

Chameleons

The room is dim and quiet, incense smoke drifting lazily beside him. **Wyatt Storm** sits cross-legged on the floor, forearms resting on his knees, eyes steady on the camera. His voice is calm, grounded. "Ace Dalton. You used to be the poster boy for chill. Tie-dye shirts. Headbands. Talking about circles and sessions. The laid-back technician who floated through the chaos. But chameleons only change when the environment demands it. Opportunity called, and suddenly the breeze became a storm. The peace became control. The free spirit became the leader of The Seers. I don't blame you for evolving. I blame you for pretending you didn't. Real calm isn't a tie-dye shirt you swap out when it's convenient. It isn't branding. It isn't merch. It's who you are when nobody's watching. I've always known who I am. My practice isn't aesthetic. It's breath when the ribs ache. It's silence before sunrise. It's staying the same man whether I'm pinned to the mat or standing over it. You adapted. I remained."



He shifts slightly, expression hardening just a touch. "Now let's talk about your monster. Killjoy. Black Light 36, main event. I read the power rankings. I know they've got me next in line for a world title shot. I know what that means. Killjoy is going to batter me. Bruise me. Try to make me an example for his champion. That's fine. Pain doesn't scare me. I sit with it. I train with it. When that match is over—stitched up, taped up, whatever it looks like—I'll still be here. We're both CFW originals, Ace. We built in this place. You climbed to the top. I'm climbing next. Killjoy doesn't change that. Blood doesn't change that. After Black Light 36, I'm next up. And when I step across from you for that title, I won't need to become anything new. I'll just be exactly who I've always been."