

Confliction: Confliction 2018

Promotion: Championship Wrestling Federation
Date: March 4, 2018
Location: 713 Music Hall — Houston, TX

Results

The Ritten House

Match

The city of Philadelphia is a bustling metropolis. After winning the Superbowl after coming short of their ultimate goal for over fifty years, the Eagles football team has brought a life to this city that it hasn't seen in years. People walk the streets with excited smiles on their faces, chatting with one another. Some of the crazier fans can even be seen trying to climb up telephone poles like crazed apes.

There is one man who does not have a smile on his face however, a man that feels like the entire world has been taken from him piece by piece. With his head sunk into his hands, the man sits crouched down on a sidewalk, a street sign reading Walnut Street just beside him.

J. Rish.

The former CEO and owner of CWF takes his head out of his palms and exhales a deep breath. The tears in his eyes have stained bright red circles around his eyes, but after losing not one but two of his children lately the man couldn't be blamed for being a distraught mess. He pulls himself to his feet being bumped immediately by the pushy crowd, none of them even bothering to recognize him as they continue on their way.

J. Rish turns back around to the restaurants and shops along Walnut Street, knowing that after not eating a damn thing for days now that it is time to at least attempt to feed himself. But it is a shop called The Ritten House that instead catches his eye, sticking out like a sore thumb amongst the rest of the scene in front of him. An old fashion Psychic Reading shop. Rish is entranced by the Ritten House as if something inside is drawing him towards it, and towards it he goes very quickly. At the front door Rish takes one more deep breath and opens it, going inside.

The smell of incense hits as he enters, hundreds of scents from around the world confronting the nostrils at once. The walls are covered in posters showing astrological charts, star signs - the western zodiac, Egyptian, Chinese - alongside faded adverts for circus performances and miracle cures.

An older african woman greets him from behind the desk as Rish looks around with widen eyes. She has a tie-dyed shirt on, grayed long hair and knowledge beyond belief lying within her facial expression.

Woman: We have been waiting for you, Mr. Rishel. Please sit.

J. Rish: Waiting for me, what are you talking about? I came into here on an absolute whim. My life has been turned upside down as of late. First I found out that my daughter Cambria really isn't my daughter at all. Then I have my company ripped out from under me...and now my oldest son who I have had the rockiest relationship with in the past at best tragically died in a plane accident.

Woman: Please sit.

The woman speaks in a very forward tone, and Rish has no choice but to listen to her, following her over to a square table with a set of tarot cards sitting atop of it in a pile.

J. Rish: Okay, here we are. Now what?

The woman deals out a series of cards, placing five of them face down on the table in front of her. Rish glances at them, rolls his eyes, goes to leave then pauses and takes a seat instead. She gestures to the cards, flips one over. Woman: The Tower. Change - sudden, drastic, cataclysmic. J. Rish: I told you that already. My daughter, my company, my - Woman: You have been through much, it is true. But there is more to come. So much more...I only pray you are ready. She flips over another card. Woman: The Eight of Swords. You feel trapped by circumstances, fenced in and blindfolded and unable to see a way out. Rish nods a little, his expression more serious. She flips another. Woman: Death. Rish: My son? Woman: No. Death is not always, or even usually, physical death. It is the casting off of old ways, death to the past and the drive to move forward. And yet... Rish: Yes? Woman: Have you seen the body? Rish: No, I...what are you suggesting? She shrugs, flips over a fourth card. Woman: The Hanged Man. The seeker after truth. You seek resolution, closure, a means to put the world to rights, professionally and personally. You seek answers - yet more than that, you still seek to know the right questions. She turns over the final card. As she does, a concerned look crosses over her face. Rish: What is it? Woman: As I said. You have undergone a period of drastic, cataclysmic change, feel trapped with no clear way out. You are to turn your back on the past, move forward in a new direction, dead to the old life. On a quest for the truth. But this... Rish: Yes? Woman: The ten of swords. She gestures to the card. A person lays face down, ten swords embedded in their back. Woman: This tells me that the truth, whatever it should be, will be the truth of a betrayal - or of many. And when the truth is revealed. It will break your heart.

J. Rish looks down at the cards with eyes as wide as pancakes, feeling a sense of shock but yet finding more questions than answers. After exhaling a deep breath he stands to his feet, turning away from the woman and begins to leave. She grabs his left arm stopping him dead in his tracks, Rish looks back and the psychic has placed a golden key within his palm.

Woman: Take this key. With it you shall find the light and the truth. Good luck.

Fade.

Interview with Tyler Anderson

Match

It has been a while since we had last seen Tyler Anderson, as he is walking inside of the building. He heads down the hallway when Tara Robinson walks over to him as the interview starts.

Tara Robinson: I am standing here with Tyler Anderson, and it has been awhile since we have seen you. What do you think of Billy's change of attitude?

Tyler Anderson: I am not sure what to think, and I haven't seen him like this in a very long time. I took time away to think about what I have done, and Billy really needs to get over it. It wasn't like I did it on purpose, and I will do anything to prove that I am really sorry.

Tara Robinson: Is there anyone you would like to feud with?

Tyler Anderson: I have been watching the shows, and there really isn't anyone that stands out for me to feud with, unless Billy wants to have a sibling feud. I really want to feud with someone, but I will wait to see what happens, as I am sure I will be feuding with someone, as for who, I am not sure, I guess I will have to wait and see.

Tara Robinson: Thank you for your time, Tyler.

Tyler Anderson: You're welcome, Tara.

Tyler walks away, talking on his cell phone. Suddenly he is crashing into the wall, his cellphone flying through the air.

Mia Rayne: You want a feud? Huh? You got a feud, douchebag! You've been hiding behind your Hall of Fame entry and all that crap. You keep saying you are the best team, but what did you win so far? Diddy squat! Not even that, you wish you had won squat!

Fade.

Anthony Ortiz vs. Crazy Chris vs. Metrosupp vs. Billy Anderson

Match

Jim Gunt: Oh, Mia is making her presence felt, Tyler might be in trouble!

Mike Rolash: He asked for it, come on, if you claim no one is standing out, you'll attract someone.

Jim Gunt: There's that. Welcome, Ladies and Gentlemen to the United Center here in Windy City, in Chicago, Illinois, for Confliction!

Mike Rolash: We have a lot of highly interesting matches on the menu today, all titles are on the line, there are a few other matches, where the contenders have been at each others' throats for weeks and months now, and everything is coming to blows tonight!

Jim Gunt: First off we have a Fatal Fourway match to kick things off, over to Ray Douglas now!

Ray Douglas: The first match of Confliction 2018 is a Fatal Fourway match, scheduled for one fall! The first contender is one half of the Danger Boiz - CRAZY CHRIS!

The crowd gives him a big pop despite his very varying level of success of late.

Ray Douglas: Contender number two is from the Unstoppable Force - BILLY ANDERSON!

Billy also gets a positive crowd response, even though a few boos are mixed in after the internal brother-to-brother turmoil of the last few weeks.

Ray Douglas: Number three - ANTHONY ORTIZ!

The fans are not sure at all what to think of Ortiz, since he has not left much of an impression so far.

Ray Douglas: And the final contender - METROSUPP!

Despite this being the first ever appearance of the CWF's newest signing, the fans immediately boo the Frenchman, but he does not seem fazed at all.

The bell rings, and all three men go after Crazy Chris, bumrushing him in a corner.

Mike Rolash: Ortiz, Billy, and Metro all start attacking Crazy Chris.

Crazy Chris slides underneath of the ropes and out of the way, leaving the other three to duke it out with each other inside of the ring. The fight starts to break off at this point as Billy whips Metrosupp into the ropes and goes for a clothesline, Metrosupp ducks the clothesline and catches Billy with a front reverse russian leg sweep.

Ortiz hurls himself over the ropes landing on top of Crazy Chris. Metrosupp tries to take Billy down with a short arm clothesline and Billy ducks under it and catches Metrosupp in the throat temporarily cutting off his air supply.

Jim Gunt: Ouch, that must have hurt!

Ortiz goes to whip Crazy Chris into the rail and Crazy Chris reverses the move and instead whips Ortiz into the corner. Ortiz stumbles away from Crazy Chris only to get caught with a vicious spear throwing him to the ground. Billy picks up Metrosupp and tosses him over the top rope onto Ortiz and Crazy Chris as Billy sentons over the top rope onto all of them who are below.

Chaos ensues as everybody starts slugging at each other. Ortiz throws a fist at Billy and Billy ducks under it and catches Ortiz in a double underhook suplex. Billy slides Ortiz into the ring and hooks his leg, but the pin is immediately broken up by Crazy Chris as he grabs Billy's foot and slides him out of the ring and whips him violently in the rail.

Crazy Chris comes off of the top turnbuckle to outside landing on both of the people, Metrosupp has recovered and has a chair and begins laying into everybody knocking them down unconscious outside of the ring. Metrosupp picks up Chris and drops him down to the ground with a sidewalk slam and then begins laying the boots to Chris. That sidewalk slam seems to have taken a lot out of Crazy Chris.

Metrosupp turns around and is caught in the middle of a Lunatic Drop from Billy as his head is rocked back, knocking Metrosupp flat out onto the ground. Metro is dazed. Billy catches him with a few redneck uppercuts to keep him dazed. He goes to grab the chair that is laying down on the outside only to walk right into a spear from Crazy Chris as he is sent to the ground. Chris is on top of Billy just totally choking the crap out of him.

Ortiz is up and delivers a devastating dropkick to the back of Crazy Chris' head to get him off of Billy. Chris picks a prone Billy and goes for a spinning heel kick only to miss and walk right into a clothesline from Ortiz. Ortiz rolls Billy into the ring and goes to deliver a suplex but Billy gets his foot in the way and soon blocks the move from happening. Billy floats around Ortiz and delivers a full nelson slam sending Ortiz to the mat and Billy rolls on top of Ortiz for the pin.

The pin is soon broken up as Metrosupp is up and comes off the top rope with an elbow drop onto the two, Metrosupp goes for the cover and pins Ortiz. The pin is broken up by Billy as he picks up Metrosupp and they begin slugging away at each other. Crazy Chris is up and starts to move. Billy sees him coming with a flying lariat and ducks it as Metrosupp is leveled.

Billy picks up Metrosupp and drives him into the ground with the Lunatic Drop. Metrosupp is down and out as Billy climbs on top and goes for the pin.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Crazy Chris manages to drop a boot on Billy and get in the quick save.

Billy runs back towards Crazy Chris and hits him with a running neckbreaker. Chris goes down as Billy goes for the cover. Ortiz quickly breaks the count. Ortiz is back into it now, and...

Jim Gunt: OOH.....big clothesline on Billy! But wait, Crazy Chris has gotten back up and...

Mike Rolash: Crazy Bitch! Crazy Chris just caught Ortiz with that Crazy Bitch! Crazy Chris covers Ortiz.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Jim Gunt: It's over, Chris has won it!

Ray Douglas: And the winner of the the match by pinfall....CRAZY CHRIS!!

Mike Rolash: Impressive display from all four competitors to start off Confliction, but the veteran Crazy Chris once again showed why he and his brother Dangerous Dan are nothing to mess with.

A STARR Shines Brightly Tonight

Match

We cut backstage where we find Christian STARR sitting in his locker room, he has a determined expression on his face and is bobbing his head along to the music playing from the headphones hanging around his neck. He is pulling up a special black and yellow PPV edition of his knee pads. As he pulls the pad over his right knee the writing across it becomes clear, 'LA >' As our camera gets closer he begins to speak.

Christian STARR: Tonight is a night to remember. Tonight the fans are about to be treated to a five star classic in that ring. Coming into tonight all the talk around town has been The Shadow versus Elisha, it's been Ataxia versus Hawkhurst, it's been the epic fatal four way main event. But I guarantee you that after the lights go out and the page closes on Confliction the talk is all going to be about one match and one match only. Jay Mora versus Christian STARR for the Paramount Championship.

We can hear the song change through his headphones, a hard rock beat drums along. His eyes move up to swiftly glance at the camera as he pulls up his other knee pad. Written across this one is one simple word. 'CHICAGO'.

Christian STARR: The war of words alone coming into this match has been an instant classic, and despite all the shit that's been said, I think both Jay and myself can admit that we are both about to step into the ring across from one of the best we will ever go toe to toe against.

He pulls a kickpad out of the heap of ring gear on the floor beside him. As he begins strapping it on overtop of his slick black boot we can see that these too have big bold letters across them, this first one has another simple word written on it. 'STARR'.

Christian STARR: Mora has been a hell of a champion, and he's done it with pride, but tonight I have what I like to call the Challenger's Advantage. Nothing to lose and everything to gain. So while Mora is worried about defending his title and trying to impress his hometown crowd, all I'll be worried about is taking his fucking head off with a Showstopper and getting the one, two, three. Rest assured that I'm walking out tonight as the Champ.

He reaches for his last kick pad, but just as he does he's interrupted by a familiar voice from Starr's life. The voice of one Mr. Eli Silver.

Eli Silver: That is the Silver Lining, isn't it?

Eli Silver walks through the open door adjusting the collar on his thousand dollar suit like the big shot he has so far proven he is. This finally breaks Starr's attention from his pre-match ritual as he turns his head to look at Eli, a dead glare.

Christian STARR: God dammit, Eli! Your catch phrases are lamer than your sex life.

Eli Silver: Because they're both red hot and easier than your mother.

STARR blinks blankly at Eli, who brushes a few flicks of dirt off of his sleeve. There's a brief moment of awkward silence. The agent reaches into his jacket pocket and pulls out his smartphone, he quickly starts scrolling through as Christian rolls his eyes at him.

Christian STARR: What the hell do you want anyways, dick bag?

Eli Silver: Well asshole.. I was wondering if there's any truth behind this?

Eli holds his phone up to his client, showing him the TMZ Headline article from earlier this week. Christian finds himself staring at the picture of him and his wife, Allison Hollywood, that graces the website's front page.

Christian STARR: Yeah, what about it? I could ask you the same question.

Starr pulls the headphones off of his neck and sets them down on the bench beside him, he rises to his feet and steps toward Eli as if to intimidate him.

Christian STARR: When were you planning on telling me about D? With all of our history I think I deserve to know when that overrated bastard signs a contract with the same wrestling federation that I do.

Christian cracks a smile and pats Eli on the shoulder. Silver cracks one back at him and gives him a friendly punch in return.

Eli Silver: Please, you know as well as I do that D.C. keeps his shit in his pants until he's ready to whip out the big surprise himself. If he wanted you to know he was coming then he would've made it clear from the get go.

VOICE: ELI! THIS IS NOT MY BATMAN GLASS!

Eli's eyes grow wide as a deep bellowing voice echoes down the hallway outside the door.

Eli Silver: Gotta go, talk later. K thanks, bye!

He darts out of the room in a fluster, moments later Payne walks through the door seething with frustration. In his hand he holds a Superman branded water bottle. He looks back and forth a few times, searching.

Payne: Where's Eli!?

Christian STARR: He went thatta way.

Starr points in the direction that his agent ran off in as Payne squeezes his water bottle tightly, sending water flying across the room. He throws the now crumpled bottle at the wall and he, too, bolts out of the room after Silver.

Payne: YOU BETTER RUN, BOY!

Starr is left alone to his thoughts now in his dressing room and finally pulls up the final kick pad of his wrestling gear, as he straps it up and stretches the entire picture of his gear becomes clear, written across his knee and kick pads are the phrases "LA > CHICAGO" and "STARR > MORA"

With one quick motion STARR spins a full one eighty and swoops up his trademark leather jacket from a hook on his locker room wall. He pulls it over his shoulders, and with a twinkle in his eyes, pops the collar before like the two men before him, leaves the room. A big bold 'EGO' written across his back.

Fade.

Azrael vs. Mia Rayne

Match

Jim Gunt: Christian Starr preparing for the biggest match of his CWF career to date and he looks like he is ready to take on the Marksman later on tonight.

Mike Rolash: And nobody stand in the way of Payne, that guy probably could snap any of us in two!

Jim Gunt: Oh, easily! Before we get to the next match, let's welcome two of our international commentator teams that are joining us for a second time, right ring side. From Mexico we have our good friends Gabriel Mendoza and Juan Ignacio Cimarron!

Gabriel Mendoza: ¡Buenas tardes desde Chicago y bienvenidos a Confliction!

Juan Ignacio Cimarron: Estamos entusiasmados de formar parte de este gran espectáculo y nos preguntamos si Ataxia sacará a Dorian de la carreta? Quédate con nosotros para descubrirlo!

Mike Rolash: From France we have Yannick Moreau and Pierre Robitaille!

Yannick Moreau: Bonjour à tous, Confliction est sur nos rails et la Fierté de Montréal défendra le titre des poids lourds du monde ce soir, ici à Chicago!

Pierre Robitaille: Oui, Yannick, Jace Valentine contre trois de ses plus féroces rivaux, pas de décompte, pas de disqualification, ce sera un match pour les âges, la bataille de Chicago!

Jim Gunt: Now on to our next match, the mysterious Azrael facing off against Mia Rayne!

Halestorm's "I am the Fire" starts while the lights go dark. Azrael makes his way to the top of the ramp to resounding boos from the crowd and as the chorus begins, columns of fire illuminate Azrael as he walks to the ring with his head

bent down with a hint of his head bobbing to the beat. While he is climbing up the stairs, and without giving Ray Douglas to say a word, "Time for Tea" hits the arena speakers and the lights die out, leaving the crowd in pitch black. Suddenly blue spotlights turn on to reveal Mia Rayne, hands behind her back, smiling and rocking on her heels. She starts to skip around in circles, her head bobbing to the music, the spotlight following her in an almost mesmerizing trance.

Without missing a beat she veers onto the entrance ramp and continues to skip down to the ring, to the beat of the music lightly giggling as she makes her way to the ring. She rolls underneath the bottom rope as Autumn's voice growls, 'it's....TIME....FOR....TEEEEEAAAAA!!!!!!' This makes Mia collapse into a ball in the middle of the ring as the spotlight intensifies on her. She rocks back and forth as the music dies out and the lights turn off. As they fade back on she is already in her corner of the ring, twitching with anticipation for the beginning of the match.

Ray Douglas: The next match is scheduled for one fall! Hailing from his personal hell, apparently - AZRAEEEL! And his contender, hailing from Buffalo, New York - MIIAAAA RAAAYYYNE!

Azrael and Mia face-off, standing almost nose to nose, in the centre of the ring. Mia taunts and derides her opponent but Azrael merely shrugs his shoulders. Frustrated by the lack of response, Mia turns her verbal barb into a physical one and lashes out with a wild haymaker. Azrael is prepared for this frenzied attack and ducks underneath, swinging himself around to stand behind his opponent, taking her down to the mat with an inverted DDT.

Jim Gunt: The honour of first strike goes to our resident Apathetic Avenging Angel, Azrael.

Mike Rolash: Just cause you got an English degree...

Azrael comes off the ropes to build up some momentum and comes down hard upon Mia Rayne with a knee drop. With a hook of the leg, he follows up with an early attempted pin.

ONE!

TWO!

NO! Mia kicks out!

Mike Rolash: I wonder about this guy at times. He clearly lacks the inner fire evident in only the best of our champions, but somehow he manages to bring it.

Jim Gunt: I guess only time will tell how far that takes him.

As Azrael advances to continue his offense, Mia trips him up with a drop toe hold that sends Azrael flailing helplessly face first into the nearby turnpost. Though padded, an impact with the unrelenting post isn't something one can simply walk off, as evident by the way Azrael's head snaps back. Mia rolls him up for a pin.

ONE!

TWO!

TH- Azrael breaks out!

Mike Rolash: Don't be surprised, if the Roadies find Azrael's teeth embedded in the padding.

Mia won't give Azrael an inch and is on him in an instant, setting him up for an octopus stretch. She seems mere moments away from cinching in the submission maneuver when Azrael summons a sudden surge of strength and throws his opponent up and over his shoulders, to the ring mat. As she rises, Azrael hoists her up, in position for the Spiraling Down. But she responds in kind, denying him his signature move and slipping free from his grasp seconds before its completion. Off balance and off guard, Azrael turns around to Mia and receives a face full of superkick for his efforts.

Jim Gunt: Mia certainly giving as much as she is getting.

To emphasise this very point, Mia comes right back at a stirring Azrael and knocks him down with a shining wizard. A lateral press pin attempt is not far behind.

ONE!

TWO!

Azrael kicks out!

Mike Rolash: For someone who claims not to care about much, there's a fair bit of fight in him.

Mia rains down an assault of her boots upon Azrael, who somehow finds the fortitude to weather the leather storm and fights his way back, springing to his feet and catching Mia by surprise with a falling side slam. He drags her by the legs towards a nearby corner, the very same corner as previously, then returns the favour from the opening moments of the

match, throwing her face first into the corner post and as Mia comes down she lands painfully on Azrael's outstretched knees in a move he calls Angel's Wings.

Mike Rolash: So ah...since both competitors have now kissed the same turnpad, does that mean by degrees of separation they have kissed each other?

Jim Gunt: ...Does your train of thought EVER have a caboose?

Azrael opts not to attempt another pin, instead stalking his opponent, waiting as they begin to stir, showing signs of life. Azrael watches for his moment and capitalizes when it presents itself, taking Mia Rayne by surprise and connecting with Falling Apart. He shows a surprisingly sense of emotion as he sees Rayne laid out on the canvas, but shakes it off to go for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: And the winner of this matchup by pinfall....AZRAEL!!

Jim Gunt: An unfortunate outcome for Mia, despite her best efforts. But I'm sure she can take it in their stride and recover, coming back strong.

Make-A-Wish

Match

Dorian Hawkhurst is standing behind a curtain, talking to one of the arena staff.

Dorian Hawkhurst: This is awesome. I'm kind of surprised that some of these Make-a-Wish kids want to meet me. I mean, I've barely been here a month. I got these made up for them, too.

Dorian reaches into a box behind him and pulls out a kid's size replica of the CWF Impact Championship.

Dorian Hawkhurst: Ain't these sweet? Man, those kids are going to love this.

Staff Member: I'm sure they will.

The staff member pats Dorian on the shoulder and Dorian bounces up and down with a smile on his face.

Dorian Hawkhurst: Here goes nothing.

Dorian backs through the curtain, holding the box in his hands. As he turns around, he drops the box and his mouth falls open.

Dorian Hawkhurst: Holy hell...

The camera turns, and there a five children standing in front of Dorian, all of them wearing sacks upon their heads. Dorian strokes his beard, trying to take in exactly what is going on.

Dorian Hawkhurst: Okay... I see what's going on here. You wanna play, Ataxia. We're gonna play.

Hawkhurst walks out of the room, leaving the box of replica belts on the floor as he leaves.

Fade.

The Coalition (Autumn Raven & Silas Artoria) vs. Stranger Danger (The Lost Soul & Harvey Danger)

Match

Mike Rolash: If there is anybody, who can teach someone a lesson in mind games, it is Ataxia!

Jim Gunt: Yes, he really knows how to weird people out, but let's continue on to another weird person or two, or three...

Ray Douglas: This next match is a tag match scheduled for 1 fall with a 20 minute time limit. Introducing first, coming in at a combined weight of 475 pounds... the team of TLS and Harvey Danger. STRANGER DANGER!!!!

The crowd cheer as "No Rain" by Blind Melon begins to play. Stranger Danger- Harvey and TLS make their way to the ring. Marie Danger walks close to Harvey. Both men slide under the ring and pose for the crowd.

Ray Douglas: And their opponents, coming in at a combine weight of 375 pounds. The team of Silas Artoria and Autumn Raven. THE COALITION!!!

"Dreams Don't Die" hits and Silas Artoria and Autumn Raven show up at the ramp and hear some boos from the crowd as they make their way to the ring. Marie Danger yells some obscenities to Raven as she passes by.

Mike Rolash: The last time these two teams met, it turned out to be a handicapped match.

Jim Gunt: Harvey ran into a little bit of trouble last time around.

Mike Rolash: We will now see how they fare this time now that Stranger Danger is complete.

Jim Gunt: Silas Artoria wastes no time laying it on Harvey.

Mike Rolash: Yeah, poor Harvey. He hasn't had a good couple of weeks.

Silas has Harvey Danger in a headlock, he follows that with an Irish whip followed by a high angle drop kick. Harvey collapses to the mat. The Psychotic Aristocrat stands over him, raising his arms in the air. Silas grabs Harvey by the hair and lifts him onto his shoulders. Harvey reverses that into a crucifix pin.

ONE!

TWO!

TH-NO!

Mike Rolash: Kick out... that was close...

Jim Gunt: Harvey Danger almost caught Silas napping.

Both men retreat to their corners. Silas motions for Harvey to come towards him. Harvey shakes his head and points to Autumn Raven. The crowd is chanting "Tag her in. Tag her in." Silas reluctantly tags Autumn Raven in.

Jim Gunt: I wonder who does her make up.

Mike Rolash: Probably the same person that does yours.

Autumn Raven rushes at Harvey, but he grabs her in a bear hug and delivers a belly to belly slam. Autumn Raven squirms in pain as Harvey stands over her looking very proud of himself. Harvey pulls Autumn Raven up and smacks her head against the turnbuckle. The crowd seems to delight in this- so Harvey smacks her head again and again.

Mike Rolash: Looks like Harvey is having his way with Autumn Raven.

Jim Gunt: Yeah and he didn't even need to slip her a roofie.

Autumn Raven stumbles to the mat. Marie Danger is clapping and cheering for her boy. Harvey sizes Autumn up and delivers a running reverse elbow. Harvey turns to his Mother and gives her a thumbs up. The crowd begins to chant his name.

Mike Rolash: Harvey seems to be basking in the glow of adoration from the crowd.

Jim Gunt: He'd better pay attention to Autumn Raven:

Autumn Raven has crept up on all fours and is behind Harvey as she delivers a low blow.

Mike Rolash: That looks like it hurts.

Jim Gunt: No kidding.

Raven pulls Harvey into the ring and delivers some stomps to his midsection.

Mike Rolash: Harvey has been in there a long time.

Raven drags Harvey by his feet into the corner and tags in Silas. Silas hops onto the top turnbuckle and goes for a diving elbow that misses as Harvey rolls out of the way. Marie is yelling for Harvey to make the tag. Harvey crawls to the corner as TLS reaches out his hand. Before Harvey can make the tag, Silas pulls him back.

Mike Rolash: Silas lifts Harvey up and whips him against the ropes and into a fireman's carry.

Jim Gunt: Silas is all business.

Silas delivers to painful knife edge chops that send Harvey reeling. Harvey is able to duck under a clothesline and delivers one of his own.

Mike Rolash: What a clothesline. He just destroyed Silas with that.

Jum Gunt: Harvey again making his way to the corner.

This time he is able to tag TLS in. TLS quickly delivers some boots to Silas, followed by an elbow to the back. The crowd begins to cheer as TLS drags Silas towards the corner and sets him up for a top rope suplex.

Mike Rolash: And it looks like TLS has all the momentum right now.

Jim Gunt: Silas probably needs to get Autumn Raven back in.

TLS delivers a brainbuster to Silas and goes for the pin.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO!

Mike Rolash: Silas kicks out at the last second!

Jim Gunt: And Autumn is in the corner going nuts, she wants that tag!

Raven is pounding the turnbuckle and screaming for Silas to make the tag. TLS lifts Silas up and goes for a standing dropkick, but Silas is able to dodge it. Silas quickly turns to the corner and tags in Raven. Raven lets out a war cry as she pounces on top of TLS and delivers some ground and pound. Raven is in control as she drags TLS up and swings him. **BROKEN FUTURE!**

Mike Rolash: I think she calls that move the broken future.

Jim Gunt: The future does look broken for TLS as Raven makes the pin.

ONE!

TWO!

Kick out!!!

TLS puts his foot on the ropes. Raven continues her assault as she delivers an elbow to TLS knee. Raven delivers a dragonrana and goes for another pin.

ONE!

TW-NO!

TLS kicks out again. Raven slams her fists on the mat. She whips TLS to the ropes but he reverses it and delivers a ddt. TLS lifts Raven up into a gorilla press and tosses her into the corner. TLS charges at the corner and goes for a splash, but Silas pulls Raven out of the way and TLS smacks his head against the turnbuckle.

Mike Rolash: Silas tags himself in.

Jim Gunt: Silas has such pretty hair.

Silas irish whips TLS into the ropes and follows that with a back breaker. He follows it up by hoisting TLS onto his shoulders and delivers an airplane spin! Round and around he goes, where TLS stops nobody knows! He drops TLS to the mat hard as the chanting crowd lets out a brief cheer. Calling his partner into the ring, Silas and Autumn grab ahold of TLS preparing for a double Brainbuster. But Harvey is back in the ring, clotheslining both of them! Harvey is on fire now with another clothesline to Autumn, and a third to Silas-NO! Silas ducks under and back body drops Danger outside! And he lands painfully wrong, holding onto his knee as he screams out!

Jim Gunt: Oh no, Harvey's hurt!

Mike Rolash: The dumb old goat needs to learn how to land better!

TLS immediately shows concern for his friend, looking over the ropes as a couple of medics come running out from the backstage area. FALL OF MAN TO TLS, WITH AUTUMN STIFF KICKING HIM ON THE WAY DOWN! The distraction from Harvey is enough for the Coalition to take advantage of him yet again, and Silas hooks both of TLS's legs as Autumn hurries off just in time for the referee to make the count.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: And your winners by pinfall....SILAS AND AUTUMN....THE COALITION!

Jim Gunt: Silas Artoria and Autumn Raven with another victory over the veteran team Stranger Danger, those two are really making a name for themselves here in CWF.

Mike Rolash: Well TLS needs to quit worrying about Harvey Danger, he clearly has been dragging him down.

Jim Gunt: Oh, that's not true at all and you know it! Poor Harvey landed wrong on his knee, I hope to god he didn't sustain any serious injuries!

A Bold Entrance

Match

The camera cuts to a shot of Tara Robinson standing in a hallway, smiling as she gets her cue from the cameraman.

Tara: Ladies and Gentlemen, joining me at this time is the newest edition to the CWF's locker room, DC and Cali Sawyer.

DC comes into view of the camera from the left side, Cali by his right closest to the camera. D is wearing a black hoodie with a backwards hat. Cali is wearing a white hoodie, opened just enough.

DC: Thank you...

He takes the microphone, handing it over to Cali and pushes Tara out of the picture with one hand. He then puts his hands on his hips, blocking her from reemerging into the shot, tilting his head back as if preparing to be asked the tough questions.

Cali: DC, now that you are a member of the CWF Roster, what do you plan to do to make an impression?

DC: Cali, that is a great question. See, I thought about just waiting back at the house until I got scheduled a match in this company. But I got impatient. I wanted to see who was the best. I came to see what all the hype was about. And the truth is...

He shrugs, looking a bit underwhelmed.

DC: Cool... But if you want to know what I'm going to do to make a first impression, I guess we'll just have to wait to see what I feel like doing later on tonight.

Cali: Is that some kind of warning, or?

Voice: Yeah D... is it?

The camera pans out to show Payne standing behind Cali, D pulls her over to him, stepping up to the monster. There is a pat on Payne's back, and he slowly steps aside. Christian Starr then emerges as the camera pans out. The two stare off at DC and Cali. There is just a few seconds of tense moments before DC and Christian smile at each other, hugging quickly before pulling themselves apart.

DC: How have you been?

Starr: Good, you should probably ask me that after my match.

Another pause as DC suddenly realizes what he means.

DC: Yeah, yeah man.

The two lock hands, doing a quick bro hug before DC nods and pats Starr on the chest.

DC: Go get that title.

Starr smiles, walking past the couple with Payne closely behind. Payne keeps his eye on DC as he walks away.

Fade.

Jay Mora vs. Christian Starr

Match

Jim Gunt: Another new face is introducing himself, DC, and he seems to know one of the participants in our next match pretty well, the contender, Christian Starr!

Mike Rolash: Marksman Mora has been defending the Paramount title week in and week out and he has been looking really strong. Him facing Starr has been making headlines all over and is one of the most anticipated matches of the evening, so without any further ado, let's pass this one over to Ray Douglas!

Ray Douglas: The following contest is scheduled for one fall, and is for the CWF Paramount Championship!

The arena lights cut out and the bright glow of the titantron draws all the attention of the crowd as the screen lights up with the words to "Kings Never Die..."

The camera pans down to the entrance lamp where now a single spotlight shines brightly behind two silhouetted figures. One a towering monster of a man, the other a man standing stoically in front, dwarfed by comparison.

HAAAAAIIIII TO THE KIIINNNNG!

The lights flare to an almost blinding intensity as Avenged Sevenfold's "Hail to the King" takes over the arenas P.A. system. The figures are now clear to see, the larger is PAYNE, who raises his arms into the air as the opening words ring out. In front of him is "The King of Wrestling" Christian Starr, his arms stretched open over his head allowing him to take in the thunderous reaction around him.

HAAAAIIIIII TO THE OOONNNNE!

Starr turns around and starts backing his way down the entrance way with a clearly confident swagger to his step, PAYNE follows close behind flexing and looking just all around menacing.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first, making his way to the ring, accompanied by PAYNE! Weighing in at one hundred ninety pounds from Los Angeles, California. He is "The King of Wrestling" ... CHRISTIAN STARR!

PAYNE climbs his way into the ring over the top rope as Starr high fives some of the lucky fans in the front row, he shoots his way up the ring steps and climbs the turnbuckle. Here he strikes a pose throwing up the 2 Sweet hand sign as PAYNE raises his arms high in front of him, letting out a roar as he does.

Jim Gunt: Here comes Starr, who has been turning head since his arrival to the CWF.

Mike Rolash: He might have been turning heads, but tonight the Marksman is gonna kick his head right off his body.

Jim Gunt: Wow Mike, I didn't know you dislike Starr.

Mike Rolash: It's not that, the Jay Mora train is gaining steam, and I'm fully on board. Speaking of the train..

The lights drop in the arena as "Mosh" by Eminem begins to fill the arena with a certain buzz. A neon green target shines brightly on top of the stage before two large pyros BOOM, making the fans ears ring. The Marksman appears at the top of the stage looking left and right before making his slow, strut-like walk to the ring.

Ray Douglas: Introducing from Chicago, Illinois....Jay THE MARKSMAN Moraaaaa!!

The boos could be heard from outside the arena, the fans hate this man so much. Mora makes his way up the stairs with a smug smile on his face. He stops at the ring post to look right, taking time out to point to a fan and talk some trash before entering the ring.

Jim Gunt: You would think with a hometown bred superstar like Mora, the Chicago fans would be more welcoming.

Mike Rolash: Who cares, this man right here is greatness, and he's gonna prove to the fans and Mr. "King of Wrestling".

Newly hired official Scott Dean is at task for calling this match, he retrieves the CWF Paramount title from Jay Mora. Dean walks to the center of the ring, displaying the title for the Chicago faithful. They all cheer out of respect for the title, as Scott hands the belt to the ring attendant. He calls for the bell as both competitors step out their respective corners.

Mike Rolash: Watch the greatness unfold, Jim.

Starr shoots in, going for a lock up, but Mora stops him in his tracks with a boot to the gut. Christian doubles over as Jay blasts him across the back with a clubbing blow, causing Starr to stiffen up. Starr soon finds himself on the canvas, thanks to a hard right hand from Mora. Starr is back to his feet, but catches another right hand dropping him once more. Starr rolls out of the ring, taking a moment to talk things over with Payne. The Marksman begins to gloat inside of the ring as the Chicago fans display their disapproval of both men's actions.

Jim Gunt: The Chicago faithful are very vocal towards both men here tonight.

Mike Rolash: Well they paid their money already, so it really doesn't matter.

Christian finishes congregating with Payne, as Scott Dean has made it to four on his count. Starr climbs onto the apron breaking Dean's count. Jay charges at Starr, trying to catch him off guard, but Starr ducks through the ropes catching Mora with a shoulder block to the gut. The King of Wrestling grabs the ropes, slingshotting himself into the ring over the back of the Marksman. Starr runs the ropes as Jay turns around, attempting a lariat! Starr ducks the lariat on his return bouncing off the other set of ropes. But he is met by the feet of Mora, who drops him to the canvas with a DROPKICK! Starr rolls out of the ring again as Mora watches on with an annoyed look.

Jim Gunt: Starr seems to be trying to rethink his game plan, Mora doesn't plan on leaving Chicago without the Paramount title.

Mike Rolash: There's no way possible he's losing tonight, Jim Bean..

Starr talks with Payne, as Dean tells him to get back in the ring. Christian holds up a finger in Scott's direction, telling him to hold on for a minute. Mora, having seen enough rolls out of the ring, the official then begins his count.

ONE!

TWO!

Mora moves around the ring, headed towards Starr and Payne. Starr points Payne in the direction of Mora, causing him to turn around and face Mora and forcing the Marksman to stop in his tracks.

THREE!

FOUR!

Jim Gunt: These men better get back into the ring before they are counted out.

FIVE!

Christian climbs onto the apron unbeknownst to Mora, who is busy jaw jacking with Payne.

SIX!

Starr gets a running start jumping over Payne and takes Mora out with a LEAPING FOREARM! The Chicago crowd boos a bit as Starr hurriedly rolls Mora back inside of the ring, breaking the count. He climbs onto the apron, yelling for Mora to get up. Mora stumbles to his feet, turning towards Starr who springs to the top rope, dropping Mora on the way in with a SPRINGBOARD FOREARM! Starr hurries for the cover as Dean slides in for the count!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Jim Gunt: Close call for Starr, almost pulling out the victory.

Mike Rolash: It's gonna take more than that to beat the Marksman.

Christian doesn't dispute the count as he's back to his feet running towards the corner and setting up for an attack on Jay Mora. Mora is slow to his feet, as the fans try to warn him. Their warnings fall on deaf ears as Jay is finally upright. The King of Wrestling comes charging forward taking Mora down with a SLINGBLADE! Starr is quickly back to his feet, running the ropes, and coming back at a rising Mora with a SLIDING LARIAT! Starr goes for the cover as Dean slides in for the count!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Christian curses as he thought he had it that time. Starr stomps down on Mora as he tries to cover up. Starr brings Mora back to his feet, hooking him for a suplex. Starr lifts him up looking for the BRAINBUSTER, but Mora wiggles free falling behind Starr. He hooks Starr around the waist and destroys his back with a PENDULUM BACKBREAKER! Christian yelps out in pain as Mora is on his hands and knees panting.

Jim Gunt: Mora able to turn the tables on Christian Starr!

Mike Rolash: That Paramount Championship isn't going anywhere Jimbo!

Jay Mora finally makes it to his feet, stomping on the downed body of Starr. The Marksman let's a primal yell as he drops back down on top of Starr, beginning to pound him viciously with lefts and rights! Mora is back to his feet stomping down hard on Starr, before heading to the corner and climbing to the top rope. He measures Starr up and leaps off connecting with a DIVING ELBOW DROP, right to the heart of Starr! He stays on top, going for the cover as Scott Dean makes the count.

ONE!

TWO!

TH-NO!

Jim Gunt: OH! Starr just able to get the shoulder up.

Mora claps his hands together telling Dean to count faster next time. Bringing Starr to his feet, Mora irish whips him into the ropes, but Starr holds onto the ropes stopping his momentum. Mora comes charging full speed at Starr looking for a CROSSBODY, but Starr ducks grabbing the top rope, causing the Marksman to go flying over the top rope! The Chicago fans rise to their feet expecting something big. Christian Starr lines a rising Mora up as he runs the ropes, coming back like a bullet, SUICIDE DIVE! NO! MARKED SUPERKICK! The crowd cheers the amazing counter as Starr's body slumps on the middle rope.

Mike Rolash: That's what the fuck I'm talking about!

ONE!

TWO!

The Marksman points his finger at Starr mimicking a gun being shot. He looks around at his hometown crowd, who have slightly begun to cheer for him. He looks towards the group of announce tables set up at ringside, and a sinister smile comes across his face. He eyes the Mexican announce tables as both Gabriel Mendoza and Juan Ignacio Cimarron look on confused.

THREE!

FOUR!

Gabriel Mendoza: ¿Por qué se dirige de esta manera?

Juan Ignacio Cimarron: No lo sé, ¡pero creo que es mejor que nos mudemos!

Jay begins to take everything off the top of the Mexican announce table as Gabriel and Juan move out of the way. Mora walks over to where Starr is still hanging and blasts him with a right, causing him to continue his descent to the floor. Mora slides in and out of the ring breaking the count. Mora picks Starr up dragging him towards the table by his

neck, slamming him face first into the table. He throws Starr on top of the table, blasting him with a clubbing blow to the chest.

Jim Gunt: Whatever Jay Mora has planned, it can't possibly pan out well for Christian Starr.

Mike Rolash: Markie is going to show Starr how it's done.

Mora climbs up onto the apron, then all the way to the top rope. He has his eyes set on his target, leaping off for a TOP ROPE SPLASH! Unknowingly to everyone Payne has crept over towards Starr and pulls him off the table causing Mora to crash and burn right through the table. A sense of shock falls over the crowd as they begin to boo Starr and Payne relentlessly. Starr stands at the side of Payne, who holds him up, Starr smiles as he retrieves Mora's body from the wreckage and rolls him into the ring. Starr scales to the top rope, jumps off and caves in the chest of Mora with the NEAR LIFE EXPERIENCE! He crawls over to Mora going for the pin.

ONE!

TWO!

THR-NO!

The Marksman able to kick out at the last second. Starr sits beside the downed body of Mora in disbelief that the match isn't over. Christian doesn't waste time complaining, getting to his feet and setting up in the corner once more, much to the dismay of the fans. The Marksman is slow to recover, as he makes it to his hands and knees. Starr doesn't allow him to make it any further, coming in and stomping down on the back of his head, sending him face first into the canvas with the EIGHTH DEADLY SIN! He goes for another cover as Dean makes the count!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO!

Mora is able to kickout at the last second!

Jim Gunt: This man is just refusing to stay down. Starr is throwing some of his best shots at Mora!

Mike Rolash: You can't keep the Marksman down.

Christian now slaps the mat out of frustration as he gets back to his feet, grabbing Mora by his singlet and head bringing him up as well. Starr whips Mora towards the ropes, where Mora explodes coming back, taking Starr down with a SITDOWN CLOTHESLINE! Both men are quickly back to their feet as Jay takes Christian out this time with a FLYING FOREARM! Both competitors are back up once again, Starr swings at the Marksman, who ducks it lifting Starr up and driving him into the canvas with a SPINEBUSTER, Mora bounces back to his feet, grabbing Starr's legs. Mora wraps them around his own, turning Starr over and sitting down on his back with a SHARPSHOOTER! Starr screams out in pain, as Dean comes in trying to see if he wants to tap out!

Jim Gunt: Jay Mora switching gears in this contest.

Mike Rolash: It's only a matter of time before Starr taps.

Mora keeps applying pressure on the back of Starr as he fights and crawls his way towards the ropes. Payne yells for Starr to get to the ropes as a determined look falls upon Starr's face. He slowly inches closer to the ropes as Mora tries to sit down deep on the hold. Starr is finally able to grab the bottom rope as the fans let out a gasp thinking he would've tapped out to the submission. Dean tells Mora to release the hold, but he refuses to let go! Dean begins to count, reaching four before Mora let's him go. Jay brings Starr back to his feet, whipping him into the corner, no, Starr reverses as Mora crashes hard into the corner. Christian charges in at Mora, who ducks, lifting Starr over his back and to the outside. Starr lands on the apron, taking a few steps back before jumping up and blasting Mora with a rope assisted ENZUIGIRI! Mora stumbles backwards a few steps as Starr springboards into the ring, but he's caught in mid air with the BULLSEYE SPEAR! The move folds Starr like an accordion as Jay stays on top for the pin!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO!

Starr able to get his foot on the ropes, Mora can't believe it, thinking that it was over after that move. He quickly pounces on Starr cinching a headlock tight around the neck of Starr. Starr struggles against the hold, but is finally able to make it to his feet. He lifts Jay flipping him over his body, but Mora lands on his feet. Christian catches him with a sole kick to the gut, stopping any attack Jay had in mind. He grabs Jay by the head, looking for the MAMA SAID

KNOCK YOU OUT! But Mora escapes his grasps, pushing Starr off, Starr turns around launching out at the same time as Mora. MARKED SUPERKICK/SHOWSTOPPER! BOTH MEN CONNECT WITH SUPERKICKS TO EACH OTHER'S JAWS! Both men drop to the canvas as the crowd goes crazy for what just transpired inside the ring!

Jim Gunt: That was incredible! Both men connecting with their finishers!

Mike Rolash: Come on Markie! Get up and finish this prick!

Both men lie motionless on the canvas as Scott Dean begins the mandatory count.

ONE!

TWO!

The crowd finally gives in, giving both men credit for the hard fought battle, cheering, trying to get both men back to their feet.

THREE!

FOUR!

Payne slaps the apron, trying to get Starr to come to as the fans join in with him.

FIVE!

SIX!

Christian is the first of the two men to stir as he rolls on the mat, trying to regain his bearings. Mora slowly begins to follow suit.

SEVEN!

EIGHT!

Jim Gunt: It can't end this way Mike!

Mike Rolash: I don't mind, as long as Markie leaves with the belt.

Both men are finally to their hands and knees coming head to head like two rams. The crowd cheers as Scott Dean stops his count, recognizing that both men are up. The two men sit up on their knees and a slap fest breaks out as the fans go nuts. The two warriors continue to slap each other as they both rise to their feet. Mora nails a hard right hand, forcing Starr to stumble backwards. Starr comes back though with a hard forearm shot. The two go back and forth exchanging blows, neither man letting up.

Jim Gunt: This right here is the future of the CWF we at witnessing right before our eyes Mike.

Mike Rolash:

Rolash is intently focused on the match at hand, as Mora gains the advantage with a thumb to the eye of Starr! Mora grabs Starr by the arm, whipping him towards the corner, no, reversal by Starr, and Mora crashes into the corner once more. Christian runs in at Mora, but Mora uses the momentum of Starr to place him on the top turnbuckle. Mora strikes him with a hard fist, before climbing the corner himself. He hooks Starr for a SUPERPLEX as both men stand on the top rope! Starr struggles against the move, nailing Mora with shots to the side. Both men teeter on the top rope as Starr grabs Mora by his leg, leaping off the top rope. BOTH MEN COME CRASHING DOWN STRAIGHT INTO THE CANVAS AS STARR CONNECTS WITH THE MOURNING STARR DRIVER! THE CROWD EXPLODES IN UTTER SHOCK AS STARR HOLDS ON FOR THE PIN!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Dean calls for the bell, as the fans show their appreciation for both competitors. Ray Douglas makes the official announcement.

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner, and NEEWW CWF PARAMOUNT CHAMPION! CHRISTIAN STARR!

Scott Dean retrieves the title from the ringside attendant, handing it to Starr, who raises it proudly in the air. Payne joins him inside the ring for the celebration, lifting Christian up onto his shoulder.

Jim Gunt: What an incredible contest between these two Mike. It was too hard to tell who was coming out on top.

Mike Rolash: I knew Christian Starr would be able to get the win here tonight.

Jim Gunt: What!?! You were rooting for Jay Mora the whole match!

Mike Rolash: I wasn't rooting for that bum, the King of Wrestling is the future here in the CWF mark my words.

Jim Gunt: You have got to be kidding me.

To the Slaughter

Match

Jim Gunt: That was an epic Paramount title match as we crowned a new champion in Christian Starr! And Sam Braxton is bound and determined to do the same exact thing later tonight. This pay per view is shaping up to be monumental!

Mike Rolash: And I am just getting word now from the back that no one has seen Jace Valentine yet tonight. Do you think he is going to make it in time for the main event?

Jim Gunt: Do you think Jace Valentine would miss a chance to rub his greatness in our faces?

Mike Rolash: snickering I bet you would love to have him rub his greatness in your face, Jimbo!

Almost on cue, the lights in the arena go black and the crowd gets silent and restless.

Jace Valentine's face lights up the CWF Tron. But this is not the Jace we have grown accustomed to seeing. No aura of confidence, arrogance or conceit. Just the bloodthirsty red eyes of anger and contempt, chaos and misery. Jace holds a small metal knife to his throat as he stares vehemently into the camera, snarling.

The sold out crowd fill the arena with boos as the CWF World Heavyweight Champion begins to speak, his demeanor unmoving.

Jace Valentine: You listen to Duce Jones. You listen to Freddie Styles. You listen to Mariella Flair, all week. They repeat the same mantra. Anybody but Jace. The three of them will work together through hell and high water to prevent the champion from retaining, right? But what if the Jace has changed? What happens when the game board gets flipped on its head?

Jace flashes a vicious smile as a few spotlights begin to burn bright behind him. The camera pans down to see three

animals in small cages in front of Jace. An old goat. A woolly sheep. A small dog. They tremble in the presence of the champion.

Jace glares at the animals. No sorrow, no remorse.

They say there is no way Jace Valentine walks out holding that title. I tell them there is no Jace Valentine left. They are ignorant fools that do not realize what they are truly stepping into the ring with.

Without hesitation, the Host with the Most lowers the knife. In a smooth motion, the throat of the old goat is sliced. Fresh crimson floods the scene. Jace crawls on his hands and knees, rolling around in it with glee.

Jace Valentine: Duce Jones, the goat, will be the first to fall. We are always quick to make an example of the valiant heroes. His destruction will be quick, but not painless.

With another thunderous flash of rage, Jace inserts the knife into the side of the woolly sheep as it yelps out in pain.

Jace Valentine: Next, Freddie Styles, the blind sheep. Loyally follows the words of others instead of following his own ambition. Dumb. Weak. Worthy of eradication and little else. The fate of those that turn their backs on the Eternals is a fate worse than death. Tonight, Freddie shall find out truly what is worse than death.

Jace drops the knife, but the deranged smile remains. He pulls down the sleeves to his Armani jacket, which are now stained with a blood red. He reaches both hands in the cage where the small dog sits, grabbing it by its neck. Jace twists and twists, the sinister look on his face getting more and more disturbing. An appalling pop is heard and the dog crumples into a mess of flesh and bone.

Jace Valentine: Finally, Mariella. The Dog Faced Gremlin herself. She thinks she is being clever. She thinks she is being cute. The Jacehole. Well, tonight she steps through the Jacehole and she will not step out the other side the same person. She will be emotionally and physically scarred as the flesh is shredded from her back and the air is torn from her lungs. You asked for this.

Jace winks, reminiscent of the calculated and cool Host with the Most we are used to. But something is different. Something is off.

Jace Valentine: The three of them. They count me out. They say I am outnumbered. They think they are walking into glory. Truth is... They are being led to slaughter. All hail the King Eternal. All hail Amoral and the Institute.

Fade.

Something The World Has Never Seen

Match

Pitch black.

Metal clanging.

Heavy breathing.

And then - Eli. For those not with the times, this is the frail scientist - fresh from the afterlife queue line - whom, with a little help from his dearly departed friends, failed in transitioning Harley Hodge into his new identity while he waits to transition into the afterlife. Instead, Harley was partially processed, due to a system malfunction, and was now the bearer of unheard-of powers; powers that Eli himself made very clear were a direct hazard to life as we know it.

