

Chick Fyte: #2

April 16, 2026 | The Crow's Nest - Las Vegas

Going Live

The screen fades in from black with the new GM of WXW Summer Rayne sitting in an office in the main Headquarters. She is wearing a black jacket buttoned all the way up to her neck. Summer looks up from what she is doing and smiles.

Summer Rayne:

Let me introduce myself to those that don't know me or forgot who I was. I know I have been away from this business for some time now but I am back. Let me first start off by apologizing to my fans for my sudden absence from AWS. It wasn't planned or wanted but it is time that I face the truth and it is time that you all know the truth. I have been forced into medical retirement due to injuries that I sustained in my career. No doctor will clear me to compete inside that ring ever again. It is hard to leave what you truly love behind you but that is what I have to do. Now I want to stay around this business. Around this federation so I figured what better way to stay here and be involved week in and week out then just to become the General Manager of WXW. I have nothing negative to say about how WXW was run prior to me taking over. What I will say is that there will be changes coming. Next week we will see the debut of Pria Stone taking on Amanda Macleod in her first ever match. Pria has a lot to offer WXW going forward; she comes from a strong family background in wrestling. So Amanda I wouldn't take Pria lightly if I was you.

Summer gets up and walks over to the window and she looks out it as she begins to speak up.

Summer Rayne:

Now there is one person that I need to address. One person that is responsible for my in ring career being over. Brittani Bezos do you think I forgot that it was you who injured me? That it is because of you that I can no longer compete inside a wrestling ring because no doctor will clear me to ever wrestle again. If I wrestle one wrong move will mean that my life will end and I am not going to put that on the doctor's shoulders or put that risk on AWS. I hope you are proud of your Brittani. I hope you are happy that you took me out of action for the rest of my life. Physically there is nothing that I can do about it although God knows that I just want to rip your head off and punt it out of the arena. Lucky enough for you I can't do that. However there is something that I can do. Something that will make you wish that you never injured me in the first place. On the next edition of WXW Chick Fyte you will be in a match. You will be in a match against someone that I have hand picked. Someone that I have had a hand in training. Now I am not going to ruin the surprise of who your opponent is but what I will tell you is that your match is not going to be a normal match. There will

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only be one rule and one rule only. That rule being that falls will count anywhere in the arena. Also there will be a special guest referee in that match.

Summer unbuttons her jacket and removes it off of her shoulders as she turns around revealing a black and white stripped referee shirt.

Summer Rayne:

That is right Brittani I will be the referee for your match against my hand picked opponent for you. If there is one person that hates what you did to me more then myself it is your opponent. She stood by all my attempts at rehab and she was there was the doctor gave me the devastating news. You should have seen the look her eyes that day. The pure hatred in her eyes for you even scared me. I hope you are ready and I hope you know what you have done. Now for everyone else get used to changes because there will be a lot of them. I will see you all in a few weeks.

Summer walks out of the office as the scene cuts to the arena.

A low, echoing hum fills the air--half wind, half distortion--before the camera flickers to life with a sweeping aerial shot of the **Crow's Nest Arena**, a jagged cathedral of rusted neon relics and hollowed-out Vegas signage. Broken marquees glow in erratic pulses--crimson, violet, electric blue--casting fractured light across the crowd.

The words "**CHICK FYTE**" ignite across a towering; half-collapsed sign shaped like a shattered showgirl silhouette.

BOOM.

Pyro erupts from the corners of the stage, sparks cascading like burning confetti into the neon graveyard below.

The camera glides low through the audience--fans pressed against barricades made of welded scrap metal, faces painted, signs raised:

"FIGHT LIKE A GODDESS"

"ROBERTS REIGNS"

"MORTIS BRINGS THE END"

A group of fans bang on a hollow slot machine shell repurposed as a drum, the metallic echo adding to the

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chaos.

Cut to ringside.

The ring itself is surrounded by twisted neon tubing and cracked casino fixtures. Above it hangs a crooked chandelier of broken lightbulbs, flickering like it's barely holding on.

At the announce desk, lit by a soft glow of pink and gold:

Jesse Gates adjusts his headset, leaning forward with intensity.

Felicita Lucchesi sits poised beside him, sharp-eyed, composed, her voice ready to cut through the madness.

Jesse Gates:

"From the neon graveyard of Las Vegas, where the lights never truly die... welcome to WOMEN'S EXTREME WRESTLING--this is *CHICK FYTE EPISODE TWO!*"

Felicita Lucchesi:

"And if you thought last week set the tone, Jesse, tonight raises the stakes. Four matches. Four battles. And every single one of them matters."

The camera cuts to a slow pan across the ring.

Standing center ring under a spotlight is **Joni Rosen**, microphone in hand, dressed in sleek black with shimmering crimson accents. She waits, composed, as the crowd continues to roar around her.

Back to commentary.

Jesse Gates:

"We are live, we are loud, and we are absolutely unpredictable tonight. The best women in WXW are ready to tear this place apart. "

Felicita Lucchesi:

"And it all builds to our main event--*the WXW Goddess Championship* on the line. The reigning champion, Lacey Roberts..."

A quick cut flashes to footage of Lacey Roberts raising the title, confident, dominant.

Felicita Lucchesi (cont'd):

"...defends against the ominous, the unrelenting Astra Mortis."

Cut to Astra Mortis standing in shadow, her eyes catching light for just a moment--cold, unblinking.

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Jesse Gates:

"That is not just a title defense--that's a collision of presence versus power. Roberts has ruled with precision... but Mortis? She doesn't play by rules. She *ends* them."

The camera returns to a wide shot of the arena as the crowd crescendos again.

Felicita Lucchesi:

"And before we even get there, we've got three more matches set to shake the foundation of this place. New rivalries. Old grudges. And something tells me... nothing stays contained tonight."

A distorted guitar riff hits over the sound system.

Jesse Gates (smirking):

"In a place built on broken dreams and flickering lights... tonight, someone's going to shine... and someone's going to burn out. Also we just heard from the New General Manager of WXW Summer Rayne who promised a new talent debuting against Amanda Macleod in the near future."

Felicita Lucchesi:

"That is correct and she also promised a falls count anywhere match with her as special guest referee. The only question is who will Brittani Bezos take on and how does she feel about Summer blamming her for Summer's in ring career being over. Who is this mysterious opponent?"

Jesse Gates:

"I am not sure but we will find out when Brittani finds out. "

The camera slowly pushes toward the ring, Joni Rosen raising the mic--

The crowd rises.

The lights dim.

And Chick Fyte Episode 2 officially begins.

Lindsey Flare • versus • Sol Azteca

The camera sweeps around the arena before settling on the ring and onto Joni Rosen.

Joni Rosen:

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"Welcome to WXW Chick Fyte. The first contest is scheduled for one fall. Introducing first from Arkadelphia Ar. Lindsey Flare."

legs by zz top hits and Lindsey walks out and walks down to the ring and stops at ringside and kisses a male fan.

e.

Jesse Gates:

"Here comes Lindsey Flare to the ring. Does she have to stop and kiss that man every time? "

Felicita Lucchesi:

"Are you jealous Jesse? Lindsey is in for a fight here tonight that is for sure."

Lindsey Flare finally enters the ring and bounces off of the ropes when suddenly

Gasolina by Daddy Yankee hits and Sol Azteca bursts onto the stage immediately, already moving with the rhythm. The camera follows her as she points to the crowd and claps along, drawing them in.

Joni Rosen: And her opponent from Mexico City, Mexico is Sol Azteca

She spins mid-stage and runs down the ramp with quick footwork. At ringside, she slaps hands, slides under the ropes, and springs up to the turnbuckle in one motion, throwing her arms wide to the crowd. She is smiling and energized until the bell rings, where her focus sharpens instantly.

Jesse Gates:

"And here comes her opponent in the form of Sol Azteca who always has the crowd on her side."

Felicita Lucchesi:

"She is for sure a fan favorite here in WXW. She will for sure give Lindsey a run for her money. "

Avery reaches the cage and stops for just a second, staring through the steel at Rhea.

The Referee signals for the bell starting the match.

The Bell Rings

DING. DING.

Lindsey and Sol circle each other in the ring as they size one another up. They lock up in the middle of the

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ring before Lindsey gains the advantage with a knee to the gut and follows that up by an Irish whip into the corner. Sol Azteca heads into the corner back first before bolting out of the corner and hitting Lindsey Flare with a diving forearm to the chest. Lindsey Flare falls flat on her back and grabs her chest.

Felicita Lucchesi:

"Lindsey is clutching her chest I hope she isn't injured."

Jesse Gates:

"Well maybe if Lindsey spent more time training then figure out what guy to kiss she would be in a better position right now. "

Sol Azteca grabs Lindsey by the arm and drags her to her feet. Sol climbs the turn buckle and walks the rope before jumping off and driving the elbow right into the shoulder of Lindsey.

Jesse Gates:

"That had to hurt. It looks like Lindsey is out matched in this one today."

Lindsey goes for an arm drag but is counter by rapid strikes from Sol Azteca. Sol Azteca hits Lindsey Flare with a Corona Strike out of nowhere and Lindsey falls onto the ring mat. The referee makes the count.

1.....

2.....

3.....

The referee signals for the bell.

Joni Rosen:

"Here is your winner...Sol Azteca

The crowd erupts in cheers so Sol Azteca as the referee raises her hand in the middle of the ring.

Jesse Gates:

"Lindsey might have thought she was better than Sol Azteca but not tonight and not here.."

Felicita Lucchesi:

"You are right she wasn't better tonight but I have a feeling these two will meet again some time down the road."

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Brittani Bezos • versus • Mallory Hale

The camera cuts back to ringside as the neon glow of the Crow's Nest Arena pulses in deep pink and electric blue. The crowd is buzzing, still riding the momentum of the previous segment.

Jesse Gates:

"We've got more action coming your way, and this one could steal the show."

Felicita Lucchesi:

"Two very different styles, Jesse--but both of these women are looking to make a statement tonight."

Joni Rosen stands in the ring.

Joni Rosen:

"The following contest is scheduled for ONE FALL!"

A sleek, high-energy electronic beat hits.

Brittani Bezos steps onto the stage, all confidence and precision. She adjusts her gloves, scanning the crowd with a self-assured smirk before making her way down the ramp.

Jesse Gates:

"Brittani Bezos--calculated, athletic, and always one step ahead if she can control the pace."

Felicita Lucchesi:

"She thrives on momentum. If she gets rolling early, she's dangerous."

Brittani enters the ring, stretching against the ropes, eyes locked forward.

The music cuts.

A sharp guitar riff blasts through the arena.

Mallory Hale storms out onto the stage with intensity, no wasted motion, no theatrics--just focus. She points straight toward the ring before marching down.

Jesse Gates:

"And here comes Mallory Hale--direct, aggressive, and always ready to strike."

Felicita Lucchesi:

"She doesn't wait for opportunities... she creates them."

Mallory slides into the ring and pops to her feet, immediately locking eyes with Brittani.

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The Bell Rings

DING. DING.

They circle.

Brittani moves first--quick tie-up, transitions into a wrist lock, smoothly shifting into a hammerlock. Technical, controlled.

Mallory powers out--reversal, arm drag!

Brittani pops up--another arm drag from Mallory!

A third--Brittani rolls through this time, kips up--

Standoff.

The crowd applauds the exchange.

Jesse Gates:

"Fast start here--neither one giving an inch."

Brittani shifts gears--targeting the legs. A low kick to the thigh, followed by a sweep that takes Mallory down.

She maintains control--knee across the back, wrenching the arm, keeping Mallory grounded.

Felicita Lucchesi:

"This is Brittani's game--slow it down, break it apart piece by piece."

Brittani pulls Mallory up--snap suplex!

ONE!

KICKOUT at ONE.

Brittani stays on her--rear chin lock, grinding pressure.

Mallory fights up--elbows to the ribs--breaks free!

She hits the ropes--

Running shoulder tackle!

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Brittani goes down hard.

Mallory builds momentum--clothesline! Another! Ducks a swing--spinebuster!

ONE! TWO!

KICKOUT!

The crowd starts to rally.

Mallory signals for the end.

She stalks Brittani as she rises--

Kick to the midsection--

She goes for the setup--

Brittani slips out! Shoves Mallory into the ropes--

Springboard--crossbody!

ONE! TWO!

KICKOUT!

Brittani wastes no time--running knee strike to the side of the head!

Mallory drops.

Brittani climbs to the second rope--

Diving meteora--

CONNECTS!

ONE! TWO!--

KICKOUT!

Brittani's frustration shows.

Jesse Gates:

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"That was close! She thought she had it!"

Both competitors slowly rise.

Brittani charges--

Mallory sidesteps--

Brittani rebounds off the ropes--

Mallory turns--

HALE FALL OUT OF NOWHERE!

A sudden, perfectly timed RKO that spikes Brittani into the mat.

The crowd explodes.

Felicita Lucchesi:

"THERE IT IS!"

Mallory hooks the leg tight.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

DING. DING. DING.

Joni Rosen:

"Here is your winner... MAL-LOR-Y HALE!"

Mallory rolls off, breathing heavy but composed. She pushes up to her knees, nodding to herself as the crowd cheers.

Jesse Gates:

"Blink and you miss it--that's the danger of Mallory Hale!"

Felicita Lucchesi:

"One opening. One moment. That's all she needed."

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Mallory rises to her feet, her hand raised in victory as Brittani Bezos slowly rolls out of the ring, stunned.

Under the flickering neon lights, Mallory Hale stands tall--another statement made.

Rhea Calder © • versus • Avery McCullen

Steel surrounds the ring.

Cold. Unforgiving. Final.

The camera sweeps upward along the towering chain-link walls of the cage, the neon graveyard beyond casting jagged shadows through the mesh. The crowd inside the Crow's Nest Arena buzzes with a different kind of energy--tense, electric, expectant.

Inside the ring, the WXW Sirens Championship rests on a steel chair near center.

Joni Rosen stands just outside the cage door, microphone in hand.

Joni Rosen:

"Ladies and gentlemen... the following contest is a *STEEL CAGE MATCH*... and it is for the WXW SIRENS CHAMPIONSHIP!"

The crowd erupts.

Champion Entrance

A sharp, aggressive beat hits.

The cage lights flash white as **Rhea Calder** steps out, Sirens Championship around her waist. Focused. Intense. Every step deliberate.

Jesse Gates:

"The champion asked for this. No interference. No escape from consequence."

Felicita Lucchesi:

"Rhea Calder thrives in controlled violence--and tonight, she's built the perfect environment."

Rhea reaches the cage, unhooks the door herself, and steps inside without hesitation. She doesn't even look back.

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Challenger Entrance

The house lights go down as a blue light goes over the crowd before switching to gold. The tron comes to life with scenes of Ireland as "Rocky Road to Dublin" from the Sinner's Soundtrack begins to play over the loud speaker. Two lines of dancers comes out onto the stage in perfect unison. The tron soon changes to Avery's matches along with some of her old adventuring days. She comes out onto the stage dressed in a skirt over a pair of black leggings, and a black leather jacket over a shirt that read "Irish Rose" on the front. She stands on the stage as if she was taking it all in. She starts to make her way down the ramp stopping long enough to take pictures before making it to the ring.

Jesse Gates:

"And here comes the challenger--battle-tested and backed by momentum."

Felicita Lucchesi:

"She's already proven she can hang with the champion. Tonight, she has to prove she can *finish* her."

Avery reaches the cage and stops for just a second, staring through the steel at Rhea.

Then she steps in.

The door slams shut behind her.

The Bell Rings

DING. DING.

No feeling-out process.

They collide instantly--forearms flying, boots stomping, fists cracking against jawlines.

Avery gains the early edge, driving Rhea into the cage wall--

CLANG!

The steel rattles violently.

Avery presses her face into the mesh, grinding it across the unforgiving links before pulling her back--

Snapmare--running penalty kick!

ONE!

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KICKOUT at ONE.

Rhea sits up immediately, eyes burning.

She fires back--hard palm strike--another--spinning back elbow!

Avery stumbles.

Rhea grabs her--

LAUNCHES her face-first into the cage!

CLANG!

The impact echoes.

Cage Warfare

The match turns brutal.

Rhea uses the cage like a weapon--slamming Avery shoulder-first into it, then dragging her across the steel, each link tearing at skin and pride.

Felicita Lucchesi:

"This is exactly what Rhea wanted--nowhere to run, nowhere to hide."

Rhea climbs--looking to escape--

Avery grabs her ankle!

Pulls her down--

Powerbomb into the mat!

The ring shakes.

The crowd explodes.

Avery Fights Back

Avery builds momentum--corner spear! Mounted punches! She's relentless now, feeding off the crowd.

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She looks at the cage.

Then back at Rhea.

Decision made.

Avery drags Rhea up--

RUNS her full-speed into the cage wall again!

CLANG!

Rhea drops to a knee.

Avery climbs.

One panel. Two.

She's halfway up--

Rhea springs to life--climbing after her!

They battle high above the mat--trading shots, precariously balanced.

Jesse Gates:

"This is dangerous--this is beyond dangerous!"

Rhea hooks Avery--

SUPERPLEX OFF THE CAGE WALL!

Both crash hard into the ring.

The crowd is on its feet.

Closing Stretch

Both women are down.

Slowly... they stir.

Rhea crawls to the steel chair in the center.

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She grips it.

Waits.

Avery rises--

CRACK!

Chair shot to the midsection.

Another to the back.

Rhea tosses it aside--pulls Avery in--

Looking for her finisher--

Avery fights out!

Back elbow!

Kick to the knee!

Hook--

FISHERMAN DRIVER!

ONE! TWO!--

KICKOUT!

The crowd roars.

Avery can't believe it.

Final Sequence

Avery drags Rhea toward the cage--starts climbing again, slower now, battered.

She reaches the top--

One leg over--

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Rhea grabs her from below.

Pulls her down violently--

Both hit the mat again.

Rhea doesn't waste a second.

She lifts Avery--

Hooks both arms--

CALDER'S DESCENT (double underhook facebuster) plants Avery into the canvas.

Rhea collapses into the cover.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

DING. DING. DING.

Aftermath

The cage door swings open.

Joni Rosen:

"Here is your winner... and *STILL WXW SIRENS CHAMPION*... RHEA CALDER!"

The crowd gives a mixed reaction--respect for the brutality, awe for the result.

Rhea sits up slowly, breathing heavy, sweat and punishment etched across her face.

The referee hands her the Sirens Championship.

She grips it tight.

Across the ring, Avery McCullen rolls to her side, clutching her ribs, frustration and determination written all over her.

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Jesse Gates:

"Avery brought everything she had... but it still wasn't enough."

Felicita Lucchesi:

"Not tonight. Not inside that cage. Rhea Calder proved exactly why she's the champion."

Rhea stands.

Raises the title.

The neon lights flicker.

The cage looms.

And the champion remains.

Segment

The bell has already rung.

The WXW Sirens Championship match has come to a close, but the energy inside the Crow's Nest Arena hasn't dipped--it's *shifted*. The neon graveyard hums with anticipation as the camera steadies on the ring.

Standing tall, slightly winded but composed, **Avery McCullen** brushes a strand of hair from her face. There's a fire behind her eyes--not just from the match, but from something bigger.

A ringside attendant hands her a microphone.

She doesn't speak immediately.

Instead, she paces once... twice... letting the crowd noise build.

Avery McCullen:

"Last week... I told the world that I wasn't walking into this new era alone."

A mix of cheers and curiosity ripple through the audience.

Avery McCullen (smirking):

"And tonight? I'm done keeping secrets."

The crowd leans in.

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Avery McCullen:

"You see, everybody's been asking--who would be crazy enough... bold enough... *good enough*... to stand beside me?"

She nods to herself, pacing toward the ropes, looking out into the neon-lit chaos of the crowd.

Avery McCullen:

"Not just anyone can wear gold with me. Not just anyone can survive this division, let alone dominate it."

She stops dead center in the ring.

A beat.

Then--

Avery McCullen (raising her voice):

"So allow me to introduce... my partner... the other half of the WXW Women's Tag Team Champions..."

The lights begin to shift--red, white, and blue hues flickering across the broken neon structures.

A southern rock riff kicks in--gritty, proud, unmistakable.

The crowd pops.

Avery McCullen (grinning):

"THE YANKEE ROSE'... SARAH LEE JACKSON!"

The curtain parts--

Sarah Lee Jackson steps out onto the stage, championship draped over her shoulder, a confident, no-nonsense expression on her face. She pauses, taking in the reaction--equal parts admiration and intrigue.

Jesse Gates (from commentary):

"Oh, this just got real!"

Felicita Lucchesi:

"That is a *statement* partner, Jesse. Tough, relentless, and absolutely unapologetic."

Sarah makes her way down the ramp with purpose, slapping a few hands but never losing focus on the ring.

Avery watches her approach, nodding with approval.

Sarah steps through the ropes and stands face-to-face with Avery for a brief moment--no words, just mutual

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respect.

Then--

They turn together.

Side by side.

Avery raises her championship.

Sarah follows.

Two titles. One team.

The crowd roars.

Avery McCullen (into the mic, final line):

"Remember this moment... because the division just got put on notice."

The camera pulls back as the two stand united under the fractured neon glow--champions, aligned, and ready for war.

Segment

The lights hadn't fully come back yet.

They stayed... violet.

Astra Mortis hadn't left.

She was still standing in the ring.

Still breathing.

Still watching.

Not her opponent.

The crowd.

Her head tilted slightly, like she was *listening* for something no one else could hear.

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A microphone was placed into her hand.

She didn't acknowledge who gave it to her.

She didn't thank them.

She didn't even look down at it.

She just... lifted it.

Silence stretched.

Then--

Softly.

"...I've been listening."

Her voice didn't rise. It didn't demand attention.

It *took* it.

Astra's gaze drifted slowly across the arena. Not scanning. Not searching.

Sorting.

"...backstage... in hallways... in the spaces between matches..."

A faint smile touched her lips.

Not happy.

Not cruel.

Recognizing.

"The way some of you go quiet... when certain footsteps get too close..."

A pause.

Her fingers curled slightly around the mic.

"The way you laugh... just a little too loudly... so no one asks if you're okay..."

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Her eyes softened.

Genuinely.

"The way you look down... instead of up..."

A breath.

"...so, they don't think you're challenging them."

She nodded once.

Like she'd confirmed something.

"Warmbloods."

The word came out like a name she already knew.

Not a label.

A claim.

"You glow."

Another step forward.

Slow.

Measured.

"I can see you from anywhere."

Astra lifted her free hand, pressing it lightly to her chest -- over where her heart *should* be.

"And you don't have to ask me for help."

A flicker.

Something darker, just beneath the softness.

"You never did."

The arena felt smaller now.

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Tighter.

Her expression shifted.

Not anger.

Not yet.

Just... absence of warmth.

"And then..."

A longer pause this time.

"...there are the others."

Her head tilted the opposite way.

Like something about them didn't sit right.

"The ones who think silence means 'yes.'"

A step.

"The ones who think fear means 'respect.'"

Another.

"The ones who walk a little closer... when someone flinches."

Her smile came back.

Wrong this time.

"They like it when you look down."

Astra leaned slightly toward the ropes, peering out into the crowd as if she might *spot one*.

"I don't."

A beat.

Then, gently:

"Most of you..."

Her eyes lifted.

"...happen to be men."

No venom.

No shouting.

Just a statement.

That somehow landed heavier.

"If you are a woman in that locker room..."

She straightened.

Calm again.

"I will not hurt you."

A pause.

"...unless you ask me to."

A few confused murmurs ripple--

Astra doesn't react.

Her voice softens again.

"And even then... I might say no."

Her thumb drags idly across the microphone.

Thoughtful.

Protective.

"But if you are a man... who mistakes kindness for weakness..."

Her gaze sharpens.

"...who confuses control with love..."

"...who thinks no one is watching..."

Astra exhales.

Slow.

Relieved.

"I am."

The words land like something inevitable.

Not a threat.

A certainty.

"I don't need permission."

Another step forward.

"I don't need proof."

Her smile widens--

Still soft.

Still wrong.

"I just need to see you once."

A beat.

"And I always do."

Somewhere in the arena, a voice tries to shout something--

Astra's head snaps *slightly* in that direction.

Not aggressive.

Just... aware.

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Then she relaxes again.

"And if I'm wrong..."

That softness returns.

Quieter now.

Fragile, almost.

"If I mistake something broken... for something evil..."

Her eyes drop.

Just for a second.

"...then I become the thing I died stopping."

Silence.

Heavy.

Uncomfortable.

She nods once.

Accepting it.

"...so don't lie to me."

Not louder.

Just... firmer.

"Because I will believe you."

Astra lifts her head again.

The softness returns fully now.

Warm.

Terrifyingly sincere.

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"Warmbloods..."

She raises two fingers to her lips.

Then flicks them outward into the crowd.

A small, intimate gesture.

"Come closer."

A pause.

Her head tilts.

That same eerie, knowing smile forming again.

"Monsters..."

Her voice drops--just slightly.

Enough to feel it.

"Come find me."

The lights cut.

Black.

The last thing visible--

that soft smile that didn't match the promise behind it.

Lacey Roberts © • versus • Astra Mortis

The lights inside the Crow's Nest Arena dim to a deep, ominous violet.

A low, funereal tone hums through the neon graveyard as the broken signage flickers overhead. The crowd buzz shifts--less chaotic, more anticipatory. This is different.

This is the main event.

Joni Rosen stands center ring, WWF Goddess Championship held high, its gold reflecting fractured neon

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light.

Joni Rosen:

"Ladies and gentlemen... the following contest is scheduled for ONE FALL... and it is for the *WXW GODDESS CHAMPIONSHIP!*"

The crowd erupts.

Champion Entrance

A sharp, commanding beat hits.

Gold and crimson lights burst across the arena as **Lacey Roberts** steps onto the stage--poised, confident, the championship draped over her shoulder like it belongs nowhere else.

She pauses, taking in the crowd, chin lifted.

Jesse Gates:

"Here she is--the standard-bearer of this division. Lacey Roberts has defined what it means to be champion."

Felicita Lucchesi:

"Confidence, control, and composure. She doesn't just win, Jesse--she dictates how the match is fought."

Lacey makes her way to the ring, eyes forward, no wasted motion. She steps through the ropes, climbs the turnbuckle, and raises the title high.

The crowd reaction is mixed--respect, tension, and just a hint of doubt.

Challenger Entrance

The lights go out.

Silence.

Then--

A single, cold white spotlight hits the stage.

A slow, dragging sound--like metal scraping stone--echoes as **Astra Mortis** emerges from the darkness.

No music. Just presence.

Chick Fyfe: #2

Jesse Gates (lowered voice):

"...And here comes the storm."

Felicita Lucchesi:

"She doesn't perform. She doesn't posture. Astra Mortis arrives... and things change."

Astra moves with deliberate, almost unnatural calm. Her gaze never leaves the ring.

She steps inside, standing across from Lacey--motionless, unblinking.

The Bell Rings

DING. DING.

They circle.

Lacey keeps her distance early, testing. Astra doesn't bite--she simply watches.

Collar-and-elbow tie-up--

Lacey tries to outmaneuver, slipping behind--waist lock--

Astra doesn't move.

She plants her feet and **powers backward into the corner**, crushing Lacey against the turnbuckles.

Felicita Lucchesi:

"That's not just strength--that's control of space."

Break.

Lacey resets, slightly rattled but composed.

Second engagement--

Lacey fires first--quick forearm! Another! A chop across the chest--

Astra absorbs it.

Then--

ONE forearm from Astra.

Chick Fyte: #2

Lacey staggers.

Jesse Gates:

"Oh my--one shot!"

Astra presses forward, methodical. A heavy Irish whip sends Lacey crashing into the opposite corner. The impact echoes.

Astra charges--

Lacey moves!

Astra hits hard into the turnbuckles.

Now Lacey capitalizes--running knee to the back! Snapmare takeover! Basement dropkick!

ONE!

KICKOUT at ONE.

Astra sits up instantly.

No delay.

No hesitation.

Momentum Shift

Lacey picks up the pace--springboard crossbody--

CAUGHT.

The crowd gasps as Astra catches her mid-air and slowly rises to full height, holding Lacey like dead weight.

Felicita Lucchesi:

"...That's not human strength."

Astra slams her down with authority.

From there, it becomes a grind.

Heavy strikes. Crushing slams. Astra dictating a suffocating pace, draining Lacey piece by piece.

Chick Fyte: #2

But Lacey refuses to break.

She fights back--targeting the legs. Chop blocks. Dropkicks to the knee. A dragon screw that finally brings Astra down to one knee.

Jesse Gates:

"That's the strategy! Take the base out!"

Lacey builds momentum--

Running shining wizard--

CONNECTS!

ONE! TWO!

KICKOUT!

The crowd roars.

Final Sequence

Both women rise slowly.

Lacey swings--

Blocked.

Astra grips her wrist.

Another strike attempt--

Blocked again.

Astra pulls her in--

HEADBUTT.

Lacey stumbles.

Astra hooks--

Chick Fyte: #2

Pump-handle position--

Lacey fights it! She twists free--roll-up!

ONE! TWO!--

KICKOUT!

Both scramble up--

Lacey goes for a superkick--

Astra catches the leg.

Silence hits for a split second.

Astra lifts--

Transitions--

REVENANT'S MERCY.

A devastating pump-handle powerbomb, lifted with terrifying, corpse-like strength and driven straight into the mat.

The ring shakes.

The crowd erupts.

Astra doesn't rush.

She slowly drapes an arm across Lacey's chest.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

DING. DING. DING.

Aftermath

Chick Fyte: #2

Silence--then an explosion of reaction.

Joni Rosen:

"Here is your winner... and *NEW WXW GODDESS CHAMPION*... ASTRA MORTIS!"

The referee hesitates for just a moment before handing over the championship.

Astra takes it.

She doesn't celebrate.

She just stands there, holding the title, staring down at Lacey Roberts.

Jesse Gates:

"She didn't just win... she conquered."

Felicita Lucchesi:

"The era of Lacey Roberts... has just been ended."

Astra slowly raises the championship as the broken neon lights flicker violently around her.

The image is haunting.

Dominant.

Unavoidable.

Fade to black.

Show Credits

Segment: "Going Live" - Written by Ben.

Segment: "Segment" - Written by Ben.

Segment: "Segment" - Written by Ben.

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite