

## And Then... Nothing

The loading dock is quiet under one buzzing light, the arena dark behind her. Mara Grave sits on the edge of the concrete, dressed in black baggy clothes instead of ring gear. The face paint is still on, smeared and real. She isn't loud. She isn't pacing. She just stares into the camera like she's been there a while and isn't going anywhere.

*She starts calm, voice steady and almost too quiet for the setting.*

*"I've been hearing a lot about debuts. New names. Fresh starts. Big chances."*

*She lets the silence stretch before continuing.*

*"I already had mine."*

*Her eyes stay locked on the camera.*

*"Venessa Vale."*

*She doesn't smile.*

*"Big part of the Seers. Big presence. Lots of noise."*

*A small shrug.*

*"I put her down and it got real quiet after that."*

*She looks off to the side for a second, like she's actually thinking about it.*

*"For a group that moves like a hornets' nest, I expected more buzzing."*



*"I thought there'd be more after I beat Venessa."*

*She doesn't blink. "There wasn't. I figured if you poke them, something happens." A small shrug. "Nothing did." She shifts slightly. "That was kind of a let down." A pause. "But whatever. This isn't about them."*

*"This is about **Graysie Parker** and **Selina Santorino**. Triple threat. Black Light 36." She looks straight into the camera.*

*"You're both new here. So am I." She exhales. "Selina... you spend a lot of time looking at yourself." No smile. "Good for you." She scratches the paint under her eye. "And Graysie... you're strong. That's what they say." A small nod. "So was Venessa Vale, surprisingly." A pause. "Beating her was supposed to mean something." She itches lightly at the paint on her cheek. "Revenge. Reaction. Consequence." A shrug. "Nothing came." She leans back slightly. "So I'm hoping you two bring more than hype. Because if this is just talk again..." Her voice stays flat. "I'll be disappointed."*