ace Andrews, and Brittany Reid made her pay! The Killer Bee just stole the queen's crown!"

Brittany releases the pin and immediately rolls away, clutching her ribs as the referee raises her hand.

Her eyes are wide, almost unable to process it at first.

Then the smile returns.

Not the polished entrance smile.

Not the brave smile from earlier in the match.

This one is pure shock, pure joy, pure realization.

Ring Announcer: "Here is your winner... BRITTANY REID!"

The crowd cheers louder as Brittany drops to both knees, one hand over her mouth, the other still holding her ribs.

John Phillips: "What a debut! What a moment for Brittany Reid! She survived Bianca Page, she survived Ace Andrews at ringside, and when Bianca lost focus for one second, Brittany turned it into the biggest win of her young career!"

Mark Bravo: "That was not luck, John. That was awareness. That was survival. That was taking the one opening Bianca gave her and squeezing it until the referee hit three."

Bianca sits up in the ring, frozen.

She looks at the referee.

Then at Brittany.

Then at Ace.

The truth lands across her face slowly and horribly.

She lost.

To Brittany Reid.

In Brittany Reid's debut.

Because she was arguing.

Because Ace corrected her.

Because her arrogance left the door open.

Bianca Page: "No."

She rises quickly and gets in the referee's face.

Bianca Page: "No! Her shoulders were down! My shoulder was up! Restart it!"

Referee: "The decision is final."

Ace climbs onto the apron, jaw clenched, one hand gripping the top rope.

Ace Andrews: "Bianca, get out of the ring."

Bianca turns on him immediately.

Bianca Page: "This is your fault!"

Ace's face hardens.

Ace Andrews: "My fault?"

Brittany, meanwhile, has rolled to the outside on the opposite side of the ring. The referee follows just enough to raise her arm again near the ramp, helping create distance between her and Bianca's fury.

Brittany leans against the barricade, laughing in disbelief as fans reach over to pat her shoulder and slap her hand.

Brittany Reid: "I did it!"

The crowd cheers again.

John Phillips: "Listen to this crowd! Brittany Reid came to Turin looking for an opportunity, and she just left with a victory over one of the most arrogant and dangerous women in UTA."

Mark Bravo: "And look in the ring. Bianca and Ace are coming apart at the seams."

Inside the ring, Bianca is pacing now, furious, hands in her hair, then pointing toward Ace, then toward the referee, then toward Brittany on the floor.

Bianca Page: "She did not beat me! She surprised me!"

Ace steps through the ropes now, trying to calm her without looking like he is calming her.

Ace Andrews: "Leave. Now. Do not make this worse."

Bianca steps close to him, eyes blazing.

Bianca Page: "Worse? I just lost to a cheerleader because you would not stop talking!"

Ace stares at her, insulted but controlled.

Ace Andrews: "You lost because you stopped listening."

The crowd reacts with an "oooh" as Bianca's mouth opens slightly, offended to her core.

Outside, Brittany backs up the ramp, still clutching her ribs, still overwhelmed, but smiling through all of it.

She raises both arms as high as her body will allow.

The fans cheer.

Bianca sees it from the ring and lunges toward the ropes, but Ace grabs her by the arm to stop her.

Ace Andrews: "No."

Bianca rips her arm free and points up the ramp at Brittany.

Bianca Page: "You did not beat me! Do you hear me? You did not beat me!"

Brittany pauses on the ramp, breathing hard.

She looks back at Bianca.

Then, with a tired grin, Brittany lifts three fingers.

One.

Two.

Three.

The crowd erupts again.

Mark Bravo: "Oh, that is not going to help Bianca's mood."

John Phillips: "Maybe not, but Brittany Reid has earned this moment. What a debut here at World Tour: Italy '26."

Brittany turns back toward the stage, limping slightly, one arm wrapped around her ribs as she continues celebrating with the fans along the aisle.

Inside the ring, Bianca Page stands fuming, humiliated, while Ace Andrews watches Brittany retreat with the expression of a man whose investment report has taken a sudden and public loss.

John Phillips: "Brittany Reid did not just survive tonight. She won. She found a way, and she has immediately made herself someone to watch in UTA."

Mark Bravo: "And Bianca Page? She is going to replay that three-count in her nightmares, John. Not because Brittany dominated her, but because Brittany outlasted her, outsmarted her, and embarrassed her in front of the world."

The camera catches one final shot of Brittany Reid at the top of the ramp, smiling through the pain, one hand raised high as the Turin crowd cheers her name.

Then it cuts back to Bianca Page in the ring, furious and humiliated, with Ace Andrews standing just behind her.

The message is clear.

Brittany Reid has arrived.

And Bianca Page will not forget it.

The Office

Segment

The broadcast cuts away from ringside and takes us backstage inside Inalpi Arena.

The camera settles on a closed office door.

A simple nameplate is mounted at eye level.

SCOTT STEVENS

For a moment, nothing happens.

Then the door opens without a knock.

Eric Dane Jr. steps into the room like he owns it.

His jacket is still on. The Hardcore Championship is draped over his shoulder. He does not hurry. He does not look concerned. He walks in with the same casual entitlement he has carried all night, as if being called into this office is less a summons and more an inconvenience forced upon someone far too important for it.

Behind the desk, Scott Stevens does not stand.

He just watches.

Dane Jr. does not acknowledge him right away. His eyes drift around the office first, unimpressed, judging the room in silence like he has already decided none of this is worth his time.

The door remains open behind him.

Stevens lets it hang there for a moment.

Scott Stevens: "Close the door."

His voice is calm.

Even.

Dane exhales through his nose and glances back like the request itself is a chore. Without fully turning around, he reaches behind him and nudges the door shut.

The latch clicks.

Silence stretches between them.

Dane shifts his weight, adjusting the Hardcore Championship on his shoulder.

Eric Dane Jr.: "You pulled me in here during my night, in a sold-out building..."

He looks at Stevens now, irritation already threaded through every word.

Eric Dane Jr.: "So this better be worth it."

Stevens leans back slightly, hands coming together on the desk.

Scott Stevens: "You were summoned, Eric."

A brief pause follows.

Dane Jr.'s lip curls just enough to show he heard it.

And that he does not care.

Eric Dane Jr.: "Yeah."

He gives a small, dismissive shrug.

Eric Dane Jr.: "That's what I said."

Stevens lets it go.

For now.

Scott Stevens: "Where's Bobby?"

Dane barely reacts.

He adjusts the title again, eyes drifting off as though the answer is not worth the effort of delivering.

Eric Dane Jr.: "How would I know?"

He finally looks back at Stevens, a faint smirk forming.

Eric Dane Jr.: "I figured if anyone was keeping tabs on him, it'd be you."

Stevens' expression does not change.

Dane's smirk grows by a fraction.

Eric Dane Jr.: "What? He lose himself on the way to catering?"

The remark hangs in the air.

Stevens does not bite.

He simply moves on.

Scott Stevens: "We're not doing this again."

Dane Jr.'s attention sharpens slightly.

Stevens leans forward, measured and direct.

Scott Stevens: "Last week's loophole? It's closed."

A short pause.

Scott Stevens: "From here on out, you defend that title under appropriate stipulations. No reinterpretations. No last-second revisions. You do not get to redefine what that championship is on a whim."

Dane Jr. rolls his eyes before Stevens even finishes.

Eric Dane Jr.: "Appropriate stipulations."

He repeats the phrase like it tastes ridiculous.

Eric Dane Jr.: "That's cute."

He shifts the Hardcore Championship higher on his shoulder.

Eric Dane Jr.: "And who exactly am I supposed to defend it against?"

A scoff follows.

Eric Dane Jr.: "There's nobody here worth the effort."

Stevens does not react.

Scott Stevens: "Funny you should say that."

Dane exhales, already annoyed by the direction this is clearly heading.

Scott Stevens: "Tonight, Samuel Scythe faces Clovis Black."

Stevens lets the names sit for a beat.

Scott Stevens: "Winner gets the next shot at your Hardcore Championship."

Dane Jr. lets out a short laugh and shakes his head.

Eric Dane Jr.: "Right. Of course."

He taps the title lightly with two fingers.

Eric Dane Jr.: "So I'm supposed to defend this against either a third-string stooge hiding behind Amy Harrison..."

He lets the name hang with visible contempt.

Eric Dane Jr.: "...or a guy who couldn't get past Kairo Bey."

Dane looks back at Stevens, openly dismissive now.

Eric Dane Jr.: "Neither one of them deserves to be in the same ring as me."

The words linger.

Stevens' answer is immediate and flat.

Scott Stevens: "You do not get to decide who deserves it."

Dane Jr.'s jaw tightens.

Stevens leans forward just enough to make sure the next part lands.

Scott Stevens: "You hold the title. That is the job. You defend it against whoever earns the shot."

A measured pause.

Scott Stevens: "And tonight, someone does."

Dane starts to respond, but Stevens cuts him off.

Calm.

Final.

Scott Stevens: "You defend it."

Another beat.

Scott Stevens: "Or I take it."

That lands.

Dane does not have a quick answer this time.

Stevens settles back in his chair, already done with the conversation even though Dane is still standing there.

Scott Stevens: "And while you're worrying about who is worthy, you might want to get your Bobby Dean situation under control."

There is a flicker from Dane Jr.

Quick.

Almost nothing.

But it is there.

Scott Stevens: "I am not cleaning up after you."

Stevens holds his eyes on him.

Scott Stevens: "Handle it."

Another moment passes.

Scott Stevens: "That'll be all."

Dane Jr. does not move right away.

For a second, it looks like he might say something. Like he might push back. Like the arrogance might rise up one more time and try to turn this into another argument.

But there is nothing there for him to push against.

Stevens has already made the decision.

Dane adjusts the Hardcore Championship on his shoulder, sharper this time, then turns and heads for the door.

He opens it.

Steps out.

The door closes harder than it needs to.

Stevens does not look up.

The camera holds on him for one final second behind the desk.

Then the broadcast cuts away.

Pinnacle

Segment

The camera cuts backstage to the interview area.

Before Melissa Cartwright can even appear fully ready, an irate "Classy" Bianca Page storms into frame.

Ace Andrews follows close behind her, both hands slightly raised, trying to calm her down without getting too close to the blast radius.

Bianca is furious.

Not annoyed.

Not embarrassed.

Furious.

Bianca Page: "No. No, Ace, I cannot let this travesty go unrecognized!"

Ace holds his hands up, trying to keep his voice low.

Ace Andrews: "Bianca..."

Bianca Page: "No!"

Bianca snaps toward him, then immediately turns back toward the camera.

Bianca Page: "That two-bit cheerleader just reached the pinnacle of her life by stealing a victory against me!"

Bianca lets out a loud, frustrated yell, pacing in a tight circle as Ace watches carefully.

Bianca Page: "That will never happen again!"

She steps closer to the camera, eyes wide with anger.

Bianca Page: "Ever!"

Ace glances off-camera, clearly hoping production is smart enough not to cut her off yet.

Bianca Page: "Because I know. I know you are not better than me!"

She points toward the camera as if Brittany Reid is standing directly behind it.

Bianca Page: "I know it. You know it, Brittany. Ace knows it. Sione knows it. The stupid people in the audience know it. Everyone knows it!"

A production assistant off-camera makes a small hand motion, clearly trying to wrap the segment.

Bianca sees it immediately.

She snatches a bottle of water from a nearby table and throws it toward the floor near the production assistant, sending it skidding across the backstage area.

Bianca Page: "Don't you dare try to wrap me up, you pathetic little monkey butt!"

Ace closes his eyes for half a second, already knowing that phrase is going to live forever in clip form.

Bianca Page: "I will hijack this show if I want to, because I am the only person on this entire roster that is worth a damn!"

Ace Andrews: "And Samuel too."

Bianca's face turns sharply toward Ace.

Ace immediately adjusts.

Ace Andrews: "That goes without saying."

Bianca stares at him for another beat, then turns back toward the camera, still breathing hard.

Bianca Page: "Somebody go find that reject from the Bring It On movies and let her know that if she thinks she is done with me, she has another thing coming."

Her voice drops into something colder.

Bianca Page: "Because I will ruin her."

Bianca glares into the camera one last time, then storms off.

Ace Andrews stays behind for half a second, looking after her, then exhales through his nose and follows.

The camera catches the water bottle still rolling slowly on the floor before the segment cuts away.

Carrying Tradition

Segment

The broadcast fades in slowly.

But not inside Inalpi Arena.

Not in the locker room.

Not behind a curtain or beneath the harsh glow of arena lighting.

Outside.

The streets of Turin stretch out in the background, beautiful and old, with stone buildings lined by archways and quiet cafés tucked beneath them. People pass by at a distance, their conversations softer than the noise Sol Azteca is used to. There is movement here, but it is measured. Controlled. Different.

A contrast.

Where they sit, just off the street, everything feels calm.

A small table.

Two chairs.

No stage.

No spotlight.

No roar of the crowd waiting to swallow every word.

Just a conversation set against a place that is not home, but somehow does not feel unfamiliar either.

Seated on one side is Sol Azteca.

The mask is on.

She is still. Present. Centered.

Across from her, the interviewer leans forward slightly, allowing the moment to breathe before asking the first question.

Interviewer: "Before UTA, before Japan, before any of this... who were you growing up in Mexico City?"

Sol does not rush to answer.

Her eyes shift slightly, not away from the question, but inward, as if she is placing herself back there for a moment.

Sol Azteca: "I was a kid who didn't really know anything else. I started training lucha when I was eight years old, and by that point it already felt like part of my life."

Her voice stays calm.

Steady.

Sol Azteca: "My father worked for a local promotion in Puebla. He wasn't the one in the spotlight. He set up the rings, handled merchandise, did whatever needed to be done. So I grew up seeing everything that happens behind the scenes. Not just the matches, but the work that makes them possible."

She shifts slightly in her seat, the street behind her continuing its quiet rhythm.

Sol Azteca: "That's where I learned what this really is. It's not the lights or the attention. It's the people who show up every day and build something out of nothing."

The interviewer nods, giving the answer its space before continuing.

Interviewer: "Did you ever feel like you had a choice? Or was this always going to be your path?"

Sol gives a faint shake of her head, though there is no resistance in it. No regret.

Sol Azteca: "I had a choice. No one forced me into it. But some things don't feel like decisions. They feel like direction."

She pauses.

Sol Azteca: "This was always where I was going."

Interviewer: "Do you remember the first time you put the mask on, and what that moment meant to you?"

There is a subtle shift in her posture now.

Something more grounded settles in.

Sol Azteca: "I remember it clearly. I was maybe eleven or twelve, and when they tell you you're ready, it's not a small moment."

Her hand lifts slightly, hovering near the mask without touching it.

Sol Azteca: "The mask is a huge part of lucha tradition. It carries history, identity, responsibility. When you put it on, you're not just representing yourself anymore. You're representing something that existed long before you."

She lets the words settle before continuing.

Sol Azteca: "That changes how you see yourself. You start to understand that what you do matters beyond just winning or losing."

Interviewer: "You left home at sixteen to train in Japan. That is a massive decision at that age. What pushed you to make it?"

The quiet rhythm of the street carries behind them as Sol takes a longer moment this time.

There is no dramatic pause for effect.

Only the weight of a memory that still matters.

Sol Azteca: "That decision came after something that changed everything. When I was sixteen, my father passed away. Lung cancer."

She does not look away.

Sol Azteca: "And after that, things become very clear. I had to decide whether I was going to stay where I was, or continue what we believed in."

Her voice remains steady, but there is quiet conviction underneath it.

Sol Azteca: "We both shared the same dream. To take lucha beyond where it was and show it to the world. So I left. I

dropped out of school and went to Japan to train."

Interviewer: "Did you ever question that choice once you got there?"

Sol answers without hesitation.

Sol Azteca: "No. It was hard, but it was never the wrong decision."

Interviewer: "When you got to Japan, what was the reality compared to what you expected?"

She leans forward slightly, engaged but still composed.

Sol Azteca: "It was completely different from what I knew. The Sendai Girls dojo teaches a traditional, hard-hitting joshi style. It is disciplined, physical, and demanding in a way that doesn't leave room for excuses."

She nods once.

Sol Azteca: "And being a foreigner, you don't start on equal ground. You have to prove that you respect their art just as much as your own. Not with words, but with how you train, how you carry yourself, how you endure it."

Sol lets that settle.

Sol Azteca: "And until you prove that, every day is hard."

Interviewer: "When did that change? When did you feel like you belonged there?"

Sol considers it for a moment.

Sol Azteca: "It wasn't one moment. It was consistency. Showing up every day, doing the work, respecting the process even when it didn't feel fair."

A slight nod follows.

Sol Azteca: "Eventually, it stops feeling like you're being tested, and starts feeling like you've earned your place. That's when it changes."

Interviewer: "After everything, Mexico, your father, Japan, what does stepping into UTA now mean to you?"

There is no pause this time.

Sol Azteca: "It means I'm exactly where I'm supposed to be. This is what I've been working toward my entire life."

Her voice remains calm, but the certainty behind it is unmistakable.

Sol Azteca: "When I step into that ring, I'm not just in there for myself. I carry my father's memory with me, and everyone in Mexico and Japan who dreams of doing this one day."

Interviewer: "That is a lot to carry. Do you ever feel the pressure of that?"

Sol answers immediately.

Sol Azteca: "No. Because it's already succeeded."

The interviewer leans in slightly as she continues.

Sol Azteca: "I'm here. I made it this far. And even if I never become the biggest name, if I never reach the top, if even one person sees what we do and understands the tradition and pride behind it..."

She nods once.

Sol Azteca: "Then that's enough."

Interviewer: "Outside of the ring, when everything slows down, what do you miss the most?"

Her tone softens now.

Sol Azteca: "From Mexico, I miss the soul of it. The people, the energy. Everything feels alive there. It doesn't slow down, and it doesn't wait."

Her eyes drift briefly down the street.

Sol Azteca: "And in Japan, I miss the people there too. They're hard at first, but once they accept you, once you earn that respect, they support you in a way that's hard to describe."

Interviewer: "You've experienced two very different cultures. What is something from each that you carry with you every day?"

Sol Azteca: "Respect and tradition. Both cultures are different on the surface, but at their core they're the same. They demand respect, and they expect you to honor the people who came before you."

Interviewer: "When things don't go your way, when you lose or fall short, how do you handle that?"

Sol Azteca: "You pick yourself up and keep going. Everyone has struggles. You just can't let those struggles define who you are as a person."

Interviewer: "Is there anything about this journey that still challenges you, even now?"

Sol shifts slightly, more reflective than before.

Sol Azteca: "My biggest struggle isn't with anything wrestling related. This is my home. I've been around this my entire life, so I'm comfortable here."

A small pause follows.

Sol Azteca: "My challenges come from learning how to turn it off. How to just have fun and live life outside the ring. That's something I've had to work on."

She glances briefly around the unfamiliar city.

Sol Azteca: "And being here at the start of the tour, I've tried to embrace that. I've gone out, explored, taken in places like this, just allowed myself to be present in it."

A faint nod.

Sol Azteca: "That's something I'm still learning. But I've started."

Interviewer: "When everything is moving fast, new places, new challenges, what keeps you centered?"

Sol answers simply.

Sol Azteca: "Music. You'll usually see me walking around with my AirPods in. It helps me focus, helps me stay grounded no matter where I am."

Interviewer: "If someone is watching you for the first time in UTA, what do you want them to feel?"

Sol leans forward slightly, her voice steady but sincere.

Sol Azteca: "I want them to feel the same pride and joy that I feel having the privilege of going out there and performing in front of them, because that's the highest honor I can have."

The camera lingers for a moment longer.

The sounds of Turin remain soft, steady, unfamiliar, but not uncomfortable.

Sol Azteca sits beneath the quiet movement of the city, masked and composed, carrying Mexico, Japan, her father,

and herself into whatever comes next.

She does not look out of place.

She never does.

The shot slowly fades out.

Valkyrie Knox vs. Rosa Delgado

Match

The broadcast returns to ringside inside Inalpi Arena, where the noise has started to build again.

The ring crew has cleared the area. The referee stands inside the ring, speaking briefly with an official at ringside. On the timekeeper's table, the UTA Fighting Championship rests in clear view, its presence turning the atmosphere heavier before either competitor has even appeared.

John Phillips: "Ladies and gentlemen, it is time for the UTA Fighting Championship to be defended."

Mark Bravo: "And not just defended, John. Defended under Fighting Championship Rules. That changes the whole temperature of the room."

John Phillips: "For those watching who may be unfamiliar, Fighting Championship Rules are built for exactly what that title represents. This is not about surviving on flash. This is not about running away with a count-out or stealing an easy escape. This is about fighting until there is a clear winner. Pinfall, submission, knockout, or referee stoppage."

Mark Bravo: "Which means if somebody cannot intelligently defend themselves, if somebody is getting mauled and the referee has seen enough, this thing can end whether they like it or not."

John Phillips: "And tonight, Rosa Delgado challenges Valkyrie Knox. New Empire versus Old Empire. Rosa Delgado, once standing in Amy Harrison's orbit, now standing against everything The Empire has become."

Mark Bravo: "That is the emotional part. The physical part? Valkyrie Knox is six feet of bad news in spirit even if the listing says five-ten. She hits like a door falling off a building. Rosa better be ready to grind, because if she tries to trade bombs all night with Valkyrie, that road gets dark fast."

The lights begin to dim.

A warm steel-blue glow spreads across the entrance stage.

The crowd begins to rise, sensing the challenger.

Staccato snare hits crack through the sound system.

Then "Steel My Heart" by The Vanguards kicks in.

Rosa Delgado steps through the curtain.

No theatrics.

No wasted motion.

She pauses beneath the steel-blue light, shoulders squared, jaw set, eyes locked on the ring. She taps her left elbow pad twice. Once. Twice. A small ritual. A reminder. A promise.

John Phillips: "Here comes Rosa Delgado. San Antonio, Texas. Blue-collar technician. Hard-nosed. Stubborn. The kind of competitor who gets more dangerous the longer a fight goes."

Mark Bravo: "And that left arm strategy of hers is no joke. Rosa likes to break people down piece by piece, especially that left arm. She gets glued to it, she makes you carry it, and then suddenly you realize every clinch, every rope grab,

every push-off hurts."

Rosa starts down the ramp with quiet focus.

She does not slap every hand. She does not look for the camera. She does not try to make the moment bigger than it already is.

The crowd respects that.

They cheer anyway.

John Phillips: "There is a very different energy around Rosa Delgado tonight. This is personal, but she is not storming to the ring out of control. She looks focused."

Mark Bravo: "That might be the only way she survives this. Valkyrie wants a war. Rosa has to make it a craft. She has to make it ugly in a smart way."

Rosa reaches ringside and stops near the championship on the timekeeper's table.

She looks down at it.

Not long.

Just enough.

Then her eyes lift toward the ring.

John Phillips: "That Fighting Championship represents violence, but also validation. Valkyrie Knox won that title at Victorious, and tonight Rosa Delgado has a chance to stop her first step on the journey to five."

Mark Bravo: "And Amy Harrison made it very clear earlier what she wanted Valkyrie to do. Not just win. Hurt Rosa. Hurt her badly. That is the shadow hanging over this thing."

Rosa climbs the steel steps and steps onto the apron. She pauses there, rolling her shoulders once, then steps through the ropes.

Inside the ring, she walks to the center, turns once toward the hard camera, and taps the left elbow pad again.

The crowd gives her another strong reaction.

John Phillips: "Rosa Delgado is not the biggest competitor Valkyrie has faced. She may not be the strongest. But she is tough, she is technical, and she knows how to take an opponent into deep water."

Mark Bravo: "The question is whether she can get Valkyrie there before Valkyrie turns the whole pool red."

Rosa backs into her corner.

She grips the top rope with both hands and lowers her head for a brief second.

Not prayer.

Not fear.

Focus.

When she looks up again, her eyes are fixed on the entrance stage.

The music fades.

The steel-blue light drains away.

For a moment, the arena is left in a restless darkness.

John Phillips: "Rosa Delgado is ready."

Mark Bravo: "Now comes the champion."

The building goes dark purple.

A low roll of thunder shakes through the speakers.

The crowd shifts immediately from anticipation into a louder, harsher reaction.

Then a war horn blares.

Deep.

Ancient.

Violent.

Smoke begins to crawl across the stage.

Through it, Valkyrie Knox steps into view.

The UTA Fighting Championship is around her waist.

A steel-spiked gauntlet covers one hand, which she raises slowly toward the rafters as the purple light catches every edge.

She does not smile.

She does not play to the crowd.

She simply stands there like something carved for war.

John Phillips: "And there is the champion. Valkyrie Knox. The Iron Valkyrie. Former UTA Women's Champion, current UTA Fighting Champion, and one of the most physically intimidating forces in this company."

Mark Bravo: "She does not enter like she wants to win a wrestling match. She enters like she has been sent to collect a debt."

Valkyrie lowers the gauntlet and begins her walk down the ramp.

Every step is heavy.

Measured.

Unhurried.

Her eyes never leave Rosa Delgado.

Inside the ring, Rosa does not back up. She keeps both hands on the top rope, standing in place, staring right back.

John Phillips: "Rosa Delgado is not moving. She knows exactly what is walking toward her."

Mark Bravo: "That takes guts. But guts do not stop a running big boot. Guts do not stop a deadlift German. Guts do not stop Valkyrie Knox if she gets both hands on you."

Valkyrie reaches the bottom of the ramp and stops in front of the championship table.

She looks down at the Fighting Championship around her waist.

Then toward Rosa.

Then she slowly unfastens the title.

With one hand, she lifts it high.

The crowd boos loudly.

Valkyrie does not react.

John Phillips: "Valkyrie Knox has said very little since winning that championship, but her actions have spoken loudly enough. She sees this title as a weaponized standard. If you want it, you have to survive her."

Mark Bravo: "And Amy Harrison wants Rosa Delgado made into an example. That might make Valkyrie even more dangerous tonight. Because she is not just defending a title. She is carrying out a sentence."

Valkyrie hands the championship to the official at ringside and climbs onto the apron.

She steps over the middle rope and into the ring without a hint of hesitation.

The referee immediately moves between champion and challenger as Valkyrie steps toward the center.

Rosa leaves her corner too.

They meet just short of nose-to-nose.

The size difference is clear.

Valkyrie taller.

Heavier.

Broader.

But Rosa's stare does not bend.

John Phillips: "This is Old Empire versus New Empire, but more than that, it is two completely different answers to violence. Valkyrie overwhelms. Rosa dissects."

Mark Bravo: "And if Rosa can dissect the left arm, if she can take away some of Valkyrie's lifting power, maybe she has a path. But if Valkyrie gets rolling, this could get ugly fast."

The referee takes the UTA Fighting Championship and raises it high above both women.

The crowd reacts as the title gleams under the lights.

Ring Announcer: "The following contest is scheduled for one fall and is for the UTA Fighting Championship! This match will be contested under Fighting Championship Rules!"

The crowd roars again at the announcement.

Ring Announcer: "Introducing first, the challenger! From San Antonio, Texas, weighing in at one hundred forty-six pounds... ROSA DELGADO!"

Rosa steps back and raises one arm. The cheers rise. She nods once, then lowers the arm immediately, her focus returning to Valkyrie.

Ring Announcer: "And her opponent! From Reykjavik, Iceland, weighing in at one hundred eighty-two pounds... she is the UTA Fighting Champion... VALKYRIE KNOXX!"

Valkyrie slowly lifts the steel-spiked gauntlet one more time.

The boos rain down.

Her expression does not change.

The referee hands the championship off to ringside, then turns back to both competitors.

Referee: "You both know the rules. Pinfall, submission, knockout, or stoppage. Protect yourselves at all times. When I

tell you to break, you break."

Rosa nods.

Valkyrie does not.

She simply keeps staring through Rosa Delgado.

The referee checks both corners.

John Phillips: "This is not going to be pretty."

Mark Bravo: "It is not supposed to be."

The referee calls for the bell.

DING DING DING!

Rosa comes out carefully, hands high, feet under her, circling to her left.

Valkyrie does not circle.

She walks forward.

Rosa shifts again, trying to create an angle, but Valkyrie keeps coming, cutting the distance with heavy steps.

John Phillips: "Rosa Delgado trying to move laterally right away. She cannot afford to stand straight in front of Valkyrie Knox."

Mark Bravo: "That is the right idea. Make the monster turn. Make her reset. Do not let her plant her feet and launch you into row three."

Valkyrie reaches for her.

Rosa slips underneath the first grab and immediately catches Valkyrie's left wrist.

She twists into a wristlock and steps behind the arm, wrenching it down.

The crowd responds quickly, recognizing the strategy.

John Phillips: "And there it is! Rosa Delgado going right after that left arm!"

Mark Bravo: "No surprise. That is what Rosa does. She finds the arm and she lives there."

Valkyrie looks down at her arm.

Then at Rosa.

No panic.

No pain on her face yet.

Just annoyance.

Rosa cranks again and steps to the side, trying to force Valkyrie down to one knee, but Valkyrie suddenly powers upward and yanks Rosa toward her.

Rosa releases before she can be pulled all the way in, then fires a rolling elbow toward Valkyrie's jaw.

Valkyrie absorbs most of it on the shoulder, but the shot still lands enough to turn her head.

The crowd pops.

John Phillips: "Rolling elbow by Rosa Delgado!"

Mark Bravo: "That got her attention."

Rosa immediately follows with a low kick to the thigh, then steps in and snatches the left wrist again.

Valkyrie tries to club down with the right hand, but Rosa ducks under it and twists the left arm behind Valkyrie's back into a hammerlock.

For the first time, Valkyrie's posture changes.

Not much.

But enough.

John Phillips: "Rosa is forcing Valkyrie to wrestle early."

Mark Bravo: "And that is smart. Do not trade war horns. Make this a machine shop. Grind the parts down."

Rosa steps in tight, chest to Valkyrie's back, trying to keep the champion from turning into her. Valkyrie reaches back with her right hand, trying to pry at Rosa's grip, but Rosa transitions beautifully, dropping her weight and dragging Valkyrie down into a grounded hammerlock.

The crowd cheers louder as Valkyrie lands on one knee, then one hand.

John Phillips: "Rosa Delgado has the champion grounded!"

Mark Bravo: "This is exactly what she needed. The longer Valkyrie is on the mat, the less she can throw you through it."

Rosa drives her knee lightly into Valkyrie's shoulder blade, not as a strike, but as pressure. She bends the wrist, forces the elbow higher, and tries to make the champion carry her own strength against her.

Valkyrie's face tightens.

Then she starts to rise.

Slowly.

Powerfully.

Rosa cranks harder.

Valkyrie keeps rising anyway.

John Phillips: "Look at the strength of Valkyrie Knoxx."

Mark Bravo: "That is terrifying. Rosa has good positioning, good leverage, and Valkyrie is just standing up through it."

Valkyrie reaches her feet, Rosa still clinging to the hammerlock.

Then Valkyrie backs hard into the corner.

Rosa's spine hits the turnbuckles.

The hold breaks.

Rosa gasps as Valkyrie steps forward, then drives backward again.

Rosa hits the corner harder this time.

John Phillips: "Valkyrie Knoxx using her body as a weapon to break the hold!"

Mark Bravo: "That is the power difference. Rosa found the arm. Valkyrie found the wall."

The referee calls for a break, but Valkyrie turns around before the official can get between them.

Rosa tries to slip out along the ropes.

Valkyrie catches her with a short, brutal knee to the midsection.

Rosa doubles over.

Valkyrie grips Rosa by the back of the head and pulls her upright.

For a moment, their faces are inches apart.

Valkyrie Knoxx: "Kneel."

Rosa responds by slapping Valkyrie hard across the face.

The arena erupts.

Mark Bravo: "Oh!"

John Phillips: "Rosa Delgado refusing to be intimidated!"

Valkyrie's head turns slightly from the slap.

Then it turns back.

Her eyes change.

Rosa fires a second shot, a sharp forearm, but Valkyrie catches her by the arm, yanks her in, and blasts her with a short-arm lariat that turns Rosa inside out.

Rosa hits the mat hard.

John Phillips: "Short-arm lariat! Valkyrie Knoxx just folded Rosa Delgado!"

Mark Bravo: "That is what happens when the door finally opens. Rosa had a good first minute, but Valkyrie just reminded her what kind of fight this is."

Rosa rolls to her side, stunned, trying to push herself up.

Valkyrie stands over her.

No rush.

No wasted movement.

She reaches down, grabs Rosa by the waist, and deadlifts her off the mat.

John Phillips: "Oh no."

Rosa kicks her legs, trying to shift her weight, but Valkyrie locks her hands and launches her backward with a deadlift German suplex.

Rosa lands high on her shoulders and rolls through to her stomach, clutching the back of her neck.

John Phillips: "Deadlift German suplex by the Fighting Champion!"

Mark Bravo: "That was pure power. Rosa went from technician to crash test dummy in about three seconds."

Valkyrie sits up, then slowly rises to one knee.

She looks toward the crowd, not for approval, but almost as if listening for fear.

Then she rises fully.

Rosa reaches for the ropes, dragging herself toward them.

Valkyrie follows.

John Phillips: "Rosa Delgado had the right strategy early, but the champion has taken over with overwhelming force."

Mark Bravo: "And now Rosa has to answer the real question. Can she survive long enough to turn this back into a wrestling match?"

Valkyrie grabs Rosa by the back of the gear and pulls her up.

Rosa suddenly reaches back and catches Valkyrie's left arm again, dropping down and snapping it across her shoulder in a quick arm wringer counter.

Valkyrie grunts and steps back.

The crowd pops as Rosa staggers forward, still hurt, but still thinking.

John Phillips: "Rosa goes back to the arm!"

Mark Bravo: "That is discipline. She just got suplexed out of her boots, and she still remembered the game plan."

Rosa drives a spinning backfist into Valkyrie's jaw.

Valkyrie staggers one step.

Rosa hits another forearm, then another, backing the champion toward the ropes.

The crowd builds with every shot.

John Phillips: "Rosa Delgado firing back!"

Rosa grabs Valkyrie's wrist and tries to whip her across the ring.

Valkyrie plants her feet and does not move.

Rosa pulls again.

Nothing.

Valkyrie yanks Rosa back toward her, but Rosa ducks under the incoming arm and snaps a dragon screw around Valkyrie's lead leg.

Valkyrie drops to one knee.

John Phillips: "Dragon screw! Rosa takes the champion down again!"

Mark Bravo: "There it is! Arm and leg now. Rosa is trying to take away the launch points."

Rosa immediately scrambles onto Valkyrie's left side and traps the arm again, trying to cross it under the chin, looking for the early shape of the Magnolia Lock.

The crowd rises.

John Phillips: "Rosa Delgado may be looking for the Magnolia Lock!"

Valkyrie senses it instantly.

She powers to one knee, then drives backward, smashing Rosa between her own body and the mat.

Rosa loses the grip, coughing as Valkyrie rolls free.

Mark Bravo: "Not yet. Rosa almost had the path, but Valkyrie is too strong, too fresh."

Both women rise almost at the same time.

Rosa is quicker.

Valkyrie is heavier.

Rosa charges first, looking for a rolling elbow.

Valkyrie catches her mid-spin.

For one terrifying second, Rosa is trapped across Valkyrie's chest.

Then Valkyrie presses her overhead.

The crowd gasps.

John Phillips: "Valkyrie has her up! Gorilla press!"

Rosa kicks desperately, but Valkyrie holds her there, letting the arena see the strength.

Then she drops Rosa down into a crushing powerslam.

The impact shakes the ring.

John Phillips: "Gorilla-press powerslam! Rosa Delgado just got driven into the canvas!"

Valkyrie hooks the leg.

Referee: "ONE!"

Referee: "TWO!"

Rosa kicks out.

The crowd erupts.

Valkyrie looks down at her, almost curious.

Mark Bravo: "Rosa kicked out, but look at Valkyrie's face. She does not look frustrated. She looks like she just found out the toy is sturdier than expected."

John Phillips: "That may be the worst thing for Rosa Delgado. Valkyrie Knox may not be angry. She may be interested."

Rosa rolls toward the ropes, coughing and trying to pull air back into her lungs.

Valkyrie sits up and slowly turns toward her.

The champion rises again.

The challenger is hurt.

But not finished.

Not yet.

John Phillips: "Rosa Delgado survives the first major onslaught, but Valkyrie Knox is beginning to impose her will."

Mark Bravo: "And under Fighting Championship Rules, imposing your will is half the battle. The other half is convincing the referee the other person cannot take anymore."

Valkyrie stalks toward Rosa as the Turin crowd tries to rally the challenger, the Fighting Championship hanging in the balance.

Rosa Delgado drags herself toward the ropes, one arm across her ribs, the other reaching for anything that can help her create space.

Behind her, Valkyrie Knox advances with the slow certainty of someone who does not believe the match has become

difficult.

Only longer.

John Phillips: "Rosa Delgado is still moving, but every major impact from Valkyrie Knoxx is changing this match. That gorilla-press powerslam took something out of her."

Mark Bravo: "That kind of move does not just hurt you, John. It interrupts the plan. Rosa came in wanting angles, limbs, leverage. Valkyrie is turning this into blunt force trauma."

Rosa reaches the bottom rope and starts to pull herself up.

Valkyrie grabs her by the waist before she can fully stand.

Rosa immediately reaches back, searching for the left arm again, but Valkyrie drives a forearm clubbing down across the upper back.

Rosa drops to one knee.

Another clubbing blow lands.

Rosa drops to both hands, wincing, but she still tries to turn into Valkyrie's body instead of away from it.

John Phillips: "Rosa is trying to get inside. She knows if she turns her back fully, Valkyrie can just throw her again."

Mark Bravo: "That is smart, but smart still hurts when somebody is hammering on your spine."

Valkyrie pulls Rosa upright and clamps both hands around her throat and jawline, walking her backward into the corner.

The referee steps in immediately.

Referee: "Open hands, Valkyrie! Off the throat!"

Valkyrie releases one hand, but only to bury a knee into Rosa's stomach.

Rosa folds forward.

Valkyrie shoves her back upright against the turnbuckles and hits another knee, this one lower, heavier, aimed at the body.

The crowd groans with each impact.

John Phillips: "Those knees from Valkyrie Knoxx, and this is where the Muay Thai background becomes such a problem."

Mark Bravo: "She does not need room to hurt you. In close, in the clinch, against the buckles, she can just grind you down with knees, shoulders, and pressure."

Valkyrie backs up two steps.

Rosa sags in the corner, one arm wrapped around the top rope to keep herself standing.

Valkyrie charges.

The corner body avalanche lands like a wall collapsing.

Rosa's body compresses between Valkyrie and the turnbuckles, her head snapping forward as the air leaves her lungs.

John Phillips: "Corner body avalanche! Rosa Delgado crushed in the corner!"

Mark Bravo: "That is one of those shots where you feel your whole skeleton complain."

Rosa staggers out of the corner, barely able to stay upright.

Valkyrie catches her around the waist and powers her up again.

Rosa senses the lift and panics into action, throwing rapid elbows down at Valkyrie's left shoulder and bicep.

One lands.

Another lands.

A third lands directly across the left arm.

Valkyrie's grip slips just enough.

Rosa drops behind her.

John Phillips: "Rosa fighting the grip! She is still targeting that left arm!"

Valkyrie turns, but Rosa catches the wrist, yanks it across her own shoulder, and drops sharply to one knee, snapping Valkyrie's arm down across the point of the shoulder.

Valkyrie grimaces and pulls back.

Rosa does not let go.

She rises, twists, and drives a rolling elbow into Valkyrie's jaw.

The shot lands flush.

Valkyrie stumbles back a full step.

John Phillips: "Rolling elbow! Rosa Delgado caught her clean!"

Mark Bravo: "That one got through. That one got through everything."

Rosa fires another forearm.

Then another.

The crowd rises with each shot as Valkyrie backs toward the ropes.

Rosa grabs the left wrist and yanks Valkyrie forward into a short-arm spinning backfist.

Valkyrie drops to one knee.

John Phillips: "Valkyrie Knoxx is down to a knee!"

Mark Bravo: "Now Rosa has something. Now she has a path."

Rosa does not celebrate.

She steps behind Valkyrie, traps the left arm in a hammerlock, and uses all her body weight to pull the champion backward.

Valkyrie tries to plant her feet, but Rosa hooks one leg behind Valkyrie's knee and drags her off balance.

Both women hit the mat, Rosa immediately rolling through and keeping the arm trapped beneath her chest.

John Phillips: "Rosa Delgado dragging Valkyrie back down! She has gone right back to the arm!"

Mark Bravo: "This is the grind. This is the version of the match Rosa needed from the start."

Rosa shifts across Valkyrie's shoulder, trying to thread the arm into position for the Magnolia Lock.

Valkyrie fights it immediately, using her right hand to post against the mat.

Rosa drives a knee into Valkyrie's left shoulder.

Then another.

Not flashy.

Not spectacular.

Effective.

John Phillips: "Rosa is making Valkyrie pay every time she tries to build a base."

Mark Bravo: "And this is where Valkyrie has to be careful. It is not just pain. That left arm is part of every lift. Every powerbomb. Every press. Every clutch."

Rosa gets the arm across Valkyrie's own throat and starts to roll behind her, trying to trap the wrist for the crossface chickenwing.

The crowd swells.

John Phillips: "Magnolia Lock attempt!"

Valkyrie snarls for the first time all match.

She pushes up explosively with her right arm and rolls forward, crushing Rosa beneath her shoulder before Rosa can get the body scissors.

Rosa loses the grip, but she immediately kicks upward from the mat, catching Valkyrie under the chin.

Valkyrie staggers back.

Rosa scrambles up, hits the ropes, and charges.

Valkyrie swings a lariat with the damaged left arm.

Rosa ducks under it and comes off the opposite ropes.

Valkyrie turns.

Rosa leaps and connects with a springboard missile dropkick, both boots driving into Valkyrie's chest.

The impact sends the champion backward into the corner.

John Phillips: "Springboard missile dropkick! Rosa Delgado sends Valkyrie into the buckles!"

Mark Bravo: "That was a risk she usually avoids unless she has to take it. Tonight, she had to take it."

Rosa lands hard on her side and immediately clutches her ribs from the earlier damage.

But Valkyrie is down in the corner, one knee under her, one hand on the middle rope.

Rosa sees it.

The crowd sees it.

She begins to clap.

Once.

Twice.

Then the arena joins her.

Crowd: "CLAP! CLAP! CLAP! CLAP!"

John Phillips: "Rosa Delgado is rallying! She may be thinking about the setup to Steel Magnolia!"

Mark Bravo: "If she can stun Valkyrie in the buckles, if she can get that lane, she might be able to powerbomb her. Maybe. Big maybe."

Rosa charges.

Valkyrie rises in the corner.

Rosa rolls forward into the corner, springing up into the whip-to-corner rolling elbow.

The elbow catches Valkyrie across the jaw.

The champion's head snaps to the side.

She remains standing, but only because the turnbuckles are behind her.

John Phillips: "Rolling elbow in the corner! Valkyrie may be stunned!"

Rosa grabs Valkyrie by the waist and tries to pull her out of the corner.

She hooks for Steel Magnolia.

The crowd surges.

Rosa strains.

Valkyrie barely moves.

Rosa tries again, shouting from the effort, pulling with everything she has.

Valkyrie's feet leave the mat for half a second.

Then crash back down.

Valkyrie's right hand clamps around the back of Rosa's neck.

Mark Bravo: "Oh no."

Rosa's eyes widen.

Valkyrie lowers her head until her forehead nearly touches Rosa's.

Valkyrie Knoxx: "No."

Valkyrie drives a short headbutt into Rosa's face.

Rosa staggers backward.

Valkyrie steps out of the corner and hits a running big boot that catches Rosa high on the chest and jaw.

Rosa spins down to the canvas.

John Phillips: "Running big boot! Rosa Delgado got turned inside out!"

Mark Bravo: "That may have shut the rally down right there."

Valkyrie drops to one knee after the kick, shaking out her damaged left arm.

The champion is hurt.

But Rosa is worse.

Valkyrie looks at the left arm, flexes her hand once, then turns back toward Rosa with colder focus than before.

John Phillips: "Rosa Delgado had her moment. She had Valkyrie in trouble. But she could not complete Steel Magnolia

against the champion's size and power."

Mark Bravo: "And now Valkyrie knows exactly how close Rosa was to making this dangerous. That is usually when Valkyrie stops letting things breathe."

Rosa rolls toward the apron, instinctively trying to create distance.

Valkyrie follows and grabs her by the ankle.

Rosa kicks with the free leg, catching Valkyrie once on the shoulder.

Valkyrie keeps hold.

Rosa kicks again.

This one catches Valkyrie in the left arm.

The grip loosens.

Rosa rolls under the bottom rope and spills onto the apron.

The referee checks the distance between them, but there is no count-out to save anyone under Fighting Championship Rules.

John Phillips: "Remember, no count-out escape here. Rosa can go to the floor, but it does not end this match."

Mark Bravo: "And if I am Rosa, I would not want Valkyrie following me out there. That floor does not forgive powerbombs."

Rosa uses the ropes to pull herself upright on the apron.

Valkyrie steps toward her.

Rosa suddenly grabs the back of Valkyrie's head and drops to the apron, snapping Valkyrie throat-first across the top rope.

Valkyrie stumbles backward, coughing once.

Rosa stays on the apron, gripping the top rope, trying to shake feeling back into her body.

John Phillips: "Rosa buys herself a little time!"

Valkyrie turns back around, angry now.

Rosa runs along the apron, plants one foot on the middle rope, and springs forward, catching Valkyrie by the head.

She twists through for the apron rope-bounce DDT.

Valkyrie drops to one knee as her head spikes into the mat.

The crowd erupts.

John Phillips: "Apron rope-bounce DDT! Rosa Delgado just drove Valkyrie down!"

Mark Bravo: "That was beautiful. Dangerous, but beautiful. Rosa is throwing every tool she has at the champion."

Rosa rolls Valkyrie over and hooks the leg.

Referee: "ONE!"

Referee: "TWO!"

Valkyrie kicks out with authority, launching Rosa off her body.

Rosa rolls to the side, stunned by the force of the kickout.

John Phillips: "And Valkyrie powers out!"

Mark Bravo: "That was not a normal kickout. That was a warning."

Rosa sits up, breathing hard, frustration flickering across her face for the first time.

She looks at Valkyrie.

Then at the damaged left arm.

Then she crawls toward the champion again.

She refuses to change the plan.

John Phillips: "Rosa Delgado is staying with the arm. She knows that is still her clearest path."

Mark Bravo: "And I respect it. She cannot get discouraged by one kickout. This is her fight. This is the fight she needs."

Rosa grabs the left wrist and tries to pull Valkyrie away from the ropes.

Valkyrie suddenly sits up and drives a right hand into Rosa's midsection.

Rosa doubles over but keeps hold of the wrist.

Valkyrie hits another right hand.

Rosa drops to one knee.

Still holding on.

Valkyrie looks down at the trapped arm.

Then at Rosa.

There is almost approval there.

Almost.

Valkyrie Knoxx: "Stubborn."

Rosa looks up through sweat and pain.

Rosa Delgado: "Blue collar."

Rosa yanks the arm again and surges upward, trapping Valkyrie in a standing hammerlock.

Then she tries to pop her hips for the hammerlock back suplex.

Valkyrie blocks it.

Rosa tries again.

This time, she gets Valkyrie off balance just enough to lift her partially, but Valkyrie lands on one foot and drives backward with her shoulder.

Rosa is forced into the ropes.

Valkyrie spins out, breaking the hammerlock, and catches Rosa by the waist.

Before Rosa can counter, Valkyrie lifts her and turns.

Then drives her spine-first into the mat with another German suplex, this one released and brutal.

John Phillips: "Release German suplex! Rosa Delgado landed hard!"

Mark Bravo: "That was nasty. That was ugly. That was the kind of landing where the referee starts watching your

eyes."

Rosa rolls through the impact and ends up facedown, one arm curled beneath her chest, legs kicking once before going still for a beat.

The referee drops down immediately.

Referee: "Rosa, talk to me! Rosa!"

Rosa pushes one palm against the canvas.

Then the other.

She forces herself to move.

The crowd applauds, trying to lift her.

John Phillips: "Rosa is moving, but that was a terrible landing."

Mark Bravo: "And Valkyrie is watching the referee now. She knows stoppage is on the table. She does not need Rosa pinned. She needs Rosa helpless."

Valkyrie rises slowly, then steps toward the corner.

She lifts the steel-spiked gauntlet hand toward the rafters in a war-horn taunt, even without the horn sounding.

The crowd boos, but there is nervousness under it now.

Rosa is still trying to get up.

Valkyrie turns back toward her.

John Phillips: "Valkyrie Knox has shifted gears. I do not think she is looking just to win now."

Mark Bravo: "No. She is looking to make the referee make a decision."

Rosa reaches one knee.

Valkyrie stalks forward.

Rosa swings from the knee, a desperate forearm into Valkyrie's midsection.

Valkyrie absorbs it.

Rosa swings again.

This one lands harder.

Valkyrie grabs her by the hair and pulls her upright.

Rosa suddenly snaps forward with one more rolling elbow, catching Valkyrie near the jaw.

The crowd pops.

Valkyrie staggers back half a step.

Rosa collapses back to one knee from the effort.

John Phillips: "Rosa still has fight left!"

Mark Bravo: "Fight, yes. Body? That is the question."

Valkyrie slowly turns her head back toward Rosa.

The champion wipes at her mouth with the back of her right hand.

Then she steps in and grabs Rosa under both arms.

Rosa tries to hook the left arm again on instinct, but she is a half-second too slow.

Valkyrie hoists her up high.

John Phillips: "Ragnarok Bomb!"

Valkyrie drives Rosa down with the elevated sit-out powerbomb.

The ring shakes.

Rosa's body folds hard into the mat, then slumps backward.

Valkyrie stays seated for a moment, breathing steadily, then looks down at the challenger.

The referee drops to check Rosa.

Referee: "Rosa! Rosa, can you continue?"

Rosa's eyes blink hard.

Her hand twitches.

She turns slightly, trying to prove she is still in the fight.

The crowd begins chanting for her again, louder now, worried and desperate.

Crowd: "RO-SA! RO-SA! RO-SA!"

John Phillips: "Rosa Delgado just took the Ragnarok Bomb, and the referee is checking her closely."

Mark Bravo: "He has to. Under Fighting Championship Rules, he is not just counting shoulders. He has to protect the competitor. Rosa is tough, but toughness can get you hurt worse if someone does not step in."

Valkyrie pushes herself up from the mat.

Her left arm hangs slightly lower than before, the damage Rosa did still visible.

But she does not seem concerned.

She steps toward Rosa, who is still trying to get to her knees.

The referee backs Valkyrie up with one hand.

Referee: "Give me space. Let me check her."

Valkyrie stops.

For one second.

Then she steps around the referee.

John Phillips: "Valkyrie needs to let the official do his job."

Mark Bravo: "Valkyrie sees the finish, John. And when she sees the finish, sympathy is not part of the route."

Rosa reaches both knees.

The referee looks in her face.

Referee: "Rosa, defend yourself. You have to show me something."

Rosa nods, even though the nod is unsteady.

Rosa Delgado: "I'm good."

She is not.

Everyone can see it.

But she says it anyway.

Valkyrie grabs her by the wrist and pulls her up.

Rosa suddenly comes alive with one last burst, trapping the left arm and spinning behind Valkyrie again.

The crowd roars as Rosa hooks the hammerlock and somehow gets her hips underneath her.

John Phillips: "Rosa! Rosa with the hammerlock!"

With a scream of effort, Rosa pops her hips and finally takes Valkyrie over with the hammerlock back suplex.

Valkyrie lands awkwardly on the trapped shoulder.

The crowd explodes.

John Phillips: "Hammerlock back suplex! Rosa Delgado got it!"

Mark Bravo: "Where did she find that? Where did she find the strength?"

Both women are down.

Rosa rolls toward Valkyrie, too exhausted to cover quickly.

She drapes herself across the champion.

Referee: "ONE!"

Referee: "TWO!"

Valkyrie kicks out.

But not explosively this time.

She kicks out with pain, rolling toward her left arm and immediately clutching it.

Rosa sees it.

The crowd sees Rosa see it.

John Phillips: "The champion is hurt! Valkyrie's left arm is hurt!"

Mark Bravo: "This is Rosa's opening. This might be the only one she has left."

Rosa crawls toward Valkyrie, grabbing at the left wrist.

Valkyrie tries to pull away.

Rosa holds on, face twisted in pain and determination.

She drags herself across Valkyrie's back, looking again for the Magnolia Lock.

She traps the wrist.

She starts to thread the arm.

The crowd is on its feet.

John Phillips: "Rosa is trying again! Magnolia Lock! Magnolia Lock!"

Valkyrie plants her right hand and refuses to turn over.

Rosa hooks one leg, trying to get the body scissors.

Valkyrie pushes up.

Rosa hangs on.

For a second, it looks like she might have enough.

Then Valkyrie powers up to her feet with Rosa clinging to her back.

Mark Bravo: "Oh, no. She is standing up with her!"

Rosa's eyes widen, but she refuses to release.

She pulls back on the arm, trying to wrench the shoulder, trying to force Valkyrie to drop again.

Valkyrie stumbles once.

Then charges backward into the corner.

Rosa is crushed between Valkyrie and the turnbuckles.

She loses the grip and collapses forward onto her hands and knees.

John Phillips: "Valkyrie breaks it in the corner!"

Mark Bravo: "Rosa was close, John. She was close enough to make Valkyrie desperate."

Valkyrie stumbles out of the corner, shaking out the left arm, her expression finally showing something beyond stoicism.

Pain.

Anger.

Rosa crawls away, trying to get back up again.

The referee watches her closely.

Valkyrie looks at the referee.

Then down at Rosa.

Then she reaches down and grabs the challenger by the chin, pulling her face upward.

Valkyrie Knoxx: "Enough."

Rosa swings weakly from her knees.

The forearm brushes Valkyrie's ribs.

Another follows, barely landing.

Rosa is still fighting.

But the shots are fading.

John Phillips: "Rosa Delgado refusing to stop, but I do not know how much is left behind those strikes."

Mark Bravo: "That is courage, but it is also danger. This is exactly where the referee has to start thinking about the stoppage."

Valkyrie pulls Rosa upright and traps her head under one arm.

She hooks for the Valknut Driver.

Rosa instinctively reaches for the left arm again, trying to twist, trying to counter.

But this time, Valkyrie powers through with the right side and spins her.

High-angle.

Fast.

Violent.

Valkyrie drops into the sit-out Michinoku Driver II.

John Phillips: "VALKNUT DRIVER!"

Rosa hits hard and folds over onto her side.

The crowd gasps.

The referee drops immediately beside her.

Referee: "Rosa! Rosa, look at me!"

Rosa's eyes are open, but unfocused.

She tries to roll over.

Her body does not fully cooperate.

Valkyrie pushes herself to one knee, then rises.

She could cover.

She does not.

The crowd begins to boo as the champion reaches down and drags Rosa up again.

John Phillips: "Come on. Valkyrie could cover her here."

Mark Bravo: "She does not want the pin. She wants the stoppage. She wants Amy Harrison's message delivered exactly the way Amy asked for it."

The referee steps in, trying to create separation.

Referee: "Back up, Valkyrie. Back up."

Valkyrie stares at him.

Then she releases Rosa.

Rosa drops to her knees.

The referee looks at Rosa again.

Referee: "Show me something. Rosa, show me something now."

Rosa plants one hand on the mat.

She pushes.

Her arm shakes.

She gets halfway up.

Then Valkyrie steps in and blasts her with a short-arm lariat from the right side, turning Rosa back down to the canvas.

John Phillips: "Another lariat! Rosa Delgado is down again!"

The referee moves between them immediately.

Referee: "Stay back!"

Valkyrie takes one step back.

Rosa rolls to her side, breathing, but barely defending herself now.

The crowd chants for her again, desperate.

Crowd: "RO-SA! RO-SA! RO-SA!"

Rosa hears it.

Somehow, she reaches forward.

She grabs Valkyrie's boot.

Not a hold.

Not a counter.

A refusal.

Valkyrie looks down.

Then slowly raises the steel-spiked gauntlet hand toward the rafters.

The war-horn taunt without the horn.

The crowd boos harder.

John Phillips: "Rosa Delgado is showing heart, but this is becoming uncomfortable to watch."

Mark Bravo: "It is the worst kind of bravery. The kind where the body is done and the pride has not gotten the message."

Valkyrie reaches down and pulls Rosa up once more.

Rosa can barely stand.

The referee is right there, eyes locked on Rosa's face.

Referee: "Rosa, defend yourself!"

Rosa lifts both hands weakly.

Valkyrie drives a knee into the body.

Rosa folds forward.

Valkyrie pulls her up and drives another knee in.

Rosa's arms drop.

The referee steps closer.

Referee: "Rosa!"

Valkyrie hooks her again, this time lifting her into position for Fallen Fury.

The crowd rises with alarm.

John Phillips: "Valkyrie is looking for Fallen Fury! Crucifix powerbomb into the knee-lift!"

Rosa tries to fight out.

Her legs kick once.

Then weaker.

Valkyrie drops her.

The impact is brutal, Rosa crashing down into the knee-lift and collapsing limp to the mat.

John Phillips: "Fallen Fury! Fallen Fury connects!"

The referee does not count.

He dives between Valkyrie and Rosa immediately.

Valkyrie starts to reach down again, but the referee throws both arms out, blocking her path.

Referee: "That's it! That's it! Ring the bell!"

DING DING DING!

The crowd reacts with a mix of boos, concern, and reluctant understanding.

Valkyrie Knox stands over Rosa Delgado, breathing heavily, left arm hanging with damage done, but the champion still upright.

John Phillips: "The referee has stopped it! Valkyrie Knox retains the UTA Fighting Championship by referee stoppage!"

Mark Bravo: "That was the right call. Rosa Delgado was not defending herself anymore. She was surviving on pride, and pride does not protect your neck."

The referee kneels beside Rosa, checking on her immediately while another official comes in from ringside.

Valkyrie backs away only when ordered to, never taking her eyes off the challenger.

Ring Announcer: "Here is your winner by referee stoppage... and still UTA Fighting Champion... VALKYRIE KNOXX!"

The boos grow louder as the official hands the UTA Fighting Championship back to Valkyrie.

She takes it with her right hand, then holds it against her body instead of raising it immediately, the left arm still clearly bothering her.

John Phillips: "Rosa Delgado came into this with a plan, and there were moments where she had Valkyrie Knox in real danger. She damaged the arm. She nearly locked in the Magnolia Lock. She hit the hammerlock back suplex. But in the end, Valkyrie's power and brutality were too much."

Mark Bravo: "And do not miss this part, John. Rosa hurt her. Valkyrie is leaving still champion, but she is not leaving untouched."

Rosa rolls slightly as the referee talks to her, trying to help her sit up. The crowd begins applauding the challenger, appreciation rising through the concern.

Crowd: "RO-SA! RO-SA! RO-SA!"

Valkyrie hears the chant.

Her jaw tightens.

She looks down at Rosa one more time.

Then she raises the UTA Fighting Championship with her right hand.

Dark purple light washes the ring again.

John Phillips: "That is one win on Valkyrie Knox's journey to five. One successful defense under Fighting Championship Rules."

Mark Bravo: "And if this is what number one looks like, I do not envy numbers two through five."

Valkyrie lowers the title and steps through the ropes, leaving Rosa Delgado being checked in the ring.

The camera follows the champion as she walks up the ramp, not celebrating wildly, not smiling, not acknowledging the fans.

Just leaving with the title.

Leaving with the win.

Leaving with Amy Harrison's order fulfilled.

In the ring, Rosa Delgado sits up with help from the referee, one hand at the back of her neck, the other clutching her ribs. She looks frustrated, disappointed, and still defiant.

John Phillips: "Rosa Delgado has nothing to be ashamed of tonight. She fought with everything she had."

Mark Bravo: "No shame at all. But Fighting Championship Rules do not reward bravery alone. They reward survival, damage, and finishing ability. Tonight, Valkyrie Knox had more of all three."

The final shot catches Valkyrie Knox at the top of the ramp, Fighting Championship raised in one hand, her damaged left arm held close to her side.

Behind her, Rosa Delgado remains in the ring, beaten but not erased.

The champion has survived the challenger.

The challenger has proven she can hurt the champion.

But the journey to five has begun with Valkyrie Knox standing tall.

Stop.

Segment

The broadcast cuts backstage again.

This time, the camera is already moving down the hallway outside the talent dressing rooms. The noise of Inalpi Arena is distant here, buried beneath the hum of production, footsteps, and doors opening and closing somewhere off-screen.

Then Eric Dane Jr. storms into frame.

The Hardcore Championship is still draped over his shoulder, but the easy swagger from earlier has been sharpened into irritation. Whatever Scott Stevens said to him has clearly followed him out of that office.

Dane reaches his dressing room door.

He does not slow down.

He throws it open.

And stops.

Bobby Dean is inside.

Standing upright.

Too upright.

His shirt is tucked in.

Barely.

Unevenly.

Like he tried three times and gave up halfway through the last attempt. His hands hang at his sides, then clasp in front of him, then fall back to his sides again, as if he cannot figure out what normal is supposed to look like and has decided to audition several versions at once.

He is trying.

It is not working.

Dane Jr. just stares at him.

Eric Dane Jr.: "...No."

That is it.

That is the first word out of his mouth.

Bobby blinks.

Eric Dane Jr.: "What are you doing in my dressing room?"

Bobby straightens even more, which somehow makes the entire situation worse. His stomach shifts under the shirt as he sucks it in a second too late.

Bobby Dean: "I, uh... I just thought I'd be here when you got back."

He nods too quickly, trying to keep the sentence from falling apart.

Bobby Dean: "Just... in case. In case you needed anything."

Dane does not move.

Eric Dane Jr.: "I didn't."

Bobby nods again.

Quickly.

Too quickly.

Bobby Dean: "Right. Yeah. I just, after last week, I didn't want to mess anything up again, so I figured if I stayed close and just... handled stuff..."

Eric Dane Jr.: "Handled what?"

Sharp.

Immediate.

Bobby hesitates.

That was not supposed to be a hard question.

Bobby Dean: "I don't know, just... stuff."

He gestures vaguely with one hand, then regrets it and pulls the hand back in.

Bobby Dean: "Like before. Like with your dad, I'd just make sure everything was..."

Dane cuts him off without raising his voice.

Eric Dane Jr.: "Stop."

Bobby stops.

Immediately.

Dane takes a step into the room now, eyes locked on him.

Eric Dane Jr.: "Don't stand there and talk to me about how you took care of my father."

Bobby's face drops just a little.

Not dramatically.

Just enough.

Bobby Dean: "I was just saying..."

Eric Dane Jr.: "I know what you were saying."

Dane tilts his head slightly, that smarmy edge creeping back into his voice.

Eric Dane Jr.: "My father is broken down. He's retired. Done."

He gives Bobby a quick glance up and down.

Eric Dane Jr.: "On his best day, he couldn't carry my bags."

That lands harder than anything else.

Bobby nods again, slower this time. His hands fidget, then stop the second he realizes they are moving.

Bobby Dean: "I just thought if I did the same things, it'd be..."

He trails off.

He does not finish the sentence.

Dane does not help him.

Eric Dane Jr.: "Yeah."

Dane's voice is flat.

Eric Dane Jr.: "That's exactly the problem."

Silence settles into the room.

Bobby shifts his weight, one foot sliding slightly on the floor before he catches it and forces himself still again.

Bobby Dean: "I was just trying to help."

His voice is quieter now.

Dane does not miss a beat.

Eric Dane Jr.: "Then stop."

Bobby looks at him, the words landing in a place he clearly does not know how to defend.

Dane steps farther into the room and lets the door hang open behind him. He adjusts the Hardcore Championship on his shoulder, not because it needs adjusting, but because he wants Bobby's eyes on it.

Eric Dane Jr.: "You are not here to recreate the greatest hits of whatever sad little arrangement you had with my father."

Bobby swallows.

Eric Dane Jr.: "You are not here to hover. You are not here to guess. You are not here to make yourself useful by standing in the corner looking like you're waiting for someone to tell you where the buffet is."

Bobby's eyes flicker down.

Only for a second.

But Dane sees it.

Eric Dane Jr.: "Look at me."

Bobby looks up immediately.

Eric Dane Jr.: "If I need something from you, I will tell you."

A beat.

Eric Dane Jr.: "Until then, you stay out of my way."

Bobby nods again, but this time the motion is smaller. Less eager. More wounded.

Bobby Dean: "Okay."

Dane stares at him.

Eric Dane Jr.: "Okay what?"

Bobby pauses, not sure what answer is safe.

Bobby Dean: "Okay... Eric."

Dane's expression tightens.

Not anger exactly.

Correction.

Eric Dane Jr.: "Champion."

Bobby's shoulders sink almost imperceptibly.

Bobby Dean: "Okay, Champion."

Dane holds his stare a moment longer, letting the word sit there between them.

Then he walks past Bobby as if the conversation has ended because he has decided it has.

Bobby remains standing in the middle of the room, still trying to look useful, still trying to look normal, still failing at both.

Dane sets the Hardcore Championship down carefully, then glances back over his shoulder.

Eric Dane Jr.: "And Bobby?"

Bobby perks up on instinct.

Bobby Dean: "Yeah?"

Dane looks him over one more time.

Eric Dane Jr.: "Fix your shirt."

Bobby immediately looks down and starts tugging at the uneven tuck, making it worse almost instantly.

Dane watches for half a second, disgusted.

Then he turns away.

The camera lingers on Bobby, still fumbling with the shirt, trying to pull himself together in a room where he clearly does not belong anymore.

Then the broadcast cuts away.

Hakuryu (C) vs Trey Mack

Match

The arena plunges into darkness without warning — no countdown, no fanfare, no announcement. Just a sudden and total blackout that draws an immediate reaction from the crowd, a mix of confusion and unease rippling through the building in the seconds before anything happens. Then the gong sounds. A single low toll that reverberates deep in the chest, rolling through the arena like a stone dropped into still water, the sound decaying slowly until silence swallows it whole. Then it sounds again. And again. Each toll precise, deliberate, unhurried — as if time itself has been handed over to whoever controls that gong and they have no intention of rushing.

A white spotlight appears at the top of the ramp, and in it stands Sinja — white suit, white facepaint, expression carved from stone. He does not move yet. He simply stands there, a herald waiting for his moment, while the spiritual chanting fills the arena from somewhere overhead, low and haunting, ancient-sounding in a way that doesn't belong in an arena full of screaming wrestling fans. And yet it fits. It fits perfectly, because the man who follows is not like the others.

Hakuryu emerges from the back slowly, the brim of his takuhatsugasa hat angled downward so that his face is hidden completely. The white robes hang without movement. The shakujo staff marks each step with a soft, rhythmic toll of its own. The crowd begins to boo — not surprised boos, not startled boos, but the sustained, committed booing of a crowd that has already decided how they feel about this man and his entire presence. Hakuryu gives them nothing. Not a glance, not a reaction, not a flicker of acknowledgment. The two of them descend the ramp at exactly the same unhurried pace.

John Phillips: "The WrestleZone Champion, Hakuryu — and I want to remind everyone watching at home what we are about to witness. This man won this title at Victorious in one of the most controversial championship matches this company has seen in years. With help from Avril Selene Kinkade, he defeated Gunnar Van Patton and walked out as our champion. And tonight — tonight is his very first defense."

Mark Bravo: "I keep waiting for this entrance to get normal and it never does, John. Every single time, I think maybe tonight it won't be as eerie. And every single time I am wrong. The gong, the chanting, the robes — this man has built a whole religion around himself and his congregation is exactly zero people."

John Phillips: "The crowd certainly making their feelings known."

Mark Bravo: "He couldn't care less and that somehow makes it worse."

At ringside, Sinja moves ahead to the apron and holds the middle and top ropes open in one practiced motion. Hakuryu climbs the ring steps without breaking stride, steps through the ropes without touching them, and walks to the center of the ring. There, he stops. With both hands, he removes the takuhatsugasa hat and holds it out to the side — Sinja reaches in and takes it, along with the robes, carefully, reverently. Hakuryu is left standing in the ring in his ring gear, eyes forward, face unreadable. He does not look at the hard camera. He does not acknowledge the crowd. He moves to his corner and stands with his back to the turnbuckle, already performing a quiet prayer — lips moving, hands clasped loosely — as if the match has already been decided and he is simply completing the necessary rituals before confirming it.

John Phillips: "Hakuryu's ritual complete. The champion ready in his corner."

Mark Bravo: "You know what the scariest part is? He's not doing that for show. He actually believes it."

The house lights die for a second time — and then the bassline hits. It doesn't build, it doesn't tease, it drops

immediately, deep and heavy, built like the foundation of a building, and the crowd comes to life before Trey Mack even appears. The stage floods in deep purple and gold and the arena shifts completely — tension replaced by electricity, the cold ritual of the last few minutes washed away in a single beat.

Trey Mack steps out and the grin comes first. That grin that says he already knows something you don't, that says he has done the math and liked the answer. He rolls his shoulders once — a big man loosening up — then slaps his own chest hard enough that the sound carries. He starts bouncing on his toes, moving down the ramp at a loose, confident pace, working the crowd on both sides, pointing, nodding, feeding off the noise they're giving him. The fans in the front row are on their feet.

Halfway down the ramp he drops his head, builds his legs under him, and breaks into a full sprint — two hundred and ninety pounds of athlete running at full speed — slides under the bottom rope, pops up off the canvas, and throws both arms out wide. The building answers. Trey turns a slow circle, taking it all in, then catches himself — remembers why he's here — and the grin fades into something harder. He turns and finds Hakuryu in the corner. The champion hasn't moved. Hasn't reacted. Is still praying. Trey watches him for a long moment, jaw tight, and nods to himself once.

John Phillips: "Trey Mack — The Mack Attack — from Long Beach, California. Two hundred and ninety pounds, and every ounce of it is here for one reason. He wants that WrestleZone Championship."

Mark Bravo: "That entrance is everything. The man arrives like a party and then reminds you he can put you through a table. That's a rare combination, John."

John Phillips: "He has earned this opportunity. And I don't think anyone in this building would argue that. The question tonight is whether he can take it away from a champion who has proven he will do absolutely anything to keep it."

Mark Bravo: "Hakuryu hasn't even looked at him. Still praying over there. Trey Mack is standing fifteen feet away from him and Hakuryu is acting like he's alone in the room. If that doesn't get in your head, nothing will."

The referee calls both men to center ring. The WrestleZone Championship is raised — gold catching every light in the building — and the crowd noise swells for a moment at the sight of it, that pure Pavlovian reaction to a championship belt held up under bright lights. Sinja takes it from the referee at ringside, cradles it carefully, steps back. The referee looks at both men. Trey is locked in, bouncing on his toes, eyes on the champion. Hakuryu finishes his prayer, opens his eyes, and looks at Trey for the first time. The look lasts exactly one second. Then the bell rings.

They circle. Trey moves with that loose, athletic bounce — testing the ropes with one hand as he passes, reading the ring, reading the champion. Hakuryu moves in a slow, deliberate orbit, hands low, posture upright, lips still moving faintly. The crowd is on both of them immediately — cheering Trey, raining boos down on Hakuryu — and neither man acknowledges the noise.

John Phillips: "And we are underway. WrestleZone Title on the line. Hakuryu's first defense. Trey Mack's first championship opportunity at this level. The stakes could not be higher."

Mark Bravo: "Look at the contrast here, John. Trey is coiled. He's ready to explode the second he sees an opening. Hakuryu looks like he's on a Sunday stroll. These two are operating on completely different clocks right now."

They come together in the center — collar-and-elbow — and Hakuryu transitions immediately into a side headlock, wrenching downward with quiet, grinding pressure. Not aggressive, not explosive. Just methodical. Trey digs his feet in, works a hand under the hold, and slowly begins to power upright against the downward force. The crowd responds to the raw strength of it — watching a big man fight a hold rather than simply break it.

Trey fires Hakuryu off the ropes. Hakuryu comes back — Trey drops flat to the mat. Hakuryu leaps over him. Trey up — drops for a leapfrog. Hakuryu through — Trey turns — and both men pull up short, face to face, two feet apart, neither one moving. The crowd pops at the stalemate. Trey allows himself a small smile. Hakuryu's expression does

not change.

John Phillips: "A feeling-out sequence to open and neither man giving the other a thing. Hakuryu is already in his comfort zone — slowing this down, forcing Trey to come to him."

Mark Bravo: "Trey's gotta be careful here. The worst thing you can do against Hakuryu is fight his fight. His fight is slow and brutal and it ends in a prayer. You want to fight Trey Mack's fight. Speed, collision, chaos."

They tie up again — and this time Hakuryu drives Trey backward into the corner with a surprising burst of controlled force, pinning him against the turnbuckle. The referee calls for the break. Hakuryu takes a deliberate half-step back, raises his hands to show the break — and then delivers a sharp, open-handed slap across Trey's chest that the front row winces at. The crowd erupts. Trey's jaw tightens. Hakuryu turns away calmly, walking back to center ring as if the slap was administrative rather than provocative.

Mark Bravo: "Oh he did NOT — he just slapped him! After the clean break! Right across the chest!"

John Phillips: "Hakuryu using the break to send a message — that is a calculated provocation from the champion."

Mark Bravo: "Trey Mack does not like being disrespected. I know that about Trey Mack. Hakuryu may have just made a mistake."

Trey steps out of the corner, rolls his neck, and the crowd is behind him completely. He doesn't charge in. He takes a breath. Finds the calm. And moves back in.

They lock up a third time and Hakuryu goes straight for the wrist — twisting into an arm wringer that torques Trey's shoulder. Trey rolls through, reverses the wrist control, and tries to work his own arm wringer — but Hakuryu cartwheels through the pressure and comes up with a clean reversal, snapping the arm back the other direction. Trey winces. Hakuryu holds the wrist and pauses, lips moving briefly, and then throws a superkick with his free leg that catches Trey directly in the chin. The crack echoes. Trey staggers back into the ropes.

John Phillips: "Superkick right out of the prayer! The technical sequence into that kick — textbook Hakuryu. You never see it coming because he slows everything down first."

Mark Bravo: "That's the thing about him. He's not exciting to watch during the setup and then suddenly your face is gone. There's no warning."

Trey catches himself on the ropes and fires back immediately — a right hand that forces Hakuryu to cover up, a left that lands on the forearm, then a heavy body shot that finally gets through. Hakuryu takes it, absorbs it, and answers with a precise knee directly to Trey's midsection that doubles him over. Hakuryu grabs the back of the neck, drives Trey forward, and deposits him face-first into the top turnbuckle. Trey bounces off and staggers back into the center of the ring.

Hakuryu is already measuring him. He moves to the ropes, walks them in that slow praying posture — hands clasped, eyes forward, every step deliberate — and at the moment Trey turns around, Hakuryu drives a chop to his chest with the full weight of the walk behind it. The sound is enormous. Trey grabs his chest. The crowd reacts with that involuntary collective intake of breath that only happens when something truly hurts.

John Phillips: "The Praying Rope Walk Chop — and my God, every time that lands it sounds like a rifle shot."

Mark Bravo: "His chest is going to look like raw meat after that. That chop has everything behind it, John — the walk, the weight, the angle. That is a weapon."

Hakuryu doesn't follow up. He takes two steps back and watches Trey recover, studying, cataloguing. Trey pulls himself upright, rotating his shoulder, testing it. He fires a glare at the champion. Hakuryu's expression remains completely still.

They collide at center ring — Trey swings a hard right, Hakuryu ducks under it, comes up behind, spins Trey by the shoulder — and drives a tornado kick to the ribs that sends Trey sideways into the ropes. Trey bounces off them and straight into a handspring back elbow that catches him across the face and drives him hard into the corner. The turnbuckles rattle. Trey slumps forward and Hakuryu catches him by the arm, turning the stumble into a wrist-lock, and twists.

John Phillips: "Handspring back elbow into the corner — and Hakuryu holding that wrist, keeping Trey exactly where he wants him."

Mark Bravo: "Every time Trey tries to get momentum going, Hakuryu finds a way to cut it off. He's been two steps ahead since that opening slap."

Hakuryu works the hold, grinding at the wrist and shoulder, before transitioning to a grounded side headlock that compresses the neck. He's not wrenching. He's squeezing — a slow, sustained pressure that is designed to drain rather than finish. Trey works to his feet, firing elbows at Hakuryu's ribs to create space, and manages to drive him into the ropes and shove him off. Hakuryu rebounds — Trey drops — Hakuryu over — and this time Trey catches him on the rebound with a hard shoulder block that stops the champion cold. Hakuryu goes down. Trey stands over him breathing hard.

Mark Bravo: "There it is! The shoulder block — two hundred and ninety pounds behind that!"

John Phillips: "Trey Mack reminding the champion exactly how big and how strong he is."

Hakuryu sits up slowly. He looks at Trey. Then he performs a short, deliberate prayer — right there, seated on the canvas — as the crowd showers him with derision. He rises to his feet without hurry.

Mark Bravo: "He just got knocked down and his response is to stop and pray. I cannot explain this man."

John Phillips: "It's psychological warfare, Mark. Every second Hakuryu spends in that prayer is a second Trey Mack has to stand there and wait and wonder what comes next."

Trey doesn't wait. He charges — and Hakuryu sidesteps cleanly, grabbing the arm on the way past, and uses Trey's own momentum to send him shoulder-first into the ring post. The collision is heavy and real. Trey yanks the arm back, grimacing, and Hakuryu is already moving — a superkick to the back of the knee that buckles Trey's leg and sends him down to one knee. Hakuryu drives a knee to the back of Trey's neck and covers. One — two — Trey kicks out with authority.

John Phillips: "Hakuryu using Trey's own momentum against him — and now targeting that shoulder, that knee. He is building a case against every part of Trey Mack's body."

Mark Bravo: "The midsection, the neck, now the shoulder. He's not trying to win yet. He's filing the joints down. By the time he goes for the finish, Trey's gonna have nothing left."

Hakuryu pulls Trey up by the arm — and something shifts. Trey's eyes go dark. He takes the pull and turns it into forward momentum, driving a short, explosive right hand straight into Hakuryu's jaw that snaps the champion's head sideways. The crowd comes alive. Trey doesn't stop. Left to the body — Hakuryu covers — right over the guard — Hakuryu stumbles back. Trey grabs him by the wrist and sends him hard into the ropes.

Hakuryu rebounds — and Trey launches himself into a running crossbody that takes the champion completely off his feet and drives both men crashing to the mat. Trey scrambles up and onto the cover immediately. One — two — Hakuryu gets a shoulder up. The crowd's noise climbs a full level.

John Phillips: "Running crossbody! Trey Mack with a nearfall on the WrestleZone Champion!"

Mark Bravo: "He's found his rhythm! The second he stopped waiting and started swinging, everything changed!"

Trey hauls Hakuryu to his feet — Hakuryu swings a backhand — Trey ducks under it, grabs the arm on the way through, and spins Hakuryu into a hard whip into the corner. He doesn't follow immediately. He takes two steps back, bounces on his toes, reads the angle — and then charges in with a spinning back elbow that connects flush and snaps Hakuryu's head sideways against the turnbuckle. The champion staggers out of the corner and Trey is already measuring him from across the ring.

Mark Bravo: "Look at him now, John! That's the Mack Attack! That's the bounce, that's the speed — big man moving like a cruiserweight!"

John Phillips: "Hakuryu stumbling — and Trey Mack is building a full head of steam here."

Trey hits the far ropes hard, comes back at full speed — and leaves his feet entirely, two hundred and ninety pounds launched through the air — and the cannonball crashes into Hakuryu in the corner with a force that shakes the turnbuckles and produces a sound that the entire arena feels. The crowd absolutely explodes. Hakuryu folds in the corner. Trey rolls back to his feet off the impact like a man who has done this a thousand times.

Mark Bravo: "BIG MAN FLIES! CANNONBALL! That just woke up every single person in this building! I felt that from here!"

John Phillips: "Two hundred and ninety pounds of Trey Mack launched into that corner — Hakuryu had absolutely nowhere to go!"

Mark Bravo: "That is what Trey Mack does, John! You think you have him slowed down, you think you've taken the legs away, and then he does THAT. That is the great equalizer."

Trey grabs Hakuryu by the leg and drags him out of the corner, rolls forward into a rolling senton that crashes across the champion's chest with full body weight. Cover — one — two — Hakuryu shoots a shoulder up. Trey slaps the mat, but his focus doesn't break. He's in the zone now. The crowd can feel it.

John Phillips: "Rolling senton! Another two-count — and Trey Mack is on the verge of something special here."

Mark Bravo: "Hakuryu's feeling it. Watch him — he's trying to create distance, trying to reset. That's not a man in control anymore, that's a man surviving."

Trey measures Hakuryu as he rises and drives a scoop slam that rattles the ring and brings the crowd to their feet. He hits the ropes again — rolling senton a second time — and covers. One — two — Hakuryu gets the shoulder up with more effort this time. Trey is breathing hard, but he is rolling, momentum entirely on his side.

He pulls Hakuryu up by the wrist — and catches a sudden rising knee to the gut that folds him in half. Hakuryu dropped to a knee to generate the angle, delivering it from below with precision timing. Trey coughs, doubled over, and Hakuryu grabs the back of his head and drags him down into a grounded guillotine — not fully locked, but squeezing, compressing the neck and throat, his full body weight applied to the hold.

John Phillips: "Hakuryu finding an opening — that knee right to the midsection, and now he's grounded Trey Mack with that choke."

Mark Bravo: "And just like that. Just like that, John. Trey had everything going and one lapse — one split second — and the champion is right back in it."

Trey fights the hold, driving his legs, reaching for the ropes. He's close — three feet away — and pushes, heaving his body sideways across the mat with Hakuryu's full weight on him. Two feet. One foot. The crowd counts along without words, just noise building with every inch. Trey gets a boot on the bottom rope. The referee counts — Hakuryu releases at four, sitting back onto his heels and performing a brief prayer before rising.

John Phillips: "Trey Mack reaching the ropes — and what a sustained escape that was. He dragged both of them

across the ring to get there."

Mark Bravo: "That's championship heart right there. That is not a man who gives up."

Hakuryu pulls Trey off the ropes and drives him into the corner with a measured Irish whip, following immediately with a handspring back elbow that connects for the second time tonight. He drives a knee to Trey's midsection, then another, grinding the ribs, before stepping back and delivering a tornado kick to the thigh that deadens the leg. Trey drops to one knee. Hakuryu stands over him and performs a standing prayer — eyes closed, lips moving — while the crowd boos louder and louder.

Mark Bravo: "He's praying over him, John. The man is on one knee hurting and Hakuryu is standing there praying over him. That is psychological torture."

John Phillips: "It is entirely intentional. Hakuryu slowing the pace, asserting dominance — every prayer is a statement."

Hakuryu drops suddenly into a grounded hold, locking around Trey's neck from behind and applying the Camel Clutch — the Kasu obu Doragon — wrenching back with both arms hooked under Trey's chin. The crowd is on its feet, screaming. Trey's face contorts. His legs kick. The referee is down on both knees asking.

John Phillips: "Kasu obu Doragon — the Curse of the Dragon — Hakuryu's submission is locked in! Trey Mack is in serious trouble!"

Mark Bravo: "The neck, John! He's been working that neck all match! Every forearm, every knee, every chop to the chest — it all built to this! If Trey taps out here, we are done!"

Trey refuses. His hands slap the mat — but not in submission, in frustration, buying himself a beat to breathe. He plants his knuckles down, pushes, fights the wrist control. Hakuryu leans back further, applying more torque. Trey's jaw is clenched. The crowd is screaming his name. He gets one hand free — grabs the wrist of Hakuryu's other arm — and begins turning his body by sheer force, rotating against the hold, fighting the angle. Hakuryu adjusts. Trey adjusts. The two men locked in a grinding physical argument that lasts thirty seconds before Trey, finally, explosively drives backward and rolls Hakuryu off him.

John Phillips: "Trey Mack fighting out of the Curse of the Dragon! My God, the sheer strength it took to break that hold!"

Mark Bravo: "He didn't tap! Two hundred and ninety pounds of determination right there! He is NOT done!"

Both men get to their feet simultaneously, heaving. The crowd is as loud as it has been all match. Hakuryu recovers a half-second faster and charges — Trey ducks the superkick, catches Hakuryu on the way past, and launches him with a belly-to-belly suplex that drives the champion into the mat with tremendous force. Trey stays upright, roaring, and the crowd roars with him.

Mark Bravo: "Belly-to-belly suplex! Where did that come from?! He countered right out of the Kasu obu Doragon into a suplex!"

John Phillips: "The resilience of Trey Mack on full display — he just survived Hakuryu's best submission attempt and answered with a suplex."

Trey covers — one — two — Hakuryu escapes. Trey pulls him up immediately, fires a heavy forearm, drives Hakuryu into the ropes — Hakuryu ducks a clothesline on the rebound — comes around behind Trey — and hits a praying standing moonsault that flattens Trey on the mat. Hakuryu goes for the cover. One — two — Trey gets the shoulder up.

John Phillips: "Praying standing moonsault by the champion — nearfall! This match swinging back and forth!"

Mark Bravo: "Neither man can put the other away! This is everything a championship match should be, John!"

Hakuryu kneels beside Trey on the mat and performs a deliberate, unhurried prayer — eyes closed, completely

composed — while the crowd pelts him with noise. He opens his eyes, grabs Trey by the wrist, hauls him to standing, and attempts to hoist him into the crucifix position of the Koya Otoshi. He gets Trey up — but Trey fights, firing elbows wildly, left and right, until one connects hard enough that Hakuryu's grip loosens. Trey slides down behind him, lands on his feet, and drives a pop-up powerslam that plants Hakuryu in the center of the ring with a crash that shakes the canvas.

John Phillips: "Pop-up powerslam! Trey Mack escaping the Koya Otoshi and answering with that powerslam!"

Mark Bravo: "The Koya Otoshi would have been devastating — instead Trey comes out of it with a slam! Cover! Cover him!"

Trey scrambles into the cover. One — two — Hakuryu kicks out. Trey is up immediately, hitting the ropes, dropping the rolling senton across the chest. Cover — one — two — Hakuryu out again. The crowd is in a frenzy.

John Phillips: "Two nearfalls in rapid succession — Trey Mack throwing everything he has at this champion and Hakuryu keeps surviving."

Mark Bravo: "He needs the Mack Truck, John. Everything else is doing damage but the Mack Truck is the one that finishes people."

Both men are on their feet, breathing hard. The crowd is standing. There's a stillness for just a moment — the eye of the storm — where both men read each other and know that the match is in its final chapter. Trey rolls his neck. Hakuryu performs one brief prayer. They move toward each other.

Trey drives a corner splash — Hakuryu takes it hard — stumbles forward. Trey catches him, backs him up, and whips him into the opposite corner. He follows with a running forearm that crushes Hakuryu into the turnbuckles. Pulls him out — scoop slam — drops a heavy elbow across the chest. Covers — one — two — shoulder up. Trey rises, measures the corner again with Hakuryu near it, hits the ropes and comes in hard with the cannonball — the second one of the match — crashing into Hakuryu with that same devastating impact that turned the tide earlier. The crowd leaps to their feet again.

Mark Bravo: "Another cannonball! He's setting it up, John! The Crash Landing — the Mack Truck sequence — IT'S COMING!"

John Phillips: "If Trey Mack hits the Mack Truck, this match is over. We could be crowning a new WrestleZone Champion."

Trey rolls up to his feet, grabs Hakuryu by the ankle, and drags him out of the corner two deliberate steps — that practiced, purposeful drag that sets the distance perfectly. He stands over the champion, reaches down, grabs him around the midsection, and heaves him upward into the sit-out powerbomb position —

— and Hakuryu's legs fire. A backflip kick that catches Trey flush across the jaw from underneath, sudden and explosive, the sharpest counter in Hakuryu's arsenal delivered at exactly the moment Trey's grip was most committed. Trey drops like a man who walked into a door. The crowd groans in collective agony.

Mark Bravo: "NO! NO! The backflip kick! Out of NOWHERE! How does he — where does that come from?! He was folded up in a powerbomb and he still found the kick!"

John Phillips: "That is the danger of Hakuryu — you can have him right where you want him and he still has something left. The champion escaping the Mack Truck!"

Mark Bravo: "Trey's jaw might be broken. He went down hard."

Trey rolls over onto his side, pushing himself up slowly. His jaw is working, testing the damage. He gets to his feet. Hakuryu is up. They meet at center ring and the crowd is almost delirious — a standing ovation for two men who simply

refuse to let the other finish it.

They trade. Trey's clubbing forearm — Hakuryu's superkick partially blocked — Trey's body shot — Hakuryu's tornado kick that grazes the ear — Trey's spinning back elbow that lands clean. Back and forth, back and forth, neither man with enough left to string combinations together, just two fighters standing in front of each other trading until one of them falls. The referee hovers, watching, reading, staying close. The crowd chants something formless — just noise, the noise of people watching something real.

John Phillips: "They're trading in the center of the ring and neither man is going down — this is everything. This is what the WrestleZone Title is supposed to mean."

Mark Bravo: "Every shot is personal now. There's nothing technical left. This is just two guys trying to survive each other."

Trey winds up, drives a hard forearm that sends Hakuryu stumbling backward toward the ropes. Hakuryu catches himself — Trey charges — Hakuryu sidesteps — and in the scramble, the referee, positioned close to monitor the exchange, takes an elbow from Trey's follow-through across the temple. The referee goes down sideways, hitting the canvas limp, and does not get up. The arena erupts in alarm.

John Phillips: "The referee is down! The referee is down — he caught an elbow in that scramble! This is unintentional but the official is down!"

Mark Bravo: "This is bad, John. This is very bad. When the referee goes down in a match like this — with a title on the line and these kinds of people watching — nothing good follows. Nothing."

John Phillips: "We need a second official out here — somebody get down here!"

Both Trey and Hakuryu register the downed referee almost simultaneously. Trey steps back, hands up, looking at the official. Hakuryu stands over the referee for a moment, his expression unreadable as ever. Sinja moves at ringside, head turning, scanning the entranceway.

The crowd shifts first. There's a disturbance in the upper section to the left of the stage — people moving, pulling back, creating space. Then it cascades downward, row by row, fans scrambling out of the way of something coming through them. The arena noise changes — surprise, alarm, something building quickly.

Theron Tkachuk comes over the barricade like a glacier calving — six foot six, two hundred and ninety-two pounds, moving through the crowd with cold, unstoppable momentum, people parting around him without being asked. Behind him, Torunn Sigurjonsson hammers through the same path with entirely different energy — fists driving, warpaint already streaked across her face, teeth set, driving forward like a freight train that chose its track and committed. In her grip a metal, folding chair. They move together, no words between them, no coordination needed.

John Phillips: "That's Theron Tkachuk and Torunn Sigurjonsson — the Unholy Wolf Brigade — and they are coming through the crowd! They are coming through the crowd right now!"

Mark Bravo: "Of course it's them! Of course! Gunnar's dogs! This is exactly the kind of thing they do — no music, no entrance, just erupting from wherever they decide to erupt from! This is surgical chaos, John, this is exactly what they were built for!"

They hit the ringside area and slide in under the ropes simultaneously, and Hakuryu — to his credit — plants his feet immediately. He turns to face them, coiling, reading the threat. Sinja moves to the apron. The crowd is screaming. Two members of the Unholy Wolf Brigade standing in the ring. The referee still down. The match completely unprotected.

Theron Tkachuk looks at Hakuryu for exactly one second, as Torunn keeps Hakuryu at bay with the steel chair.

Then he turns past him.

He finds Trey Mack standing fifteen feet away, still reading the situation, and charges — full speed, full extension — and delivers a clothesline that nearly separates Trey's head from his body. The sound of it is obscene. Trey doesn't stumble. Trey doesn't spin. Trey simply drops straight down like every wire holding him up was cut at the same moment, crashing to the canvas and laying absolutely still. The crowd reacts like they've witnessed something awful.

John Phillips: "Theron Tkachuk has just leveled Trey Mack! That clothesline — my God — he wasn't here for Hakuryu! He came straight for the challenger!"

Mark Bravo: "They're not here for Hakuryu! This was never about the champion! This is about Trey Mack! Somebody had Trey Mack in their sights tonight and it was not who we thought!"

Shocking everyone, Torunn Sigurjonsson winds up, as if she will strike Hakuryu with the chair, — and slams it down on the canvas with both hands. The crack of metal on the mat is a thunderclap. She picks it up in one hand, turns, and makes eye contact with Hakuryu. The champion has not moved. He is watching her, confused by what he just witnessed. Torunn winks at him — and releases the chair, tossing it directly to him.

Hakuryu catches it on pure instinct. Both hands. The chair in his grip.

Theron and Torunn are already moving. They roll under the ropes on opposite sides, hit the floor, and disappear back into the crowd — absorbed by the sea of bodies, gone before a single official can respond, before security can react, before anyone can do anything at all. The whole sequence lasted less than thirty seconds.

John Phillips: "Theron just flattened Trey Mack — and Torunn tossed that chair directly to Hakuryu. The champion is standing in the ring with a steel chair and a downed opponent and the referee is still unconscious. This looks — this looks very bad for Hakuryu."

Mark Bravo: "Gunnar Van Patton's fingerprints are all over this. All over it, John. The timing, the execution, the exit — that was planned. Every single second of it was planned. Hakuryu just got used as a prop in somebody else's story."

John Phillips: "Whether Hakuryu was aware of this or not — and I have no idea whether he was — the picture the referee is going to wake up to is going to tell a very specific story."

The referee stirs. An arm moves first, then a leg, then he rolls to his side and pushes himself up, blinking hard, trying to orient. It takes several seconds. Several long, terrible seconds where Hakuryu stands in the ring holding a steel chair, Trey Mack laid out on the canvas, and the crowd screaming at maximum volume.

The referee gets to his knees. Looks up. Sees the chair. Sees Hakuryu holding it. Sees Trey Mack motionless at his feet. The referee doesn't need another second of deliberation. He calls for the bell.

Three bells. Hard, sharp, definitive. The match is over.

John Phillips: "The bell has sounded. Disqualification on Hakuryu — but because titles do not change hands on a disqualification, Hakuryu retains the WrestleZone Championship. Trey Mack wins the match by disqualification, but he does not win the title."

Mark Bravo: "Hakuryu retains. And Trey Mack, who fought everything this champion had to offer for twenty minutes, ends up on the mat with nothing to show for it. This is wrong, John. What happened here is wrong."

Hakuryu drops the chair immediately, turning to the referee with open hands, shaking his head. He speaks — rapid Japanese, sharp and insistent — and Sinja slides into the ring and begins translating for the official, gesturing at the ropes, at the crowd, at the spot where Theron and Torunn stood thirty seconds ago. The referee listens, and then points at the chair on the mat, and holds firm. The ruling stands.

John Phillips: "Hakuryu protesting — Sinja arguing on his behalf — but the referee is not changing the call. He saw what he saw."

Mark Bravo: "And here is the brilliance of it, John — here is why this was a masterpiece of manipulation — Hakuryu cannot prove he didn't know. He's holding the chair. The referee woke up to a man holding a chair over a downed opponent. It doesn't matter what actually happened. The only image that matters is the one the referee saw."

The new noise starts at the back of the arena and rolls forward like a wave. Gunnar Van Patton appears at the top of the ramp. No music. No announcement. He simply walks to the top of the stage and stops, and folds his arms across his chest, and smiles. It is a slow smile — patient, satisfied, the smile of a man who planned something three moves ahead and watched every move land exactly where he intended. He looks down at the ring. At Hakuryu. At the referee. At Trey Mack being helped to his feet by an official. He doesn't say a word. He doesn't need to.

John Phillips: "And there is Gunnar Van Patton at the top of that ramp. Not surprised. Not reacting. Watching. Like a man who already knew exactly how this was going to end."

Mark Bravo: "Because he did, John. He wrote it. Every word of it. Hakuryu kept his title tonight but Gunnar Van Patton just won something bigger. He put doubt in every official's head, he took the shine off the championship victory, and he left Trey Mack on the mat. One move. Three outcomes. That is Gunnar Van Patton."

John Phillips: "And Hakuryu — the man who beat Gunnar Van Patton for this championship with outside help, who has insisted since that night that his victory was legitimate — is now on the receiving end of exactly the same kind of interference. The irony could not be sharper."

Mark Bravo: "Gunnar's been waiting for this moment since Victorious. Every single day since he lost that title, this is what he was building toward. And tonight he just reminded the champion that the war is far from over."

Hakuryu finally stops arguing. He stares at the referee for a long moment — the referee stares back, immovable — and then Hakuryu turns and looks up the ramp at Gunnar. The two men hold eye contact across the length of the arena. Gunnar's smile does not change. Hakuryu's expression does not change. The only sound is the crowd, filling the silence between them.

Gunnar unfolds his arms, turns, and walks back through the curtain without a word. He doesn't look back.

Sinja retrieves the WrestleZone Championship from ringside and brings it into the ring, placing it carefully in Hakuryu's hands. Hakuryu takes it. He looks at it for a moment — then looks at the curtain where Gunnar disappeared — and his jaw tightens almost imperceptibly, the only crack in that meditative mask all night.

Trey Mack is on his feet with the help of an official, selling the devastation of the clothesline, arm around their shoulders. He stops at the apron and looks back at the ring. At Hakuryu with the belt. At the empty ramp. He shakes his head slowly, once, and allows himself to be guided toward the back.

John Phillips: "Trey Mack — who came here tonight and gave everything he had — leaving without the championship he came for. Through no fault of his own. He competed fairly. He pushed this champion harder than anyone has since Hakuryu put on that belt. And he's walking out with nothing."

Mark Bravo: "Wrong place at the wrong time, John. Trey Mack didn't lose tonight. He just happened to get caught in the crossfire of a war between two men with no regard at all for collateral damage."

The camera moves in close on Hakuryu in the ring. He stands alone now — Sinja a half-step behind — championship in hand, eyes fixed on the hard camera. He raises the belt slowly to chest height. Not a celebration. A statement. Then he lowers it and opens his mouth.

Hakuryu:?????????

Sinja: "Revenge will come without mercy."

Sinja delivers the translation, voice level and unhurried, the way a man delivers a fact rather than a threat. Hakuryu's

eyes don't move from the lens. He holds the look for three more seconds. Then he turns, steps through the ropes, and descends to the floor. Sinja follows. The championship hangs at Hakuryu's side as the two of them walk up the ramp — the same deliberate pace as the entrance, unchanged, unmoved — and disappear through the curtain.

The arena buzzes in the silence they leave behind. The chair still on the canvas. The referee at ringside. The ring empty except for the evidence of what just happened.

John Phillips: "Gunnar Van Patton orchestrated the entire sequence. Hakuryu retains, though with a DQ loss. Why help Hakuryu keep his title? That's what I'm wondering."

Mark Bravo: "That was a slap in the face designed to make the champion's ego crack. GVP wants to be the one to take that title off of Hakuryu and he just told him without words that he doesn't think Hakuryu is man enough to keep it that long."

Besties!

Segment

The backstage corridor outside the women's locker room is the unglamorous kind — concrete walls, a bulletin board with half-peeled scheduling sheets, a folding table with a catering spread that has seen better days. A production assistant hurries past with a headset on and doesn't look up. The ambient roar of the crowd is muffled back here, a low hum through the walls.

Brittany Reid comes through the curtain still running on match adrenaline, gear a little disheveled — one ponytail slightly lower than the other, a scuff on her knee pad — and grinning to herself, replaying the whole thing in her head. She nearly walks directly into Sol Azteca.

Sol is perched on the edge of a nearby table, bottle of water in hand, watching the arena feed on a monitor nearby. She's in full ring gear but relaxed, feet swinging slightly. She watched Brittany's match from back here. She looks up at the near-collision with a calm that suggests she saw it coming before Brittany did.

BRITTANY REID: "Omigosh! I am so super sorry! I totally thought I juked around that gross crate, but my spatial awareness is acting crazy today. I almost totally squished you! Anyway... hi! I'm Brittany!"

SOL AZTECA: "You almost took us both out. After surviving your whole match, that would have been a rough way to end the night."

Brittany blinks. Then laughs, loud and genuine.

BRITTANY REID: "Totally! That would have been so embarrassing, like dropping your pom-poms mid-routine! Wait, you're Sol Azteca, right?! I watched your debut last week and it was, like, stupidly amazing!"

SOL AZTECA: "I watched your match tonight. The Queen Bee at the end — I made a noise too. My trainer would have been very unimpressed with me."

BRITTANY REID: "Right?! It felt so freakin' amazing! Everything just connected perfectly! I've been planning that sequence since, like, Tuesday. I am literally buzzing right now! Do I look sweaty? Gross."

Sol shifts on the table and makes space. A small, easy gesture.

SOL AZTECA: "Do you want to sit? You look like you have been running for forty minutes."

BRITTANY REID: "Totes! Kinda feels like it! So, my sensei is this awesome masked guy from Japan, and I grew up watching all this rad joshi and lucha stuff with him! Is it weird that I'm totally fangirling right now?"

SOL AZTECA: "You are not making it weird. I grew up watching it too — my father had tapes. We watched them on Sunday mornings before church and he would explain everything. He had very strong opinions about footwork."

BRITTANY REID: "Shut up, that is literally the cutest thing I have ever heard! Love that for you! I bet your dad would totally critique my footwork, and I don't know if I'd be super honored or like, totally terrified!"

SOL AZTECA: "He would have liked it. The way you move on the rope, you are thinking about space, not just movement. Not everyone does that."

BRITTANY REID: "Yay! You get it! My sensei literally drilled that into my brain for two whole years. I seriously hear his voice in my sleep now. Does your brain do that cray-cray narrator thing too?"

SOL AZTECA: "Mine does it in two languages, depending on which part of my training the lesson came from."

BRITTANY REID: "Okay, bilingual dream voices is like, super badass! So jealous! Um, hey, can I ask you a teeny tiny question? You can totally say no, zero pressure, but..."

SOL AZTECA: "Ask away."

BRITTANY REID: "What is the deal with this place? I've been here for two shows, and I feel like I'm missing out on all the backstage gossip! These douchebags were looking at me earlier like I was a total freak."

Down the corridor, a door swings open and a group of guys come through, loud and self-satisfied, moving like the hallway belongs to them. They pass without acknowledging either woman. Brittany watches them go. One of them is the same guy she smiled at earlier. He still doesn't look at her.

BRITTANY REID: "...Yeah, speak of the devil, that's one of them. Hiii! (a little wave) ...Wow, okay, total ignore mode. That's fine, whatever, moving on!"

SOL AZTECA: "It is not just you. I have been here one week and I already understand that this place has people in it who are very used to deciding how things go. And they notice new arrivals."

BRITTANY REID: "Right?! Oh my god, yes! Exactly! Like, last week, my match almost got canceled because some loser had 'concerns' about where it was on the card! Which is super shady, right?"

SOL AZTECA: "Last week, someone put the wrong name on my locker room door."

BRITTANY REID: "Wait, shut up! Are you serious?! Like, on purpose?!"

SOL AZTECA: "I believe so. I fixed the sign and went in. Still had a fun night though, watching all the action."

BRITTANY REID: "Okay, that is so freaking boss! I totally love that energy! Just fix the sign and own it. I'm writing that down in my brain!"

SOL AZTECA: "I think we are going to be fine, both of us. We came here for reasons, and those reasons do not go away because someone puts the wrong name on a door or does not smile back in a hallway."

BRITTANY REID: "Yeah! Totally! Also—and I know this is, like, super fast since we literally just met and I almost crushed you with a box—but if any of these creepers give you a hard time or do anything weird, you can totally text me! Seriously! I am literally the best text buddy ever!"

Sol looks at her for a moment. Then she takes out her phone and holds it out.

SOL AZTECA: "Same."

Brittany takes the phone immediately and starts typing, zero hesitation.

BRITTANY REID: "Omigosh, yay! I'm putting myself in as 'La Abeja' because that means 'bee' in Spanish! My sensei taught me, like, six words total. Did I say it right? La abeja?!"

SOL AZTECA: (the smile is in her voice) "La abeja. Yes. That's right."

BRITTANY REID: "La abeja! Woo! (she hands the phone back, delighted with herself) You can make your contact

name whatever you want in mine! Also, super important emergency topic: there was this amazing-smelling tray of tacos in catering, and I've been obsessing over it for like, an hour! We should totally go hunt it down right now! Are you in?!"

SOL AZTECA: (already sliding off the table) "I was hoping someone was going to say that."

Brittany hops down, grabs her gear bag, and falls into step beside Sol — still bouncy the way she always is, the way a person is when the ground is just a springboard waiting to happen. They head down the corridor together, talking, and the camera holds on them until they round the corner and are gone.

The Bobby Dean Problem

Segment

The camera is already live backstage with Melissa Cartwright.

She stands in one of the interview areas inside Inalpi Arena, microphone in hand, composed as always despite the noise of the show still moving around her.

Then she turns slightly, bringing Bobby Dean into frame.

Bobby looks like he did not know this was happening until it already was.

His shirt is still half-tucked.

He notices.

He tries to fix it.

Stops.

Somehow leaves it worse.

Melissa stays composed.

Melissa Cartwright: "Bobby, last week we saw you get involved in the Hardcore Championship situation alongside Eric Dane Jr."

She lets that settle for a moment.

Melissa Cartwright: "You were trying to help him, correct?"

Bobby nods immediately.

Bobby Dean: "Yeah. Yeah, I was."

He stops.

Bobby Dean: "I mean... yeah."

A smaller nod follows.

Melissa presses forward, professional and probing, but not cruel.

Melissa Cartwright: "That is what he expects from you?"

Bobby opens his mouth.

Then closes it.

Bobby Dean: "Yeah."

The answer comes out unsure now.

Bobby Dean: "I just... try to be where I'm supposed to be."

His hands come up slightly, like he is about to explain more, then drop again the second he realizes they are moving.

Melissa does not give him much space.

Melissa Cartwright: "And last week... that is where you were supposed to be?"

Bobby nods again.

Bobby Dean: "Yeah."

Then he stops.

The nod fades halfway through.

Bobby Dean: "I thought..."

He shakes his head quickly, like that was the wrong thing to say.

Bobby Dean: "I mean, yeah. I was just... yeah."

He exhales, frustrated with himself.

Melissa watches him closely.

Melissa Cartwright: "So you believe Eric Dane Jr. wanted you involved in that match?"

Bobby nods.

Too fast.

Bobby Dean: "Yeah."

Then it hits him.

The nod slows.

Bobby Dean: "I mean, he didn't say not to."

He adds it quickly, trying to fix the answer before it turns into something worse.

Bobby Dean: "I just... I know how it works. I've done this a long time."

That does not sound right to him even as he says it.

His foot drags slightly against the floor.

Bobby Dean: "I was just trying to help him."

His voice is quieter now.

The moment hangs.

Then it shifts.

Fast.

Eric Dane Jr. steps into frame without slowing down.

Eric Dane Jr.: "Of course you were."

Not to Melissa.

To Bobby.

Bobby freezes.

Dane steps closer, the Hardcore Championship still with him, his presence instantly changing the temperature of the interview.

Eric Dane Jr.: "You were trying to help. That's what you do, right? That's your whole thing."

Bobby says nothing.

Dane crowds him a little more.

Eric Dane Jr.: "You don't think. You don't ask. You just... show up and hope nobody notices how bad you are at it."

Bobby nods instinctively.

Bobby Dean: "Yeah, I..."

Eric Dane Jr.: "No."

Immediate.

Eric Dane Jr.: "Don't."

That shuts him down.

Dane does not raise his voice.

He does not need to.

Eric Dane Jr.: "You don't get to stand here and explain anything. Because you don't know what you're talking about."

He gives a quick glance toward Melissa.

Dismissive.

Then right back to Bobby.

Eric Dane Jr.: "You made a decision last week. Not me. You."

Each word lands clean.

Eric Dane Jr.: "And now I get to listen to you try and guess your way through it like that's helping me."

Bobby's eyes drop.

His hands come together tighter now.

Bobby Dean: "I was just..."

Eric Dane Jr.: "Trying to help."

Dane repeats it for him.

Flat.

Eric Dane Jr.: "Yeah. I heard you."

Another step closer.

Eric Dane Jr.: "I don't need help from someone who doesn't know when to stay out of the way."

That lands hard.

Bobby nods again.

Slower.

Careful.

Dane watches it.

Eric Dane Jr.: "You spent the last twenty years speed-running all-you-can-eat buffets, getting coffee for my old man, or fondling Cancer Jiles' huevos."

He lets that sit.

On Bobby.

On Melissa.

On the camera.

On the room.

Bobby does not move.

His face tightens, trying to process it, trying to hold it together.

Dane steps in again, just enough to close the space.

Eric Dane Jr.: "How about next time you open your eyes and your ears, shut your fat mouth, and figure out how to speak when you're spoken to..."

A slight pause.

Eric Dane Jr.: "...and do what you're told."

Bobby nods.

Instinct.

But slower now.

Careful.

A tear starts to well before he can stop it. Bobby turns his head just slightly, like maybe that hides it.

It does not.

Dane sees it.

He does not acknowledge it.

He just looks at Bobby like nothing in front of him is changing anything.

Then Dane turns to leave.

Melissa Cartwright: "Eric."

Melissa stops him.

Dane does not fully turn back.

Just enough.

Melissa Cartwright: "One more."

Dane gives her a look.

Irritated.

But permissive.

Melissa stays steady.

Melissa Cartwright: "You've made it very clear how you feel about Bobby Dean. So what happens now?"

Dane does not answer right away.

He looks at Bobby.

Really looks at him.

Bobby is still standing there. Still rattled. Still trying not to break.

Eric Dane Jr.: "Now?"

A small shake of his head.

Eric Dane Jr.: "Now he fixes it."

Bobby blinks.

He does not understand.

Dane steps back toward him.

Eric Dane Jr.: "You want to help?"

A beat.

Eric Dane Jr.: "You want to be around me?"

Bobby nods immediately.

Bobby Dean: "Yeah."

Eric Dane Jr.: "Then you prove you're not a problem."

That lands.

Bobby nods again.

Bobby Dean: "I can. Yeah, I can do that."

Eric Dane Jr.: "Next week."

Dane cuts across him without looking at him.

Eric Dane Jr.: "You step in the ring with Maxx Mayhem."

Bobby freezes.

Melissa's expression shifts slightly, the weight of that announcement landing immediately.

Dane continues like it is already done.

Eric Dane Jr.: "You get through him, maybe you're worth keeping around."

No encouragement.

No belief.

Just terms.

Bobby nods again, but there is hesitation now.

Real hesitation.

Dane finally looks directly at him.

Eric Dane Jr.: "If you don't?"

A slight shrug.

Eric Dane Jr.: "I don't have a Bobby Dean problem anymore."

That is it.

Dane turns and walks off.

No pause.

No second look.

The camera stays on Bobby.

Still standing there.

Still trying to hold it together.

And not quite managing it.

Melissa lowers the microphone slightly, her professionalism still intact but her expression showing just enough discomfort to make the silence feel heavier.

Bobby looks down at his shirt again.

He reaches to fix it.

Then stops.

His hands fall to his sides.

The camera lingers on him for one more painful second before cutting away.

No Thanks

Segment

The broadcast cuts backstage.

A monitor glows against the wall in one of the locker room corridors, replaying the final moments of what just happened in the Hardcore Championship contendership match.

Chris Ross entering the ring.

Chair in hand.

Samuel Scythe watching him.

Clovis Black bracing for whatever came next.

Then the chair shot.

Not to Scythe.

To Clovis.

The bell.

The disqualification.

Clovis Black being awarded the match, and with it, the next shot at Eric Dane Jr.'s Hardcore Championship.

Standing in front of the monitor are members of First Class.

Maxwell Jett stands closest to the screen, arms folded, expression unreadable.

Jacoby is nearby, already looking like he is ready to move, energy in his posture, eyes cutting from the monitor to MMJ and back again.

Darran stands on the other side, watching the replay with a mix of confusion and unease.

The replay shows Chris Ross walking away with the chair.

MMJ says nothing.

He just watches.

The screen cuts back to the arena feed.

Jacoby finally breaks the silence.

Jacoby: "You ready to go out to the ring?"

MMJ lifts one hand immediately.

Not forcefully.

Just enough.

A quiet command to stop talking.

Jacoby stops.

Darran looks between them.

MMJ keeps his eyes on the monitor, even though the replay is over now. You can almost see the wheels turning behind his eyes, the pieces moving into place, the conclusion forming before he says it out loud.

Then slowly, MMJ raises one finger.

He shakes it once.

Maxwell Jett: "That's what he wants."

Jacoby frowns slightly.

Jacoby: "Who?"

MMJ finally turns from the monitor.

Maxwell Jett: "Ross."

Darran blinks, still not following all the way.

Darran: "Ross wanted to get Clovis a title shot?"

MMJ shakes his head, dismissing that part of it.

Maxwell Jett: "No."

He points loosely toward the monitor.

Maxwell Jett: "This wasn't a message to Scythe."

He pauses.

Then his eyes narrow.

Maxwell Jett: "No. This was a message to me."

Darran's face twists in confusion.

Darran: "It was?"

Jacoby looks like he is trying to decide if he agrees yet, but he stays quiet.

MMJ turns fully now, the confidence returning to his posture as the theory settles into certainty in his own mind.

Maxwell Jett: "Think about it. We go out there, we make our entrance, we do the First Class thing..."

He points at Jacoby.

Maxwell Jett: "Next thing you know, you're laid out with that chair."

Then he points at Darran.

Maxwell Jett: "And you're laid out with that chair."

Jacoby and Darran look at each other.

Neither seems especially comforted by the image.

Darran: "Yeah..."

Jacoby nods slowly.

Jacoby: "That's not cool."

MMJ spreads his hands like the point has proven itself.

Maxwell Jett: "Exactly."

He looks back toward the monitor one more time, where the arena feed continues without Chris Ross in frame.

Maxwell Jett: "I don't know what game Chris Ross is playing. I don't know if he thinks he's smarter than everybody now because he learned how to walk slowly with a chair and stare at people."

MMJ scoffs.

Maxwell Jett: "But I'm not falling for that."

Jacoby relaxes slightly, as if taking the cue that they are not going out there after all.

Jacoby: "So we're not doing it?"

MMJ gives him a look.

Maxwell Jett: "Not tonight."

He adjusts his jacket, brushing imaginary dust from the front like the whole conversation has become beneath him.

Maxwell Jett: "Besides, Italy is just as dirty and nasty as Mexico was."

Darran glances around the backstage hallway.

Darran: "This hallway does feel sticky."

Jacoby looks down at the floor.

Jacoby: "I didn't wanna say anything."

MMJ shakes his head, already done with the building, the night, and whatever trap he has convinced himself he just avoided.

Maxwell Jett: "Let's just go."

MMJ turns and walks off.

Jacoby and Darran exchange one last look, then follow him down the hallway.

The monitor remains behind them, still showing the live feed from ringside.

A few seconds later, the shot catches the empty space where First Class had been standing.

No entrance.

No confrontation.

No chair shot.

Just Maxwell Jett deciding the smartest play was to walk away before Chris Ross could decide otherwise.

The camera fades back toward the arena.

Between Family And Self

Segment

The catering room door swings open.

Emily Hightower steps inside.

Blue jeans. Worn boots. A faded gray T-shirt under an old flannel overshirt with the sleeves rolled up. She looks less like a wrestler right now and more like somebody who grew up around trucks, bar fights, and long roads through Arkansas heat.

No entourage.

No noise.

Just Emily.

She heads straight for the cooler near the wall, grabs a bottle of water, and twists the cap loose without looking toward anybody else in the room.

Across the room, Sol Azteca stays focused on the monitor overhead as the crowd inside Inalpi Arena erupts from something happening out in the arena. The light from the screen flickers across the gold details of her mask while commentary bleeds faintly through the speakers.

Only when the moment on the screen settles does Sol finally glance back toward the door.

Her eyes land on Emily.

After another second, Sol stands from the table, grabbing her own water bottle as she does.

No hesitation.

No awkwardness.

Just professional respect.

She walks over at an easy pace and stops a comfortable distance away before offering her hand.

Sol Azteca: "Sol."

Emily looks down at the hand briefly before taking it.

Firm handshake.

Short.

Familiar.

The kind wrestlers give each other without thinking about it.

Emily Hightower: "Emily."

Sol gives a small nod.

Sol Azteca: "I know."

Emily raises an eyebrow slightly.

Sol Azteca: "I have been going back and watching older UTA shows when I have downtime. I figured if I am going to be here, I should learn the people around me instead of only hearing about them."

Sol takes a small drink from the bottle in her hand before continuing.

Sol Azteca: "I saw some of your older matches first. Then I got to watch you and Tyger II in Mexico."

A small nod follows.

Sol Azteca: "Honestly, it was cool to see. Two second-generation wrestlers in there together. You could tell both of you grew up around this."

Emily leans back against the counter a little more, bottle hanging loose from her hand.

Emily Hightower: "Yeah. It was a damn good match till my family decided they needed to stick their noses in it."

She shakes her head, annoyed all over again just thinking about it.

Emily Hightower: "Feels like that's been happenin' more and more ever since my dad brought the rest of 'em in. Every damn match turns into somebody yellin', somebody climbin' on an apron, somebody thinkin' they're helpin' when really they're just makin' shit harder."

Sol nods once, like she already understands exactly the kind of chaos Emily means.

Sol Azteca: "I was wondering about that, actually."

She shifts the water bottle between her hands.

Sol Azteca: "Because when I was watching your older matches, it felt different. Like you just got to wrestle."

Emily lets out another dry laugh, this one more tired than amused.

Emily Hightower: "Yeah, well, apparently that ain't enough anymore."

She twists the cap back onto the bottle harder than she means to.

Emily Hightower: "Dad thinks he's protectin' me. Buck thinks every problem on earth can be solved by threatenin' somebody. Dakota at least tries not to make shit worse, but even she gets caught up in it."

Emily shakes her head again.

Emily Hightower: "And the messed up part is, I know they mean well."

A pause.

Emily Hightower: "But at Victorious?"

Her jaw tightens immediately at the mention of it.

Emily Hightower: "That pissed me off."

She finally looks directly at Sol now instead of past her.

Emily Hightower: "I told 'em to stay in the back. I told 'em to let me handle my own damn match. Then next thing I know, everybody's gettin' dragged around ringside and I'm standin' there lookin' like I can't win a title without my family turnin' it into a circus."

Sol nods slowly.

Sol Azteca: "Yeah. I saw that."

She leans lightly against the table beside her.

Sol Azteca: "And to be fair, The Empire did come out first."

A small shrug.

Sol Azteca: "So I understand why your family reacted to it."

Sol looks back toward Emily.

Sol Azteca: "But I also understand why that bothered you."

Her tone stays calm and conversational.

Sol Azteca: "That was supposed to be your moment. Whether you won or lost, it was supposed to happen because of you."

Emily stares down at the bottle in her hand for a second before letting out a frustrated breath through her nose.

Emily Hightower: "Exactly."

She points lightly with the bottle.

Emily Hightower: "See, that's the part everybody keeps missin'."

Emily pushes herself off the counter, pacing a couple slow steps before turning back.

Emily Hightower: "I ain't stupid. I know The Empire came out first. I know my family saw that and reacted."

She shakes her head.

Emily Hightower: "But that was supposed to be my fight."

Her voice stays controlled, but there is real frustration underneath it now.

Emily Hightower: "If somebody screws me over? Fine. I'll deal with it."

Emily Hightower: "If I lose? Fine. That's on me too."

A short pause.

Emily Hightower: "But instead, everybody remembers the damn chaos around the match."

Her jaw tightens again.

Emily Hightower: "And deep down? I really think they cost me that title."

Emily lets out a long, exhausted sigh.

Emily Hightower: "And you know what haunts me about Victorious?"

She looks down at the floor, the bottle crinkling slightly in her grip.

Emily Hightower: "I quit."

That lands harder than anything else she has said.

Emily Hightower: "I tapped."

She shakes her head, disgusted with the memory.

Emily Hightower: "Something a Hightower never does."

Another pause.

Emily Hightower: "That's a level of humiliation that has haunted me ever since. I'm supposed to be known for toughness. For that Hightower grit."

Her voice drops slightly.

Emily Hightower: "Yet I quit."

Sol thinks on it for a second before answering.

Sol Azteca: "Seems like the harder you fight it, the bigger the distraction gets."

Emily gives a quiet hum through her nose like she hates how true that sounds.

Sol Azteca: "And having family involved probably makes it worse."

She rolls the water bottle lightly between her palms.

Sol Azteca: "Your dad survived in a completely different generation of this business. People from that time learned to expect someone jumping them, screwing them over, trying to take food off their table every night."

Sol shrugs slightly.

Sol Azteca: "So honestly? I do not think he is doing it because he does not believe in you."

Her eyes settle on Emily again.

Sol Azteca: "I think he does not want you dealing with the same things he had to go through to build the Hightower name."

Emily goes quiet for a few seconds after that.

Emily Hightower: "Yeah. Maybe."

She takes another drink before continuing.

Emily Hightower: "But somewhere along the line, it stopped feelin' like they were protectin' me and started feelin' like they were watchin' me."

Sol nods a little, like she has already been thinking about it while listening.

Sol Azteca: "I have seen you trying to talk to them."

She shifts her weight against the table.

Sol Azteca: "Maybe it needs to come from a different angle."

Emily looks over, listening now.

Sol Azteca: "Maybe not fighting him on it first."

A small shrug.

Sol Azteca: "Tell him you respect what he did to build the Hightower name. Tell him you understand why he is the way he is about all this."

Sol glances down briefly at the water bottle in her hands before looking back up.

Sol Azteca: "And honestly? He is probably trying to save you from having to survive the same kind of business he came up in."

Another shrug, smaller this time.

Sol Azteca: "From what I have seen, though... I do not know if that fixes it either."

A faint half smile shows beneath the mask.

Sol Azteca: "But it is probably worth the shot."

Emily stays quiet, so Sol continues, careful with the next part.

Sol Azteca: "At some point, you probably have to figure out if you are trying to be Emily Hightower... or just carrying the family name."

Emily goes quiet after that.

Not offended.

Not angry.

Just thinking.

She slowly twists the cap back onto the nearly empty bottle in her hand, eyes dropping toward the floor for a second before she lets out a dry little laugh through her nose.

Emily Hightower: "Shit. That's kinda the problem, ain't it?"

She looks back up at Sol.

Emily Hightower: "I love my family. As loud and stubborn and batshit crazy as they are... I love 'em."

A small shake of her head.

Emily Hightower: "But every time I get close to standin' on my own two feet in this place, it feels like somebody pulls me right back into bein' a Hightower instead of just bein' me."

Emily finally crushes the empty bottle slightly in her hand.

Emily Hightower: "And the worst part is... I don't even think they're doin' it on purpose."

Sol nods once.

Not like she has an answer for it.

Just understanding.

Sol Azteca: "Most family problems are usually not on purpose."

That gets another small laugh out of Emily.

Sol pushes herself off the table and takes a final drink from her water before screwing the cap back on.

Sol Azteca: "For what it is worth, though... when people talk about your matches?"

She gestures lightly toward the monitor overhead.

Sol Azteca: "I do not think people see someone hiding behind her family."

Emily watches her quietly.

Sol Azteca: "I think they see someone trying very hard to become her own person while everybody around her keeps

pulling in different directions."

A small shrug.

Sol Azteca: "Honestly, I think that is why people connect with you."

The crowd swells faintly through the walls again as something big happens out in the arena.

Emily looks down at the crushed bottle in her hand before tossing it into a nearby trash can.

Emily Hightower: "Appreciate that."

Sol gives a small nod back toward her.

Sol Azteca: "Was nice finally meeting you in person."

Emily smirks faintly.

Emily Hightower: "Yeah. You too."

For a second, it feels like Emily might say something else, but instead she just hooks her thumbs into her pockets and starts toward the door.

Before she leaves, she pauses and glances back over her shoulder.

Emily Hightower: "And hey... good luck when they finally book you."

That gets a small laugh out of Sol.

Sol Azteca: "Thanks."

Emily pushes the door open and disappears back into the hallway.

Sol watches the door swing shut.

Then she looks back up toward the monitor overhead as the camera slowly fades back toward the arena.

Amy Harrison vs. Dante Rivera

Match

The broadcast returns to ringside inside Inalpi Arena, where the energy has shifted again.

The ring has been cleared.

The lights sweep across the building in wide, dramatic arcs.

The crowd in Turin is still buzzing from the chaos of the Hardcore Championship contendership match, from Chris Ross' silent sabotage, from Clovis Black being handed the next shot at Eric Dane Jr., and from Ace Andrews losing control of yet another situation tonight.

But now, the lower third graphic wipes across the screen.

MAIN EVENT

UTA INTERNATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP

AMY HARRISON defends against DANTE RIVERA

The crowd roars as the main event announcement hits.

John Phillips: "Ladies and gentlemen, it is time for our main event here at World Tour: Italy '26! Amy Harrison defends the UTA International Championship against Dante Rivera!"

Mark Bravo: "And after everything we have already seen tonight, John, I do not know how anybody walks into this main

event feeling normal. The Empire has been all over this show. Amy Harrison has promised dominance. Marie Van Claudio has been dragged into her orbit. And Dante Rivera has a chance to do something huge."

John Phillips: "Dante Rivera, a passionate second-generation star, has earned this opportunity tonight. He is resilient, charismatic, and he thrives on adversity. But standing across from him will be one of the most cunning champions in UTA today."

Mark Bravo: "Amy Harrison does not play fair. She does not pretend to play fair. She has the International Championship, she has The Empire, and earlier tonight, she made sure Marie Van Claudio knew exactly what would happen if anything went wrong."

Instead of cutting immediately to the entrance stage, the camera pans across the crowd.

Italian flags wave in the lower bowl.

Fans hold up signs for Dante Rivera, anti-Empire signs, and a few still demanding justice for Marie Van Claudio.

The camera continues moving across the front row.

Then it slows.

The crowd closest to the barricade suddenly gets louder.

The camera stops on a blonde woman seated in the front row.

She smiles as the fans around her point, cheer, and react with recognition.

John Phillips: "Wait a minute!"

Mark Bravo: "Oh, look who it is!"

The woman stands, elegant and composed, accepting the reaction with a bright smile.

A lower third slides onto the screen.

LEXI GOLD

International Wrestling Superstar

Lexi Gold waves to the crowd as the cheers grow louder around her.

John Phillips: "That is international wrestling superstar Lexi Gold! The Golden Goddess herself is here in Italy tonight for UTA's World Tour!"

Mark Bravo: "That is a huge face in the crowd, John. Lexi Gold has competed all over the world, reinvented herself across multiple eras, and wherever she goes, attention follows."

John Phillips: "You never know who will be in the house when you come to a UTA show. We are on the World Tour. The wrestling world is watching, and tonight, Lexi Gold is here at ringside in Turin."

Mark Bravo: "And you know every wrestler in the back is going to hear about that. You want to show out in the main event? Do it with somebody like Lexi Gold sitting in the front row."

Lexi gives one more wave, then sits back down, still smiling as fans around her continue buzzing.

The camera lingers just long enough to capture the moment before pulling away from the front row and swinging toward the stage.

John Phillips: "And speaking of showing out, here comes the challenger."

The lights shift.

The opening of "Rise Today" by Alter Bridge blasts through Inalpi Arena.

The crowd erupts.

Dante Rivera bursts through the curtain with immediate energy, feeding off the noise the second he appears.

He throws both arms out, then points to the crowd on either side of the stage before starting down the ramp.

John Phillips: "Here comes Dante Rivera! El Paso, Texas! Second-generation wrestler! A man who channels his family's legacy into every single fight!"

Mark Bravo: "And listen to this crowd. Dante has that spark, John. He is the kind of guy people want to believe in because he wrestles like every comeback matters."

Dante moves down the ramp quickly, slapping hands with fans on both sides.

He does not carry the tension of someone overwhelmed by the main event spotlight.

He carries excitement.

Purpose.

A fire that has been building since the opportunity was announced.

He stops halfway down the ramp and points to the sky, holding the pose for a brief moment in tribute to his family.

John Phillips: "That tribute right there means everything to Dante Rivera. The son of former regional wrestling star El Jaguar Rivera, Dante has always said his fight is not just for himself. It is for everyone who still believes in heroes."

Mark Bravo: "And tonight, he gets a chance to become a champion. Not someday. Not eventually. Tonight."

Dante resumes the walk, but as he reaches ringside, he does not immediately go to the steps.

Instead, he turns toward the front row.

The camera follows him.

Lexi Gold is still seated nearby, watching with interest.

Dante walks over to her side of the barricade.

He stops directly in front of her.

Then, with a grin, he gives a small, respectful bow.

The crowd reacts loudly.

Lexi laughs and applauds, clearly amused by the gesture.

Mark Bravo: "Oh, look at Dante! Main event challenger and still has time to recognize greatness in the front row."

John Phillips: "A show of respect from Dante Rivera to Lexi Gold."

Dante straightens up from the bow.

Then he points two fingers at his own eyes.

Then points those same two fingers toward Lexi.

The classic message is unmistakable.

I see you.

Lexi smiles wider, nodding as the fans nearby cheer the exchange.

Mark Bravo: "Dante just told Lexi Gold he sees her. And I think that also means, watch this."

John Phillips: "Dante Rivera knows who is watching tonight. He knows this is a main event. He knows the International Championship is on the line. And now he knows Lexi Gold has a front-row seat."

Mark Bravo: "If Dante was planning to bring his A game before, he may have just found an A-plus game."

Dante backs away from the barricade, still smiling, then turns toward the ring.

The smile narrows into focus.

Because now the moment becomes real.

Amy Harrison is coming.

The International Championship is waiting.

And Dante Rivera has the biggest opportunity of his UTA career in front of him.

He runs toward the ring, jumps onto the apron in one smooth motion, and turns to the crowd.

The fans cheer as Dante points to the sky again, then taps his chest with one hand.

John Phillips: "Dante Rivera has heart, he has speed, he has resilience, and he has the crowd with him tonight."

Mark Bravo: "But he also has to be careful. Amy Harrison is not just another champion. She is slick, cunning, and if Marie Van Claudio is at ringside like Amy promised earlier, then Dante has to keep his head on a swivel."

Dante steps through the ropes and enters the ring.

He moves quickly to the nearest corner and climbs to the second rope, raising one arm as the crowd responds.

He looks out across Inalpi Arena, then briefly back toward Lexi Gold in the front row.

He gives one more confident nod, then hops down into the ring.

John Phillips: "Dante Rivera is in the ring. He is ready. And tonight, he looks to bring the International Championship home."

Mark Bravo: "And if he does it in front of Lexi Gold, in Italy, in the main event of the World Tour? That is how you change your life in one night."

Dante paces the ring now, rolling his shoulders and keeping his eyes on the entrance stage.

The music begins to fade.

The crowd remains loud.

The camera cuts once more to Lexi Gold at ringside, watching with a smile.

Then back to Dante Rivera in the ring.

The challenger has arrived.

The champion is next.

Dante Rivera stands in the ring, pacing lightly, the energy of the crowd feeding into him as "Rise Today" fades out.

He looks ready.

Focused.

Alive in the moment.

But then the mood begins to change.

The lights dim.

A pulse of pink cuts across the darkness.

Then blue.

Then pink again.

The eerie opening chords of "Sanctify Me" by In This Moment begin to roll through Inalpi Arena.

The crowd response flips immediately into loud, venomous boos.

John Phillips: "And here comes the champion."

Mark Bravo: "And unfortunately, John, she is not just bringing the International Championship with her. She is bringing all the poison that comes with being Amy Harrison."

The stage glows in alternating pink and blue as Amy Harrison steps through the curtain.

The UTA International Championship is around her waist.

Her chin is high.

Her smile is smug.

And her body language says exactly what it always says.

She believes the world should stop when she arrives.

Amy pauses at center stage and turns slightly, posing seductively beneath the lights, one hand brushing across the championship at her waist as the boos rain down harder.

John Phillips: "Amy Harrison, Belfast, Northern Ireland, the reigning International Champion, and one of the most cunning, conniving, and dangerous competitors in this entire company."

Mark Bravo: "She is also one of the most insufferable. Let's not lose that part."

Amy slowly turns her head toward the back.

Then her expression shifts.

Not softer.

Sharper.

More impatient.

She suddenly thrusts one arm out and points in front of her, letting out a sharp, ugly shriek toward the curtain.

Amy Harrison: "Now!"

The crowd boos even louder because they already know what that means.

There is a moment.

A long, uncomfortable moment.

Then Marie Van Claudio steps through the curtain.

The reaction changes again.

Not because the boos stop.

Because sympathy crashes into the sound.

Marie Van Claudio, the UTA Women's Champion, looks nothing like a woman arriving for glory.

She looks like someone walking into a situation she does not want to be in and cannot escape.

Her posture is lower.

Her eyes are down.

Her expression is filled with despair.

She moves toward the exact spot Amy pointed to and stops there, silent and visibly miserable.

John Phillips: "And there she is... Marie Van Claudio."

Mark Bravo: "Still the UTA Women's Champion. Still the First Lady of the UTA. But after Victorious, after the stipulation, after what we all saw in Mexico, Amy Harrison has forced Marie Van Claudio into this humiliating role at her side."

John Phillips: "Amy Harrison defeated Marie Van Claudio at Victorious, and because of that loss, Marie was bound to the terms Amy demanded. We have watched Amy exploit that in the cruelest possible way."

Mark Bravo: "Cruelest possible way is putting it politely, John. Servant? That's not even the right word anymore. What Amy Harrison wants is ownership. She wants control. She wants Marie Van Claudio treated more like a slave than anything else, and it is sickening to watch."

Amy turns toward Marie and looks her over as if inspecting whether the humiliation is properly arranged.

Marie does not meet her eyes.

Amy smirks.

Then she places one hand against the middle of Marie's back and shoves her forward.

Amy Harrison: "Walk."

Marie stumbles a half-step, catches herself, and starts forward.

Amy follows right beside and slightly behind her, International Championship gleaming around her waist, her expression somewhere between delight and contempt.

Together, they begin walking down the ramp.

John Phillips: "Marie Van Claudio should be coming out here as a champion in her own right. Instead, Amy Harrison is marching her to the ring like an accessory."

Mark Bravo: "Amy doesn't want Marie standing next to her. She wants Marie standing beneath her."

Young fans near the barricade reach out toward Marie as she passes.

A few try to get her attention.

Others just want to touch the hand of the woman they still see as one of UTA's great champions.

Marie notices them.

There is a flicker in her eyes.

A reminder of who she really is.

But Amy sees it too.

She grabs Marie by the arm and yanks her sharply toward the center of the walkway, away from the reaching hands.

John Phillips: "Come on!"

Mark Bravo: "She won't even let the kids reach out to her. Amy Harrison wants Marie separated from everything that reminds her who she was."

Marie glances back once toward the fans, but Amy gives her another push to keep her moving.

Dante Rivera watches all of this from inside the ring, his expression tightening more and more with every step the pair takes toward him.

John Phillips: "And I promise you Dante Rivera is seeing all of this. He is watching the champion's entrance. He is watching Marie Van Claudio being dragged around. That has to add another layer to this main event."

Mark Bravo: "Dante already wanted the title. Now he might want to punch Amy Harrison in the mouth on principle."

Amy and Marie reach ringside.

And as they do, they arrive at the side of the barricade where Lexi Gold is seated in the front row.

Amy slows.

Marie slows with her.

Lexi Gold immediately stands.

The fans nearby react, sensing something is about to happen.

Lexi leans slightly toward Marie and says something to her.

The camera does not fully pick it up, but the tone is clear.

Supportive.

Encouraging.

Something meant for Marie, not for Amy.

Marie turns her head just enough to acknowledge her.

For the first time in the entrance, something almost human breaks through the despair.

Then Amy violently pulls Marie away by the arm.

Amy Harrison: "Stay away from the trash."

The crowd erupts in boos.

John Phillips: "Amy Harrison just called Lexi Gold trash!"

Mark Bravo: "And I don't think Lexi is the type to take that well."

Lexi straightens up, eyes narrowed now, and says something back to Amy.

The camera catches the exchange, though not every word.

What it does catch is Amy's reaction.

Amy just grins, then gives Lexi a mocking little side-to-side head bob, dripping with arrogance and condescension.

Then Amy places both hands on the International Championship and deliberately shows it off in Lexi's direction.

The gesture says enough.

I'm the champion.

You're watching me.

Know your place.

John Phillips: "Amy Harrison is flaunting that International Championship right in Lexi Gold's face."

Mark Bravo: "That is not just showing off. That is bait. Amy Harrison cannot help herself. If there is a chance to insult somebody, to provoke somebody, or to make somebody feel smaller, she takes it."

Lexi does not back down.

She just stares at Amy with a look that promises she will remember this.

Amy, satisfied with herself, turns away first.

She heads toward the ring steps.

Marie follows, again because she has been given no choice.

Amy climbs the steel steps and steps onto the apron, pausing just long enough to wipe one boot and then the other in exaggerated fashion before stepping through the ropes.

Inside the ring, she lifts one arm and turns slightly, allowing the pink-and-blue lighting to catch the International Championship as the boos keep pouring in.

John Phillips: "Amy Harrison in the ring now, exactly where she always believes she belongs. Front and center, championship in tow, and the entire arena made to revolve around her."

Mark Bravo: "And Marie Van Claudio still has to follow her in. That part is what never stops feeling wrong."

At ringside, Marie hesitates for just a beat.

Not rebellion.

Just pain.

But Amy turns back toward her and points into the ring.

Amy Harrison: "Inside."

Marie lowers her eyes and steps through the ropes after her.

She stays off to the side once inside, clearly wanting to make herself as small as possible in a moment designed to do exactly that to her.

Dante Rivera watches from across the ring.

Amy Harrison stands near center, International Championship still around her waist, soaking in the hatred of the crowd as if it were applause.

John Phillips: "Amy Harrison is here. Marie Van Claudio is here. Dante Rivera is ready. And the International Championship main event is about to begin."

The camera gives one quick final shot to Lexi Gold in the front row, still standing, still watching, still visibly unhappy with what she just witnessed.

Then it cuts back to the ring.

The champion has arrived.

The challenger is waiting.

The main event is almost underway.

Amy Harrison stands in the ring like the building belongs to her.

The International Championship is still fastened around her waist, glinting beneath the lights as the boos continue pouring down from every corner of Inalpi Arena.

Dante Rivera watches from across the ring, arms loose at his sides, jaw tight, eyes moving between Amy and Marie Van Claudio.

Marie stands off to the side, shoulders lowered, her expression hollowed out by everything this night has already forced her to endure.

The referee steps forward, trying to get the formal championship presentation underway.

Amy does not wait for him.

She turns sharply toward Marie.

Amy Harrison: "Take it off."

Marie looks at her.

For a second, she does not move.

Amy's face hardens immediately.

Amy Harrison: "I said take it off."

The crowd boos louder, already understanding the humiliation being demanded.

John Phillips: "Amy Harrison is ordering Marie Van Claudio to remove the International Championship from her waist."

Mark Bravo: "This is not about convenience. Amy could take that title off herself. This is about making Marie do it."

Marie slowly steps forward.

Her hands rise toward the championship.

Amy spreads her arms slightly, chin lifted, almost presenting herself while Marie reaches around the title and unfastens the strap.

The moment is small.

But it feels enormous.

Marie Van Claudio, the UTA Women's Champion, forced to stand in front of Amy Harrison and remove another champion's title like a servant attending royalty.

Dante takes one step forward, disgust written across his face.

Dante Rivera: "Come on..."

The referee glances at Dante, then back at Amy and Marie, frustration growing because the match has not even officially started and already Amy is bending the moment into something ugly.

Marie finally pulls the International Championship free.

She holds it in both hands.

Amy immediately snatches the strap straight again, making sure it is displayed properly, then pushes it back into Marie's arms.

Amy Harrison: "Hold it like it matters."

Marie's eyes lower.

The referee reaches out, expecting the championship.

Marie starts to move toward him.

Amy cuts her off with a shriek.

Amy Harrison: "No!"

The referee stops, visibly confused.

Amy points toward the ropes.

Amy Harrison: "Get out of my ring."

Marie looks at her, the title still in her hands.

Amy Harrison: "Out!"

Marie swallows hard, then turns toward the ropes with the International Championship held against her body.

John Phillips: "Amy Harrison is not even allowing the referee to make the official title display. She is sending Marie outside with the championship."

Mark Bravo: "Because even the championship presentation has to be twisted around Amy's control. The referee is standing there trying to do his job, and Amy is treating this like a royal dressing room."

The referee spreads his hands, clearly frustrated.

Referee: "Amy, I need the title."

Amy whips around toward him.

Amy Harrison: "You need to get back here and get this going."

The referee points toward Marie, who is stepping through the ropes with the title.

Referee: "The championship has to be presented."

Amy Harrison: "Everyone can see it. Everyone knows what it is. Ring the bell when I say we are ready."

The crowd boos again.

Marie steps down to the floor, International Championship still in her hands. She moves slowly, not toward pride, not toward purpose, but toward the place Amy has silently assigned her.

At ringside, Lexi Gold watches from the front row, her expression no longer amused or politely interested.

Dante sees Marie on the floor.

That is enough.

He walks away from the center of the ring and heads toward the ropes nearest Marie.

Amy watches him go, eyes narrowing.

Dante grips the top rope with both hands and leans over, speaking down toward Marie.

Dante Rivera: "Marie! You don't have to do this!"

Marie keeps her eyes down.

Dante Rivera: "Listen to me. This is wrong. Everybody here knows it's wrong. You need to fight this."

The fans near ringside cheer Dante's words.

Crowd: "FREE MA-RIE! FREE MA-RIE! FREE MA-RIE!"

Marie's grip tightens slightly around the International Championship.

She does not look up all the way.

But she hears him.

John Phillips: "Dante Rivera is telling Marie Van Claudio what so many people have wanted to tell her. Fight this. This is wrong."

Mark Bravo: "And he is right, John. But saying it and living inside the consequences are two very different things. Amy Harrison has made sure Marie knows that."

Dante leans farther over the ropes.

Dante Rivera: "You're Marie Van Claudio! You're the Women's Champion! You are not this! You are not hers!"

The crowd cheers louder.

Marie's face twists, emotion breaking through the numbness for a moment.

Inside the ring, Amy Harrison's expression changes.

The smugness disappears.

The cruelty sharpens.

Mark Bravo: "Dante better turn around."

John Phillips: "Amy Harrison is moving."

Amy rushes from behind.

Dante is still leaning over the ropes, still focused on Marie.

Amy drives a forearm into the back of his neck.

Dante lurches forward into the ropes.

Another forearm smashes into his upper back.

Then another.

The referee immediately turns and has no choice but to call for the bell.

DING DING DING!

John Phillips: "Amy Harrison from behind! And the match is officially underway!"

Mark Bravo: "That is exactly who Amy Harrison is. Dante tried to do the right thing, and Amy punished him before the bell could even finish ringing."

Amy keeps hammering Dante with rapid forearms, driving him down against the ropes as the referee steps in and warns her to back away from the rope-assisted attack.

Referee: "Amy! Back off the ropes! Back off!"

Amy grabs Dante by the shoulder and hair, yanking him backward away from the ropes before the referee can count.

Dante stumbles toward the center of the ring, one hand at the back of his neck.

Amy follows and drives another forearm into his spine.

Dante drops to one knee.

John Phillips: "Dante Rivera's compassion just cost him the opening of this match."

Mark Bravo: "That is the trap of dealing with Amy Harrison. She turns decency into a weakness. Dante saw Marie suffering, and Amy saw Dante distracted."

Outside the ring, Marie stands frozen with the International Championship in her arms.

She looks up now, horrified as Dante absorbs another shot because he turned away to speak to her.

Lexi Gold leans over the barricade slightly, eyes locked on the ring, visibly disgusted by what Amy has done.

Amy grabs Dante by the chin and pulls his face up just enough to talk down at him.

Amy Harrison: "Worry about yourself."

Then she drives a knee into his chest, knocking him backward to the mat.

The crowd boos loudly as Amy rises and throws her arms out, soaking in the hatred.

Amy Harrison: "Long live the Empress!"

The boos grow even louder.

John Phillips: "Amy Harrison has taken control before Dante Rivera could even get out of the blocks."

Mark Bravo: "And Marie is standing there holding Amy's title, watching this happen. That is psychological warfare on every level."

Dante rolls onto his side, trying to recover, while Amy circles him with a satisfied smirk.

At ringside, Marie looks from Dante to the championship in her hands.

The main event has started.

And Amy Harrison has already made sure it begins on her terms.

Amy Harrison circles Dante Rivera with the kind of confidence that only comes from knowing she stole the first advantage.

Dante is on his side near center ring, one hand at the back of his neck, still trying to shake off the forearms that started this match before he ever had a chance to square up.

John Phillips: "Amy Harrison has taken control early, and it all happened because Dante Rivera tried to speak up for Marie Van Claudio."

Mark Bravo: "That is what Amy does. She sees kindness, she sees hesitation, she sees humanity, and she turns it into a weapon."

Amy reaches down and grabs Dante by the hair and the back of the head, dragging him upward.

The referee immediately steps in and warns her.

Referee: "Amy, let go of the hair!"

Amy releases just long enough to avoid the count, then drives a sharp knee into Dante's midsection.

Dante doubles over.

Amy grabs him by the wrist and whips him hard into the corner.

Dante hits back-first against the turnbuckles, grimacing from the impact. Amy does not give him a second to breathe.

She charges in and drives a Yakuza kick into his chest and shoulder, snapping him back into the pads.

John Phillips: "Yakuza kick by the International Champion!"

Mark Bravo: "That one landed high and hard. Dante is still trying to get settled, and Amy is making sure he does not."

Dante drops into a seated position in the corner, one arm hooked over the bottom rope.

Amy takes one step back, then places her boot against Dante's throat.

The crowd boos immediately.

Referee: "Amy! Get off the throat!"

Amy leans into the choke, gripping the top rope for extra pressure.

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

Amy breaks at four, throwing both hands up as if she has done nothing wrong.

Amy Harrison: "I have until five."

The referee points at her, irritated.

Referee: "Do not push me tonight."

Amy laughs in his face, then turns back toward Dante.

John Phillips: "Amy Harrison pushing the referee's patience already."

Mark Bravo: "Of course she is. That is part of the game. She wants him reacting to her. She wants him frustrated. A frustrated official misses things."

At ringside, Marie watches Dante pull himself up in the corner. She looks like she wants to say something, maybe even move closer, but the International Championship in her hands seems to remind her of the role Amy assigned her.

Amy notices.

She turns toward Marie and points down at the title.

Amy Harrison: "Hold it higher."

Marie's jaw tightens.

She slowly raises the International Championship a few inches higher against her chest.

The boos roll through the arena again.

John Phillips: "Even in the middle of the match, Amy is still ordering Marie Van Claudio around."

Mark Bravo: "That is because Amy knows it affects everyone. It affects Marie. It affects Dante. This is control dressed up as strategy."

Lexi Gold can be seen shaking her head from the front row.

Amy catches that too.

She leans through the ropes slightly, looking down toward Lexi.

Amy Harrison: "Enjoying the show?"

Lexi says something back, her expression cold.

Amy grins and taps two fingers against her own cheek, mocking innocence.

That moment gives Dante just enough time to recover.

Amy turns back toward him and rushes in again.

Dante explodes out of the corner with a flying forearm smash.

The crowd erupts as Amy hits the mat.

John Phillips: "Dante Rivera fires back!"

Mark Bravo: "That is what he needed! Amy started admiring her own cruelty, and Dante made her pay for it!"

Amy rolls quickly toward the ropes, stunned more by the suddenness than the damage. Dante pushes to one knee, breathing hard, then rises as the crowd rallies behind him.

Crowd: "DAN-TE! DAN-TE! DAN-TE!"

Dante shakes out his neck, then points toward Amy as she pulls herself up.

Dante Rivera: "Come on!"

Amy charges with a wild forearm.

Dante ducks underneath, catches her on the rebound, and takes her over with a deep arm drag.

Amy scrambles up.

Dante catches her again with a second arm drag, then holds on, wrenching the arm and bringing Amy down to one knee.

John Phillips: "Dante Rivera using that quickness now, and he has Amy grounded!"

Mark Bravo: "This is where Dante has to keep the pace. Do not get sucked into Amy's chaos. Make her wrestle. Make her defend."

Dante keeps the arm trapped and steps over, applying pressure to the shoulder. Amy grimaces, then immediately reaches for Dante's face with her free hand.

She rakes at his eyes.

Dante releases and backs away, blinking hard.

Referee: "Amy! Watch the eyes!"

Amy Harrison: "I slipped!"

Mark Bravo: "She slipped upward into his eyeballs?"

John Phillips: "That is Amy Harrison's kind of accident."

Amy rises and immediately hits Dante with a jawbreaker, snapping his head upward and sending him stumbling back.

She follows with a quick facebuster, driving Dante down into the canvas.

Amy rolls him over and hooks the leg.

Referee: "ONE!"

Referee: "TWO!"

Dante kicks out.

The crowd cheers.

Amy sits up and glares at the referee.

Amy Harrison: "Count faster."

Referee: "It was two."

Amy leans closer to him, eyes narrowing.

Amy Harrison: "Do not make me repeat myself."

The referee does not back down, but he clearly looks tired of her already.

John Phillips: "Amy Harrison is trying to intimidate everybody involved in this main event. Dante, the referee, Marie Van Claudio, even Lexi Gold at ringside."

Mark Bravo: "That is her comfort zone. The more people she can pull emotionally into the match, the less this is just Dante versus Amy."

Amy stands and drags Dante up by the arm. She sends him into the ropes, looking for a clothesline on the rebound.

Dante ducks underneath.

He hits the opposite ropes and comes back fast.

Amy turns.

Dante leaps into a slingshot crossbody, catching Amy across the chest and taking her down.

He hooks both legs.

Referee: "ONE!"

Referee: "TWO!"

Amy kicks out, rolling quickly toward the ropes.

John Phillips: "Near fall for Dante Rivera!"

Mark Bravo: "That is the first real scare for the champion. Dante's speed can change this match in a blink."

Dante gets up quickly and fires the crowd up, clapping his hands and pointing toward the corner.

Amy pulls herself up near the ropes, one hand gripping the middle strand.

Outside, Marie still holds the International Championship. Her eyes are now fixed on Dante, almost like she is willing him forward while trying not to be caught doing it.

Dante catches her looking.

Amy Harrison: "Do not look at her."

Dante turns back toward Amy.

Dante Rivera: "Then stop hiding behind her."

The crowd pops.

Amy charges, furious.

Dante catches her with a dropkick into the corner, sending her hard into the turnbuckles.

John Phillips: "Dropkick by Dante! Amy Harrison is in trouble!"

Dante follows quickly, rushing in with a second flying forearm to the seated champion. Amy drops lower in the corner, stunned.

Dante backs up, measuring her.

The crowd rises as he sprints forward and drives in a rolling thunder legdrop across Amy's upper chest and throat area as she sits near the bottom buckle.

John Phillips: "Rolling thunder legdrop! Dante Rivera is building momentum!"

Mark Bravo: "And listen to this crowd! Dante has turned this thing around!"

Dante pulls Amy away from the ropes and covers.

Referee: "ONE!"

Referee: "TWO!"

Amy kicks out.

Dante sits up, nodding, not frustrated yet. He knows he is in the fight now.

At ringside, Lexi Gold applauds from the front row. The camera catches it briefly.

Mark Bravo: "There is that front-row motivation again."

John Phillips: "Dante Rivera knows who is watching, but more importantly, he knows the championship is within reach if he keeps this pace."

Dante rises and grabs Amy by the wrist, pulling her up.

He whips her across the ring, but Amy reverses, sending Dante into the ropes instead.

Dante rebounds.

Amy drops low and catches him with a sudden spear to the midsection.

The impact folds Dante in half and sends both competitors crashing to the canvas.

John Phillips: "Spear by Amy Harrison! Out of nowhere!"

Mark Bravo: "That stopped Dante cold. He had the rhythm, and Amy just cut it in half."

Amy rolls over onto her knees, breathing hard, hair hanging forward over her face.

She looks toward Marie on the outside.

Then back down at Dante.

She crawls over him, not for a cover at first, but to mount him.

Then she grabs a fistful of Dante's hair and begins slamming the back of his head lightly but cruelly against the mat while shouting down at him.

Amy Harrison: "You do not inspire anyone!"

Another slam.

Amy Harrison: "You do not save anyone!"

Another.

Amy Harrison: "You do not look at what belongs to me!"

The referee dives in, counting immediately.

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

Amy releases at four again, then rises with her arms spread wide.

The boos are deafening.

John Phillips: "Amy Harrison is unraveling into cruelty, and Dante Rivera is paying the price for daring to challenge her control."

Mark Bravo: "This is where Amy is at her most dangerous. Not when she is calm. When she feels disrespected."

Dante rolls to the side, dazed from the spear and the follow-up attack.

Amy stands over him, chest rising and falling, then points down at Marie outside the ring.

Amy Harrison: "Show her!"

Marie looks up slowly.

Amy points again, sharper.

Amy Harrison: "Show her my title!"

Marie hesitates.

The crowd begins to boo again, mixed with chants trying to lift her.

Crowd: "FREE MA-RIE! FREE MA-RIE!"

Marie's hands tremble slightly as she raises the International Championship for Amy Harrison.

Amy smiles at the sight.

Dante, still down, sees it.

His expression hardens.

He starts pushing himself up.

John Phillips: "Dante Rivera is seeing Marie forced to raise Amy Harrison's championship, and look at him. He is trying to get back up."

Mark Bravo: "That might fire him up, but it can also get him hurt. Dante has to stay smart."

Amy turns back to Dante and grabs him by the head, pulling him into position.

She hooks him for the spinning facebuster setup, then looks out over the crowd.

Amy Harrison: "LONG LIVE THE EMPIRE!"

She spins.

But Dante shoves her off at the last second.

Amy stumbles forward into the ropes.

Dante drops to a knee, still hurt, still breathing hard, but alive.

Amy turns back toward him, furious.

Dante rises slowly, fists clenched.

Dante Rivera: "Not tonight."

The crowd roars as Dante steps forward.

Amy charges again.

Dante meets her in the center with a forearm.

Amy fires one back.

Dante answers.

The two trade shots in the middle of the ring, the International Championship still raised in Marie's hands on the outside.

John Phillips: "Dante Rivera and Amy Harrison are trading in the center of the ring! The International Championship hangs in the balance!"

Mark Bravo: "And the whole story of this match is wrapped around them. Amy's control, Marie's humiliation, and Dante's heart"

Dante lands one more forearm, backing Amy up a step.

Then another.

Amy staggers.

Dante points to the ropes.

The crowd rises with him.

But Amy suddenly grabs his wrist and yanks him forward, driving a knee into his ribs to cut him off again.

Dante doubles over.

Amy hooks the head.

She drops him with a sharp DDT.

John Phillips: "DDT by Amy Harrison! Dante got cut off again!"

Amy rolls him over and hooks the leg tightly.

Referee: "ONE!"

Referee: "TWO!"

Dante kicks out.

The arena erupts.

Amy sits up, eyes wide, then immediately furious.

She looks outside at Marie, still holding the championship.

Then at Dante.

For the first time, the champion looks truly irritated that this match is not going as easily as her entrance did.

John Phillips: "Dante Rivera will not stay down, and Amy Harrison is starting to realize this challenger came here for more than a moment."

Mark Bravo: "He came here for the International Championship. And Amy may have started this match on her terms, but Dante Rivera is still very much alive."

Amy climbs to her feet, slowly now, staring down at Dante Rivera with anger and calculation mixing across her face.

Outside, Marie lowers the title slightly, watching Dante breathe, watching him fight, watching him refuse to let Amy's control be the only story in the ring.

Amy notices the title lower.

Her head snaps toward Marie.

Amy Harrison: "Keep it up."

Marie hesitates.

Lexi Gold leans forward over the barricade, saying something to Marie again.

Marie's eyes flick toward Lexi.

Amy's face darkens.

Dante Rivera starts to stir again, rolling onto one side as Amy Harrison stands above him with that dangerous mix of anger and calculation spreading across her face.

Outside the ring, Marie Van Claudio still holds the International Championship.

Her arms are tired.

Her shoulders are tight.

Her expression is caught somewhere between shame and fury.

John Phillips: "Dante Rivera continues to fight from underneath, and that is what makes him so dangerous in a match like this. Amy Harrison can control the pace, she can bend the rules, she can manipulate everyone around her, but Dante does not stop coming."

Mark Bravo: "And that is the kind of opponent Amy hates, John. She wants people to break on cue. Dante keeps missing the cue."

Amy grabs Dante by the head and pulls him up, but Dante suddenly fires a body shot into her midsection.

Amy winces and answers with a forearm across the back.

Dante drops to one knee.

Amy grabs him by the wrist and yanks him toward the ropes, then drives a knee into his ribs before sending him across the ring.

Dante rebounds off the ropes.

Amy lowers her head too early.

Dante sees it, stops short, and snaps a running enzuigiri into the side of Amy's head.

John Phillips: "Enzuigiri! Dante caught the champion!"

Amy drops to one knee, stunned, and Dante collapses back to the mat as well, still feeling the earlier damage.

The crowd roars, trying to pull Dante back up.

Crowd: "DAN-TE! DAN-TE! DAN-TE!"

Marie's eyes lift.

For one second, she forgets to hold the championship high.

It drops slightly against her chest.

Amy notices even through the haze.

She looks through the ropes at Marie, furious.

Amy Harrison: "I told you to keep it up!"

Marie jolts, immediately lifting the International Championship again.

The crowd boos Amy loudly.

Mark Bravo: "She just got kicked in the head and still found time to yell at Marie. That is commitment to being awful."

John Phillips: "Amy Harrison's obsession with controlling Marie Van Claudio may become a distraction if she is not careful."

Amy pulls herself toward the ropes and looks down at Marie with narrowed eyes.

Dante is still down behind her, blinking hard, trying to get his legs under him.

Amy points sharply toward Dante.

Amy Harrison: "Get up here."

Marie's eyes widen.

The referee immediately steps closer.

Referee: "No. She is not getting involved."

Amy turns on the official.

Amy Harrison: "She is holding my championship."

Referee: "And she is staying on the floor."

Amy leans through the ropes toward Marie instead, voice low but sharp enough for the camera to catch it.

Amy Harrison: "Distract him."

Marie freezes.

Amy's face twists.

Amy Harrison: "Do something useful."

Marie looks from Amy to Dante.

Dante is pushing up to one knee now, facing away from the ropes, still unaware of the order being given outside.

Marie looks sick.

John Phillips: "Amy Harrison is ordering Marie to get involved, and Marie Van Claudio clearly does not want to do it."

Mark Bravo: "This is the whole nightmare, John. If Marie refuses, Amy punishes her. If Marie obeys, she becomes part of something she hates."

Amy snaps her fingers at Marie.

Amy Harrison: "Now!"

Marie slowly steps toward the apron with the International Championship in hand.

The crowd boos, but not at Marie.

At the situation.

At Amy.

At what Marie is being forced into.

Dante finally rises, one hand at his ribs.

Marie reaches the apron and lifts the championship slightly, trying to get his attention without actually striking him, without fully committing to the act.

Dante turns.

He sees Marie.

He sees the championship.

He sees the conflict all over her face.

And he does not flinch.

Dante Rivera: "Don't."

Marie's hands tremble around the title.

Dante Rivera: "You don't have to."

Amy, behind Dante, charges.

John Phillips: "Amy looking to take advantage!"

Marie panics.

Not knowing what else to do, she steps backward off the apron area and away from Dante, pulling the championship with her.

Dante instinctively turns away from Marie just enough to sense Amy coming.

Amy rushes in for another spear.

Dante sidesteps at the last possible second.

Amy crashes shoulder-first through the middle ropes, barely catching herself before spilling completely to the floor.

The crowd erupts.

John Phillips: "Amy missed! Amy Harrison missed the spear!"

Mark Bravo: "Because Marie backed away! Amy wanted the distraction, but Marie hesitated just enough that Dante saw the trap coming!"

Amy hangs through the ropes, shoulder and upper body draped awkwardly over the middle strand, her face twisted in pain and anger.

Dante steps back, realizing the opening.

He hits the opposite ropes.

Amy starts to pull herself in.

Dante comes charging back and catches her with a sharp dropkick to the side of the head and shoulder, knocking Amy fully out through the ropes and down to the floor near Marie.

John Phillips: "Dropkick sends Amy Harrison to the outside!"

Amy hits the floor hard, rolling near Marie's feet.

Marie immediately steps back, still holding the International Championship.

Lexi Gold stands again in the front row, applauding Dante's counter.

Dante grabs the top rope and looks out at the crowd.

The fans rise with him.

Mark Bravo: "Dante is thinking big now."

Dante hits the ropes again and launches himself over the top with a slingshot crossbody to the outside.

Amy sees him coming and tries to move, but she is too slow.

Dante crashes into her, wiping the champion out on the floor as the crowd explodes.

John Phillips: "Slingshot crossbody to the floor! Dante Rivera takes out the International Champion!"

Dante rolls through the landing and comes up on one knee, fired up despite the pain.

Marie stands only a few feet away, title in hand, stunned by how quickly everything shifted.

Dante looks at her again.

He does not yell this time.

He simply nods.

Marie's eyes hold on him for a second.

Then Amy begins to move.

The moment breaks.

Dante grabs Amy and rolls her back under the bottom rope.

John Phillips: "Dante Rivera has turned this match around, and Amy Harrison's own attempt to use Marie Van Claudio backfired badly."

Mark Bravo: "And here is the ugly part. Amy is absolutely going to blame Marie for it. No matter what Marie intended, no matter how it happened, Amy is going to decide that was betrayal."

Dante slides back into the ring after Amy.

Amy crawls toward the center, one hand at her shoulder, the other clutching at the mat.

Dante rises and moves quickly to the corner.

The crowd is standing now.

Dante climbs to the second rope.

He looks toward the sky for just a heartbeat, then launches off with a standing moonsault variation from the elevated position, crashing down across Amy's torso.

John Phillips: "Moonsault connects!"

Dante hooks the leg.

Referee: "ONE!"

Referee: "TWO!"

Amy kicks out.

The crowd groans, then immediately rallies behind Dante again.

Crowd: "DAN-TE! DAN-TE! DAN-TE!"

Dante sits up, breathing hard, but he does not look defeated. He looks like he knows he is getting closer.

Amy rolls toward the ropes again, face twisted with anger as much as pain.

Her eyes find Marie.

Marie is still outside with the International Championship, frozen.

Amy points at her from the mat.

Amy Harrison: "You did that on purpose."

Marie shakes her head slightly.

Marie Van Claudio: "No..."

Amy's voice becomes sharper, uglier.

Amy Harrison: "You did that on purpose!"

The crowd boos as Marie backs away a half-step, hurt by the accusation even though everyone can see the truth does not matter to Amy.

John Phillips: "There it is. Amy Harrison blaming Marie Van Claudio for her own mistake."

Mark Bravo: "We knew it was coming. Amy ordered Marie to distract Dante, Marie hesitated because she is not a monster, Dante saw the opening, and now Amy is rewriting the story in real time."

Dante gets to his feet and looks from Amy to Marie again, disgust returning to his face.

Dante Rivera: "Leave her alone!"

Amy uses Dante's emotion again, suddenly rolling him up from the mat and grabbing a handful of tights for leverage.

Referee: "ONE!"

Referee: "TWO!"

Dante kicks out, and the referee catches the tights too late to call it.

Both competitors scramble up.

Amy swings first.

Dante ducks.

He catches Amy around the waist and snaps her over with a quick release German suplex, sending her rolling across the mat.

John Phillips: "German suplex by Dante Rivera!"

Mark Bravo: "Dante is fired up now, and Amy may have poked the wrong nerve."

Amy rolls to the apron, dazed, trying to escape the momentum again.

Dante follows, but the referee steps between them briefly, warning Dante not to get caught in the ropes.

Outside, Amy reaches down toward Marie from the apron.

Amy Harrison: "Give me the title."

Marie looks up at her, horrified.

Amy extends her hand again, more demanding.

Amy Harrison: "Give it to me!"

Marie clutches the championship tighter.

Dante sees the exchange developing.

He pushes past the referee and reaches toward Amy.

Amy releases the title demand and snaps Dante throat-first across the top rope from the apron.

Dante stumbles backward into the ring, coughing.

John Phillips: "Amy Harrison catches Dante again! She was baiting him with Marie!"

Mark Bravo: "Amy may blame Marie, but she is still using her every chance she gets."

Amy slips back into the ring and rushes Dante from behind, driving another forearm into the back of his head.

Dante drops to one knee.

Amy grabs him by the chin and pulls his head back, talking directly into his ear.

Amy Harrison: "Heroes always look away at the wrong time."

She hooks him from behind and drops him with a reverse DDT-like neckbreaker, planting him hard near center ring.

Amy covers, hooking both legs tightly.

Referee: "ONE!"

Referee: "TWO!"

Dante kicks out.

The crowd explodes again.

Amy sits up, furious, hair falling across her face as she stares daggers toward Marie.

In her mind, this is no longer just Dante's resistance.

It is Marie's fault too.

Everything is Marie's fault now.

John Phillips: "Dante kicks out, and Amy Harrison is spiraling between the match in front of her and the control she is trying to maintain outside the ring."

Mark Bravo: "And that split focus can cost a champion. Amy is dangerous, but every second she spends blaming Marie is a second Dante Rivera gets to keep breathing."

Dante rolls away, hurt but still alive.

Amy slowly rises, glaring through the ropes at Marie Van Claudio while the International Championship remains in Marie's hands.

Marie looks back at her, wounded, scared, and angry all at once.

Lexi Gold stands behind her in the front row, arms folded now, watching Amy Harrison with growing contempt.

Amy Harrison rises slowly near the ropes, one hand gripping the top strand, her eyes locked on Marie Van Claudio outside the ring.

Marie still holds the International Championship against her chest.

Not proudly.

Not willingly.

But because Amy told her to.

Inside the ring, Dante Rivera rolls toward the opposite side, one arm across his neck, still feeling the effects of Amy snapping him across the top rope and planting him with the neckbreaker.

John Phillips: "Dante Rivera is still in this fight, but Amy Harrison has dragged this main event into exactly the kind of emotional chaos she thrives in."

Mark Bravo: "Dante has had Amy in trouble more than once, John. But every time he gets rolling, Amy finds a way to pull Marie into the story, pull the referee into the story, pull everybody into the story except herself."

Amy points through the ropes at Marie.

Amy Harrison: "You stay right there."

Marie's jaw tightens.

Lexi Gold, still standing in the front row, says something toward Marie again, but this time Marie does not turn all the way toward her.

She keeps her eyes on Amy.

That may be the worst part.

Marie is listening.

But she is still trapped.

Amy finally turns back toward Dante, stalking across the ring as he pushes up to one knee.

She grabs him by the hair again, yanking his head back.

Referee: "Amy! Hair!"

Amy releases just long enough to drive a short knee into Dante's chest.

Dante drops back down to one hand.

Amy grabs his face and forces him to look toward the outside.

Amy Harrison: "Look at her."

Dante tries to pull away.

Amy Harrison: "You wanted to save her?"

Amy leans close, venom in every word.

Amy Harrison: "You cannot even save yourself."

Amy slaps him across the face.

The sound cracks through the arena.

Dante's head turns with it.

Then slowly comes back.

His eyes are alive again.

The crowd starts to rise.

Mark Bravo: "Oh, that may have been a mistake."

John Phillips: "Dante Rivera just got woken up."

Amy swings again.

Dante blocks it.

The crowd pops.

Dante fires a forearm into Amy's jaw.

Amy stumbles back.

Dante rises, still shaky, but now moving with purpose.

Amy charges.

Dante ducks underneath, hits the ropes, and comes back with a flying forearm smash that drops the champion.

The crowd erupts.

John Phillips: "Flying forearm by Dante Rivera!"

Amy scrambles up quickly, but Dante catches her with another forearm.

Then a third.

He whips her into the ropes.

Amy rebounds.

Dante catches her and spins through with a tilt-a-whirl backbreaker.

Amy arches off the impact, rolling onto her side.

John Phillips: "Tilt-a-whirl backbreaker! Dante Rivera is rolling!"

Mark Bravo: "This is the rally! This is the part of Dante Rivera you cannot plan for, because it runs on heart and bad ideas!"

Dante gets to his feet and claps his hands, pulling the crowd with him.

Crowd: "DAN-TE! DAN-TE! DAN-TE!"

Amy rolls toward the corner, trying to create space.

Dante sees it.

He charges.

Amy tries to move, but Dante catches her with a dropkick into the corner, driving her hard into the turnbuckles.

Amy slumps against the pads.

John Phillips: "Dante has the champion trapped!"

Mark Bravo: "Amy Harrison is in real trouble now!"

Dante backs up, points to the crowd, then rushes in again.

Amy lifts a boot, but Dante catches it, swings it aside, and blasts her with a running enzuigiri that snaps her head to the side.

Amy staggers out of the corner.

Dante hits the ropes.

He rebounds and levels her with a second flying forearm.

Amy goes down near center ring.

Dante quickly moves to the apron, gripping the top rope as the crowd gets louder.

John Phillips: "Dante Rivera is heading to the outside. He may be looking for something springboard here!"

Mark Bravo: "This could be it. This could be the moment."

Dante waits for Amy to rise.

Amy pushes up slowly, dazed, one hand at her jaw.

Dante grips the rope tighter.

He points to the sky.

The crowd rises with him.

John Phillips: "Dante Rivera may be thinking Borderline Breaker! That springboard cutter can come from anywhere!"

Dante launches.

He springboards from the top rope.

Amy turns.

Dante twists through the air, reaching for the cutter.

But Amy shoves him forward at the last possible second.

Dante lands on his feet, stumbling toward the referee.

The referee sidesteps barely in time.

Dante turns back.

Amy drives a thumb toward his eye.

Dante reels back, blinded for just a heartbeat.

John Phillips: "Oh, come on! Amy went to the eyes!"

Mark Bravo: "The referee was out of position because Dante almost collided with him. Amy took the opening."

Amy grabs Dante by the head and yanks him down into a jawbreaker.

Dante staggers backward, blinking, trying to recover.

Amy looks toward Marie on the outside.

Her face twists with urgency.

Amy Harrison: "Marie!"

Marie looks up.

Amy Harrison: "Now!"

Marie freezes.

Amy points to Dante, then to the championship in Marie's hands.

Amy Harrison: "Give it to me!"

The crowd boos loudly.

The referee turns toward Amy, noticing the exchange.

Referee: "No! Keep that title down!"

Marie looks from Amy to the referee to Dante.

Marie clutches the championship tighter.

Amy's eyes flash with rage.

Amy Harrison: "Marie, I swear to God!"

The referee moves toward the ropes, pointing down at Marie and the title.

Referee: "Do not hand her that belt! Do you understand me?"

That is all Amy needs.

With the referee's attention pulled outside, Amy turns back toward Dante, reaches into her gear, and slips something small between her fingers.

The camera catches only the glint.

John Phillips: "Wait, what was that?"

Mark Bravo: "I saw something. I don't know what it was, but I saw something."

Dante comes forward, still blinking from the eye rake.

Amy swings and catches him with a sharp closed-fist shot to the jaw.

Dante drops like the strings were cut.

John Phillips: "Amy Harrison just caught Dante with something! She had something in her hand!"

Mark Bravo: "The referee did not see it! He was watching Marie and the championship!"

Amy immediately tosses the small object out of the ring beneath the ropes, where it disappears near the apron skirt.

Marie sees it hit the floor.

So does Lexi.

Marie's eyes widen.

Lexi points toward the floor, shouting to the referee.

Lexi Gold: "She used something! She used something!"

The referee turns back too late.

Amy drops across Dante and hooks the leg, pulling both shoulders tight to the mat.

Referee: "ONE!"

Marie steps toward the apron, torn, championship still in her hands.

Referee: "TWO!"

Dante barely moves, stunned by the loaded shot.

Referee: "THREE!"

DING DING DING!

The arena erupts in boos.

John Phillips: "No! Damn it! Amy Harrison retains the International Championship!"

Mark Bravo: "She stole it! Amy Harrison stole this main event, and she used Marie Van Claudio as the smokescreen!"

Amy rolls away from Dante and immediately sits up, gasping, clutching her jaw and neck, but smiling through the pain.

Ring Announcer: "Here is your winner... and still UTA International Champion... AMY HARRISON!"

The boos are deafening.

The referee kneels beside Dante, checking on him as Dante rolls to one side, one hand at his jaw, still trying to understand what happened.

Outside the ring, Marie Van Claudio stands frozen with the International Championship.

Lexi Gold is furious in the front row, pointing toward the area where the object disappeared beneath the apron.

Lexi Gold: "Check under there!"

The referee looks up, but the decision has already been made.

Amy crawls toward the ropes nearest Marie, still on the mat, hair across her face.

She reaches one hand through the ropes.

Amy Harrison: "My title."

Marie does not move.

Amy's smile disappears.

Amy Harrison: "Give. Me. My. Title."

Marie's hands tighten around the championship.

She looks at Dante.

He is still down.

She looks at Lexi.

Lexi shakes her head slightly, disgusted, almost pleading without words.

Then Marie looks back at Amy.

Amy's eyes narrow.

Amy Harrison: "You did this."

Marie blinks, confused and wounded.

Marie Van Claudio: "What?"

Amy Harrison: "You hesitated. Again."

Amy pulls herself to one knee against the ropes, venom spilling out with every word.

Amy Harrison: "You almost cost me everything on purpose."

Marie shakes her head.

Marie Van Claudio: "No. I didn't."

Amy laughs, sharp and ugly.

Amy Harrison: "Liar."

The crowd boos louder.

John Phillips: "Amy Harrison wins the match by cheating, and now she is blaming Marie Van Claudio for almost costing her the title."

Mark Bravo: "That is what abusers do, John. They create the chaos, they force people into impossible positions, and then they blame them for the damage."

Marie finally steps forward and hands the International Championship through the ropes.

Amy snatches it away from her.

Then, still kneeling, Amy clutches it to her chest like it was never in danger.

But it was.

Everyone knows it.

Dante Rivera had her.

Amy Harrison survived because she cheated, because she manipulated the referee, and because Marie Van Claudio's misery became part of the distraction.

Amy slowly rises to her feet with the championship in hand.

The referee tries to raise her arm, but Amy yanks it away from him.

Amy Harrison: "Don't touch me."

She turns toward the hard camera and raises the International Championship herself.

The boos crash down around her.

John Phillips: "Amy Harrison remains International Champion, but there is nothing honorable about the way she got there tonight."

Mark Bravo: "No honor. No shame. Just survival, control, and another stolen ending from The Empress."

Dante pushes up to one elbow now, still groggy, staring toward Amy with anger and disappointment.

Marie remains outside the ring, hands empty now, eyes lowered but jaw tight.

Amy turns toward her, title now back in her own grasp.

Amy Harrison: "Get in here."

Marie looks up slowly.

Amy points down at the canvas beside her.

Amy Harrison: "Now."

The camera lingers on Marie Van Claudio.

The Women's Champion.

The First Lady of the UTA.

Forced to stand outside the ring after helping no one, saving no one, and still being blamed for nearly destroying Amy's night.

She slowly steps toward the apron.

Marie pauses for half a second.

Amy's voice cuts through the arena.

Amy Harrison: "Marie!"

Marie closes her eyes.

Then climbs onto the apron.

Inside the ring, Amy Harrison stands with the International Championship raised, smiling through the hatred of Inalpi Arena.

Amy Harrison remains in control of the moment, the UTA International Championship clutched tightly in her hands as the boos inside Inalpi Arena continue to pour down over her.

Dante Rivera is still down on the canvas, pushing up only slightly, his night stolen from him in the cruelest way possible.

The referee kneels near him, checking on him, while outside the ring Marie Van Claudio stands at the apron, caught once again between humiliation and obedience.

Amy lowers the title from above her head and glares toward Marie.

Amy Harrison: "Come on."

She steps through the ropes and drops down to the floor.

The title is tucked tight against her side.

Her expression is smug again.

Victorious.

Nasty.

And looking for one more person to belittle before the night ends.

John Phillips: "Amy Harrison retaining the International Championship was not enough. She is still barking orders at Marie Van Claudio on the way out."

Mark Bravo: "Because for Amy, John, the title is not the whole win. The whole win is the control. It is making sure everybody leaves this scene knowing she believes she owns it."

Marie carefully steps down from the apron and starts after her.

Amy takes only a few steps before stopping dead in front of the front-row barricade.

Right in front of Lexi Gold.

Lexi is already on her feet.

The fans around them get louder immediately, sensing the tension.

Amy slowly lifts the International Championship high in front of Lexi's face.

Not in celebration.

In mockery.

In challenge.

She just holds it there, smirking.

John Phillips: "Amy Harrison stopping in front of Lexi Gold now."

Mark Bravo: "Of course she is. She cannot leave well enough alone. Not when there is one more chance to act like the center of the universe."

Lexi stares right back at her, unflinching.

Amy starts talking, her voice full of poison.

Amy Harrison: "You've got a good view from down there, don't you?"

Lexi says something back that the camera does not fully catch, but whatever it is, Amy's smirk widens.

She takes one small step back and spreads her arms slightly, the title still in hand.

Amy Harrison: "What?"

Amy Harrison: "You want to do something about it?"

The crowd pops at the confrontation.

Lexi does not back down.

She steps closer to the barricade, jaw tight, clearly ready to answer if this goes any further.

Amy gives her another mocking little side-to-side head bob.

Then laughs.

Amy Harrison: "You're just a FAN, little girl."

The crowd erupts in boos.

John Phillips: "Unbelievable."

Mark Bravo: "That is Amy Harrison in one sentence right there. Championship in hand, still needing to remind someone else that she thinks they are beneath her."

Lexi can be seen firing something back at Amy, the words drowned out by the crowd but the tone unmistakable.

Sharp.

Angry.

Not intimidated.

Amy rolls her eyes and turns away like Lexi is not worth another second.

Then she immediately barks over her shoulder.

Amy Harrison: "Marie! Come on!"

Marie starts after her at once.

But as she passes by the barricade, Lexi reaches out toward her.

Not grabbing.

Not yanking.

Just reaching.

A human gesture.

An attempt to connect.

Marie turns her head slightly toward Lexi.

For a split second, it looks like she might stop.

Amy hears it behind her and whips around.

Amy Harrison: "I said come on!"

Marie flinches.

The moment dies immediately.

She lowers her eyes and continues after Amy.

John Phillips: "You can see it every time. Every time somebody tries to reach Marie Van Claudio, Amy Harrison pulls her right back under that shadow."

Mark Bravo: "And Marie looked like she wanted to stop. She looked like she wanted to hear whatever Lexi Gold had for her. But Amy Harrison never lets those moments breathe."

Amy starts up the ramp, still carrying the International Championship with pride and arrogance.

Marie follows behind her in silence.

Lexi remains at ringside, watching them go, anger written all over her face.

Inside the ring, Dante Rivera has finally made it to a seated position, disappointed and still hurting, watching the champion escape with the title she did not honestly defend.

John Phillips: "Dante Rivera gave Amy Harrison everything she could handle tonight. He had moments where the International Championship was nearly his."

Mark Bravo: "But Amy Harrison found another shortcut. And now she leaves with the gold while Dante is left wondering what might have been."

Amy and Marie reach the stage.

Amy stops at center stage beneath the lights.

Marie halts a few steps behind her.

Amy turns back toward the ring, toward Lexi Gold, toward Dante Rivera, toward the entire arena that hates her.

Then she raises the International Championship high above her head one more time.

The boos are thunderous.

John Phillips: "And with International Affair now only three weeks away, nights like this are exactly why All or Nothing changes everything. Momentum was stolen tonight. Opportunities were created tonight. And some people may leave Turin with more enemies than answers."

Mark Bravo: "That is the danger, John. All or Nothing is not just sitting out there on the calendar. It is hanging over everybody. Amy Harrison survived tonight. Valkyrie Knox started her march. Clovis Black punched his ticket toward the Hardcore Championship. Gunnar Van Patton sent a message without throwing a punch. This whole locker room just got a little more desperate."

John Phillips: "Three weeks remain until UTA arrives at International Affair, and if tonight proved anything, it is that every championship, every rivalry, every alliance, and every act of revenge could be reshaped when All or Nothing arrives."

Mark Bravo: "Because when the prize is that big, people stop asking what is right and start asking what they are willing to risk."

Marie stands behind her, quiet and miserable.

The contrast says everything.

John Phillips: "Amy Harrison stands tall at the end here in Italy, still the International Champion."

Mark Bravo: "But there are cracks everywhere, John. Dante Rivera pushed her to the limit. Lexi Gold clearly has no love for her. And Marie Van Claudio looks closer and closer to the edge every single week."

John Phillips: "For Mark Bravo, I'm John Phillips. Goodnight from Turin, Italy."

The final image is Amy Harrison on the stage with the International Championship raised high, Marie Van Claudio forced to stand behind her, Lexi Gold glaring from the front row, and Dante Rivera sitting in the ring as the scene fades to black.

Conclusion

CARD SUBJECT TO CHANGE

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