No matter - the transition didn't happen. Instead, Eli was now at Confliction - chained, dirty - with his keeper, Nerezza, presumably not too far away. Nevertheless, Eli squints through his blotchy eyeglasses and lets out a deep breath.

Eli: What rests within your presence is more than words can easily explain. I must greatly apologize for what has happened, and what will happen if this beast isn't stifled. Great dangers lurk around you now - dangers the likes of which not one of you have ever seen in your life. These are dangers that - that even us, the Powers That Be, have trouble properly processing. I think with what has transpired within the last 48-hours, you can appreciate where I am coming from.

Eli takes a look around to see if it is anywhere in sight. Once he believes the area is safe, he glances back at the camera and holds up his chained fists.

Eli: This restraint system is only temporary. With the psychological powers possessed within it, his restraint over me will no longer requires these terrestrial, rusted links. Once that happens? I don't know. You must understand that I am the only answer, the only mind of clarity to this poison, and this situation has to be taken as seriously as possible. It is imperative that the remaining principal fleet of power from the Outerworld be alerted of the circumstances. This can't happen unless I'm rescued. This can't happen un---

Suddenly, the Beast returns. Nerezza stands behind Eli, only his face exposed through the darkness. With a modern, much more horrific take on Harvey Dent - post acid-infiltration - you can understand the level of silence that the fear brings to the crowd, if only for a moment. Nerezza breathes heavily, seemingly smiling down at Eli - who's shut himself down entirely at this juncture.

Nerezza: Whats'a'matta'? Cat's got your tongue? No, don't let me be the staple that hinges your lips together, Mr. Eli. What was that you were saying? Rescue? See, when I think rescue - I think, escape. Don't be a fool now, Eli - not once in less than a week. Don't be like your brothers - your fallen brothers, I should say.

Nerezza places his darkened hands - the fingernails now replaced with dark, nearly black, claws - on Eli's shoulders.

Nerezza: We're the leaders of the freeworld, friend! There's nothing anyone can do to us - if we remain together. I understand what all of this frustration is about; you failed, your system went kaput, and you're afraid that you're going down in flames next. Listen...

Nerezza gets down on one knee and presses his mouth - half-lip and half-exposed teeth - against Eli's ear.

Nerezza: You're the brains to this affair, friend. Everything happens for a reason. That malfunction? It TRANSFORMED me - into something so much better, so much more processed and pure than Harley Hodge could have ever been. He tried. I tried. Whatever makes sense at this point - there was an attempt, Eli. In the end, he was too weak. He jumped off a bridge and ended his life and now? Now we stare at a new chapter - the chapter of not just Nerezza, but Nerezza and Eli. Magic. Can you feel it? There's magic in the air - black, rotten, destructive, revolutionary MAGIC. It starts tonight and where it ends? Well, that's the flavor of the week, now isn't it?

Eli simply stares. This makes Nerezza rather upset; to a point in which Nerezza grabs a hold of Eli's face with both of his hands and forces him to stare into his yellow eyes. There's silence for a moment, as Eli takes a gulp.

Nerezza: Isn't it, Eli?

Eli nods.

Eli: Yes - Yes sir.

Nerezza's mood changes immediately. He jumps back to his feet.

Nerezza: Come on now - cheer up. We're going to have so much fun together on this ride into the sunset. We're going to make it shine a little bit differently after all is said and done. A legacy. Don't fool with yours - not when you have something special that'll tailor it to perfection. Now come - it's time to start the beginning of something the world has never seen before.

Nerezza doesn't wait for Eli to respond. Instead, he begins to walk and just drags Eli by the chains connect to his wrists. Nerezza lets out a thunderous laugh and walks away towards the entrance area.

Fade.

Harley Hodge vs. Big Sexay

Match

Mike Rolash: Jace Valentine is surely ready for tonight to retain his World Title in tonight's main event, but god damn what the hell is this Nerezza?

Jim Gunt: Unfortunately I think we're about to find out sooner rather than later. But the show must go on, let's welcome our other international guests tonight, starting with our Australian friends Stevie Illawarra and Lleyton Polkinghorne!

Stevie Illawarra: Good evening or rather good morning Australia! We are happy to be back and to be able to witness the Lost Boys finally taking the tag team titles tonight!

Lleyton Polkinghorne: Yes, it will be a proud day for Australia, Chicago, we are ready to receive!

Mike Rolash: I think I detect a slight bias here...

Stevie Illawarra: Come on, mate, show a bit of spirit here, it's not as if they are American...

Mike Rolash: There is that! From Germany we have Markus Voglmayr and Reinhard Hansen!

Markus Voglmayr: Einen guten Abend aus der Windy City von Confliction! Der grosse Showdown heute ist Elisha gegen The Shadow, ein dunkleres Match hat es noch nie gegeben!

Reinhard Hansen: Ja, und mit den Chosen und den Druiden haben beide Wrestler auch schlagkräftige Unterstützung am Ring, das Chaos ist also schon vorprogrammiert!

Jim Gunt: All the way from Russia are joining us our colleagues Sergey Afinogenov and Ivan Smolov!

Sergey Afinogenov: Dobryy vecher k sleduyushchemu bol'shomu sobytiyu, i bol'shoy boy - v knigakh s uchastiyem Amber Ryan s Alex Cain!

Ivan Smolov: Mozhet li Amber preodolet' nedeli v nevole v Dome Voli ili Alex Cain smozhet proyavit' svoye mesto s Eternals?

Mike Rolash: And from the Land of the Rising Sun Hiro Tamayaki and Noriaki Honda!

Hiro Tamayaki: Ohayonippon, hare Hojji ga densetsu no shototsu de Big Sexay o mitasu Conflict e yokoso.

Noriaki Honda: Unhinged no mae no saigo no pei pa byude wa, Tokyo no jitaku de okorimasu!

Ray Douglas: The next match is scheduled for one fall. The first contender, hailing from Grand Rapids, Michigan - BIG SEXAAAAY!!

The opening guitars of "Paradise City" by Guns N'Roses begin to play and Big Sexay walks out from the curtain and the fans are divided in their reception for the returning former champion, cheers and jeers holding balance, to the obvious dismay of the man himself. He gyrates his hips to the rhythm of the song before walking down the ramp, doing a few high fives, but stopping in front of a particularly vocal opponent of his comeback. After a somewhat heated exchange of words Sexay finally walks up the steps to the ring, posing once more to the same response by the fans.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent, hailing from Brooklyn, New York - The Accelerator: HARLEY HODGE!!

The crowd erupts in cheers, but instead of "Under A Glass Moon", the opening symphonic, ominous keyboards of Dimmu Borgir's "Progenies of the Great Apocalypse" start to play and a blood red graphic of the all-seeing eye appears on the tron, taking the fans by surprise. The lights dim and fog begins to roll out from behind the curtain, bathed in bloodred lights.

As Shagrath's hoarse rasps set in together with the both harsh yet lush melodic black metal sound, a monster of a man steps out, almost 7 feet tall, 300 lbs, clad in black pants and a black top with the same all-seeing eye emblazoned on it. The fans do not really know what to make of it until the words "Nerezza" roll across the tron and they gasp, remembering the name, but the looks on their faces are even more shocked when the big man steps forward into the light to reveal his face.

Half of it is the one of Harley Hodge, but on the other half the skin has been replaced by veins, blood, and a bulging, hauntingly bloodshot eyeball.

Mike Rolash: Who or what is that???

Jim Gunt: I am not sure, but this is not Hodge, that is for sure!

He walks down the ramp, not looking left or right, keeping his eyes firmly planted on Big Sexay, the look of horror on his face etched deep into his features. Nerezza climbs on to the apron and all lights go out as the music cuts. As the lights are back on, Nerezza stands right in front of Sexay, staring him right in the eyes, making Sexay jump back with a scream.

The bell rings and Sexay is not quite sure what to do with Nerezza just standing in the middle of the ring, staring holes into him. He slowly begins to circle, but his opponent just turns, continuing to face him, but without making a move

towards him. When Nerezza lifts his hand to challenge Sexay, the challenger does not do anything to approach him.

Mike Rolash: This is going to be a long match... Maybe that Nerezza...thing will get dizzy eventually...

All of a sudden, without a warning Nerezza charges forward, catching Sexay by complete surprise, leveling him with a clothesline that turns him inside out. Not wasting any time, he drags Sexay back to his feet and whips him hard into the corner, picking him up on the rebound and delivering a thunderous powerslam that knocks the wind out of Sexay.

Jim Gunt: This is a very impressive start here and definitely more than what Big Sexay bargained for!

Nerezza is pulling Sexay back to his feet again and whips him into the ropes this time, but Sexay opts for a slide-out instead to regroup. The big man just stomps over and through the ropes to follow up, but as he comes down the apron, Sexay hits him with a kick to the gut, doubling over Nerezza. Trying to take advantage of the situation, Sexay delivers a high knee and follows it with a whip into the steel stairs, sending Nerezza down for the first time.

Mike Rolash: Good ring intelligence here, take a little breather, get the opponent out of his comfort zone and strike!

Jim Gunt: I am not sure, Nerezza HAS a comfort zone...

The referee is working on counting out both opponents, so Sexay rolls into the ring just to break the count and comes right back out again. Nerezza is just getting to his feet, but Sexay is trying to make sure he can continue his upswing and hits the big man with an axe handle blow right into the spin, sending Nerezza back to one knee. He goes for a second one, but Nerezza manages to spin around and grab Sexay's wrist. He then pushes him to the ground as he gets to his feet, but Sexay quickly runs around the corner and back into the ring.

Jim Gunt: This is an odd match so far, but Sexay definitely did not get what he was expecting and this Nerezza is just plain creepy!

Mike Rolash: CWF is getting run over by creeps, Ataxia, The Shadow, that Rayne guy or chick or whatever it is, Artoria, this is getting out of hand, why does Sunset let all those people in?

Jim Gunt: Because we are the Fed of Opportunities?

Mike Rolash: Ah just shut up...

Both athletes are in the ring, and Sexay is continuing his attack, whipping Nerezza into the ropes and just putting his knee out to send his opponent to the mat. Two quick elbow drops ensure that Nerezza is down and Sexay looks like he

is getting more confident, posing for the fans. He whips himself into the ropes and goes for an elbow drop, but Nerezza has rolled out of the way just in time. Sexay gets back to his feet first and goes for the ropes once more, his attempt at a shoulder block, though, is met with the chest of Nerezza, who barely moves an inch backwards.

Jim Gunt: Now he made the beast mad...

The look on Nerezza's disfigured face is dripping with seething anger as he grabs Sexay's head and hits a headbutt that could have cracked open a coconut. Sexay staggers backwards as Nerezza takes a quick run and plants a clothesline onto his opponent that sends him over the ropes and to the thin mats surrounding the ring! He moves to go after him, but Sexay is on his feet before he reaches him and walks off towards the ramp.

Mike Rolash: Oh, someone has had enough of his comeback!

Jim Gunt: Not sure, if Nerezza is on the same page, though, here he comes!

The big man runs off after Sexay, who at first doesn't even realize that the Blackness is in hot pursuit. He notices when at the middle of the ramp a clothesline from behind sends him flying! He turns around on his back, trying to crabwalk up the ramp while pleading with Nerezza to just let him go, but the look on Nerezza's face shows no pity. He grabs Sexay by the neck and pulls him up, but is met with a shoulder into the gut. Sexay tries to use that brief moment to get away again, but Nerezza is taking a sudden run at him.

Jim Gunt: OH MY GOD! A spear off the ramp!

Both wrestlers are down after a hard landing, but Nerezza is up first and half throws, half rolls Sexay back onto the ramp. Sexay crawls away again as Nerezza climbs back up, but the big man runs after him again, catching him at the top of the ramp. An elbow to the back of the head sends Sexay down again. Nerezza pulls him up, heaves him up over his shoulder and marches over to where some of the international commentator teams are sitting.

Mike Rolash: This is not looking good!

Jim Gunt: Neither for Sexay nor the tables!

Sexay is trying to wiggle his way out of this, but Nerezza is too strong and brings him down hard onto the table of the Russian team, which does not collapse, but completely knocks the wind out of Sexay. Nerezza picks him right back up and moves over, body slam onto the Japanese table, which gives in and sends both Hiro Tamayaki and Noriaki Honda into a frenzy! But Nerezza is not done yet. Again he picks up Sexay and smashes him through a third table, with all the commentator teams standing well back from their respective tables!

Jim Gunt: Shouldn't these guys have been counted out by now?

Mike Rolash: I would think so, but the referee seems to be too slackjawed to count...

It looks like Nerezza had his fun and now is dragging Sexay back down the ramp.

Mike Rolash: Oh no, Jim, they are coming for us now!

Nerezza does not seem to be interested, though, and rolls Sexay back into the ring. He picks him up again, but not for another power or body slam!

Jim Gunt: This looks different, I think the end is near!

Without a hint of opposition, Nerezza executes a devastating Jumping Reverse Piledriver that leaves Sexay in a heap! He rolls his prone opponent onto his back and puts one foot on his chest.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: And your winner by pinfall....NEREZZA!!

Jim Gunt: Wow, that was quite the debut of this Nerezza guy, Sexay asked for Hodge, but he got way more!

Mike Rolash: And looks like he is not done yet!

Nerezza drags Sexay back up and rolls him to the edge of the ring. He goes through the ropes, jumps down and picks Sexay up like a bag of potatoes. Hefting him over his shoulder, he walks up the ramp and through the curtains.

Commercial

Match

We see an altar, a happy couple getting married, celebrating. Next we see a house, very nicely furnished, but in the background we hear two people arguing, loudly. "The holy matrimony not so holy anymore? Caught your significant other doing what she shouldn't have been doing? Then we can help you! Ditcher, Quick & Hyde are one of America's

most established divorce law firms, specialized in a quick processing of your marital issues to the last cent. From bliss to diss, Ditcher, Quick & Hyde will be by your side.

The Anthem of Champions

Match

"Once an Aussie tag-team,

Travelled to the USA.

Gonna show them pricks what for.

So we'll march to the ring,

For a match at the PPV

We're gonna win the title belts.

Beatin' the Young Things,

Beatin' the Young Things,

We're gonna beat the Young Things tonight.

So we'll march to the ring,

For a match at the PPV.

We're gonna win the title belts."

Sam Braxton's original composition, sung to the tune of the popular Australian folk classic, Waltzin' Matilda kept the young man amused as he sat in the locker room, preparing himself for the upcoming title match. His mind was constantly back and forth between the importance of the match, and how much he desired the belts, and the image of a man he had visited in Australia, a man he had never known previously to that day.

The arrival of Dean Coulter ended both his musical overture and his reflective wanderings, bringing himself back to the present.

Dean Coulter: I didn't know you were so creative, Sam.

Dean stated, the amusement clear on his face.

Sam Braxton: You heard.

Dean Coulter: Me and a few of the backstage blokes were hanging outside the door, enjoying the rendition. Just think, if we fall short tonight, at least we know you can go on The Voice, or Australia's Got Talent.

Sam Braxton: But we're not gonna lose!

Sam snapped his response more aggressively than intended. It took Dean a little by surprise.

Dean Coulter: Ease up mate, it was just a joke...

Perhaps their fight wasn't as resolved as previously thought.

Dean Coulter: We all good Sam?

Sam Braxton: Yeah...sorry mate, we're ace.

But Dean could tell there was something still bothering Sam. If not haunted by the argument, then it was something else.

Dean Coulter: C'mon Sam, what's got you down?

Sam Braxton: We are gonna win tonight, yeah?

Dean Coulter: I can guarantee we'll try our damndest.

Sam Braxton: That ain't good enough! We have to go down there, cream the Bright Young Things and win those titles! Winners are remembered! Losers don't amount to anythin'. And I'll never be a loser!

Dean looked to his friend with concern. This wasn't his usual impassioned fire.

It was worry, perhaps even fear.

If Dean was able to read minds he would have discovered that Sam's thoughts were back in Australia to a man in jail.

Above anything else Sam was afraid he may end up like his biological life-giver. The usually blithe Sam Braxton feared few things greater than that reality.

Fade.

This Is My Night

Match

Going directly backstage we see an enraged Jay Mora walking the halls drenched in sweat, still in his ring gear. He's flipped a few tables already and the table he passes now endures the same fate as that is flipped as well sending food and drinks flying.

Jay Mora: FUUUCK!

A nearby water cooler is picked up and flung down the hallway before Tara Robinson can catch up to Marksman and try and grab a word.

Tara Robinson: Jay. Jay. Can we please have a word?

Jay, breathing heavily, nods. He places his hands on his hips trying to regain a bit of composure.

Tara Robinson: Christian Starr seemed to have your number tonight after some pretty dominating performances. What do you think gave him the upper hand?

The look of disgust on Marksman's face said it all but Jay loved to talk so he would express his feelings verbally as well.

Jay Mora: Did you come up with this question all by yourself?

Tara, slight taken aback, nods.

Jay Mora: So you decided to ask the most dominant Paramount champion this company has ever seen what made him lose to a second rate talent like Christian Starr? Rather than, lets say...ask me what's next?

Tara's mouth is open as she is shocked at the response she's getting.

Jay Mora: You mean you tell me in that thick fucking skull of yours, the best question you came up with is-

Jay makes his voice as high pitched as he can as well as pouting his lips doing his best impression of a duck faced whore.

Jay Mora: "What gave him the upper hand?"

Returning to his regular voice he carries on.

Jay Mora: Tonight was Christian's night. He is the new Paramount champion and today will be remembered as the day that I made him a true star in this business. ME!

Tara goes to ask another question but Marksman grabs her hand and holds the microphone to his own mouth.

Jay Mora: I've had enough of your dumbass questions. Tonight is not over. There's a lot of show left and ladies and gentlemen...MARK my words...TONIGHT...I will show exactly what I'm capable of. You want to see legendary? You want to see The Marksman do what he does best? I've been overlooked in every single fucking way since coming to this company. Passed over for every opportunity at true greatness. Well TONIGHT...I'm going to take things into my own hands.

Jay gives a side-eye glance at Tara.

Jay Mora: Tonight is MY night.

Jay pushes Tara's hand away violently as he storms off.

Fade.

The Lost Boys vs. The Entourage

Match

Mike Rolash: Wow, big things happening here, Nerezza carrying off Big Sexay...

Jim Gunt: Marksman Jay Mora making a big announcement of something big happening later tonight...

Mike Rolash: And Ataxia working Ryan Sunset into changing his match stipulations, didn't I tell you earlier that he could teach someone a lesson or two in mind games? Didn't I? Huh? Huh?

Jim Gunt: Yes, Mike, you can calm down now, you called it.

Ray Douglas: Ladies and Gentlemen, Silas Artoria!

Mike Rolash: Jesus Christ, this guy again?

Jim Gunt: Well he did have a wrench thrown into the Coalition's plans.

Mike Rolash: That doesn't mean he needs to be back out here! He won/lost earlier, his day's finished!

Jim Gunt: Clearly it hasn't for Mr Artoria. Let's see what he has to say.

The crowd sounds mostly confused with some peppered boos being picked up. Silas stands at the top of the ramp, microphone in hand, and grins to everyone in the arena.

Silas Artoria: Ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls...

He looks hard into the camera.

Silas Artoria: And to the lovely people at home. Unfortunately, due to some unforeseen circumstances, your planned match for tonight...

The boos get louder as Silas pauses. He swallows.

Silas Artoria: ...has unfortunately been cancelled.

The boos howl down at the messenger, and Silas swallows again as he clearly thinks his next words carefully.

Jim Gunt: Never thought I'd see the day where such a despicable being would be howled for delivering a serious message!

Mike Rolash: His presence sickens me, so I'm not surprised!

Jim Gunt: Still, can't blame a guy for breaking such news.

Silas takes a deep breath, and the microphone goes back near his mouth.

Silas Artoria: I can assure you all that I nor any of my colleagues were involved in the incident that has lead to such circumstances, and because of those circumstances, I also have to tell you all that The Bright Young Things have vacated the belt.

The boos get louder as Silas starts becoming a little uncomfortable. Chants of 'No' and 'Bright Young Things' rain down upon the Canadian, and he takes it all. His neutral face is still on as, again, the microphone is positioned next to his mouth.

Silas Artoria: Now, I can assure you all that I and those waiting to come out at the back are not happy with these developments.

He starts pacing.

Silas Artoria: You see, in many other sports, when other people forfeit matches that means that the win automatically goes to their opponent, because they can actually compete. I have seen titles and medals get awarded for simply turning up. There was an Olympic athlete that won a goddamn medal because his opponent was too tired to compete that day!

The boos continue raining down, as the title implications become clear, but Silas stops pacing and raises a single finger in the air.

Silas Artoria: But...that's not how it's done here, and that's not how the Coalition gets their victories.

His voice continuously raises in tone.

Silas Artoria: Here, you fight for your victories, you climb the ladder only through competing, you gain the gold through achieving the same prestige as your opponent, before you win it in a match that's within the rules. If you were handed the gold, you would devalue that prestige. If you got the victory through a technicality, then there is no certainty in whether or not you truly are a champion. And those that do get handed titles to them deserve to be ostracized and demonized for the lazy, disgraceful, half-assing waste of time that they are -- you're damn right I'm talking about Jace Valentine you shit-bag!

The audience react as such as a chorus of "ooh" rained down. Silas is now screaming,

Silas Artoria: SO WHILE THE BRIGHT YOUNG THINGS MAY NOT BE HERE TONIGHT, THERE WILL BE A TAG TEAM TITLE MATCH! THERE WILL BE A VICTOR HERE TONIGHT! AND THEY WILL FIGHT TO THEIR LIMIT TO BE CROWNED THE CWF TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS!

His breathing is heavy.

Silas Artoria: SO LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, BOYS AND GIRLS, AND THE PEOPLE AT HOME. INTRODUCING YOUR FIRST TEAM!

He calms down.

Silas Artoria: With a combined weight of 417 pounds, from Queensland Australia, accompanied by Silas Artoria.

Light booing as Silas regains his smile.

Silas Artoria: THEY ARE THE DEADSET DUO! THE KINGS OF THE CROSSROADS! THE BOYS FROM DOWN UNDER! SAM BRAXTON! DEAN COULTER! I PRESENT TO YOU ALL...THE LOST BOYS!

"A Slow Descent" by The Butterfly Effect hits and Sam slides out onto the stage. He remains on his knees and waits for Dean to march onto the stage, standing behind him. Together they look around the arena and to the ring before Sam leaps to his feet, throws back the hood of his jacket and sprints down to ringside. He waits, kneeling on the apron for Dean, who strides down the ramp to join his partner, kneeling on the apron. Together they look once again around the arena then enter the ring and ascend neighbouring turnbuckles. They raise their hands in front of their faces, fingers interlocked for a moment then descend back to the ring.

Jim Gunt: Well it's an interesting development as Caledonia and Eris, The Bright Young Things, are unable to compete, and as a result, they had to vacate the titles!

Mike Rolash: Very shocking development indeed. I was just hoping I wouldn't have to hear Artoria's bile again tonight!

Jim Gunt: Like it or not, The Lost Boys are here tonight for the tag team championships, and regardless of whoever else will be coming out, they certainly have transfixed themselves on the gold!

The lights dim out inside the United Center, the fans quiet down, anticipating the unknown team. Suddenly a countdown from five appears on the tron. Some of the fans stir, aware of who could possibly be strong out. The ticker hits one as "Crawling In The Dark" by Hoobastank blast through the speakers, the fans rise to their feet with excitement. All throughout the arena, lights flash as if to represent cameras going off, and a red carpet is rolled down the ramp. Colton Mace and Mark Carlton walk simultaneously down the ramp, raising their hands and waving to the crowd to well deserved reception. The former CWF Tag Team Champions make their way into the ring and ascend opposite turnbuckles, taunting the crowd once more.

Ray Douglas: Making their return to the ring, team number two, at a combined weight of 441 lbs, Colton Mace and Mark Carlton! THE ENTOURAGE!

Jim Gunt: It's the return of The Entourage, Mike! They're going to face The Lost Boys for the CWF Tag Team Championships! Right here, right now!

Mike Rolash: I thought Jaiden got rid of Mace!?

Jim Gunt: It doesn't seem that way tonight as The Entourage are back, here tonight!

The Chicago crowd show their appreciation for the legendary tag team.

WELCOME BACK!

WELCOME BACK!

WELCOME BACK!

WELCOME BACK!

Mace and Carlton look out to the Chicago crowd, Braxton and Coulter look towards each other then towards Silas, who just shrugs his shoulders in confusion.

Jim Gunt: The Lost Boys don't quite know what to make of the Hall of Fame tag team standing across from them.

Mike Rolash: It's the Past vs the Future Jim, and this is going to be a match I might enjoy.

Clark Summits is on the job for this contest, displaying the tag titles to both teams. Summits then walks to the middle of the ring raising the belts high into the air for the fans to see. He soon hands the freshly vacated titles to the ringside attendant, calling for one competitor to start out for each team. Mark Carlton and Sam Braxton step out to the apron for their respective teams. Clark Summits then calls for the bell, the Chicago fans cheering for both teams.

Jim Gunt: These fans here in Chicago are always unpredictable, cheering two well known heel teams.

Mike Rolash: These people appreciate real talent, and they are just as bloodthirsty as me.

Colton and Dean circle each other, finally meeting in the middle of the ring with a lock up. The two struggle for the advantage as they move back and forth around the ring. Coulter soon gains the upper hand forcing Mace back against

the ropes. Summits calls for the break as Coulter slowly backs off Colton, patting his chest as he retreats back. Colton nods his head in approval towards Dean, who continues to back up allowing Mace to get off the ropes.

The two begin to circle each other again, locking up once more. Another struggle ensues, this time Colton Mace is able to gain the advantage, pushing Dean back against the ropes. Referee Clark Summits once again calls for the break as Colton slowly releases the tie up. He then slaps fire right from Dean Coulter's mouth, smiling as he backs up. The United Center boos his actions but he simply continues to smile. A look of intensity burns in the eyes of Coulter as he charges towards Mace. Coulter attempts a clothesline, but Mace displays his flexibility, leaning backwards, evading the strike with a Matrix Evasion! Colton sprints for the ropes, catching Coulter on his return with the DIRECTOR'S CUT!

Jim Gunt: Colton Mace not missing a beat, in his return here tonight.

Colton cockily lies across the chest of Coulter, with his back, hooking a single leg, counting along with Summits as he makes the count.

ONE!

TWO!

NO! REVERSAL!

Coulter rolls over, grabbing Mace's arm in the process, pinning his shoulders to the canvas!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Colton rolls out of the pin attempt making it to his feet before Coulter. He quickly drives a knee into Dean's ribs, sending him back down to the canvas. Mark Carlton yells out for Colton to make a tag, but Mace tells him he has things under control. Mace grabs Dean by his hair, bringing him to his feet, hooking him for a Suplex. Dean is quicker to execute though, taking Colton over with a Suplex of his own. Dean doesn't let go though, popping his hips, bringing Colton back to his feet, flipping him over with another Suplex! Coulter isn't finished as he holds on bringing Mace up one more time. Dean switches behind this time though, lifting him up and driving him back first into the mat with a Back Suplex! The impact from the maneuver sends Colton flipping up to his feet and back down to his backside in his team's corner.

Jim Gunt: The Dangerous Association Law executed beautiful by Dean Coulter!

Mike Rolash: He damn near put him through the ring with that suplex!

Mark Carlton looks down at Colton, shaking his head as he reaches down and slaps the chest of his partner. Carlton gets inside of the ring as Coulter has made the tag to Braxton as well. The two charge in at each other, Braxton going for a tie up. Carlton ducks underneath though, now behind Braxton. Carlton leap frogs over Sam, Sam goes to grab Carlton but he ducks down, crawling backwards through the legs of Braxton. On the way through, he grabs Braxton's ankles, bringing him down to the mat. Carlton is quick to his feet, stares towards his partner, Colton, telling him that's how it's done. Carlton suddenly falls face first to the mat as Braxton trips him with a Leg Sweep! Braxton jumps on the back of Carlton, taking his hands and messes up the perfectly styled hair of Mark Carlton! The crowd cheering him on in the process.

Jim Gunt: The more things change, the more they stay the same.

Mike Rolash: I still can't figure out, how they manage to stick together for so long.

Jim Gunt: The question now is, how long will it take Mark Carlton to restyle his hair?

Mike Rolash: The world may never know.

Sam Braxton climbs off Mark's back, pointing and laughing at Mark who raises up, his once flawlessly styled hair, now a complete catastrophe. Colton can also be seen standing in the corner enjoying a good laugh at the Brit's expense as well. Mark Carlton is clearly infuriated as he slowly makes it to his feet. Sam motions for Mark to calm down, but it falls on deaf ears. Carlton bum rushes Sam, catching him with strike after strike, sending the Aussie reeling backwards into a corner. Braxton is unable to cover up as Mark is relentless with his punches. Right jab, left hook, right to the body, left to the gut, hard right hook to the jaw, leaves Braxton dazed in the corner!

Jim Gunt: I think someone forgot tell Sam, that Mark has 20+ years of boxing experience.

Mike Rolash: You live and you learn Jim, and Braxton is learning the hard way.

Carlton lays into Braxton's chest with knife edge chops! Mark yanks Braxton by the back of his neck and throwing him into his team's corner. He slaps Colton's chest hard, making the tag, a small argument ensues between the two partners about the stiffness of the tag. Braxton seizes the opportunity, striking both members of The Entourage with back elbows! Mace falls off the apron, Carlton stumbles backwards, Braxton leaps over the top rope landing on the apron. He jumps to the second rope, SPRINGBOARD MOONSAULT! Braxton is back to his feet sliding back into the

ring taking Carlton out with a SPIN HEEL KICK! Braxton is on fire as he quickly to his feet again, running the ropes and taking a rising Colton Mace out with a SUICIDE DIVE! The roof of the United Center nearly flies off from the crowd cheering the action.

Jim Gunt: The fans are enjoying this action, and I for one am right along with them.

Mike Rolash: For once, I think we agree on something.

Sam brings Mace to his feet, rolling him back into the ring. He gets on top of Colton attempting a cover.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

A recovering Carlton, rushes over shoving Braxton off his partner. Summits admonishes Carlton, forcing him out of the ring as Braxton is to his feet. He kicks at the body of Mace, before bringing the Hollywood A-Lister to his feet. He shoves him into the Lost Boys corner, tagging in Dean. Braxton takes Mace down with a Rolling Snapmare, getting to his feet, he and Dean connect with simultaneous kicks Colton's back and chest! Coulter goes for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Mace is able to get his shoulder up before Summits hand slaps the mat for the three count. Dean Coulter brings Mace back to his feet only to slam quickly back to the canvas with a SNAP UNDERHOOK SUPLEX! Coulter quickly tags Braxton back in, then hooks Colton from behind with a waist lock. Braxton leaps up, connecting with Colton's jaw with a DROPKICK as Coulter takes him over with a GERMAN SUPLEX! Braxton goes for the pin as Summits makes the count!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Mark Carlton stomps on the back of Braxton forcing Clark to stop his count!

Jim Gunt: The Lost Boys out to prove a point, that they are the best tag team to set foot in the CWF!

Mike Rolash: They're doing a damn good job of proving that point. Taking the Hall of Famers to their limit here tonight!

Coulter tries to come into the ring to retaliate, but Summits stops him. Mark looks to take advantage of the distraction, running the ropes and looking for an attack. Somehow though, Dean is able to get past Clark, catches him upon his return, popping Carlton into the air! Braxton is back up sending a kick into the gut of Carlton!

Jim Gunt: The Lost Boys with Gone Walkabout to Mark Carlton! Clark Summits seems to have lost control Mike!

Mike Rolash: I have no objections.

Dean turns right into the foot of Colton Mace, who drops Coulter with a SUPERKICK! Colton himself is caught off guard as Braxton takes him out with a DISCUS ROUNDHOUSE KICK! The momentum of the kick sends Braxton spinning right into the right hand of Carlton! Sam Braxton falls to one knee as Carlton launches an enzuigiri at Braxton's head, MARQUESS OF QUEENSBURY! The impact of the kick leaves both men down in the ring as Clark is standing in the middle of all four downed fighters! The Chicago fans showing their appreciation for the action inside the ring. Mace slowly crawls towards Braxton, throwing his arm over Sam's chest!

ONE!

TWO!

THR-NO!

Braxton is just able to get his shoulder up! Both Carlton and Coulter have made it to their respective corners.

Jim Gunt: Who's going to be able to reach their corner for the tag.

Mike Rolash: The Entourage haven't lost a step since they've been away.

Silas begins to slap the apron trying to get Braxton to his feet. Both men slowly make it to their feet, Colton attacks first with a Spinning Sole Kick to the gut of Braxton. Colton whips Braxton towards the corner, where he crashes into the turnbuckle. Mace follows Sam in nailing him with a Clothesline! Colton grabs him by the head looking for a Bulldog! The Aussie slips out his grasps though, Colton turns around and charges at Braxton again. Braxton gets his feet up though, connecting with Colton's jaw, sending him staggering back. Braxton scales to the top turnbuckle like a cat, he waits for Mace to get close enough before leaping at him. The entire United Center gasps in shock as Colton Mace catches Braxton in a standing Vertical Suplex position! He doesn't hold it long, spinning Braxton's body through the air and driving him neck first into the canvas with the RED CARPET TREATMENT! Colton rolls on top of him for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THR-NO!

Coulter breaks the pin with a double axe handle!

Jim Gunt: Dean just barely able to stop the count! Oh! Mark Carlton has just thrown him out of the ring!

Mike Rolash: Him and Mace didn't come back to be trips down memory lane, Jimbo!

Mark Carlton is back in his corner, yelling for Colton to get up. Colton as if on cue, is back to his feet slowly. He staggers around before grabbing Sam by his hair and pulling him towards the corner of Entourage. Carlton has his hand outstretched, but Mace totally ignores it. He lifts Braxton up, setting him on the top turnbuckle and pulling him back into a Tree of Woe! He climbs to the second rope and places his foot into the groin of Braxton, 5 SECONDS OF FAME! Carlton tags the leg of Mace as he hops off of Braxton, starting another argument with Carlton as he enters the ring.

The bickering becomes a shoving match between the two, unbeknownst to them Braxton has pulled himself to the top rope. Carlton shoves Mace out of the way, as Sam Braxton takes him out with a DIVING CROSSBODY! Colton is on Braxton quickly whipping him into the corner. Mace charges in with another Clothesline attempt, but Braxton ducks out of the way right into the KISS DON'T TELL! The Superkick courtesy of Carlton, sends Braxton stumbling backwards into Colton who is sitting on the top turnbuckle. He grabs Sam from behind, flipping over him, driving him face first into the canvas with THE GREAT AMERICAN DREAM: THE SEQUEL! Mace rolls out of the ring as Carlton shoot the half going for the pin!

ONE!

TWO!

THR-NO!

Coulter once again breaks the pin attempt!

Jim Gunt: What a hell of a combo from the Entourage, what more will it take to keep these kids down?

Mike Rolash: More than what they're putting out right now.

Coulter goes back to his corner, slapping the turnbuckle, at the same time Silas pounds the apron. Carlton is back to his feet grabbing the legs of Braxton and turning him over for THE BOUNDS OF MODESTY! Carlton has the Elevated Boston Crab locked on tight as Sam has no escape. Coulter looks on concerned, seeing no other choice but to come in. He grabs Carlton from behind, forcing him to release Sam. He lifts Mark up into the air for spinning him and sending crashing to canvas with a TRUE BLUE THUNDER BOMB! Dean makes it to his feet, as Colton comes charging in at him! Dean dodges out of the way as Mace swings wildly. Coulter grabs him by the back of his neck and throws him out of the ring. He returns to his corner screaming for Sam to get up.

Jim Gunt: Dean Coulter coming to the rescue of his best friend yet again.

Mike Rolash: The belts are on the line and if the Lost Boys win this match, it solidifies them as one of the top tag teams in the world, Jimmy.

Braxton begins to stir, his body a heap on the canvas. Carlton begins to come around as well, being the first to his feet as Braxton has taken too much damage. He grabs the rising Aussie whipping him into the corner. The Atlantic Gentlemen charges in looking for an attack, but Sam ducks through the ropes landing on the apron. Carlton crashes into the corner himself, then stumbles out into the ring a bit. Braxton catches his attention as he runs at Braxton for another attempt. Sam ducks through the ropes driving his shoulder into the mid section of Carlton. Braxton steps back through the ropes, using the bottom rope for leverage. He springs off grabbing Carlton by the head, spinning back into the ring driving him into the canvas with a TORNADO DDT! Both men lie flat on their back, Sam then begins to crawl towards his corner, Dean has his arm stretched out begging for Sam to get closer.

Jim Gunt: Sam has really taken a brunt of the punishment in this match, he needs to get to Dean quickly.

Mike Rolash: Easier said than done, here comes Colton!

Colton charges across the ring, knocking Coulter off the apron. Colton notices Braxton still crawling, he sprints towards him! Colton leaps up, bringing his foot down across the head of Braxton sending him into the canvas with the STAR STRUCK! Colton begins to gloat as the fans in Chicago boo him. He doesn't care, though, as he does a slow spin inside of the ring, proud of himself. He cockily turns right into Dean who dives off the second turnbuckle, grabbing Colton by the head and flipping him over and to the canvas with a DIVING SOMERSAULT NECKBREAKER! Sam Braxton and Mark Carlton laid on the mat in exhaustion. On the ringside, Silas is pulling his hair and pacing, before running back to ringside.

Silas Artoria: COME ON BRAXTON! GET UP AND SHOW THEM WHO'S THE CHAMPION!

Silas bangs on the ringside multiple times, before getting a steady tempo of bangs going. Dean Coulter joins in, and Sam looks faintly to his corner.

Jim Gunt: He's hearing the call! He's hearing his brother and his stablemate rooting for him!

Mike Rolash: Rooting? More like slamming!

Jim Gunt: I'm not going to satisfy you with a response, Mike.

He starts to crawl towards his brother, their hands reaching out. Silas' screaming and banging intensifies, before...

TAG

Coulter climbs into the ring as he takes a rising Carlton down with a Clothesline!

Mike Rolash: Coulter coming in like a man possessed!

Jim Gunt: This is an opportunity him and Sam worked hard for.

Mace is back to his feet, but Coulter mows him down with a Clothesline! Calf Kick takes down Carlton, Spin Heel Kick to Mace! Dean Coulter is a man on fire! He brings Carlton to his feet and body slams him into the canvas, Coulter climbs to the top rope. He measures up Carlton and leaps off, FROG SPLASH! He stays on top for the pin!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO!

Mace stomps on the back of Coulter stopping Clark's count.

Jim Gunt: Colton with the big time save!

Braxton comes flying in the ring like a madman, catching Colton across the jaw with a forearm shiver, that sends Mace stumbling through the ropes. Meanwhile, Dean is back to his feet bringing Carlton up with him. He sets him up for a Powerbomb. He lifts Carlton into the air and brings him back down towards the canvas as Braxton runs over, jumps up placing both knees firmly into the back of Carlton, FINAL DESTINATION! Dean goes for the pin as Sam is up to his feet once more, running the ropes, jumping over and landing a PLANCHA ONTO COLTON MACE!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Dean rolls off of Carlton's body as Clark calls for the bell!

Ray Douglas: Here are your winners, and NEW CWF TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS! THE LOST BOYS!

Clark retrieves the tag team titles, handing them to Dean Coulter and a returning Sam Braxton. Both men are down on their knees, heads touching exhausted from the battle. They both make it to their feet raising their newly won title high in the air.

Jim Gunt: These two deserve it Mike, all the hard work finally paying off.

Mike Rolash: I'd have to agree with Jim, a well earned victory against Hall of Famers at that.

Give Me What I Want...Or Else

Match

We cut backstage to see Ryan Sunset walking towards his makeshift office at the arena. He stops as he opens the door and sighs. We pan around and see Ataxia sitting cross legged on his desk looking at Sunset.

Ataxia: Helllooooo, Frand!!

Ryan Sunset: I don't have time for whatever games you are wanting to play, buddy. So why don't you just tell me what you want?

Ataxia: Who me? Want something? No. I'm here to help you. Something you don't seem to understand about me...What I'm doing is best for CWF.

Ryan Sunset: What's best eh? So tell me, strange little man. What is best for my business?

Ataxia: I'm glad you asked, sassy pants. You see...I want you to tweak the Impact Title match. Just a bit. Nothing too crazy. No cells, towers, or anything like that. Just No DQ...and falls count anywhere.

Ryan Sunset: So I can have you and Hawkhurst tear up the arena and you stick me with the bill? You get the match I assign to you. I am the man in charge around here, friend!

Ataxia: I'll cover all the damages. You'll find, like some other people we know, I've got a lot of cash to burn. Besides...think of this as a teaching opportunity.

Ryan Sunset: For Hawkhurst?

Ataxia: No. For you. You really need to learn how to play mind games, dear boy, or this place...it'll drive you crazy.

Ryan Sunset: This is to teach me a lesson?

Ataxia: Yes. You wanted to break a few people and you threw them my way. Good plan, but it's not quite good enough. Do this and I promise you'll learn exactly what I am talking about. Because if you're better, then CWF is better.

Ryan Sunset: You've got a deal, buddy. You see, I'm not hard to get along with, am I? Only because I think Hawkhurst is going to break you in half. I'd love to see you try and laugh that off.

Ataxia: Oh my dear sweet Sunset...I'm counting on it. AHAHAHHAAH!!!

Ataxia goes for a high five and Sunset just glares at him.

Ataxia: Eh...you're such a wishy washy guy. Lighten up. Could be worse...I could have put a rabid weasel in your underwear like I originally planned.

With that Ataxia leaves as Sunset rolls his eyes.

Fade.

Commercial

Match

A cartoon sloth is hanging on its tree branch, barely able to keep its eyes closed. Very boring music can be heard in the background, while the sloth is closing its eyes fully. "Feeling down and out? Could use a little more energy?" Cut to a bird flying sitting behind a plane, quietly flapping its wings. Suddenly the music switches to blasting speed metal, the plane's engine turns on full force, flames shooting out, hitting the bird. As the bird continues to fly, slowly disintegrating into ashes, the voice comes back. "Kerosene Energy Drink! Survive the taste, move with haste!"

Beware the Acts of a Desperate Man

Match

We cut backstage, to a young man with a worried look on his face walking through a hallway. He is carrying a duffel bag in his hands, but does not give away any sort of agenda.

He power-walks along the hallways, until he stops short.

The view moves to his right, and shows MJ Flair at a doorway, having just opened it up.

MJF: Can... I help you?

Man: Mary Ellen Flair?

MJF: ... No.

She starts to walk away, in the direction in which the young man was originally walking, and he looks at a piece of paper in his hands.

Man: MARIELLA!

MJ stops.

Man: Mariella Jade Flair. Yes?

MJF: Yeah, that's me. What goes on?

Man: I have a delivery for you from Mr. Sunset.

He hands MJ the duffel bag. She opens it up, and from this angle, we can see greenbacks inside.

Man: Mr. Sunset would like to make you an offer: if you decide to skip the main event tonight, you can have this cash.

MJ digs through the bag; she appears to be completely preoccupied.

MJF: Wow, thanks. This is great. Tell Yente I appreciate his generosity.

She turns and starts to walk away, but the man grabs her by the arm.

Man: ... So, can I tell Mr. Sunset that you'll be skipping the Main Event tonight?

MJ smiles.

MJF: No, not even a little. You can tell him that I'll be there, and I'll be lookin' t'rip Jace a new Jacehole.

She turns again and starts to walk away from her cohort.

Man: But... you need to give the money back?

And MJ stops.

MJF: Well, that's fair. I'll make you a deal, sir.

He takes a step towards her.

Man: Yeah?

MJF: You can have this money back...

His eyes widen.

MJF: ...If you can take it from me.

She holds his gaze for nearly a full minute, but his eyes drop.

Man: I... can't.

MJF: Then you need a new job, sir.

She walks away, and we return to ringside.

Ataxia vs. Dorian Hawkhurst

Match

Jim Gunt: Clever lady, this is how you make money AND keep your integrity intact!

Mike Rolash: Integrity? She stole that money, plain and simple! Taking it away from hardworking people like Ryan Sunset!

Jim Gunt: Hardworking? This guy is more crooked than a banana!

Mike Rolash: Anyways, she should have just taken the offer, she'd get some spending money, she wouldn't get hurt by the champ tonight, win-win situation.

Jim Gunt: Oh, would you just shut up...

Ray Douglas: The following contest is scheduled for one fall and is for the Impact Title! It is falls count anywhere and no disqualification as ordered by Ryan Sunset!

The fans roar with anticipation for the now anything goes match.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first, the challenger, from parts unknown...He is "The Messiah Pariah"...Ataxia!!

"Die Die Die My Darling" by Metallica starts to play as Ataxia rushes out from the back and slides into the ring. Slinking like a snake he crawls on the mat until he faces the rampway and makes a motion for his opponent to come on.

Jim Gunt: Ataxia got his wish just a little while ago to make this no dq, and for the falls to count anywhere. This brawl could get out of hand real fast.

Mike Rolash: He says he's doing this to teach Sunset a lesson in mind games. I think the boss just wants to set up Ataxia to fail because of this guy right here.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent...hailing from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. He is "The Demon of Sobriety"...The CWF Impact Champion...Dorian Hawkhurst!!

"Slow Suicide" by Scott Stapp starts to play as the lights go down. Ataxia stares at the entranceway as security guards led by Brad come down carrying...Ataxia's black coffin. Ataxia stares and then starts to stand up. The guards lift of the casket up and open it to reveal Dorian Hawkhurst wearing a sack on his head. Hawkhurst removes the sack and steps out of the coffin and points to Ataxia. Ataxia stands straight up and for the first time in a long time. He looks pissed.

Jim Gunt:...Look at that.

Mike Rolash: He's not hunched over for once and...he's not laughing.

Ataxa grabs the microphone from Ray Douglas.

Ataxia: You're a fucking dead man!

Ataxia drops the mic as Hawkhurst flips him the finger. Ataxia rushes to the ropes and bounces off leaping onto the top rope on the other side and flipping into the air. Suicide dive right into Hawkhurst waiting arms. Hawkhurst catches Ataxia and spins with the momentum side slamming Ataxia...RIGHT INTO THE COFFIN!!

Jim Gunt: Damn!

Mike Rolash: Might as well bury him. He's got to be done.

Hawkhurst grabs Ataxia and hoists him up by the throat with both hands and slams him, on the back of Ataxia's neck, into the ring barrier and starts choking him. The referee, Scott Dean, tries to stop it but Hawkhurst just yells at him that he's gonna choke Ataxia out! Ataxia actually grabs Hawkhurst hands and pushes them harder onto his throat. Hawkhurst gets weirded out as Ataxia rolls his eyes up into his head and licks his lips. Hawkhurst lets go as Ataxia

then musters enough strength to hit a knee shot straight to Hawkhurst's groin!

Jim Gunt: Did he just...enjoy being choked?

Mike Rolash: I don't wanna know the safety word.

Ataxia takes a moment to catch his breath as he grabs the coffin and slides it into place. He walks over to Hawkhurst and runs a high knee into the side of his face. Ataxia picks up and slams Hawkhurst on top of the coffin! Ataxia then yells at the fans to move as he goes down the ring barrier and hops up on top of it. Running down the barrier top he leaps off of it and Hawkhurst rolls out of the way making Ataxia flip, back first, onto the coffin! Hawkhurst takes a moment as Ataxia laughs trying to roll off of the coffin, but Hawkhurst grabs him. Hawkhurst sets him up...PILEDRIVER THROUGH THE COFFIN!!

Jim Gunt: His neck has to be broken!

Mike Rolash: He won't realize it he's that damn nuts!

Hawkhurst drops down and goes for a pin attempt.

ONE!

Ataxia rolls up and punches Hawkhurst in the face! Hawkhurst is starting to get frustrated and picks up Ataxia and tosses him like a ragdoll onto the entrance ramp. Ataxia just starts laughing as he goes to crawl up the ramp but Hawkhurst rips off the coffin lid and slams it into the back of Ataxia! Ataxia goes down as the coffin lid finally shatters. A quick pan of the camera shows there was nothing in the coffin at all except the words "Darling" written in what looks like blood. Ataxia struggles to move as Hawkhurst picks him up. Hawkhurst hits Ataxia with "Falling Off The Wagon"! The Running Sitout Powerbomb takes the two up to the entranceway as Ataxia gets slammed right at the top of the ramp. Hawkhurst isn't done yet as he picks up Ataxia and sets him up for "Getting Hammered"! He hits the Polish hammer sending Ataxia down into the tech equipment below. Ataxia lands hard on some road boxes. Hawkhurst holds up his arms as the fans chant.

"This is awesome! This is awesome! This is awesome!"

Jim Gunt: Hawkhurst has got these people on their feet cheering him on against that mind manipulating maniac!

Mike Rolash: Yeah, but he still has to pin Ataxia to stop this match.

Hawkhurst gets down off the entrance area and to the tech area as Ataxia just lays there. Ataxia reaches his hand into his jacket pocket and pulls out something. He brings it to his lips just as Hawkhurst goes to grab him. Ataxia hits Hawkhurst in the gut...FIREBALL!! Hawkhurst grabs his eyes as Ataxia leaps up with an axe kick taking Hawkhurst down onto the concrete!

Jim Gunt: And just like that he's back on his feet!

Mike Rolash: He's taking everything and still standing! This guy gets off on being in pain.

Ataxia reaches down as picks up Hawkhurst. He starts punching and kicking him as they start heading into the backstage area. As we follow with the cameras and security we see they're heading near the loading bay area. Ataxia grabs a wrench for a backstage tool kit and hits Hawkhurst in the knee with it! Hawkhurst goes down. Ataxia reaches over and grabs a backstage water cooler, picks it up, and pours it out on Hawkhurst's head.

Ataxia: Come on Rocky! We got one more round! AHAHAHHAH!!

Hawkhurst blinks as the water hits his face. Hawkhurst rubs his eyes to help get any debris from the fireball out. Ataxia walks over to the loading bay and we see a dumpster. Ataxia quickly opens up the dumpster's top lids and stands there.

Ataxia: Come on Dory...It's time to take out the trash!

Hawkhurst gets up and charges Ataxia. Ataxia prepares to hit Dorian with a back body drop, but Dorian stops short. DDT! Hawkhurst picks up Ataxia...AVALANCHE CRUCIFIX POWERBOMB INTO THE DUMPSTER!!

Jim Gunt: He just recycled the freak of freaks!

Mike Rolash: No he just sent Ataxia home to his people...you know the hobos...

Hawkhurst gets down to the floor of the dock and opens up the side door of the dumpster. He grabs Ataxia by the legs and pulls him out of the dumpster like a ragdoll. Hanging onto Ataxia's legs, Hawkhurst slams him like a bat into the side of the loading dock door! Ataxia falls down in a heap. Cover...

1...

2...

NO!!!

Scott Dean tells Hawkhurst it was a two count because Ataxia got the shoulder up just in time. Hawkhurst is infuriated with the referee and grabs him as we hear Ataxia laughing. Hawkhurst lets go of Scott Dean and picks up Ataxia. Ataxia leaps up and brings his knees into the collarbones of Hawkhurst and sends Hawkhurst backwards, back first, into the dumpster!

Jim Gunt: What the hell kind of move was that?

Mike Rolash: I don't know, but he could have broken Dorian's damn collarbones with that move.

Ataxia shakes his head for a moment. He pulls back his suit jacket on his left wrist and looks at a watch that has no face. He nods his head and starts walking...out of the loading bay area to the outside.

Ataxia: It's time for tea, Pendleton!

Hawkhurst gets up after a moment grabbing his collarbone area as he gets up. He's pissed now and starts heading out and we see Ataxia has sprinted around to the arena side where people are still gathered outside. Hawkhurst gives chase and Ataxia waits on him tapping his foot.

Ataxia: I don't have alllll dayyyyyy...

Ataxia reaches into his pocket again and this time drops a canister onto the ground. A smokescreen shoots out as Hawkhurst charges him with a clothesline. Ataxia ducks into the smoke and then comes out of it and grabs Hawkhurst from behind. ER STAT ONTO THE CONCRETE!! The german suplex does the damage as Hawkhurst grabs the back of his neck. Ataxia gets up and poses. The fans outside of the arena finally notice and start taking photos as security rushes to keep them back.

Jim Gunt: They're fighting outside with the fans who couldn't get in!

Mike Rolash: This is a pay per view! They should have to pay for this stupidity up close and in doors...where we can make more money off the schmucks.

Ataxia picks up Hawkhurst and throws him towards the concrete posts in front of the arena that serve as a traffic barricade. Hawkhurst puts the breaks on and turns. Ataxia rushes up to him and goes to kick him in the gut. Hawkhurst catches the foot and Ataxia spins around going for an enziguri. He hits it sending Hawkhurst down for the count. Ataxia

poses for a moment with fans as he downs Hawkhurst.

Ataxia: I love this town!!!

As he says this he gets met with a savat kick to the side of the head as Hawkhurst gets back up and then drops an elbow onto Ataxia. He picks up Ataxia only to slam him back down, on the back of his head, onto the concrete. Hawkhurst starts just punching and punching Ataxia in the face. He picks up Ataxia and tears off his tuxedo jacket to make sure there are no more surprises. Ataxia stumbles towards the street out in front of a...

Jim Gunt: That's the local sports bar affiliated with the arena...

Mike Rolash: Oh shit! He planned this! He planned it all!!

Hawkhurst sees where he is at and it distracts him for a moment as Ataxia stumbles in front of the bar. Hawkhurst snaps out of it and lunges at Ataxia, who takes down the bigger man with a drop toe hold...INTO THE OUTSIDE WALL OF THE BAR!!! Ataxia tells security to keep the crowd and cars back as he backs into the street. Ataxia gets a running start and charges at Hawkhurst who is now standing in front of the bar window...Ataxia does a leaping dropkick sending Hawkhurst back first...THROUGH THE GLASS WINDOW!!! Ataxia lands on his back and leaps up as patrons from the bar get out of the way of the fight that's about to start.

Jim Gunt: This isn't good! Hawkhurst in a bar is like putting a diabetic in a candy factory...

Mike Rolash: How oddly specific...

Ataxia walks in as Hawkhurst is breathing heavily, trying to gather himself. Ataxia walks past the bartender and pulls out a dollar bill from his pocket. He puts it into the jukebox and then selects a song. The barkeep yells at Ataxia and Ataxia grabs a still full beer from the bar. Suddenly AC DC's "Have A Drink On Me" starts to play.

Jim Gunt:...There is being a manipulative bastard and being just a prick.

Mike Rolash: I aint even mad...that's got style!

Ataxia walks over and puts the beer in front of Hawkhurst who looks up at Ataxia.

Ataxia: Come on champ...show me what you got...I'm starting to get bored.

Dorian Hawkhurst:...

Ataxia: Come on dear boy...I've played you. It's over. Just. Drink. It.

Hawkhurst picks up the beer and slams the glass into Ataxia's head! He grabs Ataxia and slams him onto the bar and slides him down it knocking every drink off! He then lifts Ataxia by his shirt and tosses Ataxia out the broken window into the side of a car! Ataxia slowly gets up as Hawkhurst comes out of the bar. Ataxia nods and the two rush each other and start trading punches. Rights! Lefts! It's become a street fight! Ataxia is leading with three shots. Hawkhurst returns fire with three of his own. The two keep trading back and forth with these punches as they are fighting literally in the street!

Jim Gunt: Why do I have a feeling we're gonna get in trouble with the cops for this.

Mike Rolash: Forget the cops! I'm waiting for Ataxia to hit a Hadoken at this point with all this streetfighting.

Jim Gunt:...

Mike Rolash: It's a game of skill ya jerk.

Ataxia dodges a punch and rushes in headbutting Hawkhurst. He stops and sees a city bus stopping right near them. Ataxia grabs Hawkhurst by the back of the head and leads him towards it. Hawkhurst stops and clips his arm around Ataxia's knee sending Ataxia down to the street. He grabs Ataxia and picks him up...RUNNING POWERBOMB INTO THE FRONT OF THE BUS!!!

Cover!

1...

2...

3!!!

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner...and STILL CWF Impact Champion... "The Demon of Sobriety" Dorian Hawkhurst!!

Jim Gunt: A well fought win for that young man.

Mike Rolash: He better watch out behind him...

Hawkhurst grabs his title from Scott Dean as Ataxia gets up. Hawkhurst turns and sees Ataxia running for him as Brad spears him into the side of a car! Ataxia slumps down as Brad handcuffs Ataxia to the car's bumper.

Brad: That should stop you ya sicko.

Ataxia: Hehehehe...Good...Everything...went according to plan...

Hawkhurst kicks Ataxia in the side of the face. He brings the title up like he's about to bring it down onto his head.

Brad: Dorian! He's not worth it. Let him sit there and rot. He didn't beat you tonight...

Ataxia licks his lips and points to the bar.

Ataxia: You sure about that buddy?

Hawkhurst stares at the bar. He takes a deep breath and starts to head back to the arena as Ataxia starts laughing maniacally as we cut to ringside.

Jim Gunt: He's nuts...No question.

Mike Rolash: He may have lost the fight, but remember with Ataxia.

Jim Gunt: Even if he loses he still wins. This might not be over for The Impact Champion.

Mike Rolash: I think the weirdness of tonight is just going to get worse.

Ready For Battle

Match

The camera fades in to the close-up of a flickering torch, crackling and sputtering. As it slowly zooms out, The Shadow's voice can be heard.

The Shadow: Gentlemen, tonight will be a battle, nothing less...

The Weaver of Dreams is holding the torch we saw, a line of druids in front of him, their surroundings obscured by the

dark.

The Shadow: You know that wherever Elisha is, the Chosen will be as well. If the past serves as a reminder, they will not hold back, this is the last chance you have to say that you do not want to be part of this, I will not hold it against you."

He steps in front of the first man, his greying hair betraying his age, sunken eyes make him look even older, but he is cleanly shaved and appears the epitome of calmness.

The Shadow: Walcott?

He gives a calm nod. Moving to his right, the torch shows the a bearded face, framed by scraggy long, wild hair, steely blue eyes matching the grim look on his face.

The Shadow: Selkirk?

A grunt answers the question. The most prominent feature of the next man is a mighty black mustache, his black hair and eyes betraying his Southern European heritage.

The Shadow: Carvanha?

Carvanha: Com toda a minha força! With all of my strength!

Next is a tall, very determined looking man, both his long blond hair and beard braided, giving him the appearance of a viking.

The Shadow: Cederbergh?

Cederbergh: By Odin, I am ready! My brother will be avenged!

The next man does not wear a druid's cloak, but stands bare-chested, wearing a kilt, with the words "Alba gu brath" tattooed across his chest over a Scottish flag.

The Shadow: McLean.

McLean: Until the end!

Next to him stands a man that is considerably shorter than the others, but stocky, almost as wide as he is tall, a chin beard accentuating a prominent chin.

The Shadow: Detwyler?

Detwyler: I bi nache! I am ready!

Undeniably of Russian descent, with a prominent jawline and short cropped hair, the next man's look could wither a plant.

The Shadow: Dolgopolov?

Dolgopolov: Da, ya gotov! Yes, I am ready!

As short as Detwyler was, as tall the next man stands. Long hair framing a very serious face, he means no nonsense.

The Shadow: Fagermo?

Fagermo: Til døden! To the death!

A typical southerner, a passionate fire is burning in his black eyes...

The Shadow: Berardi?

Berardi: Pronto per la battaglia! Ready for the battle!

The next man is already well known, dark skinned, squarely built and a shiny gold earring in his right earlobe.

The Shadow: Thibodaux?

Thibodaux: I got your back, no matter what they throw at us!

Next to last in line is a red-haired man, long beard elaborately braided, his hair hanging way past his shoulders.

The Shadow: O'Fathaigh?

O'Fathaigh: Faugh a Ballagh!

And finally the camera shows the haggard face of the latest recruit, long shaggy hair, long beard, sunken eyes.

The Shadow: Eddy?

Eddy: They...will...pay...!

The Shadow: Thank you gentlemen. It will not be pretty, but knowing I have you behind me makes the outlook less bleak, gives hope for victory. Into battle!

Everyone: INTO BATTLE!

Fade.

The Tormented Soul

Match

The lights go out in the arena. The burning red eyes of Jace Valentine light up the CWF Tron again. Darkness continues to surround him. The carcasses of the dead animals lay dormant around him. He has the blood smeared and stained over his eyes and forehead. His Armani suit is completely drenched in the crimson viscera as he flashes a wide smile.

Jace Valentine: This is my Dark Place. This is my home. They doubt me. I shall break them. I will decimate them in the stench of rapid decay. It is my Will, and my Will shall be done.

Jace's voice seems forced, getting deeper and raspier.

Jace Valentine: This is my Dark Place. Come on in. Let it consume you. Slaughter them. Snap their necks. Bathe in their blood. Satisfy your Tormented Soul, and rejoice in the Maker!

Jace skitters across the floor like a spider, tracking the blood of the vermin with every step.

Jace Valentine: This is my Dark Place. There is no Jace Valentine left.

The sound of a door opening is heard as the room our champion is in lights up in a flash. He seems to take a step back, until Ryan Sunset is seen entering the room and Jace flashes him a smile. Ryan eyes up Jace and then looks down at the display of brutality on the floor beneath him. Ryan looks back up at Jace again and returns the smile.

Ryan Sunset: So, I see you've returned...

Jace just nods.

Ryan looks downright jubilant.

Ryan Sunset: Very good, friend. Now it appears that we can continue our plans...

Jace Valentine: Ryan.

Valentine seems to cut him off.

Ryan Sunset: Yes, buddy?

The Host with the Most reaches into a fold of his Armani jacket, pulling out the tattered, ripped and torn pages of a book long shredded. He hands the remains of the book to Ryan and Sunset looks them over.

Jace Valentine: This is what I was able to recover.

Sunset smiles.

Ryan Sunset: Very good. Very good, indeed. Go out and show them what the Institute is truly capable of.

Fade.

Ian King vs. Solstice

Match

We go to ringside, where Mike Rolash and Jim Gunt sit in anticipation of the next contest.

Jim Gunt: Well, ladies and gentlemen, we're just a few moments from a fairly unprecedented thing here in the CWF –

an unsanctioned contest between Solstice and Ian King.

Mike Rolash: Brilliant move by the CWF brass – none of the liabilities, all of the profit here on pay per view!

We go backstage, where Tara Robinson stands at the curtain separating the back from the arena itself. She is looking around expectantly, perhaps a bit nervous.

Jim Gunt: We go backstage to Tara Robinson. Tara?

Tara Robinson: Jim, I'm here awaiting Ian King. We know that the fight between King and Solstice is due to start any minute and --

Just at that moment, Ian King walks into view. He doesn't seem to see Tara, as he walks with a purpose. Robinson reaches out an arm and grabs at Ian's shoulder, causing the younger King to flinch momentarily, before he stops, realizing who was there.

Tara Robinson: Ian, I'm sorry. Before you go out to the ring, I was hoping we could get a word.

Ian looks around, still cagey, but nods with a sniff.

Tara Robinson: Thank you. You're just about to engage in an unsanctioned confrontation with the man who has taken on the mantle of Solstice. What are your goals tonight?

The camera comes in close on Ian, whose eyes betray not only an intensity, but an obvious sense of nervousness.

Ian King: My goals? I am going out there to fight for the honour of my family. To go toe-to-toe with the man who has tried to maim my brother, my uncle, and myself. Now, I was a wrestler, sure, but today I'm an attorney. You may say that puts me at a disadvantage, and I don't begrudge you that. A disadvantage, I'll grant you, but if you think I have no chance, you're dead wrong.

Tara Robinson: Ian, do you have any final words before the fight begins?

Ian pauses a moment and looks down at his hands.

Ian King: My final words? Heh...my final words are a promise. Tonight, we will know who that son of a bitch behind that mask is. Now, if you'll excuse me...

The camera pans over the crowd as the opening riff of “Starseed” by Our Lady Peace begins to play. The lights cut down low. As Raine Maida lets out a primal scream, the United Center comes alight, as Ian King steps through the curtain wearing a pair of jeans and a plain, black, V-neck t-shirt. The youngest member of the King family stretches his neck out and waves at the crowd as he walks down the ramp to the ring.

Jim Gunt: Well, you'll notice that there's no announcement from Ray Douglas here, folks, and Ian King is not dressed to wrestle. This isn't a match. This is an unsanctioned confrontation. It's going to be a fight.

Mike Rolash: A fight? It's gonna be a beat-down, Jimbo!

Jim Gunt: Well, I hate to agree with you Mike, but if Ian King isn't prepared for Solstice, it could be a massacre.

Mike Rolash: Massacre? No, Jim, we're on pay per view...and besides, our TV show is called Evolution now!

Ian slides into the ring and walks calmly, confidently to his corner and mounts the middle turnbuckle, and salutes the fans. As he drops down, referee Trent Robbins walks over to him. Ian leans in to listen to him, as he reaches into his pockets to find a roll of athletic tape that he begins wrapping around his knuckles.

Jim Gunt: Well, CWF official Trent Robbins giving Ian the rundown.

Mike Rolash: NO RULES!

Jim Gunt: There will be no bell to start this fight; there will be one to end it.

Mike Rolash: NO LIMITS!

Jim Gunt: It may not be a match, but a pin or a submission will be enough to end this, and nothing more. Trent is only there to finish this fight. He will not – he cannot – intervene otherwise.

Mike Rolash: NO HOLDS BARRED!!!

Jim Gunt: Would you shut up?

Trent finishes his instructions to Ian, who nods stoically, and tosses away the roll of tape. He tests the taped fists by punching into his own palms, and his music starts to fade away. Chicago gives Ian a warm round of applause as he

backs into his corner and begins to test the tensile strength of the ropes.

Jim Gunt: Well, Ian King may be a lawyer, but he was once a formidable CWF competitor, and tonight he returns for a fight. We saw a flash of his former abilities on the most recent episode of Evolution, but the question remains if he's going to be able to stand up against the man wearing the very same mask that he wore, the very same mask that his brother Jarvis first wore in the CWF.

The Chicago fans cheer Ian on as he settles into his corner, but the cheers quickly become boos as the lights around the arena dim to a blackout. Suddenly, the arena is illuminated, as an image of the Sun against a clear blue sky lights up the CWF tron. Gradually, the Moon drags across from left to right, before fully eclipsing the Sun. In that very moment, lights in hues of red, orange and yellow illuminate the United Center, and "Idioteque" by Radiohead begins to play.

The stage is still dark, until a spotlight illuminates the curtain, where the masked man Solstice stands, also wearing a plain black t-shirt and jeans. Chicago gives the masked imposter a rather rude introduction as he stands immobile, seemingly contemplating King, who has begun pacing back and forth like a caged animal.

Jim Gunt: This is an eerie feeling, Mike.

Mike Rolash: Oh, I've had that before. Just let your doctor know, and he'll give you a cream. Clears it right up.

Jim Gunt: ...I'm just going to ignore you.

Mike Rolash: As long as you don't ignore whatever that eerie feeling is, Jimbo. Doesn't make it go away.

Solstice crouches down for a moment, his eyes trained on Ian, before standing up and lazily sauntering to the ring.

Jim Gunt: This is a strange feeling, because this entrance, this music...the lights all around the arena as they are right now. The last time that we saw this, the man underneath that mask was Jarvis King. Of course, we know that whoever that man is underneath of that mask has some sort of vendetta against Jarvis King, but that's about all we know. We know that it's someone that Jarvis once called a friend, but who that is remains a mystery. We don't know who this guy is, what his pedigree in the ring might be...we don't even know how much he weighs!

Mike Rolash: Yeah, but what we do know is that he's smart. He's calculating. He's dangerous. And Ian King, for all of his past training, for all of his acrobatic skills, for all of his desire to avenge both his Uncle Jack and his brother Jarvis...he very well may have his hands full toni--

Jim Gunt: OH MY GOD!

It's clear that Solstice's pace did not suit Ian, as just as the masked enigma makes his way to the end of the ramp, Ian launches himself over to top rope, twisting in the air and hitting a picture-perfect somersault plancha. Solstice crashes to the ground as Ian lands gracefully on his feet and takes a few steps up the ramp to steady his balance. Chicago comes alight as the arena's lighting does the same, and Ian turns his attention back to his fallen foe.

Solstice quickly scrambles to his feet, stumbling a bit and rounds his way around the steel steps to try and put some distance between himself and Ian. King is wise to this chase, however, and rather than cutting around the ring, he simply leaps to the ring apron, and gets parallel to Solstice. The masked superstar's face covering works against him in this case, as he clearly misses Ian in his peripheral vision as the youngest member of the King family leaps forward, catching Solstice's head between his legs as he crashes to the ground below. Solstice whips forward with the momentum of Ian's well-aimed head scissors, and tumbles into the corner of the guard rails nearby the commentary position.

Clearly still caught off-guard, Solstice grabs onto the guard rail in order to steady himself towards a vertical basis. Ian doesn't offer him any respite, though, as he has already found himself on the apron once again. Taking a bit of a run, Ian leaps, and extends his left leg, catching Solstice right underneath the chin, and propelling him over the guardrail into the crowd. Trent Robbins quickly follows, intent on keeping up with the action, as Ian leaps over the rail himself and begins to give chase to Solstice.

Jim Gunt: Well, early on it's all Ian all the time here, perhaps giving some pause to his critics, eh Mike?

Mike Rolash: ...

Jim Gunt: Yeah, I thought so.

Solstice makes haste, working his way through the crowd as best he can to obscure himself from Ian. The Younger King works his way through the crowd and ambles over the debris that Solstice leaves in Ian's path. As he runs, Solstice topples over chairs and trash cans, and gradually works his way back towards the ramp, and through the curtain. In hot pursuit, Ian follows.

It takes a moment for a camera to get set up in the backstage area, but when it does, Ian King is coming through the curtain, with Solstice nowhere to be found. Ian looks around the production area briefly before continuing on his pursuit. Suddenly, out of nowhere, Solstice comes diving into frame with a leaping leg lariat that catches Ian flush and knocks him to the ground.

Mike Rolash: HA! BRILLIANT!

Jim Gunt: Well, it's certainly been Solstice's M.O. since Modern Warfare, hasn't it?

Mike Rolash: You're damn right, Jim! It's a game plan that's been effective.

Ian coughs and sputters, attempting to catch his breath as he gets to his hands and knees. It doesn't take Solstice much time to go on the assault, however, as he quickly is to his feet and aims a stiff kick to Ian's ribs. The prone King is almost launched by the force of the blow, and he rolls around in agony as Solstice laughs.

Ian crawls to a catering table and uses it to start to get to his feet. Solstice lazily saunters over behind him as King starts to regain his footing. Solstice slaps Ian in the back of the head a couple of times, and Ian turns, parallel to the table to face Solstice. Ian aims a right-handed jab square at Solstice's jaw, but the masked superstar easily parries it away, and grabs his wrist before aiming a boot square at King's abdomen, causing him to double over. Controlling the wrist, Solstice wrenches Ian's arm a bit before floating behind him, with his back to the table. Solstice grabs for Ian's left arm and crosses them over his chest with glee.

Jim Gunt: Oh my god...

Mike Rolash: I LOVE IT!

Jim Gunt: What indignity...Solstice is going to go for the Straightjacket Suplex on Ian King, right through that catering table.

Mike Rolash: I SAID IT LAST WEEK, JIMBO! GET READY - THE GREATEST MAN TO EVER DO THE STRAIGHTJACKET SUPLEX!

Jim Gunt: Not so fast!

Much like on the last edition of Evolution, Ian manages to wriggle an arm free, and manages to spin himself around. As he unfurls like a ripcord, he manages to lift a knee up, hitting Solstice on the side of the head and causing him to stumble backwards into the table. Ian stumbles backwards away from the table himself as Solstice starts to recover, shaking his head. King takes a moment to regain his equilibrium, and as Solstice gets back to a fully vertical base, Ian launches himself forward with a shoulder tackle. Solstice manages to catch him, however, and with both hands clasped behind Ian's back, he arcs backwards sending Ian through the catering table with a belly-to-belly suplex! Ian crumples as the table shatters, sending plates and flatware scattering and smashing all over the floor.

Ian writhes in pain, rolling away from the wreckage as Solstice gets to his own feet and aims a stomp at Ian's back. King rolls over, staring at the ceiling with a slightly vacant look in his eyes as Solstice starts to look around, surveying the scene for his next move. An evil cackle emanates from the mask as the sinister masked man reaches to his feet and grabs a fork.

Jim Gunt: Oh god...this won't be pretty folks. Ian King just went through that table, and I don't think that there's anything to stop Solstice with that fork.

Mike Rolash: SEND THE KIDS TO BED! WOO!

Jim Gunt: Seriously, you have some issues Mike. See a psychiatrist.

Solstice mounts the prone King with a look of sadistic glee in his eye as he twirls the fork between his fingers. He lets out a sick laugh as he brings the fork down, but Ian manages to stop the arc of Solstice's stabbing motion with both hands before he makes contact. The two men struggle for a moment, with Solstice being obviously a bit stronger. Solstice manages to over power for a moment, putting his weight behind his arm and Ian's grip slips.

Jim Gunt: OH MY GOD!

Mike Rolash: Did he get him?

As Solstice straightens up, Ian's eyes are intact, but the fork's tines clearly did make contact with his forehead, as a cut above King's head has been opened up, and bright red blood starts to seep onto his forehead. Solstice goes in again with another arc, aimed squarely at King's eyes, but Ian manages to catch him again. The two struggle a bit more, but this time Ian manages to buck his hips a bit, bridging up and giving him a bit more purchase as Solstice bares down on him. Ian manages to pivot Solstice's arm to his right, giving him a bit of space to maneuver out from underneath, breaking the full mount, but still giving Solstice a bit of a side guarded mount. Controlling the wrist, Ian gets hold of the fork and manages to toss it out of reach. Perhaps betraying his role in the match, Trent Robbins quickly picks up the fork and tosses it away even further.

Jim Gunt: Thank god...that fork has been wrested away from Solstice, but Ian King has unfortunately given up first blood here, Mike.

Mike Rolash: Rambo, Jimbo!

Jim Gunt: What?

Mike Rolash: Rambo: First Blood! Come on, Jim...it's like we're a different species or something.

Jim Gunt: I've been saying that for years...

Solstice adjusts his mount and manages to get back to a full mount and begins to toss rights and lefts with a vicious ground-and-pound. Ian tries to cover up, but Solstice manages to slip shots through Ian's guard. A moment's respite for King comes when Solstice stops to catch wind, which allows Ian to reach up, and twist the mask of Solstice slightly to the left, obscuring the masked man's vision! Solstice backs off of Ian, struggling to get his mask turned around the right way, which gives King a chance to get to his feet again. Solstice backs away, with Ian again in pursuit. Just as he manages to twist the mask back on to the proper direction, the first thing Solstice sees is King's foot as Ian hits a big superkick, sending Solstice tumbling backwards, through the curtain and back into the arena!

Chicago cheers heartily as Solstice stumbles through the curtain, with Ian quickly behind him, with a steel chair that he clearly grabbed from the production area! Trent Robbins follows closely behind the combatants and meekly tries to convince Ian to stop. His request falls on deaf ears, and as Solstice gets to his feet, he is met with a shot from Ian that sends a sickening crack throughout the arena. Solstice stands on wobbly legs for a moment, dazed from the impact, before Ian rears back and hits him again with a shot that sends him backwards and rolling towards the ring, much to the delight of the Chicago crowd!

Mike Rolash: THESE PEOPLE ARE SICK!

Solstice rolls limply down the ramp to the ringside area, and stops as he reaches the ring itself, with some of his body actually ending up under the ring skirt itself. Ian follows, chair still in tow, and blood still streaming from his forehead. As he reaches Solstice, he jabs the chair at the prone masked man's ribs. Solstice doubles over in pain, his right arm still under the ring, and clutches at his side, obviously in pain. Ian adjusts his grip, and prepares another swing of the chair, aimed at Solstice's torso. Before he can bring the chair down, though, Solstice kicks out at Ian's left knee, causing him to buckle a bit. Ian adjusts his posture and goes for another shot, but this time Solstice manages to bring his left arm out from under the ring, and aims a silver can at Ian's eyes, unloading its contents in King's face with an aerosol spray.

Jim Gunt: MACE TO THE EYES OF IAN KING.

Mike Rolash: SWEET JUSTICE!

Ian recoils, dropping the chair behind him in the process, and begins to wipe at his eyes to try to regain his vision. Ian stumbles forward and Solstice manages to maneuver himself in such a way as to capture King's legs, sending him face-first into the ring apron. Ian's head bounces on the edge of the ring with a cruel thud, giving Solstice an opportunity to get to his feet and toss Ian into the ring. As Ian rolls into the center of the ring, Robbins follows him with a bottle of water, which he helps Ian pour into his eyes. It momentarily clears up some of the blood from his forehead and seems to give Ian enough vision to be able to see Robbins.

Jim Gunt: Well, Trent Robbins doing a good job here, asking Ian if he wants to continue.

Mike Rolash: A good job? I thought his job was just to end it, not aid and abet one of the fighters!

Jim Gunt: He's being a compassionate human being, Mike! Ian King is stubborn; he won't quit, and he'll fight blind if he has to.

Mike Rolash: There's no place for compassion in a fight, Jimbo!

As Robbins attends to Ian, Solstice is busy on the outside, rooting under the ring. A moment later, he emerges with what he was clearly looking for, as he first grabs a stop sign which he tosses into the ring, and then drags out a table, and slides it into the ring before readjusting the ring skirt. He slides into the ring after the table, and begins to position it, unfolding the legs, and setting it up in front of the turnbuckles.

Meanwhile, Ian has gotten to his feet with the help of the opposite turnbuckle, his wound rapidly replacing the blood washed off by the water from Trent Robins. As Ian turns around, slumped in the corner, Solstice works his way around the table and rushes Ian in the corner, catching him flush with a big Yakuza Kick. Ian stumbles out of the corner as Solstice unhooks himself from the top rope, and spins Ian around to face him. Ian sways just before Solstice hits a big spinning backfist, which knocks King to a knee for a moment. Solstice quickly grabs Ian by the head and neck, draping his arm across his shoulder, before lifting King up for a big uranage suplex, sending him crashing to the mat below

Mike Rolash: JARVIS KING, EAT YOUR HEART OUT!

Jim Gunt: Solstice is going for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!!

Three of Jarvis King's moves aren't enough to put away his younger brother, as Ian manages to get an arm up, lifting his left shoulder off the mat. Solstice pounds the mat a bit in frustration but doesn't dwell on the circumstances too long as he gets up, grabbing Ian by the hair and lifts him up to a vertical basis. Scooping him up into a powerslam position, Solstice rams Ian's back into the corner where he hit him with the kick moments earlier, before letting him go, tying his legs up in the top turnbuckle in a tree of woe.

Robbins admonishes Solstice as he walks back towards the center of the ring, leaving Ian hanging. Solstice simply flips the CWF's senior official the middle finger before rushing in, hitting a huge dropkick to Ian's midsection before floating backwards, and doing a few push-ups. The Chicago crowd hurls abuse at the masked superstar as he mocks one of Jarvis King's most famous taunts.

Jim Gunt: Good lord, this is too much.

Mike Rolash: You're right, Jim...there's such a thing as too much of a good thing!

Jim Gunt: Well, it's starting to become what I feared, actually – Ian is struggling against his apparently more seasoned adversary here, and honestly it may only be a matter of time for King.

Mike Rolash: Do you think there's a not-gay way that I could invite Solstice to go fishing with me?

Solstice pops up to his feet and spins around on one foot with both arms out to the crowd, who boo even more heartily as he does so. Solstice stops, almost absorbing the boos as he visibly laughs, flips off the crowd, and flexes for a moment, showing off an impressive physique. He rushes in for another dropkick, this time more at baseball slide range, and rapidly approaches Ian's head with both feet.

There's no water in the pool however, as Ian manages to sit up slightly, which causes Solstice to keep going, crotch-first into the ring post, much to the delight of the CWF faithful! Ian steadies himself on the top rope for a moment, before standing up on the top turnbuckle. He points out to the Chicago crowd who come to their feet with excitement. King arches backwards, flipping with a perfect moonsault, landing with a huge double-stomp to Solstice's sternum!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

Jim Gunt: I HAVE TO AGREE!

Mike Rolash: I'm gonna be sick...

Jim Gunt: THAT WAS THE ECLIPSE, FOLKS – THE VERY MOVE THAT THE ORIGINAL SOLSTICE – JARVIS KING – USED TO PUT AWAY FOES WHILE HE WAS UNDER THE MASK!

Ian rolls backwards just after making contact, and quickly is back to his feet as he somersaults backwards. He grabs one of Solstice's arms and pulls him to the center of the ring and hooks a leg as he goes for a cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THR-NO!!

Jim Gunt: Well, Solstice – Oh god, Mike, you can look – Solstice still has some fight left in him.

Ian, a look of sad desperation in his eyes, looks up at Trent Robbins through his crimson mask to confirm that it was indeed only a count of two. Trent confirms the count and motions that Solstice managed to get his right shoulder up in time. Ian wipes his forehead and looks down at the bright red blood left on his taped hands as Solstice drags himself away from King.

Jim Gunt: Ian looks winded.

Mike Rolash: Like your mom last ni—

Jim Gunt: Octogenarian.

Mike Rolash: ...shut up.

Using the ropes, Solstice manages to gingerly get himself up to a vertical basis again, but Ian is not far behind. As he's still using the ropes to steady himself, Ian bounds off the perpendicular set of twine and knocks Solstice back the ground with a dropkick to his left quad. Solstice hits the mat back-first, and Ian wastes no time, floating over the top rope before sling-shotting himself over, hitting Solstice with a somersault senton!

Solstice rolls around in obvious pain, but Ian quickly springs to his feet as he rolls through the senton. King stomps at the masked man's ribs to immobilize him before dragging him towards the corner opposite the still waiting table.

Jim Gunt: I may have spoke too soon!

Mike Rolash: What the hell is that ambulance chaser doing?

Ian positions Solstice below the corner and begins to work his way up to the top with conviction. His back to the ring, he stands atop the ropes and peels off his shirt before flipping forwards with an imploding 450 senton! Solstice doubles

over in pain, but Ian doesn't go for the cover, instead opting to go to the top once more. He drops down, with both legs hitting a set of ropes before arching back with a split-legged moonsault! Unbelievably, he still isn't done!

Winded, Ian again begins to climb to the top turnbuckle, but only makes it to the middle rope before Solstice manages to get himself up enough to send a closed-fist uppercut between King's legs. Ian crumples backwards to the mat, holding his groin, as Solstice gets out of the way. Solstice quickly gets to his feet and grabs Ian by the hair, bringing the young King to his feet as he does so.

Mike Rolash: HA! Hope that ole Jack wasn't looking for any nieces or nephews!

Jim Gunt: Oh my god, he's going for the Straightjacket again!

Indeed, Solstice spins Ian around so that he's facing the table and begins to cross King's arms across his chest for The Internet Icon's preferred move. Solstice has a bit more luck than before as he manages to bring Ian backwards, but Jarvis's brother still has the move scouted, as he manages to wriggle an arm free mid-flight, allowing him enough control to complete a full flip backwards, landing on his feet as Solstice lets go of the hold. The masked man obviously knows something's amiss and turns around to be met with a kick to the gut, which he manages to catch before it makes contact. Ian's one step ahead, however, as he leaps and hits a picture-perfect enzuigiri, sending Solstice stumbling backwards.

There's no rest for the wicked masked superstar, as Ian follows up with a roaring elbow strike, followed by a backfist, and then a big superkick! Solstice stumbles backwards, hitting the table and tripping up onto it. King quickly follows up, flying in with a right hook which rocks Solstice. Ian quickly scrambles, clawing at Solstice's mask!

Jim Gunt: He's going for the mask, Mike!

Ian manages to untie the first knot on the mask's laces, which causes Solstice to squirm and try to get away from him. King is undeterred, as Solstice turns away from him, momentarily giving Ian a chance to get some more purchase on the mask. This is short lived, though, as when Solstice turns around, he hits Ian with the stop sign that he brought into the ring earlier! Ian falls backwards to a seated position, and Solstice sits up on the table slightly, laughing.

Mike Rolash: HA! ROAD RULES BABY!

Jim Gunt: Wait, is that a fan on the apron?

Someone has indeed leapt from the crowd, himself wearing a Solstice mask. He quickly ambles to the top rope, where he strips it off, revealing that it's none other than Jumpin' Jack King! He launches himself off the top rope and crashes onto Solstice, hitting a big cross-body!

Jim Gunt: MY GOD, JUMPIN' JACK SPLASH FROM THE TOP THROUGH THE TABLE!

Mike Rolash: WHERE THE HELL IS SECURITY?!

Rolash gets his wish momentarily, as just as the elder King gets to his feet, three police officers rush from the back and slide into the ring and get between Jack and Solstice before he can do any more damage to the downed Solstice. The Chicago crowd boos this, but Jack acquiesces, and steps between the ropes as one of the officers handcuffs one of his big wrists, and start to escort him to the back.

Jim Gunt: A measure of revenge for Jumpin' Jack King, Mike!

Mike Rolash: He had NO right to be out here!

Jim Gunt: You have to think that Solstice made his own bed as...wait, cover!

Indeed, Ian has managed to drag his near lifeless body over to Solstice in the ensuing chaos, and manages to drape an arm over Solstice's motionless carcass, prompting Trent Robbins to count.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO!

Mike Rolash: OH THANK GOD, THERE'S JUSTICE IN THIS WORLD!

At the last possible second, Solstice manages to lift his shoulder up, his left arm still in the air as Robbins makes it clear that the fight continues. Neither man stirs for several moments, as both try to collect themselves to continue the battle. It's Ian who makes a major move first, crawling towards the bottom rope and using it to pull his body closer to the edge of the ring. Solstice rolls over, away from the debris of the shattered table, and slowly gets to his hands and knees.

Ian turns to face Solstice, and their eyes meet as they both sit on their knees, exhausted. Almost using each other as a

means to balance themselves, the two men slowly, gingerly, get to their feet, and Solstice rears back and hits Ian with a right hook. Blood flicks off of his forehead as his neck snaps back, and the Chicago crowd boos. Ian reels backwards, and leans into the ropes, which propel him forward, allowing him enough momentum to hit a big forearm smash to the left of Solstice's masked face, eliciting a cheer from the crowd.

Solstice stumbles a bit, rocked from the shot. He steadies himself and hits another right-handed punch.

BOO!

Again, Ian is rocked backwards, his face covered in blood, but for where Solstice's hand made contact. He hits the ropes again, but this time less out of happenstance and more of his own volition and launches forward with another forearm at Solstice.

YAH!

Solstice stumbles backwards a bit more, bringing both men to the center of the ring. As Ian closes the distance, Solstice grabs him by the neck and hits three big elbow shots!

BOO!

Ian recoils, but doesn't take long to recover. Steadying himself, he returns the favour with an elbow strike of his own, followed by a spinning backfist that would make his brother proud, and then a huge discus clothesline, knocking Solstice to the mat!

Jim Gunt: IAN KING COMING ALIVE!

With a surge of adrenaline, Ian slaps the mat with both hands and pops to his feet as Solstice starts to get up himself. Positioning himself carefully behind the masked imposter, King lets out a primal scream and shoots a superkick towards Solstice as he turns around. It would seem that Ian isn't the only one to catch his second wind, however, as Solstice manages to side-step the kick, and gets behind Ian. Quick as a cat, he immediately reaches for Ian's arms and crosses them, in position for the Straightjacket Suplex once again.

Mike Rolash: FINALLY!

Jim Gunt: No, Ian's still got it scouted!

Solstice tries to power Ian over, but King widens his base, making it infeasible for the exhausted enigma to hit the

move. He tries again, but this time Ian manages to hook one of his legs behind Solstice's blocking the suplex again. The masked imposter tries a third time, but this time Ian manages to wriggle an arm free. Solstice quickly changes tactics, slipping his arms underneath of Ian's, and locking in a full nelson!

Mike Rolash: Might as well ring the bell, because it's over!

Jim Gunt: Well, Solstice has that move locked in tight, but Ian is definitely still fighting it!

Ian struggles against Solstice's grip for a moment, but doesn't manage to wrest himself from the vice-like hold. Instead, Solstice lifts Ian into the air with the full nelson still locked in tight before pivoting, and bringing Ian down to the mat with a single-arm DDT.

Jim Gunt: Wait a damn minute...

Mike Rolash: No way! No freaking way! I knew I loved this guy but I didn't know how much!

Jim Gunt: That move is called the Millennial Descent, folks...made famous by the late Tony Millennia.

Solstice, back to his feet, looks down at the fallen King. Rather than roll him over and pin the man, he instead positions himself over his body and locks in a dragon sleeper! Rolling over, he grapevines his legs around Ian's body and cinches in the hold with relish.

Jim Gunt: There's only one man who I know that does that move, and then locks in a dragon sleeper...

King fights valiantly against the hold, but starts to fade fast, having lost a lot of blood. Robbins keeps on top of the situation, checking in with Ian as he does so, and after a moment, Ian's limbs go limp, and Robbins calls for the bell!

Mike Rolash: YES!

"Idioteque" starts back up, as Robbins implores Solstice to relinquish the hold. After a few moments of struggle, the masked man does so and gets to his feet, standing over his fallen foe with a look of contempt in his eyes behind the mask.

Mike Rolash: He's starting to take it off, Jim!

The music cuts off, as Solstice reaches behind his head and starts to undo the remaining laces of the mask, loosening

it slightly with each rivet he removes the lace from.

Jim Gunt: I have a sickening feeling that I know who this is, folks.

Mike Rolash: Heh...So do I, Jimbo. Why don't you share with the class?

Ian begins to stir a bit, which prompts Solstice to stop. He drops a hammer-like fist onto Ian's jaw, knocking him out.

Jim Gunt: My god!

Mike Rolash: Alright Jimmy, I'll do it for you. Put it together at home, folks, and see if you can solve the riddle. We know that whoever attacked Jarvis King is someone who hates King. Now, I can't blame anyone who would, but this is a special hate.

Solstice points down at Ian, and obviously says some inaudible words of insult.

Mike Rolash: This kind of hatred is reserved for former friends. Now, there's a lot of friends that King's pissed off over the years, so it's just a matter of narrowing the field. We know it's not Alex Cain, or Chaolin Sahn...

Solstice resumes taking his mask off, lace by lace, rivet by rivet.

Mike Rolash: ...it's not Mark Carlton, or Colton Mace...

The last of the laces undone, Solstice stands over the unconscious Ian King, with the mask hanging limply over his face. He tosses the lace to the ground and looks around the arena.

Mike Rolash: ...Amber Ryan and Big Sexay have other dance partners tonight, so it comes down to one man, and one man only.

A hush falls over the Chicago crowd as Solstice reaches his hands up and begins to take off his mask, revealing...

Jim Gunt: Aw, son of a bitch.

Mike Rolash: THE MAN MADE MONSTER HIMSELF!

With that, the crowd's booing welcomes none other than Shane Donovan! The former GCWA champion looks down on Ian with a cruel smirk, as he tosses the mask atop his fallen foe, and spits on his motionless body. He looks around the crowd a moment, absorbing the boos before dropping down and sliding out of the ring as garbage begins to fill it in his wake. Donovan beats a hasty retreat out of the arena, taking no time to stand on ceremony.

A camera crew immediately follows him to the back, and CWF's backstage reporter Tara Robinson follows him with a microphone in hand.

Tara Robinson: Shane...Shane! Please, can you comment on any of this?

Donovan simply ignores her and keeps walking. Robinson doesn't give up, however, and she and the camera follow closely.

Tara Robinson: You attacked your friend Jarvis King last month and have attacked most of his family since then. You just had a hellacious battle with Ian King. Do you have any comment?

Again, Donovan ignores her, as the three – Donovan, Robinson, and the camera operator - continue on their brisk walk, with the diminutive Robinson struggling to keep up with Donovan. They round a corner and enter the parking garage, where Jack King is sitting in an idling police car. He screams through the back door, muffled but very much audible.

Jack King: You son of a bitch! How could you?!

Shane doesn't stop, but he does smile coolly as he passes by the car. It pulls away just as he gets into a waiting limousine. Tara tries one more time, just before the door closes.

Tara Robinson: Please, can you tell us why you've done this Shane?

With that, the door slams, and the limo starts to speed off. Tara throws her hands in the air, as we cut back to ringside. A number of trainers, EMTs and other officials are at ringside with a stretcher, as other production assistants work to clear the ring of the debris left from both the match and the fans.

Jim Gunt: Well...what we can say is that it's over, but the question remains – why exactly did Shane Donovan betray Jarvis King?

Mike Rolash: I thought I told you, Jim – Jarvis King isn't a likable guy!

As Ian is helped onto the stretcher, the camera zooms in on the crumpled Solstice mask in the center of the ring.

Commercial

Match

An old fashioned alarm clock comes into view, ticking away. As it rings, a male hand tries to swat at it, missing at first, but then swiping it off the night stand. The alarm clock continues ringing, the hand comes back and picks up the alarm clock. A female voice can be heard "Honey, it's time to get up!" Next up the alarm clock is flying towards the door, shattering as it hits the door frame. Cut to the kitchen, where a severely grumpy man is sitting at the table, when his wife brings him an espresso cup, which he downs in one shot. Suddenly his eyes fly open, he is turning lobster red and he begins to sweat profusely. "Jimmy Java's Jalapeno Shot – When you really have to wake up!"

Pregame Meeting

Match

The camera pans in on Duce Jones who sits inside of Chicago Bulls home locker room. He's seated in a chair in front of Bulls point guard, Zach LaVine's locker as he adjusts his kick pads. He then begins taping his hands and wrists, once he is done, he reaches towards his gym bag. He pulls out the Po plush toy from earlier staring at it intently. He suddenly shoves it back into the bag as someone enters the locker room. Duce rises to his feet as none other than Freddie Styles appears on the screen. Freddie has a look of determination on his face as he speaks.

Freddie Styles: You ready for tonight?

Duce Jones: Nothing I can't handle.

Freddie Styles: Just making sure we're on the same page for this match.

Duce Jones: I know the game plan, take out Jace, then see who the best is out the three of us. Anything else?

Freddie Styles: By any means, we can't let him leave with the CWF World Heavyweight Championship.

Duce Jones: I hear ya mane, you don't have to worry bout that. You're someone I respect but at the end of the day just know. This match is every fighter for them self, so I plan on leaving with that belt.

Both Duce and Freddie come face to face in an intense stare down. Freddie smiles as he backs out of the locker room.

Freddie Styles: You're right Duce, let's hope I don't "choke".

Duce Jones: I'm kinda banking on it that you don't.

Duce sits back down in the chair as Freddie nods his head in Duce's direction.

Freddie Styles: Heh, see you in the ring Duce.

Duce Jones: Likewise.

Freddie exits the locker room as Duce pulls the toy from his bag, staring at it once again.

Fade.

Amber Ryan vs. Alex Cain

Match

Ray Douglas: The following is a grudge match set for one fall! Introducing first....

It's the tinkling of the eerie music box that brings the lights down, the crowd murmuring with anticipation, as slowly and silently the big screens seems to crack one by one as shadows to dance across the shattered surfaces.

"You know I heard I don't belong in this game

Still you hold your hands in the air screaming my name

Let's go!"

Lights pulsate in red like an erratic heartbeat as Maria Brinks vocals finally signify the arrival of the silhouetted redhead.

"Baby go ahead

I'll be your hatred and your pain

This is killing us all

I don't care if I fall

We're the dying, we are the damned."

Amber's presence draws a thunderous from the crowd as she slowly steps out from behind the curtain, clearly looking worse for wear after being in captive at the Institute nearly a month. Amber slowly saunters down the ramp as few fans extend hands but receive little acknowledgement for their efforts. She immediately rolls into the ring, no games played tonight. Climbing the turnbuckle left handed, she watches out over the crowd, her gaze cold as she awaits her opponent.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first, from Atlantic City, New Jersey....AMBER RYAN!!

The lights dim in the arena as “Crawling” by Linkin Park blasts over the speaker system. The Living Legend storms out of the curtain atop of one of his trademark Harleys. He revs up the engine several times, but instead of riding it down the ramp he instead parks it. The former fan favorite looks on in disdain as most of the Chicago fans send him an array of boos and hateful chants. The Five Time World champion heads down the ramp, smiling as he rises up on the apron and gets his eyes on the Amber Ryan and all the bruises around nearly every inch of her body. Alex Cain enters the ring and walks over to his former Insurgency teammate, saying a few words that only she can hear before walking right to his corner.

Ray Douglas: And her opponent, from London, England....ALEX CAIN!!

Clark Summits is on the call for this match between two of CWF's legends, and as soon as he calls for the bell Amber snaps into action, running at Cain and walking up the veteran's body and then dropkicking him right into the corner!

Jim Gunt: This match is starting off fast and furious, Mike! Whatever Alex Cain had to say to Amber clearly set her off, and she is not in the mood for games tonight!

Mike Rolash: I can't say I blame her honestly after being in captivity of the SSRI inside the Institute. I mean god only knows what they did to that woman in there. Things we could only find on the dark web until now.

Jim Gunt: Oh god Mike, please tell me you haven't been on the dark web..

Mike Rolash: Hey, a man's gotta make a living!

Amber Ryan stays right on the attack, grabbing Cain and whipping him from one corner to another, preparing for a big splash on the big man. But Cain moves out of the way, the Painted Hurricane meeting nothing but the turnbuckle for her troubles! Alex Cain is behind Ryan now, picking her up and bringing her down with a ring shaking Atomic Drop, and then right into a Blue Thunder Bomb! The veteran is on fire now, and holds onto the Bomb for the first pinfall of the matchup.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Jim Gunt: Impressive offense from the only five time World champion in this company's existence, I guess the big man really hasn't lost a step!

Mike Rolash: It's just like riding a bike, Jimmy, you just gotta get on it and go!

Jim Gunt: Oh yeah What would you know about getting back into a wrestling ring?

Mike Rolash: You know...I've heard things. And I wrestled once, remember Golden Intentions!?

Jim Gunt: Yes we all do, unfortunately.

Alex Cain stays on top of Amber, slapping her across the face and mouthing a few more words to her. But she shoves him off hard. Shock stings the face of Cain as he looks on at his former foe, who kips right up to her feet and calls him in for some more fun! Alex Cain is fine with doing just that, swinging a wild clothesline, but Amber catches his arm out of mid-air and drives him down to the canvas into an armbar!

Jim Gunt: Wow! That was quick, could this match be over just like that, Mike?

Mike Rolash: I hope so, I have to take a fucking piss.

Jim Gunt: Oh Jesus, you're supposed to do that before the show starts!

Mike Rolash: I did, but this has been a long presentation!

Struggling to get his arm free of the grasp of Amber Ryan, Cain seems to have done even more damage to his right arm as he snaps it sideways to break free. The Living Legend's arm is limp, but he is free at least momentarily Amber Ryan is right back up and leaps up for a spinning heel kick to the right arm! She goes for another kick but the big man catches it this time, shaking his head at his former stablemate. ENZIGURI TO THE INJURED ARM!

Alex Cain is down and out now, holding onto his arm to try to shake the pain away from it. SIGNAL 25 VARIED STOMP- THIS TIME RIGHT ONTO THE ARM OF THE RISING CAIN! The Painted Hurricane turns her rival onto his back, looking for the win over the big man.

ONE!

TWO!

NO! Somehow Cain powers out, shoving Amber Ryan off of him!

Jim Gunt: No! The Living Legend still has some fight left!

Mike Rolash: To be honest Jimmy, I'm surprised that Amber has so much fight in her! After being in the Institute for so long, I expected her to be a pushover for Cain in this match!

Jim Gunt: Obviously being in captivity has lit a fire under the ass of the Distorted Angel!

Amber Ryan brings Cain right back to his feet, scissoring around him- CALLING CARD! The DDT is hit perfectly, but Ryan is not done there, transitioning right back into the arm bar! Cain screams out a deep yelp, anguish all over his face as he grabs out to the mat in front of him. The Living Legend twists and pulls, somehow getting to his feet! Cain goes for a makeshift Powerbomb, but Amber Ryan pulls him right back down into the armbar! AND CAIN TAPS OUT IN A FRENZY! The crowd lets out an appreciative cheer, their hero Amber overcoming the odds!

Ray Douglas: And your winner by submission....AMBER RYAN!!

"Sex Metal Barbie" once again begins to play over the speaker system and Amber Ryan immediately lets go of the Armbar.

Jim Gunt: What a match Mike, but clearly the right arm of Alex Cain is hurt. He's going to be getting tests done for the rest of the night. What a shame.

Mike Rolash: What a shame? What a shame that Cain can't live up his end of the bargain to Ryan Sunset! No wonder the old man has been put on probation! After tonight, he very well may be fired!

Jim Gunt: I hope if there's anyone getting fired any time soon, it's you, Mike.

Commercial

Match

We see a regular white bathroom sink. Water is running, the pharmacy above it is open. A hand comes into view, closing it and the mirror suddenly shows a middle-aged man, eyes bloodshot, skin ashen, unkempt hair sticking out in all directions. A fly comes into view, landing on the tap. The man is holding both hands to his ears as if a jetplane just started up next to him. A hand reaches in with a small bottle. The man takes it and takes a swig, immediately looking refreshed, his eyes shining, hair in perfect shape, a smile on his face. "Hair of the Dog Hangover Relief – 30 proof!"

Nothing I Can't Handle

Match

Earlier Tonight...

There are lines of people as far as the eyes can see, outside of the United Center in Chicago, Illinois. Millions of people waiting to fill the arena to witness Confliction live. The camera pans through the crowd showing fans wearing shirts depicting their favorite CWF Superstars, some possess homemade signs, while others wear face paint or mask to support wrestlers such as The Lost Soul, Danger Boiz, and Eris.

The camera soon makes its way towards the back of the stadium, where the wrestlers enter. Stagehands and other personnel move about feverishly trying to get everything set up in place for the show.

Suddenly, a black van pulls to a screeching halt! The side door slides open, a figure is tossed out along with a gym bag. Some of the contents spill onto the ground; maroon and gold kick pads, black with golden designed Nike athletic shoes, maroon tights with gold and black designs, travel brochures, and a Po, Kung Fu Panda plush doll.

Several CWF security and road agents are seen running, approaching the man quickly. One of the road agents being Franklin Fredrickson.

Franklin Fredrickson: Hey Duce! You alright man!?

We see Duce slowly getting up off the pavement, when he's upright, he brushes a few specks of dirt off his clothing. He begins collecting his things, responding to Franklin.

Duce Jones: Yea... I'm good..

Franklin Fredrickson: You sure? Do we need to call the authorities? What happened!?

Duce finally had all his belongings in his bag, holding the plush toy in his right hand, while the bag hangs now from his left shoulder. Looking down at the Po doll he responds once more.

Duce Jones: Nothing I can't handle, excuse me, I have a match to prepare for.

Duce walks past Franklin, along with everyone standing around. He makes his way past the men showing no emotion, as he makes his way inside the United Center.

Fade.

Elisha vs. The Shadow

Match

Mike Rolash: Ouch, that must have hurt, someone should alert the authorities, this was a count of GBH!

Jim Gunt: GBH?

Mike Rolash: Grievous Bodily Harm!

Jim Gunt: How do you know so much about that stuff all of a sudden?

Mike Rolash: Oh, there was that woman once...

Jim Gunt: Are you serious?

Suddenly the tron begins to flicker and it shows...complete darkness. Crickets are chirping and we hear some breathing, uneasy breathing to be exact.

Marcus Maximus: Is this on?

The red light of the camera casts a faint glow onto the features of the CWF's special correspondent.

Jim Gunt: Marcus, where are you?

Marcus Maximus: Well, I am not exactly sure, they didn't tell me. Again. All I know is that it's less cold than last time... But a lot darker!

Jim Gunt: I have a bad feeling about this...

Mike Rolash: Can't we have matches just where we all are anymore? Especially when these two are involved?

Marcus Maximus: Hold on, I think I see something!

The camera turns and a torch springs to life. The picture zooms in and shows Elisha's face in the torch's flickering glow. He raises the torch high above his head, then turns and as he pushes it forward, the flames quickly move outwards in a circular motion before continuing on into the circle, illuminating a giant atom-in-ouroboros sign, standing at least 15 feet high. The fire now shows more of the scene before Marcus (and us).

Jim Gunt: Whoa! What is this about??

We are looking at a large forest clearing, a ring is in the centre, with everything black, ropes, mat, apron, in the centre of the mat we see half an atom-in-ouroboros sign and half a heptagram with a dull glow, setting them apart from the surrounding darkness. Elisha is positioning himself in front of the ouroboros sign, as we see some commotion behind him. As the camera zooms in, we see the 12 Chosen come out of the darkness beyond, all clean cut and in their grey business suits, very precise in their movements and with the same almost blank stare on their faces, taking their place to either side of their leader.

Marcus Maximus: Looks like Elisha has taken his spot, other than that I can't see or hear a thing!

Jim Gunt: Well, it looks as if these two gentlemen have taken it upon themselves to go beyond the regular and why am I even surprised? They have refused to go with any kind of playbook I've ever seen anyways...

Mike Rolash: Do we even have a referee out there?

Jim Gunt: Good question, at Frozen Over they found one somewhere, but I still have no idea who that guy was back then...

Suddenly out of somewhere in the darkness, a familiar voice can be heard...

Charles State: Ladies and Gentlemen, this match is scheduled for no falls.

Jim Gunt: Oh! Charles State is out there?

Mike Rolash: And what does he mean - no falls?

Charles State: This is a Moon and Shadow match. To win, the competitor has to light a torch, a branch or anything else flammable at the burning sign and light seven torches that are placed in the shape of a heptagram around the edges of the clearing. The torches will only stay on for 30 seconds, so it has to be done quickly. The Chosen and the druids surround the ring as lumberjacks. There also is an armoury adjacent to the ring with a variety of weapons available to either competitor. Obviously there are no countouts, no disqualifications and no pinfalls. The first competitor, hailing from Eastern Europe, he is the Moonchild and member of the Eternals - ELISHA!

Suddenly a drum begins to pound, then two and then three, banging in unison. A wordless chant rises from the opposite side of the burning ouroboros sign and one torch after the other lights up, illuminating the twelve druids in a semi circle around the ring. As the camera sweeps over them, we see the differences to the Chosen, with many of the druids long haired, beards, determined and defiant, some with war paint on their faces, a stark contrast to the Chosen on the other side. Slowly they part and through their middle steps another robed figure, holding a staff, approaching the

ring.

Charles State: And the second competitor, hailing from where the light goes to die, he is a member of The Forsaken - THE SHADOW!

The Shadow steps through the ropes and sheds his robe, and as Elisha comes into the ring as well, the two men stand face to face, Elisha's full of contempt, The Shadow's unreadable and stoic. As the staredown continues, someone in a black and white striped referee's jersey pushes himself between them to separate them.

Mike Rolash: It's...it's...it's...it's

Jim Gunt: Great, now I have to reboot him...

Mike Rolash: Denny Davidson!

Jim Gunt: What? But he was fired!

Mike Rolash: Looks like someone unfired him!

Denny Davidson has a very stern talk with both competitors, who give an asserting nod without taking their eyes off the other, and from somewhere out there a bell rings. The two opponents begin to circle each other, while outside of the ring the Chosen and druids are sizing each others up as well, but do not make a move just yet. The Shadow runs at Elisha, aiming for a shoulder to the stomach, but the big man just pushes him down. As he leaps back to his feet, he sees Elisha taunting him to try again, but Shadow instead goes for the ropes and feigning to go for a clothesline goes down and baseball slides the legs out from under Elisha. Having caught his opponent by surprise, The Shadow jumps right on top of Elisha's back, knee in spine, pulling his opponents arms back to increase the pressure.

Elisha howls in a mixture of pain and anger and tries to push The Shadow off his back, but only when he goes completely limp his shift of weight catches the attacker off guard and the momentary lapse in focus and balance enables him to twist his body and force The Shadow to let go. But the Weaver of Dreams does not waste any time, continuing his offense with a run into the ropes and a leaping shoulder block right into the back of Elisha, who is just getting to his feet, sending him back down on the mat, holding his back. Next we know, The Shadow is on his way onto the top turnbuckle.

Mike Rolash: What is he doing? He has to take Elisha out of action, not go for frequent flyer miles!

He leaps off with the Flight of the Night Demon, but Elisha brings up his knees to catch The Shadow smack on the back, leaving him in a writhing mess! Elisha takes the opportunity to jump through the ropes and right for the Armoury,

grabbing a kendo stick and a chair. He throws them into the ring, barely avoiding The Shadow and picking up the chair he towers over his fallen opponent, bring it down hard across his back. After a second shot to the back of The Shadow's head, he places the chair on the back of his head and goes for the middle rope. He leaps off for a double foot stomp, but The Shadow barely manages to push himself out of the way and Elisha lands on the chair that slides off, landing hard on his back.

Jim Gunt: This match already is living up to its promise!

Mike Rolash: Yes, Jim, this has been one of the most intense rivalries we have seen in CWF in a long time and people had quite the expectations. To be honest, I was kind of disappointed that this was just announced as a grudge match, but this here is more like it!

Both wrestlers are on their respective backs, trying to catch their breaths. They get to their feet around the same time, The Shadow using the ropes to pull himself up and as he tries to shake off the cobwebs from the chair hits, Elisha comes running at him with a clothesline that flips his opponent over the ropes and onto the grassy ground that surrounds the ring! Immediately the Chosen move in and while Denny Davidson tries to get them to stop their advance, they pay no heed to the referee. The druids mirror the Chosen's movements and try to form a protective circle around The Shadow, but the truce between the factions is quickly crumbling as the first punches are being traded.

Jim Gunt: And so it starts, it was just a matter of time until this would get chaotic.

Mike Rolash: This is one thing I'm happy that they are not around here for...

Elisha is rolling out of the ring with the kendo stick and unleashes some harsh whips across The Shadow's back. Then he lashes out at the back of the closest druid, taking him by surprise and allowing one of the Chosen to grab the druid's robe and pull him to the ground. With an evil laugh he turns around to continue his assault on The Shadow, but his opponent is gone. He scans his surroundings, but the lack of lighting does not help his cause. Too late he sees him out of the corner of his eye, just in time to see The Shadow's staff come down hard on his head! His knees buckle under the impact and he has to hold on to the apron to stay upright. Another swing to his stomach finally has Elisha fall to the ground, groaning in pain. As the Chosen and druids are in a full on battle, he dodges between the warring factions and grabs a tree branch, running to the burning ouroboros sign, lighting it on fire!

Mike Rolash: Oh, The Shadow is trying to use the chaos to win this!

He manages to light three of the seven required torches, but just as he sets the third one on fire, Elisha is flying at him with a blindside spear, taking him off his feet and against a close by tree trunk. He drags The Shadow back to his feet by his hair, picks him up and with a mighty heave tosses him into the darkness of the underbrush.

Jim Gunt: Uh oh, this might be the chance Elisha needs to get this one!

Elisha picks up the branch and returns to the burning sign to reignite the extinguished fire. Going from torch to torch he sets them ablaze, trying to get through the throng of battling Chosen and druids that have spread out more across the clearing, delaying him a bit. As the torches only stay lit for 30 seconds at a time, he sees the first one go out as he lights the sixth and with a frustrated look on his face runs over to hold the flame to them once more, but The Shadow comes running out of the dark woods with a huge branch, catching Elisha in the side, sending him to the ground, the burning branch flying off, being snuffed out by the impact.

He raises his branch high above his head and brings it down, but Elisha is too quick and rolls out of the way. As the impact with the ground jolts the branch out of The Shadow's grasp, the Eastern European Killing Machine gets back up and uses his whole body to drive his opponent backwards, against the cage wall of the Armoury. The impact knocks the wind out of The Shadow, who is doubled over, just to be met with a rising knee by the Moonchild. He falls to his knees, both out of breath and head ringing. Elisha half pulls, half drags him over to the ring and rolls him inside.

Mike Rolash: What is he doing that for? He won't be counted out...

Blake Church: No, but he is out of the way of Elisha now.

Mike Rolash: Aaaah, don't do that! You don't just sneak up like that, you scared the bejeezus out of me!

Blake Church: My name is Church, that's what I do...

As The Shadow is in the ring, trying to get up, Elisha is rummaging through the Armoury again. Just as The Shadow is back on his feet, Elisha emerges with a scythe and a wicked grin. The Dark Man's eyes grow wide as the sharp blade of the scythe glints in the flickering light of the flames and he backs away to stay out of the reach of the weapon. The Moonchild takes great care to make sure The Shadow can't just take the scythe from him, but as he steps through the ropes and holds it high, suddenly an object flies through the ring, a morning star, not unlike the one Eris had used a while back. Thibodaux gives a quick salute and re-joins the fray.

Mike Rolash: Whoa, we are going medieval now!

Jim Gunt: Looks like the Armoury is well stocked indeed!

It lands with a dull thud at The Shadow's feet and while flabbergasted about the unexpected flying object, he picks it up as he faces Elisha, head held high. Elisha is looking annoyed at his opponent's newly found weapon, but since he does not have much of an option, he comes in swinging and twice The Shadow barely avoids the blade, but then brings up the morning star upon the third strike, its handle the only thing between him and a sure decapitation. The blade stays stuck in the wooden handle, the force of the impact tearing it from The Shadow's grasp, but the additional weight is pulling Elisha forward and The Shadow is able to grab the scythe's handle and wrest it from his opponent's

hands before throwing it out of the ring, where a brave stage hand pulls it from danger while barely avoiding being trampled by one of the fighting Chosen/druid duos.

Mike Rolash: This has been an all out war, The Shadow can be happy he's still alive!

Jim Gunt: To say this has been intense is an understatement, but looks like we are looking at a calm within the storm here!

The two opponents are standing face to face, out of breath, sweating, sizing each other up, when they realize that there is silence around them. They both take a look around and all fighting has seized for the moment, with four druids and two Chosen being carried and dragged from the battlefield by their teammates and everybody regrouping. Two men are standing face to face, though, Choronzon, the newly anointed Chosen and Matthias Eddy, the latest recruit to the druids, nose to nose, when odd noises from the Armoury draw everybody's attention and several different weapons are flying through its door, from kendo sticks to different kinds of bats. Sanford Thibodaux comes out with a wide smile as the druids gather the tools, advancing on the Chosen once more.

Thibodaux: Hey, nobody said that fun stuff was just for you guys!

Jim Gunt: Looks like things are getting even more interesting outside of the ring now and it's true, I didn't hear anything about only The Shadow and Elisha being allowed in there.

Elisha charges forward, but at the last moment drops to the mat and rolls himself out of the ring to go for the Armoury. Seeing his chance, The Shadow jumps out of the ring to grab a branch, but Elisha emerges from the Armoury with a long metal chain. Going after The Shadow he begins to swing the chain and releases it towards The Shadow, catching him close to his throat. With a quick yank he tightens the chain links and pulls back, stopping his opponent dead in his tracks. While The Shadow goes to his knees and tries to release the chain's hold on his neck, Elisha runs by, grabs the branch and proceeds to the ouroboros sign to light it. The Chosen and druids pretty much neutralize each other at this time, so Elisha begins to make his trek around the clearing, setting alight torch after torch. Seeing this, The Shadow gives up on trying to get the chain off him and just grabs the long end and starts to swing it over his head. He releases it as Elisha is lighting up the fourth torch, wrapping it around his opponent's neck as well, using his own body as counterweight. Grabbing the chain and letting himself fall backwards, he yanks Elisha off his feet and to the ground. The Shadow crawls towards him with a mirthless smile.

The Moonchild is ready this time, though, taking the end of the chain and slamming it into The Shadow's face, drawing some blood from the temple. With the Weaver of Dreams momentarily down, Elisha manages to get the chain off his neck and races back to the Armoury, coming out with a barbed wire wrapped bat, running at The Shadow swinging, connecting with his back/shoulder, ripping through the black shirt, leaving some red marks. Crying out in pain, The Shadow tries to get away from the brutal assault and disappears under the ring's apron. Immediately Elisha is back on his way to the fire with a branch, but he does not get far, because The Shadow is coming out the other side of the ring, but he is not coming out empty-handed...

Mike Rolash: How much stuff is there everywhere?

Jim Gunt: I don't think he's going gardening, though!

As he emerges, he has a shovel in his hands and just as Elisha is setting the branch on fire, he brings it down right between his shoulders, sending the Moonchild down in a heap. Throwing the shovel into the woods, he picks up the branch, sees it take flame and races off to the torches, but is stopped dead in his tracks by Choronzon, who is holding the barbed wire bat of Elisha, smacking The Shadow in the head as he tries to rush by. With a wicked grin he raises the bat one more time, but is interrupted by Thibodaux, who brings a sledgehammer down onto the bat, snapping it in half and then packs a right punch that sweeps Choronzon off his feet.

Jim Gunt: Ooh, that was close!

The Shadow quickly looks around to try to find Elisha, but the big man is nowhere to be seen. He picks up the still burning branch and continues along the torches. But the ongoing melee between the factions slows him down to the point that he has to leave the clearing to make headway, which proves to be a costly mistake. As he re-emerges, Elisha is waiting for him, wrapping a plastic tarp around his head and pulling tight. The Shadow drops the branch and is frantically clawing at the tarp as it is cutting off his air supply, but he is quickly losing strength.

Mike Rolash: Oh my God, he is trying to kill him!

Jim Gunt: I don't think this is in the rulebook...

Mike Rolash: What rulebook??

Elisha is laughing as The Shadow drops down to one knee first, then the second one until he collapses. The Moonchild reluctantly lets go, but reminds himself of what is at stake. He takes the branch and walks over to the ouroboros sign. Exuding an aura of confidence, sure of victory, he does not run, but walks from torch to torch, setting them afire, while the Chosen have the druids cornered.

The Shadow: You need someone else to finish your job? Cannot do it man versus man?

Elisha stops and looks at the ring, where The Shadow is standing looking like a wraith outlined against the burning ouroboros sign in the background. Shirt in tatters, flying in the wind, bloody streaks across his shoulder, blood matting the hair on the side of his head.

The Shadow: You are weaker than I thought! I did not think the Moonchild was a coward...

His face contorted in anger at the insult of The Shadow, Elisha throws the branch to the ground and jumps up onto the apron. The Shadow is motioning for him to come in and the Moonchild obliges, charging at him like a manic bull seeing red. He goes for The Shadow with his shoulder, but the Weaver of Dreams just side steps him and rams his elbow into his neck in passing. Elisha briefly drops to one knee, but then whirls around, seething hatred in his eyes.

He runs at The Shadow one more time and this time connects, throwing his opponent hard into the corner.

The Shadow winces with the shooting pain through his shoulder and rest of his body, but refuses to go down. With one last effort he runs at Elisha and the running drop kick hits Elisha in the chin, knocking him out. Immediately The Shadow throws himself to the mat and rolls out, headed for the fire, while the druids see this final stand and break through the Chosen's ranks.

As The Shadow runs from torch to torch, suddenly one grey-clad man steps in front of him once again, the man formerly known as Anthony McMillan and now Choronzon. He swats the burning branch out of The Shadow's hand and throws it away, but Thibodaux picks it up, throws it back across the ring, with Elisha almost getting his hands on it as he is getting to his feet. The Shadow catches it, but Choronzon is still standing in his way.

Mike Rolash: There he is again! This is between Elisha and The Shadow, these people should not be allowed to interfere!

Suddenly one of the druids breaks free of the grasp of one of the Chosen and runs up behind Choronzon, putting his arm around his neck and lifting him in a chinlock that enables The Shadow to continue along the torches. Elisha runs at him as he nears the last torch, when a shout from one of the druids alerts the Weaver of Dreams.

He turns towards the oncoming Elisha, bringing down the burning branch like a sword, hitting the Moonchild in the side of the head in a shower of sparks. The impact brings Elisha down to his knees, frantically dabbing at his hair that has caught fire. With a last chance effort The Shadow leaps forward and lights the final torch mere moments before the first torch extinguishes.

Charles State: And the winner is....THE SHADOW!!

Jim Gunt: Wow, this was one of the most intense matches we have seen in CWF outside of the Tower, people are going to talk about this for a while! Speaking of which, where's Marcus?

The camera scans the area, showing both Chosen and druids tending to injuries and four of the Chosen accompanying Elisha away from the clearing, and catches a glimpse of some movement at the edge of the clearing, barely visible. As

it approaches we see Marcus Maximus huddled up in a tree.

Mike Rolash: Marcus, are you ok?

Marcus Maximus: Yes, I'm ok, but this was insane, how do I always end up out there?

Jim Gunt: I don't know, but you can come down now, everything is over.

Marcus Maximus: No, I am not!

Jim Gunt: But the match is over, there is no more danger.

Marcus Maximus: No, I am staying right here!

The camera turns around to look scan for any residual action, when we hear a crack and dull thud. The cameraman turns back and shows Marcus flat on the ground, the branch he had been sitting on next to him...

Marcus Maximus: No, I'm not going!

The scene fades as two druids come over to help him back to his feet.

The Key To The Truth

Match

J. Rish's eyes have barely left the golden key ever since the woman of the Ritten House placed it within his hands. She said it was the key to find "the light and the truth". But what did that really mean, though? The words rang over and over in his head like they were playing on a repeated record. He looks down at the lettering written in Hiragana, typing the letters into his phone one last time. Moments later he snaps the phone shut, coming onto his feet from the bench he was sitting on.

J. Rish: Keio Plaza. Why Keio Plaza and what does this have to do with finding the "light"? Ah...I guess there's only one way to find out.

Muttering to himself, Rish pushes past the crowd of people as he quickly storms down a corridor. A minute later, he comes to a desk where a woman and male both wearing black dress shirts and slacks stand ahead of a large black board. Dozens, maybe hundreds of cities and times scrolling digitally across them in a flash. Rish looks up at the board and then back at the man greeting him.

Clerk: Hello sir, welcome to Philadelphia International Airport. Where can we fly you this evening?

Rish looks at the man with stone cold eyes.

J. Rish: Tokyo, Japan, as quickly as possible.

He sucks in a deep breath and exhales.

J. Rish: The entire world could be in danger.

The clerk raises his eyebrow and pulls out a small stack of papers, placing them on top of the desk with a pen beside it.

Clerk: Well alright then, let's get to signing these papers then shall we? I'm also going to need to see your photo ID, passport, and check any bags you plan to bring. Other than that, sir? I hope you enjoy your flight, and if what you say is true, I hope you solve whatever issues you have.

Rish takes his wallet out of his pocket and begins to lay all of his ID cards on the desk as fast as he can. The golden key remains tightly within his left hand. He takes his right and grabs the pen and begins signing his signature in a messy flash.

J. Rish: Oh, I intend to. I must find my son.

Fade.

Commercial

Match

The Australian outback. The sun is burning down, a copse of trees the only sign of shade-giving vegetation. A group of kangaroos has sought relief from the heat. One of them is handing out Sewer Beer bottles from its pouch. "Oh mate, that's is just what we need in this heat!" *2 hours later* The kangaroos are visibly sloshed and are singing some rather off-kilter version of "Waltzing Matilda". Then one of them yells "Joey!". When the camera zooms out, one kangaroo (we assume it is Joey) is throwing up into the pouch of another roo. "Sewer Beer – The Taste from Down Under!"

Jace Valentine vs. Mariella Jade Flair vs. Freddie Styles vs. Duce Jones

Match

Jim Gunt: Wow Mike, after certainly one of the most interesting matches in CWF history, the Shadow has toppled the mighty Elisha. Who would have guessed that such a feat could ever be done?

Mike Rolash: MJ Flair.

Jim Gunt: Well speaking of MJ Flair, it is time for tonight's main event! Take it away Ray!

Ray Douglas: The following match is a Fatal Fourway Match set for one fall and is our Conflicion MAAAAIINNN EVENT FOR THE CWF WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP! Introducing first...

You know I've been waitin' on this my whole life

Styles is the future

Let's make shit happen

BALLGAME!

The lights go down, and all you see is a silhouette of a man, as the opening riff of "DemiGods" begins to play.

This is my time, my grind

Promise I'mma do this right

Hoping I see the sign, now I give it all I got

This is not what you think

This is nowhere near a game to me

It's the air that I breathe...

As the song moves into the verse, Freddie steps out from behind the curtain as he just stands there in his hooded vest, hood over his head, bouncing from side to side, before making his slow walk towards the ring.

Demi-gods and hungry ghosts

Oh God, God knows I'm not at home

I'll never find someone quite like you again

I'll never find someone quite like you again

Freddie slowly walks up the ring steps, and steps through the ropes. He then stands on the middle rope, holding one arm above him, before stepping down, and leaning over in a corner. He takes the hood from off his head, then takes the vest off completely, tossing it to the floor, awaiting the beginning of the match.

Ray Douglas: First, from Atlanta, Georgia. He is the former heavy hitter of the Eternals, here is....FREDDIE STYLES!!

"Apex Predator" by Otep sounds over the speaker system and the lights shine bright over Mariella Jade Flair as she steps out from behind the curtain, garnering a massive response from the audience immediately. Flair looks on as

pyros shoot from all over the stage, smoke quickly filling the area but she walks right through it. MJ claps a few hands as she makes her way down towards the ring, bouncing her head to her music a little bit as she approaches the entrance steps. She enters the ring and immediately goes over to Freddie Styles, shaking his hand out of respect.

Ray Douglas: And the second competitor in this matchup currently resides in Warwick, New York. She is the Legacy....MARIELLA JADE FLAIR!!

The lights in the arena dim, as orange strobe lights move all across the venue.."Smiling Faces" by Kevin Gates is blasting throughout the PA system as Duce Jones out onto the stage. The fans cheer with admiration as he stands there and surveys the crowd.. He then strolls down to the ring slapping the hands of some of the fans who are sitting ringside. Duce makes it down to the ring where he hops onto the apron and climbs inside the ring. He sprints past both MJ and Freddie to the nearest corner and climbs to the second rope and begins looking into the screaming crowd once again. Duce climbs down from the corner, turns around, giving a respectful nod to both of his opponents in the ring.

Ray Douglas: And thirdly from Jonesboro, Arkansas, he is the former CWF World champion....DUCE JONES!!

"We've Had Enough" by Alkaline Trio begins to play and all the cheering the crowd had been doing for the three competitors entering before the CWF World champion all come back tenfold, just changed into a complete display of hatred for Jace Valentine as he steps out from behind the curtain wearing one of his trademark sparkling robes. The Host with the Most spins around on the stage as fireworks shoot up in the sky, taking in the big moment as only a Valentine can do. Jace looks down at the World championship strapped around his waist, an evil grin covering his whole face as he struts down the ramp. Chaolin Sahn's spirit has turned him into a whole new kind of warrior. The three competitors standing in the ring look unimpressed but Valentine ignores them, entering the ring with the cocky smile never leaving his face, even as he takes off his robe mid-spin, handing it over the ropes to the time keeper.

Ray Douglas: And finally, the reigning and defending CWF World Heavyweight champion. From Montreal, Quebec, Canada.....JACE VALENTINE!!

Jim Gunt: It's finally time, Mike! The Battle of Chicago is about to begin!

Mike Rolash: Three of the very best competitors around the world vying to bring down "the man". Too bad it's not going to happen, Valentine is walking out of Confliction still champion, mark my words! He is an all new man with Sahn in his head!

Jim Gunt: We will see. Now let's go to the ring as Trent Robbins is about to start off this massive match-up!

With the spotlight shining brightly down on Jace Valentine and his top three contenders, Trent Robbins motions for the bell, with it bringing a loud cheer from the sold out crowd packed into Chicago's United Center like sardines. All four competitors begin to make their move towards the center of the ring, but then all briefly stop to scope out each of their

opponents. Finally Freddie Styles moves in first to hit a quick kick to the back of Valentine's leg. MJ Flair goes for the attack on Jace Valentine, too, but he ducks under a clothesline attempt from her and it hits Duce Jones instead!

MJ puts her hands up in front of her face as Jones looks to rear back and hit her in response, taking a deep breath to steady himself as all three challengers turn their attention to the once cocky champion. Valentine's face turns white as a ghost as he begins backing up into the corner, knowing that he literally has nowhere to go.

Jim Gunt: Here we go, the Jace That Runs the Place is about to get the beating that he truly has coming to him!

Mike Rolash: Host with the Most, Jimmy. Jace clearly does not like to be referred to as the man who runs the place.

Jim Gunt: Why not? I thought that was a pretty good moniker myself.

Doing his best attempt to sweet talk his way out of an all-out beat down, Jace Valentine begins smiling with his hands in the air. Just as all three of his angry challengers look to pounce the witty champion drops down, quickly sliding underneath the bottom rope to the outside of the ring. Valentine backs up the ramp with his hands out straight, taking in all the resounding jeers from the crowd as he does so.

The rest of the competitors in the ring have had enough of his games, knowing that even with Jace outside of the ring they have to do their best to get the one and only pinfall that will win this match. Freddie Styles and Duce Jones trade right hands, neither man backing down from each other. MJ Flair breaks up the manly battle as she bounces off the ropes, driving her boots into both men with a huge split dropkick! Flair taunts the cheering fans momentarily before turning back towards Valentine. SUICIDE DIVE FOREARM TO THE BACK OF HIS RIBCAGE AS HE TRIES TO RETREAT UP THE RAMP!

Jim Gunt: Mariella Jade Flair showing some umph in the early going of this matchup, as she not only took out Jones and Styles, but even the World champion with that impressive Suicide Dive Forearm Smash combo!

Mike Rolash: But the maneuver seems to have taken just as much out of MJ, as she landed pretty hard on the bottom of the steel ramp!

Duce Jones is back up to his feet just a few seconds before Freddie Styles, busting him in the face with a knee as he tries to get up. Styles shakes it off, calling the former World champion in for another D-Trigga Knee. He gladly obliges. D-TRIGGA KN-NO! Styles sidesteps and catches the leg of Jones on the way through, doubling him over right to the canvas.

SINGLE LEGHOOK SUPLEX! And Styles holds on for the first cover of the evening!

ONE!

TWO!

NO! MJ breaks up the cover!

Mike Rolash: Well the team of MJ Flair and Freddie Styles has quickly disintegrated, Jimmy!

Jim Gunt: I don't think they ever truly WERE a team, Mike. They were always just two people with common ideas, with common enemies, with common goals.

Mike Rolash: You're so fucking common.

Jim Gunt: Oh shut up.

Pulling the leg of Styles just enough to pull him off of Jones, MJ lets go of him quickly and raises her hands up as Styles gets up and looks outside of the ring right in her direction. He sighs, going to turn back around to Jones but sees Valentine getting to his feet behind MJ Flair. Freddie Styles' eyes light up and he raises his hand to point out the Host with the Most but it is too late, CUPID'S CHOKEHOLD! Valentine latches onto the Flair That Doesn't Care with all of his body weight, taking her off her feet and squeezing tightly with the Gogoplata! His legs are like vicegrips, taking the life right out of MJ Flair, Luckily for her Styles is to her rescue, leaping off his feet onto the top rope and then through the air in an instant. BACKFLIP MOONSAULT ONTO BOTH VALENTINE AND FLAIR TO BREAK UP THE HOLD!

HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!

Jim Gunt: Our first holy shit of the main event, Mike. For some odd reason, I don't think it'll be the last!

Mike Rolash: No, I would say not. This matchup is sure to bring out the very best out of all four of these competitors tonight, as the greatest prize in the game is on the line!

Jim Gunt: THERE CAN BE ONLY ONE!

With a dozen ringside fans clamoring towards the barricade to watch Flair, Styles, and Valentine all slowly start to rise up, it is Duce Jones in the ring who grabs their attention. The charismatic former World champion shouts for the the crowd to get to their feet, and then heads for the ropes, using all of the momentum he can possibly get from the spring to send him into a frenzy. Duce leaps as he gets to the next set of ropes, corkscrewing over the top. WITH PINPOINT PRECISION HE CORKSCREWS HIS KNEE THROUGH A SEA OF HUMANITY! A SPLURGE OF BLOOD COMES

FROM STYLES' MOUTH AS HIS FACE IS THE FIRST JONES GOES THROUGH!

HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!

Jim Gunt: Well I guess you were right Mike, the fans are going absolutely crazy here in the United Center!

Mike Rolash: Can you blame them though!? These four men and women are already showing why CWF is the best of the very best, and this match is far from over. Whoever comes out of Confliction with the gold will surely have a lot to proud of.

Jim Gunt: But now all four of these world class athletes are down in a heap on the outside of the ring. While this matchup may not have any countouts or disqualifications due to Fatal Fourway rules, one of these men or women must get an opponent in the ring to be able to pin or submit them!

Trent Robbins looks discontent with his role as official in the ring, stopping himself from counting out the competitors and looking on incredulously as they slowly pull themselves to their feet. Duce Jones and Jace Valentine are the first up, the two men who main evented Modern Warfare renewing their rivalry with back and forth right hands. The first from Jones rocks Valentine but he swings back, bringing Jones up the ramp a bit further from the momentum. Valentine looks for a running spear but Jones catches him and drives him down. STIFF DDT HEADFIRST ON THE RAMP!

Mike Rolash: Oh no! That could have caused Jace brain damage! Disqualify him ref, Jesus!

Jim Gunt: There are no disqualifications, Mike, this is a fatal fourway. You'd think after commentating for this company for off and on going on eighteen freaking years now, that you would know the rules of a freaking wrestling freaking match!

Mike Rolash: Calm down there, chief. I just don't want to see our precious champion receive a concussion. Have you read some of the recent studies on concussions in sports? It's horrendo..

Jim Gunt: Stop. Acting. Like. You. Care.

Stomping down on the unmoving body of Valentine, Duce Jones shouts out a primal scream, showing that he has clearly come to his breaking point after having the title stolen from him a month ago. Jones goes to grab the World champion back up to deliver more damage, but it is MJ Flair who turns him around and smacks him with an elbow to the face. MJ now goes for Jace but Freddie Styles turns her around- Roundhouse Kick!

Now it is only Styles and Jace, and the former Eternal looks to make quick work of his former compadre by sending

him back into the ring and rolling in after him. Styles executes a simple leg drop down across the neck of Valentine, looking for a fast cover thereafter.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: Styles is a little quick on the gun, but I would love to have seen him defeat Jace Valentine one, two, three here tonight. That would really put the sticks to Sunset!

Mike Rolash: The sticks? And I thought Alex Cain was old fashioned.

Jim Gunt: Not old fashioned, Mike. Classic. Get it right.

Freddie Styles stays right on Valentine, pulling him right up to his feet and stinging him with a knife edge chop across his chest. Valentine backs up but receives a second and a third chop, and then a fourth right to the face! The Host with the Most has had enough! He catches the fifth attempt at a chop, spinning through Freddie Styles and shoving him face-first into the top turnbuckle!

Valentine retreats but barely, dropping to his knee as he tries to get away from his former Eternal partner. But MJ Flair climbs quickly onto the apron and leaps over the ropes before he can even get to his feet. SNAP HURRICANRANA SENDS VALENTINE DOWN HARD! And Flair goes for the cover, right in front of Styles!

ONE!

TWO!

NO! Styles pulls off Flair!

Jim Gunt: Turnabout is fairplay here, Mike!

Mike Rolash: I don't know why that dumb broad would even go for the cover with Styles standing in the ring right beside her, she clearly must have thought she had Styles wrapped around her finger.

Jim Gunt: Well, she does have pretty fingers.

Mike Rolash: Oh god Jim, leave your finger fetishes at home!

Styles and Flair share a cold glare for just a moment, before he shrugs his shoulders and calls her to get to her feet. When she does so he doesn't call for a lock up but instead lifts Valentine back to his feet, the two of them working him over with back to back kicks to the chest and rib area. Now Duce Jones is back in the ring looking for some action of his own, backing up both of his opponents and aiming for the World champion. SHINING WIZARD KNEE STRIKE NEARLY KNOCKS VALENTINE'S CRANIUM OFF!

Jim Gunt: All three of Jace Valentine's challengers have once again seemingly teamed up with one another, Mike. It looks like they plan to first take out the champion, and then have the match all to themselves!

Mike Rolash: Such an astute observation there, how long did it take you to figure that one out?

Jim Gunt: About as long as it took me to figure out that the rest of my life would be living hell as long as I have to keep sitting next to you every single week.

Mike Rolash: You know where the door is buddy, don't let it hit ya'.

With Jace Valentine crumpled down in a lifeless ball, the other three competitors in the match turn their attention back on one another. The raucous Chicago crowd let out a bright cheer as they circle each other, ready to see this one finally break loose. Former World champion Duce looks to make the first move going for a D-Trigga knee on Freddie Styles, but he sideshifts and latches onto MJ Flair from behind.

Styles immediately hooks in a sleeper lock, trying to sink it in as quickly as he can to put the 2nd generation superstar to sleep. Before he can MJ pulls down with all her might, jawbreaker! The jolt shoots him slightly in the air- RIGHT INTO A SUPERKICK FROM DUCE JONES! Styles lands awkwardly through the ropes, his body half hanging down to the outside, but the action is far from over. Jones calls the only remaining standing competitor over to him, and MJ Flair reciprocates with a kick to the side of his leg and then one to the other, and then a straight punch that Jones catches and pulls her down with an armdrag. RUNNING YAKUZA KICK TO THE LEGACY! Jones hooks the leg of Flair, looking for the victory!

ONE!

TWO!

NO! Valentine leaps towards two of his three challengers, headbutting Duce Jones right off the cover!

Jim Gunt: What a headbutt there from the World champion! But I think he may have caused himself to go a little woozy from the impact!

Mike Rolash: Must not have caused too much damage, he's still aware enough to go for the cover on MJ!

Indeed Jace Valentine does just that, shoving Jones off of the downed Flair and taking the cover for himself.

ONE!

TWO!

But this time it is Freddie Styles who breaks up the cover, by picking Valentine up off of MJ Flair and T-BONE SUPLEXING HIS ASS HARD TO THE MAT! Styles is the last man standing, and he knows it, a smile coming across his face as he raises his hands in the air to a cheerful response. He waits for Duce Jones to get to his feet with the help of the corner ring ropes before running right at him- **STYLES SPLASH!** Freddie looks to the opposite side of the ring where MJ is now getting up- **STYLES SPLASH TO HER TOO!** And now Valentine's turn- **STYLES SPLASH AND THE FANS ARE GOING WILD!** The former Eternal looks at all three of his opponents deciding on who to make the cover on, eventually deciding to pin his former compadre.

ONE!

TWO!

Jim Gunt: Is he gonna do it, Mike!? Three tandem Styles Splashes, are we going to see a new World champion right now!?

THREE!

Jim Gunt: Yes!

NO! Valentine rolls a shoulder at the last second!

Mike Rolash: No! The champ is still in this one, baby!

Freddie Styles is visibly upset that the big splash was not enough to put away Valentine, but he quickly comes to his

senses and pulls himself up, shouting for Jace to get up and take the Ballgame! But Duce Jones turns him around and surprises him with a Sambo Suplex! The former World champion once again looks to take control of the match by going after the man who stole the title from him, however MJ Flair has the same idea, heading for Jace too.

The two of them glance at each other and nod, Jones lifting up the Host with the Most and Brainbusting him right onto Flair's outstretched knee! Valentine flops around the ring like a fish holding the back of his neck, escaping underneath the bottom rope to the outside to save himself some time. Jones decides to turn his attention back over to Freddie Styles, receiving a leaping Pele Kick for his troubles! Flair and Styles now go to lock up but he grabs her arm and goes behind for an armlock. Flair is ready for the maneuver, smiling before breaking free with a back elbow with her free arm, spinning around- CLOTHESLINE DOUBLES OVER STYLES! Flair hooks both legs of the Stylish one!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE-NO! Styles somehow kicks out!

Jim Gunt: Another very close nearfall there Mike, this one may go all night long!

Mike Rolash: I hope not, I have a curfew!

Jim Gunt: What, are you on probation or what?

Mike Rolash: No comment. Last week's Evolution after party was pretty crazy..

Jim Gunt: Jesus. Back to the actual in-ring action MJ Flair is back to her feet scoping her three opponents, who will she make the move on?

MJ Flair goes for Duce, but her fellow 2nd generation superstar brings up a rising shoulder to her gut in response. The Duce with all the Juice grabs the Flair that Doesn't Care by her arm, irish whip into the ropes- no. MJ Flair reverses and sends him flying hard face-first into a big boot from Freddie Styles! Flair looks a bit surprised as she turns around and sees Styles standing there, but as she runs at him she is caught and swung over- TILT-A-WHIRL BACKBREAKER! BALLGAME TO DUCE JONES AS HE STAGGERS BACKWARDS RIGHT INTO HIS IMPENDING DOOM! It's over as Styles goes for the win!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO!

Jim Gunt: Duce Jones gets his foot on the ropes, saving himself from defeat!

Mike Rolash: That's bullshit!

Jim Gunt: But if it were Jace Valentine you'd be calling it intelligent in-ring psychology.

Mike Rolash: Good point. But still!

Freddie Styles takes in a deep sigh as his eyes meet the outstretched left leg of Jones laying barely on the bottom rope. He wastes no time in grabbing the leg of the former champ off the ropes, locking in a Knee Bar! Jones flails around and once again grabs for the ropes, but before he can make it there Styles uses his own body to pull them to the center of the ring. Unfortunately for the both of them, their bodies are still locked into a tightened position as they notice Valentine scaling up the top rope. FROG SPLASH ONTO BOTH JONES AND STYLES TIED UP LEGS! The True Era of Arrogance holds onto his ribs as pain singes up his body, but he makes the cover on Jones as quickly as he can.

ONE!

TWO!

THR-NO! MJ Flair breaks up the fall with a leg drop to the back of Valentine's head!

Jim Gunt: Yeah! You go MJ! Now the match is all yours hon, get er' done!

Mike Rolash: Never say that again.

Jim Gunt: Don't tell me what to say, asshole. Come on MJ!

As Rolash stings Gunt with a sucker punch to the shoulder, MJ Flair picks up Valentine and places a well placed kick to

the back of his head. She continues to look to maintain the advantage over the woozy champion with an elbow and then a straight punch to his temple. Valentine raises his arms up trying to block what he can but MJ leaps up placing her legs around his head, taking him right down to the canvas with a headscissors and not letting go!

Jim Gunt: Jace Valentine is going to tap out here! New champion!

Mike Rolash: Oh get real, Jimmy. The Overnight Submission Specialist doesn't tap, he makes people tap!

Jim Gunt: We'll see, Valentine is looking like a fish out of water at this very moment!

As MJ Flair holds tight to her submission hold on the reigning CWF World champion, Freddie Styles has rolled outside of the ring and begun a search for weapons underneath the ring! The crowd lets out a brief cheer as he tosses not one, not two, but three steel chairs high up and into the ring, nearly hitting Flair as she dodges and continues yanking at Valentine's neck with her braced legs. Duce Jones is back to his feet and catches a fourth chair thrown right out of mid-air.

A wicked smile comes across his face as he flails back, bringing the chair down on the writhing body of Jace Valentine! And again! The Host with the Most is in uncontrollable pain and is just about to tap out, but after just a moment's hesitation, Jones brings the chair down on MJ's legs, breaking the hold! The sold out Chicago crowd actually boo Duce Jones, but go right back to cheering as they see Styles spiking a wooden table through his legs, taking Jones off his feet!

Jim Gunt: Here comes the artillery, Mike. This one's about to get messy!

Mike Rolash: Like a night out with Jim Gunt's mom!

Jim Gunt: Leave my poor mother out of this!

Freddie Styles is once again the only man standing in the ring, and this time he looks to use that advantage to finally take the one World championship that has eluded him his entire career. The former Eternal sets up the wooden table and softly slams Jace Valentine on top of it, laying into him with a few quick right hands to keep the man down. He looks around to get his positioning of the ring, preparing himself to go to the top rope and put Valentine through the table. A steel chair being thrown in his directions stops him in his tracks, chucked hard by Duce Jones!

Duce bends down and grabs onto another one of the many chairs thrown into the ring by Freddie Styles but the former Eternal now has one of his own. And both men swing at the same time, clanging the steel chairs together resoundingly! Styles reers back and swings again but Duce ducks under and drops his chair as he goes behind Freddie. He bends over Styles quickly into an upside down position. PILEDRIVER! Jones goes for the cover, even as he sees Jace

coming to on the table out of the corner of his eye.

ONE!

TW-NO! Valentine comes down off the table hard, dropping both knees down across the spine of Duce Jones! And MJ Flair is back up also, running double legged dropkick to Valentine!

"THIS IS AWESOME! *clap clap clap* THIS IS AWESOME!"

Jim Gunt: I generally tend to agree with the opinions of these wonderful CWF fans and tonight is no different. This match, this entire Confliction pay per view has been SO FREAKING AWESOME!

Mike Rolash: You're fucking right it has! Duce Jones, Freddie Styles, and Mariella Jade Flair are giving it their absolute all. But like I told you earlier Jimbo, it will NOT be enough. Rest assured!

Jim Gunt: Certainly not if Jace has anything to say about it. But fortunately for us all as MJ stomps down across the face of the Host with the Most, he doesn't have much to say at all right now!

After stomping down on Valentine several times, MJ turns around and picks up a steel chair, looking to put away the champion once and for all. But he rolls out of the ring just in time of her swinging the chair! The cockiest of smirks consumes the face of the True Era of Arrogance, but he once again did not account for the several competitors in this matchup as Styles has mounted the top rope. CORKSCREW MOONSAULT PINPOINTS JACE VALENTINE AND EXPLODES HIM INTO ABANDONMENT!

"HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!"

Jim Gunt: Freddie Styles may have just killed the World champion, Mike! Valentine may need medical attendance at this point, that was just sick!

Mike Rolash: I sure as hell hope not, it would be a travesty to see Valentine carried out of here on a stretcher!

Jim Gunt: Why, then he could once again use the excuse that he "never lost the title" for the next five years.

MJ Flair looks over the ropes to the outside of the ring where Styles and Valentine lay sprawled out, neither man holding onto their consciousness with much strength. She decides to turn her attention back to the only other competitor inside the squared circle, but unfortunately for her Jones has been waiting for her to turn around. D-TRIG-NO! MJ sidesteps and twirls around, roundhouse kick to Jones! She pulls the former champion to the nearest

corner, using all her might to mount him onto the top rope. But Jones busts her in the face with a knee! MJ doesn't flinch, Spinning Backfist to Jones!

With the crowd once again on their feet screaming their hearts out, MJ goes up to the ropes looking to take Jones out for the final time. Somehow though, Freddie Styles is back in the ring, taking his own shots at both of his remaining challengers with his balled right hand. Styles and MJ Flair both seem to have the same thought, as the two of them link their arms together over the head of Duce Jones, looking for a SUPERPLEX-NO! Valentine attacks from behind, breaking up the Plex with hard kicks to both Styles and Jones ribs. Like a cat with rabies, Valentine scurries up the backs of both Jones and Styles, leaping onto the neck of MJ Flair.

FRANKENSTEINER OFF THE TOP-NO! At the beginning of the rana's transition Freddie Styles and Duce Jones fight back, the two of them consuming Valentine like a dark shadow as they brutalize him with fists. The two men make it to the middle rope, their arms wrapped around the Host with the Most's head as they pull it back. DOUBLE REVERSE DDT OFF THE MIDDLE ROPE- BUT VALENTINE IS STILL ATTACHED TO MJ FLAIR! ALL FOUR COMPETITORS GO FLYING IN THE SICKEST TOWER OF DEATH EVER! EXPLODING THROUGH THE FUCKING TABLE TO BOOT!

"HOLY SHIT!"

"THIS IS AWESOME!"

"HOLY SHIT!"

Jim Gunt: Medic! We need a freaking medic for god's sakes!

Mike Rolash: I mean...are any of these four even alive after that!? That was absolutely insane! We have pieces of wood, chairs, bodies lying everywhere! This is awesome!

Jim Gunt: This. Is. CWF!

Every fan in the United Center is on their feet screaming tandem chants of "This is awesome" or "Holy shit". Meanwhile inside the ring is a car crash, a massacre, four men and women who have given their heart and soul and at this very moment when they lay on their backs barely breathing, they're starting to wonder if it was truly worth it.

Of course it was worth it. The CWF World Heavyweight Championship is on the line.

With bones popping back into place and minds going out of the blackness; somehow, somehow all four competitors slowly but surely begin to stir. It is Duce Jones and Freddie Styles who are the first up, both men clearly spent as they hold each other into position. Jones with a knife edge chop. Styles with one of his own. He grabs onto Jones looking for

a Belly to Belly Suplex but Jones will not move, and headbutts out it!

D-TRIGGA KNEE SENDS STYLES TUMBLING OUT OF THE RING! And now Jace Valentine is somehow pulling himself up, D-TRIGG-NO! The World champion instead sidesteps him and kicks him in the balls. HEARTBREAKER! Valentine with the cover, and the entire world is booing from the United Center all the way to Tokyo, Japan as Jace Valentine looks to stay at the top of the CWF mountain!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO! MJ FLAIR TAKES VALENTINE'S HEAD OFF WITH A STEEL CHAIR!

Jim Gunt: Talk about holy shit! Holy concussion, Mike!

Mike Rolash: Damn it! Damn it!

A very passionate Mariella Jade Flair stands over the unconscious bodies of Duce Jones and Jace Valentine, the steel chair still lodged within her fingers. She looks up to see that Freddie Styles has still not given up on the fight, struggling to pull every last bit of strength he has to get up to the top rope. The dazed Styles leaps off with a high Elbow Drop to Valentine never even seeing MJ- UNTIL SHE DESTROYS THE STEEL CHAIR OVER HIS BODY IN MID-AIR! She turns her attention back to Valentine and pulls him in by the back of the head- MORNINGSTAR! And unlike their Modern Warfare semi final bout she transitions perfectly, the reverse DDT going right into a pin attempt!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Mike Rolash: WHAT!?

Jim Gunt: SHE DID IT! SHE DID IT!

Mike Rolash: NO!!!

Ray Douglas: And your winner of this match as a result of a pinfall and your NEW CWF World Heavyweight Champion.....MJ FLAIR!!

Valentine scurries out of the ring immediately after breaking out of the pinfall a second too late, the anger on the face of the former champion as evident as ever. With "Apex Predator" starting back up, the True Era of Arrogance mumbles unheard words as he goes up the ramp with a scowl on his face, leaving MJ Flair to soak in the cheers and adulation from the fans inside the United Center. With Duce Jones now back on his feet, he walks awkwardly over to the ropes and calls for the CWF World Title to be handed over.

The crowd watches on in amazement as Jones takes the title belt and places it hard into the stomach of MJ Flair, and then raises her arm in the air! Freddie Styles climbs to his feet, doing the exact same thing, raising the other arm of MJ!

Jim Gunt: What a moment for our brand new World champion, Mike!

Mike Rolash: What a moment!? MJ Flair STOLE that title from Jace!

Jim Gunt: Oh don't even give me that shit, that son of a bitch got everything that was coming to him and now we finally have a champion that deserves that distinction! And the fans are loving every minute of it!

Mike Rolash: Fuck the fans!

MJ Flair is now mounted up onto the shoulders of both Styles and Duce, who carry her around the ring as she proudly waves her shiny new gold belt to everyone in attendance. A loud "YOU DESERVE IT!" chant takes over, even as a few of the Chicago fans try to start up their own "MJ!" chant. The smile never leaves the face of the second generation superstar, the now youngest World champion in CWF history as she is finally dropped back down to her feet by her opponents slash friends. Styles and Jones pat her on the back one last time, and each give her a congratulatory hug before making their way out of the ring to give her her moment.

MJ Flair goes up to each of the four corners, confetti now steaming down from the roof as she raises the title to more and more cheers every time. After several moments of taking it all in, MJ rolls out of the ring and takes a deep breath, the match clearly taking it's toll on her but the happiness of coming out on top taking over as she pushes her way up the ramp clapping a few hands on the way up. At the top of the ramp pyrotechnics shoot off in every direction, the moment a truly special one for both herself and all the fans in attendance as she raises up the World Title one last time. JUST TO BE BLASTED WITH A MARKED SUPERKICK OUT OF NOWHERE!

Jim Gunt: WHAT!?

Mike Rolash: YES! Finally somehow has put an end to this celebratory bullshit! Marksman has been obsessed with MJ ever since Modern Warfare, and it looks like his obsession hasn't died down one bit!

A creepy but yet sinister smile is planted all over the face of Jay Mora as he stands over the lifeless body of MJ Flair, snatching her newly won World Title right out of her hands and raising it into the air. The Chicago fans reverberate back their hatred at Marksman, booing him with all that is left in their lungs but stopping as they realize he is not finished yet. Marksman pulls up MJ by the back of the head, blasting her a few times with the title belt. Blood begins to seep out of the forehead of MJ Flair! Marksman laughs as he smears the blood onto his own hands, picking up Flair and whipping her into the CWF Tron! She staggers away from him, falling to her knee and then right back up, trying to find any way away from Mora. MARKED SUPERKICK- OFF THE RAMP! FLAIR WENT OFF THE RAMP!

"HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!"

The last thing we see is the medics rushing to the aid of MJ Flair as she lies helplessly on the concrete, a proud Marksman raising her CWF World championship in the air as Conflicion goes off the air.

Show Credits

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite