

Evolution: CWF Evolution- Episode 11

Promotion: Championship Wrestling Federation
Date: January 15, 2018
Location: The Collosium

Results

Cold Open

Match

Cameras pan the arena, catching as many screaming fans as possible as another week of CWF's flagship show Evolution begins. They start high level, but gradually pan down to the floor and scan the ringside area, from both the fans waving their arms all around to the Chosen, still sitting stoically and unmoving.

Finally, we rest on Jim Gunt and Mike Rolash, sitting behind their table with headphones on.

Jim Gunt: Welcome, everyone, to Salt Lake City! Welcome to Evolution! My name is Jim Gunt, sitting as always, with Mike Rolash, and Mike, we are at ground zero for Modern Warfare! Alpha Block and Beta Block will have their final matches this evening, and by the end of the night we'll know who walks into Modern Warfare as the CWF World Champion, and who will challenge him for the title!

Mike Rolash: Don't lie to the people, Jim! Sure, we're gonna see Duce Jones defend his newly won CWF World Title against Freddie Styles, but don't upsell them on Jace Valentine against MJ Flair! Two milquetoast marginals that don't deserve to wrestle for the title of Head of Maintenance?

Jim Gunt: Milquetoast? Are we watching the same show, Mike?

Mike Rolash: Now, I'll admit that Jace Valentine has some skills, but the girl needs to learn her place and get back in the kitchen--

CUE UP: "Epidemic" - New Year's Day

Jim Gunt: Hold that thought, Mike, because it looks like we're opening up tonight with an appearance by Flair herself! Anything you want to say, you can say to her when she gets down here!

Mike Rolash: ...

Jim Gunt: I thought so.

MJF enters the arena to a healthy cheer. She is not yet dressed in her ring gear, opting for the comfort of a T-shirt, black jeans, and black boots. A custom made belt buckle with a pagan crucifix design catches the light of a thousand flashes during her walk to the ring.

In contrast to her typical demeanor, she takes the time to slap a good number of outstretched hands. When she gets to ringside, MJF eyes the Chosen but - probably wisely - walks around the other side of the ring.

Jim Gunt: I tell you though, this young woman has shown us quite a bit since she entered Modern Warfare. Not only has she ended Elisha's undefeated streak, but she's one win away from main eventing her first Pay Per View with this company!

Mike Rolash: One win, but it's a tall mountain. I hope you didn't take the odds.

Jim Gunt: Yes, granted - that win would need to be over Jace Valentine later this evening and that's not something that you do with any semblance of ease. Still, she's impressed me, Mike. You mean to tell me she hasn't impressed you so far?

Mike Rolash: I'm impressed by the way her ass looks in those jeans...

Jim Gunt: You really are a dirty old man.

MJ retrieves a microphone from Ray Douglas, but instead of entering the ring as one would expect, she climbs the corner from the outside, and sits herself down on the top turnbuckle. The music fades, but the cheers don't, and she has to put the microphone to her mouth twice before the fans are quiet enough for her to speak.

MJF: Wow. I don't think the people over at the psychic friends' network would've called this one, huh?

The fans pop; a small but vocal "EMM - JAY - EFF" chant starts from somewhere out there.

MJF: I appreciate your appreciation and support, but I think the facts need to be laid bare. This does not happen. A wrestling promotion does not put out an open invitation to a tournament for their World Championship and have someone from nowhere, with less than a years' cumulative experience, just show up, fight her way through the first two rounds and end a pillar of the promotion's undefeated streak on her way to the semi - final round of said tournament.

She smiles as the cameras zoom in.

MJF: I feel like I shouldn't be here... and yet here I am. Like everything else my family has ever accomplished,

whatever raw talent that's been there has never been enough - I'm here because of you.

MJ points out into the crowd, and receives an even larger ovation this time.

MJF: BUT! But... talent, dedication, and support from viewers like you can only get someone so far... and tonight I've got probably the biggest challenge of my career to date: takin' on Jace Valentine for the right t'wrestle for that CWF World Title.

There is a huge cheer at the mention of Jace Valentine.

MJF: I don't know Jace, but I like and respect him. In another life, at another time, Jace and I would probably be allies. Who the heck knows, after this match is over we might be allies regardless of who wins.

She stands up on the middle turnbuckle.

MJF: Just in case it's not me... and just in case this is the last night I'll get t'be in this ring, I wanted to make sure I said thank you. And I mean it... your support has been overwhelming.

MJ lowers the microphone as the fans cheer, but the moment quickly takes a turn.

CUE UP: 'Jumpman' - Drake/Future

Jim Gunt: FREDDIE STYLES!

Mike Rolash: It's about time, someone needs to shut her up and shut her down!

Freddie Styles, in contrast, is dressed for battle even though his match will be taking place at the end of the night. He holds a microphone in his hand, and stops at the foot of the entryway.

Freddie Styles: Oh, I'm sorry, did I break your concentration? I'd apologize... but I don't care.

He paces, and MJ hops down to the mat to face off with him standing up.

Freddie Styles: Nice speech, sweetie. I dozed off in the middle of it, and it was completely pointless, but nice nonetheless.

The fans' volume rises. Some of them seem to be taking exception to his comments, while others appreciate his audacity.

Freddie Styles: You see, it doesn't really matter whether you or Jace Valentine win your little match tonight. Once that business is settled, I'll be taking the CWF World Championship from Duce Jones - and then I'll be holding onto it at Modern Warfare.

He stops to allow the fans to react, and mock - shrugs his shoulders.

Freddie Styles: You see, it's win-win for me. I beat Duce Jones tonight and go on to Modern Warfare... Jace Valentine beats you, I get to beat a CWF legend to retain the gold. You beat Jace Valentine I get to beat the bitch that beat the legend, as well as finally... FINALLY... shut your dumbass mouth. I've been waiting since the first round of this tournament to have the opportunity to personally silence your rambling stream'a bullshit, and it'd be doubly sweet to do so with the whole world watching.

He drops the microphone to his side, and MJ raises hers.

MJF: That's some big talk, Freddie... but you ain't won nothin' yet. What happens, then, when you don't win tonight? You miss out on your big chance t'make history, and y'look like an ass for guaranteeing victory. I say, why wait? Why cut out the middleman? Get'cher ass down here right now, and we'll settle things...

She cocks her head to the side.

MJF: ...unless you got no sac?

The fans roar in disbelief at this, and Freddie - momentarily - loses his cool and looks like he's about to take the bait. He stops, however, and smiles once again.

Freddie Styles: You're good, sweetie. Almost had me there. But... the difference between us is that I actually have an opportunity for the CWF World Championship tonight, and I'm not gonna let some entitled bitch-on-wheels derail that. You want me... you gotta win your shit tonight.

Now it's his turn to make the dramatic pause.

Freddie Styles: Maybe then... you'll earn the right to stand in the ring with me.

Jim Gunt: Fireworks already, Mike, and we've only just begun!

Mike Rolash: I can't wait!

The Distance Continues

Match

Dean and Seth stand backstage, and it seems Dean is more distanced than ever as he is staring down at his phone typing away as Seth tries to get his attention.

Seth Moxley: Dean.

Dean just doesn't look up at all, and is completely ignoring his older brother. Seth is getting annoyed, and tries again.

Seth Moxley: DEAN!

Dean finally looks up from his phone, and glares at his older brother not happy with being yelled at.

Dean Moxley: What Seth?

Seth Moxley: We have a tag team match to get ready for with four other teams, and you are busy typing away on your phone. What is so important that you can't reply to me when I call your name?

Dean Moxley: That is none of your business Seth, so I know we have a match, duh. I don't know what you want from me, you act like you don't want to team up with me anymore.

Seth Moxley: That's not true, it was you that allowed dad to get into your head. You've changed Dean, and there is something really dark about you now and I don't like it.

Dean slaps Seth hard across his face, and storms off leaving his older brother standing there in shock that Dean would hit him.

Fade.

Gathering the Like Minded

Match

Silas led the two person pack. His fixated on his surroundings while taking a good look at anyone within his line of sight. His face tense, looking for something. Autumn caught up, looking somewhat agitated.

Autumn Raven: Silas, our match?

Silas Artoria: I know. Just have one small thing to sort out. Something beneficial.

Silas continues his search as Autumn watches on in bewilderment.

Autumn Raven: What could be more beneficial than winning tonight?

Silas Artoria: Gathering like minded individuals under one banner.

The two entered the next sector of the stadium, much more dense with staff and crew, though it was no easier to find his objective.

Silas Artoria: There's two people who have expressed some of the same ideals we have, Autumn.

Autumn Raven: You mean—

Silas Artoria: Yes. Strength in numbers. We have our friends, so why not add more under the fold? Give them a reason to fear the future that does not require them.

He eyed some men in the distance, and his tense face relaxed to reveal a smile.

Silas Artoria: Ah, there they are!

His picked up his pace, with Autumn following behind.

Autumn Raven: You sure we can trust them? I don't want to be the one with broken backs at the end of the match!

Silas Artoria: Find a common enemy and any animosity will be swept aside. We're here to take down those who reply on their previous reputation, and adding two more will give them all a suitable warning.

Silas approached the two men gathering around a vending machine, one of them frustrated as a packet of chips got itself stuck on the poorly designed contraption. Silas glowed as he spoke.

Silas Artoria: Hello gentlemen!

The two turn around, one of them more clearly frustrated than the other.

Silas Artoria: Sam and Dean I believe?

Sam Braxton: Yeah, mate...

Sam spoke in his trademark accent, cooling off his irrational anger.

Sam Braxton: ...Silas right?

Silas Artoria: Yes indeed, and allow me to introduce my partner. Autumn Raven!

Autumn glared at the pair of them, still not sure what to make of the two of them. Silas chuckled.

Silas Artoria: Don't worry, so long as you don't attack her character or physically, she won't tear your sk—

Dean Coulter: What do you want you yank?

Dean asked cutting off Silas.

Silas Artoria: Canadian, actually, and I couldn't help but notice your actions towards Mr Harvey Danger and his dearest mother.

The two Australians snorted in amusement.

Dean Coulter: Yeah, and what about it?

Silas Artoria: Well...

Silas joined his hands together.

Silas Artoria: If I heard correctly, you have an irritation towards those who held the company up before we arrived. People like us acknowledge the pure weakness we have on being forced in the shadows of crumbling giants, but we're

too splintered to really create a foundation they should fear!

Sam and Dean looked at each other, starting to get pissed off at this point.

Sam Braxton: Your point?

Silas Artoria: Currently I am putting together a...coalition of sorts; united in the desire to make sure those who came before finally take a back seat and let those who really pay their bill elevate the company and titles they hold!

Sam Braxton: Aren't there four of you already?

Dean Coulter: Hate to say it, but four's a crowd mate.

Silas chuckled.

Silas Artoria: Don't worry about the size of the group, what matters is the goal; something we all desire. Wouldn't you agree to share a table with like-minded individuals rather than be in conflict over them? The world needs people like us, so why not change the entire picture that CWF is painting, together?

Sam and Dean took another look at each other, although much more intently than before, before looking back at the Canadian.

Sam Braxton: We'll think about it.

Sam turned to Dean, before the two walked away. Autumn jumped in as soon as they were out of eyesight.

Autumn Raven: I'd say you've created some enemies.

Silas Artoria: Time will tell Autumn *he looks at Autumn* time will tell. If they go against us, then it's a shame. Just another roadblock toward the inevitable." He held out his hand. "Let's go! We have a championship to claim.

Fade.

Coalition vs. Knights vs. Danger Boiz vs. Demi & The Robot vs. The Moxleys

Match

Mike Rolash: A lot of things already happening, the Moxleys do not seem to be getting any closer to each other!

Jim Gunt: And Silas is going in the exact opposite direction, he is trying to pull people together in his...weird...way, so let's see, how any of this will reflect in our first match of the evening!

Ray Douglas: Ladies and gentlemen, the first match is a 5-way gauntlet tag team match to determine the #1 contender for the CWF tag team title to be contested at the Modern Warfare PPV! The contending teams are: Stalker and Zara - the Knights!

The crowd erupts in boos...

Ray Douglas: The Moxley Brothers...

...more boos...

Ray Douglas: The Danger Boiz...

...the crowd erupts in cheers for the high-flying duo...

Ray Douglas: Silas Artoria and Autumn Raven...

...the fans are not quite sure about the duo, some boos arise, but others just look at them puzzled...

Ray Douglas: and finally Demi and The Robot!

...here, too, very mixed reactions.

Stalker Knight and Demi are the first one in the ring and the difference in height and weight could hardly be any bigger. Demi takes a run and jumps at Stalker with a shoulder block, but the big man does not even flinch, but just looks at her sternly. She tries two more blocks and with each and every one of them one can see Stalker's face turn darker and darker until he catches her and hits her with a thundering power slam that almost drives her through the mat. He immediately goes for the pin

ONE!

TW...!

But Crazy Chris and Autumn Raven come in and hit the man simultaneously, efficiently ending the count, but making Stalker even madder than before. He picks them both up into a chokeslam, but Dangerous Dan and Silas Artoria show some beautiful teamwork, the former hitting Stalker with a drop kick to the head from the top turnbuckle, while Artoria lands a hard kick to the gut, both together folding him like a Swiss army knife.

Jim Gunt: What are they doing? They could just wait it out and let the two teams that are in there weaken each other!

Mike Rolash: It looks like they want to give Demi and The Robot a chance to defeat the Knights to avoid having to face them. Actually a good tactic!

The referee has his hands full sending everybody who should not be in the ring back out, then begins to count out both Stalker and Demi.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Demi begins to stir, still dazed from the powerslam, while Stalker is struggling to find his bearings after the double team move.

FOUR!

FIVE!

Demi manages to reach the ropes and pull herself up, drags herself into the corner and tags in The Robot!

The Robot doesn't waste any time and lambasts the big man with kicks, but Stalker is not moving. The Robot apparently sees this as an opportunity to celebrate, raising his arms towards the crowd. Suddenly there is a big crowd reaction and he is taking it as the fans finally cheering for him, but as he turns around, he has to realize that the reaction wasn't for him, but for Stalker standing right behind him, his face a contorted mask of anger. He goes for the chokehold and lifts Robot off the ground only to be met by a shoulder block to the knee by Demi that downs the big man again. Demi goes straight for the pin, but the referee tries to drag her off, since she is not legal. The Robot also tries to get Demi to let go, as the referee is starting to count her out. At the four count she finally relents and reluctantly leaves the ring.

All of this commotion has allowed Stalker to recover and go right at The Robot again, but he tags in Demi instead. As she comes in running, Stalker tries to whip her into the ropes, but she reverses! As Stalker hits the ropes, Demi readies herself for a drop kick, but the sheer momentum of the hulking man actually pushes Demi backwards and into the ropes, followed by another monstrous scoop powerslam that probably took half an inch off Demi's bustline and goes for the pin.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: The team of Demi and The Robot have been eliminated!

Jim Gunt: That was a little chaotic, but quick nevertheless.

Mike Rolash: Next up are the Moxleys, Dean looked like he was going to barge in the whole time already, now he is ready to go!

Dean jumps up on the apron and through the ropes like a maniac, launching himself at Stalker with reckless abandon. The big man is taken aback by the sudden onslaught and finds himself in the corner before he knows it, being barrelled by kicks and jabs left and right. The referee tells Dean to let go, but he just keeps going and only Seth coming in and pulling Dean off prevents him from being counted out and disqualified right then and there.

Mike Rolash: It really looks like something shook a screw loose in Dean's head there.

Jim Gunt: And this definitely does not help the relationship between the two brothers, because Dean is NOT happy!

Dean now is going off on Seth for pulling him away, pushing and yelling. As the two brothers are going at each other, none of them are paying any attention to what is happening around them and Stalker runs in for a hellish spear to Dean's back that pushes him into Seth, who in turn flies through the ropes to the ground, where all of a sudden Zara is on top of him with kicks and stomps. In the ring Dean is pulled to his feet by the Knightshade, who whips Dean into the corner, running right after him to squash him into the turnbuckles, but as he hits the corner, Dean slides down and Stalker crashes through the buckles and straight into the ringpost.

Jim Gunt: Ooh, that was painful, good thinking of Dean!

Mike Rolash: I'm not sure that was planned, he is down himself.

ONE!

TWO!

Dean is on the mat as well, holding his back from the earlier spear. As the referee begins to count both wrestlers out, Dean reaches for the ropes to pull himself up and is trying to get to the corner, where Seth is waiting for him, but he falls halfway there, writhing in pain.

THREE!

FOUR!

Stalker is moving as well, but is not yet on his feet when Dean crawls over and manages to tag in his brother. Seth charges through the ring like a maddened bull and launches himself through the ropes right into Stalker with a suicide dive, sending the big guy into the barrier with the same shoulder he had injured just before. He pulls him up and rolls him into the ring, where Stalker uses the ropes to pull himself back to his feet, just to be met with hard shoulder blocks through the ropes. Stalker staggers to his corner and tags in Zara, more falling out of the ring than stepping through the ropes and Zara charges at Seth, who just swats her away.

Mike Rolash: First time in the match Zara is legally in the ring and looks like she has some score to settle!

At this point Seth is whipping Zara hard into the corner and charges in, but she gets her knee up right into a sensitive area, drawing an "Oooh" from the crowd, as he goes down. Zara relentlessly kicks him and the referee begins to count, since Seth is writhing in pain on the mat. She briefly lets go, steps over Seth and immediately continues her barrage of kicks.

Jim Gunt: Wow, note to self - do not piss off Zara!

Mike Rolash: Note to Jimbo - do not even get near her to begin with...

Suddenly an enraged Dean comes flying through the ring, completely running over Zara, who hits the turnbuckle and bounces straight back. Dean takes her, slams her to the mat and begins to hit her, banging her head against the mat. The referee immediately begins to count, but Dean doesn't let up with Seth as voice of reason still reeling from the kick into the groin.

FOUR!

FIVE!

Ray Douglas: The Moxley Brothers have been eliminated due to a disqualification!

Mike Rolash: Oh no, this is not going to end well!

As he hears the bell, Dean lets go of Zara and stares at the referee, who is trying to make him understand that this decision is final, when a fuming Stalker, who had just recovered, comes into the ring, seeing Zara pretty much unconscious on the floor. The ref turns around to stop him, but Stalker just takes him and flings him aside through the ropes and on the ground. The ref immediately signals for the bell to be rung again!

Ray Douglas: The Knights have also been eliminated due to a disqualification!

Jim Gunt: Wow, they are dropping like flies now!

Mike Rolash: Yes, if you have two people with clear anger and overall sanity issues, things like this are bound to happen!

Dean and Stalker are brawling away in the ring, while medical staff are pulling both Seth and Zara out of the ring. The referee is on the stairs, when a line of Sunset Productions security staff are running down the ramp to separate the two combatants and getting them out of the ring.

Mike Rolash: I think that this was not the last we have seen from these two gentlemen...

Jim Gunt: Lunatics, Mike, lunatics!

Mike Rolash: Yes, Jimbob, lunatics!

Jim Gunt: Mikeman, now we are down to the last two, Danger Boiz vs. Silas Artoria and Autumn Raven, veterans against just newly formed team!

Crazy Chris and Autumn square off first and as Chris comes in to go for an elbow and collar lock up, she quickly sidesteps him and plants a powerful kick to the head that sends him into the corner right away. He turns around just in

time to see her shoulder aim squarely for his mid-section, but she is too fast for him to avoid impact and she knocks the wind out of him. She steps back in the opposite corner and waits for him to get back to his feet.

Mike Rolash: Autumn is like a predator, waiting for the prey to be ready and then to pounce.

Jim Gunt: RAAWRRR!

Mike Rolash just looks at Jim incredulously.

Chris slowly comes back up and tries to walk along the rope to tag in his brother, but Autumn sets off, wailing like a banshee and nails the unsuspecting Chris with a missile drop kick that sends him right between the ropes and outside of the ring! Not wasting any time, she uses the top rope to springboard over and landing a massive big splash on the prone body, then crouching next to him like the predator Mike had likened her to.

THREE!

FOUR!

For a moment she looks at Chris and then the ref, then Chris again and finally decides to roll herself back into the ring and tagging in Artoria. He casually saunters over towards where Chris exited the ring, then with lightning speed runs towards Dan and hitting him with a swift upper cut that sends him sprawling off the apron. This hit actually stopped the count and Artoria jumps off the apron to pick up Crazy Chris and deliver a German suplex on him. The referee has started to count both of them out.

TWO!

THREE!

He casually gets up, lifts Chris up again and goes for another suplex, when Dan races around the corner and plants a drop kick on Chris' chest, sending them both backwards and Artoria into the steel stairs.

Jim Gunt: Ouch, that must have hurt!

Mike Rolash: Yes, and the ref is still counting!

SIX!

SEVEN!

Dan drags Chris to his feet and rolls him back into the ring. Autumn is running over immediately, hitting Dan with a baseball slide and stopping the count. She runs to Artoria, who is barely moving, but when he opens his eyes, they are red and his face darkens. With a howl he jumps to his feet and into the ring, looking at Crazy Chris with a look that could make a cactus wither.

Mike Rolash: Uh oh, we have seen this look before, I think we are about to witness something that the Danger Boiz would rather not...

Chris is on his hands and knee and uneasily looks at the crazed aristocrat, his regal aura not so regal anymore. Instead he has this feral look, hungry for destruction. He slowly circles Chris, cackling like a maniac. Hearing this, Autumn quietly bangs her head against the turnbuckle. Without a warning Astoria runs forward and lashes out against Chris, hitting him with a hard knee to the head, then a kick to the side and as he lifts his foot to stomp on his opponent, Dan clips him at the knee, bringing Silas down.

Jim Gunt: That was not just some interference, this was saving his life!

Mike Rolash: True enough, but I am not sure, this is enough...

Looking at his face, it is clear that something snapped inside, allowing the passenger to take over the vessel. He slowly walks towards Dan, who backs up into the corner, but Artoria just grabs him and pulls him into the ring, while the referee begins to count

ONE!

Artoria shoots him a baleful glare and yells "SILENCE, MINION!" He grabs Dan, lifts him up and throws him out of the ring, leaving him in a crumbling heap. The referee warns him about his language towards him and as Artoria take a menacing step towards him, a spinning kick to the back of the head fells him like a tree, but it is not Chris standing over him, but Autumn!

Mike Rolash: Whoa, did not see this coming!

Jim Gunt: RAWRRR!

Mike Rolash: Jim, you are starting to worry me...

She bends down and shakes him, yelling: "Silas! Are you still in there?" Silas shakes his head and at first looks at her, then at his surroundings, as if waking up from a trance. Even the referee is so confused, he forgot to continue counting! Looking as focused as ever, he sends Autumn back out and turns his attention towards Chris again, who is sitting against the ropes, staring at the odd situation that is unfolding in front of his very eyes.

Silas stands up and straightens himself out, motioning Chris to get up and taunting him to come to him. Chris is inching towards his corner first and then jumps to tag in his brother, who jumps in and immediately charges at Silas, who effortlessly ducks under the clothesline, but has not accounted for Dan jumping right up onto the ropes and launching himself off with a flying body press that the aristocrat has not expected, taking him down onto the mat.

As Silas tries to get back up, Dan goes right in for an arm drag and then another, gradually bringing his opponent closer to his corner and as he tags in Chris, they double team Silas with a quick kick to the gut and a DDT. Chris is trying to get the crowd riled up and they respond in style, he drags Silas up and whips him, but the Canadian ducks under the clothesline, just to be met with a shoulder block that stops him dead in his tracks. Another tag to Dan and he takes Artoria on his shoulders, with Chris going for the top rope and leaping off, delivering a flying drop kick that sends Silas across the ring. He does not waste any time and goes for the pin!

ONE!

TWO!

THR...!

And Autumn comes in to save the day with a kick to the back of Dan, throwing him off Silas. As the referee compliments her out of the ring, Dan goes for another tag, lifting Chris up and acting as a catapult, sending his brother onto Artoria, but Silas brings his knees up, catching Chris smack in the stomach. Silas is slow to get up, while Chris manages to tag in Dan again, who comes in flying at Silas, but he underestimates his opponent and a beautiful Fall of Man by Artoria!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: Winners and now #1 contenders for the CWF Tag Team titles....SILAS ARTORIA AND AUTUMN RAVEN!!

The Future is Coming

Match

Autumn basks in the victory as Silas exits the ring to search for something. He grabs his cane and a microphone but he looks under the canvas for something else. Something seemingly vital. His face brightens as he pulls out a roll of duct tape and a kendo stick, and throws the two objects into the ring.

He jumps back in to meet his partner, and the two look at the fallen Danger Boi. She slowly raises the pinned lunatic up, and the two drag him towards the nearest set of ring ropes. Silas gives Autumn the duct tape as he holds the man against the ropes. Dangerous Dan starts to regain his focus, and seeing and feeling what was happening, he starts to wiggle wildly. A swift Knockout to the man puts him back in his place!

Their arms were secure, before Crazy Chris dives on Silas, delivering swift blows to the aristocrat. He is pushed off, before being forced to turn around and meet Autumn's Claw of the Night! Crazy Chris is out cold, unable to rescue his bound brother, and now Silas is binding them to the ropes with Autumn holding his brother in place.

The two were secure, and Silas and Autumn pick up their desired weapons. The two look at each other, then look at Dan and Chris, before nodding at each other. Silas looks at the camera and says, with the audio barely picking it up.

Silas Artoria: This is a message to you old cretins!

TWACK!

Dan screams wildly and seethes through his teeth as Autumn's stick smacks against his now bare chest.

TWACK!

Chris' turn as the much stiffer cane smacks his stomach, leaving Chris to shake in pain.

TWACK! TWACK! TWACK!

The bound tag team writhes back and forth in agony and with varying degrees of consciousness, with Dan widening his eyes at the two psychos and Chris focusing on his breathing. Silas points towards Dan, and gently swings his cane in the air like a baseball bat.

Dangerous Dan: You're gonna pay you son of a bit—

TWACK!

Silas swings the cane at Dan and the sound his skin makes echoes throughout the arena. Dan breathes in and out frantically, and tenses his neck as he struggles with the sudden and agonising smack.

Silas steps away, and so does Autumn, with the latter noticeably laughing her head off in amusement. She jumps on the spot before giving Chris another blow, by which time Silas grabs hold of the microphone. He takes a deep breath, and simply laughs deeply into the device.

Silas Artoria: Oh, Danger Boiz. How sad of you to come up against us in a Gauntlet Match of all things.

The two bound men look at Silas weakly, having endured enough pain for the sticks alone.

Silas Artoria: Personally I would've wanted to send a message by taking something away from you in a traditional tag team match, but I guess this'll have to do.

He prances towards Chris and kneels down to his level.

Silas Artoria: So, "Crazy Chris", how are you feeling today?

He points the microphone towards Chris.

Crazy Chris: Fuck you!

Silas gets to his feet and simply tuts.

Silas Artoria: Nope, no bad language permitted right now!

TWACK!

Autumn strikes Chris with the kendo stick, and the masked man once again screams in pain.

Silas Artoria: Probably should've removed his mask come to think of it, but oh well.

Silas approaches Dan, and kneels down.

Silas Artoria: Now then. I think it's time I ask you something "Dangerous Dan," and please do reply appropriately otherwise my partner will continue her fun with her new friend.

Silas puts his cane down, and uses his finger to lift up Dan's head via his chin.

Silas Artoria: Tell me Dan. How does it feel, now that the pain of many budding athletes, crushed by your ilk's shadow, has now converged onto you?

Dan replies slowly through gritted teeth.

Dangerous Dan: We didn't hold them back you stupid egomaniac—

Silas Artoria: WRONG ANSWER!

TWACK!

Autumn hits Dan's stomach as Silas rises to his feet.

Silas Artoria: These men right here, are blind. They don't want to admit that their presence is no longer relevant. We tolerated you all for some time. We gave you the impactful matches! We gave you the big stipulations at the PPVs! We gave you the main events! We MADE YOU ALL STARS! OUR HARD WORK AND SCREEN TIME PAID YOU LIKE A STAR! While we squandered in your shadows, forced to compete just for decent meals in catering, brushed aside and left to rot! And if you want evidence that I am not paranoid, why don't we ask Caledonia!

Silas rests himself on the ropes.

Silas Artoria: You see, my little birds have told me that you considered everyone who competed in the match sans the Danger Boiz to be not worth investing time into.

Silas repositions himself in the centre of the ring, with Autumn by his side. He raises his arm before saying:

Silas Artoria: Are not worth your time, Caledonia? Or are you afraid that your co-operation with previous generation athletes like Jace Valentine is going to bite you in the backside?

Silas passes the microphone to Autumn and steps back. The Beautiful Psychopath now transfixes onto the camera.

Autumn Raven: You humiliated me in the first round of Modern Warfare but now we're in a different world, a different year, and a different era is coming!

She takes a deep breath.

Autumn Raven: We're coming for your tag title Highlander! And you and Eris better come with ambulances, because you're going to need emergency stitches after I turn your face into something worse than Ataxia's!

She throws the microphone to one side and raises her arm, meeting Silas' at the edge of the ring. Walking up the ramp, Autumn looks directly at the camera and yells into it.

Autumn Raven: You hear us! We're gonna BREAK YOUR NECKS!

Silas maintains his smug appearance, as he and Autumn exit through the curtain, now the number one contenders.

Professionals

Match

Jace Valentine is shown backstage, sitting on a bench in his locker room. He fixes the brace on his knee and begins to tape his wrists in preparation of his upcoming match. He looks up and notices Tara Robinson entering the room, microphone in hand. Tara Robinson: Hello, CWF Universe. I am Tara Robinson and I am here backstage with the 'Host with the Most' Jace Valentine to get a word with him on his opponent tonight. Jace greets Tara with an eye roll. Jace Valentine: A word? That's all you want? You had a long laundry list of questions for Miss Flair, didn't you? Where's my in-depth interview, babe? Tara is clearly feeling uncomfortable. Jace Valentine: What is it? Do I intimidate you? Do I make you all hooooooot and bothered? Do I make your knees weak and the juices drip down your leg with excitement? Tara Robinson: Stop. I'm trying to be a professional. You should too. Jace Valentine: I'm a professional in everything I do, sweetheart. Too bad we can't say the same about you. How bout we go out for some drinks? How bout we go out and see a couple bands, and we'll see how professional you are? Let's live it up, honey. Party like Jace Valentine parties, just for one night. Tara blushes, crossing her arms across her chest. Tara Robinson: I'm just here to talk to you about your match against Mariella Flair tonight. Nothing else. Jace Valentine: You mean you don't want to come back to my place? I'll show you that I'm twice the man Duce Jones is, and twice the size too if you know what I mean. Tara Robinson: MJ, Jace. Let's talk about MJ. Jace Valentine: You mean the 'Flair that No one Cares About'? What's left to be said that I haven't said already. I just hope the crowd out there enjoys her CWF retirement match here tonight. I hope they get great satisfaction in watching her walk away from this company, as she tucks her tail and runs. Tara Robinson: Mariella may be a lot of things, but she isn't a quitter. Jace Valentine: That's cute. Speaking of cute, she's your friend, right? Tell her I have one request. Please, oh please tell her to wear a mask or a bag or a shoe box or something to the ring cause...DAMN! Jace smirks and walks away, with Robinson shaking her head. Fade.

Dorian Hawkhurst vs. Pandalike

Match

Jim Gunt: Artoria definitely is leaving his mark on the CWF right now, but this behavior should definitely see some disciplinary action!

Mike Rolash: Well, if you play with fire, you must expect to get your fingers burned, the CWF is not a playground for toddlers!

Jim Gunt (muttering): Sometimes I wonder, if I ended up at the kids' table myself...

Mike Rolash (pretending as if he hadn't heard): Jace Valentine definitely is confident for his match, managing some light-hearted banter, but now we come to the first debut of the night with Dorian Hawkhurst celebrating his first match and he is facing the maybe angriest man on the roster right now, our very own Pandalike!

Ray Anderson: The following contest is scheduled for one fall. Making his way to the ring first...He is "The Demon of Sobriety"...Dorian Hawkhurst.

"Slow Suicide" by Scott Stapp starts to play as "The Demon of Sobriety" makes it down to the ring as a few of the fans give him a warm reception, not really seeing this gentlemen wrestle before the crowd is a bit hesitant to get on board, but he does pose a bit and slap some hands on the way to the ringside area.

Jim Gunt: And here is Dorian Hawkhurst. What do you think Mike?

Mike Rolash: I think he's gonna kill a panda...

Ray Anderson: And his opponent...Pandalike!

"Clozee-Koto" starts to play as Pandalike comes out of the back. The fans cheer a bit for the more likeable weirdo of CWF compared to those like Ataxia or Shadow. As he comes down the ramp, there are two fans in the front row with black and white makeup on and holding a sign "We are black, we are white, we are Panda Dynamite!" The panda loving man high fives fans as he gets into the ring and points to Hawkhurst. Hawkhurst goes to shake Pandalike's hand. Pandalike does so and the match kicks off with the bell.

Jim Gunt: And Pandalike is out preaching the power of the pandas!

Mike Rolash: Jim. I swear to God your sniffing glue.

Jim Gunt: Nope. I've been inspired by Hawkhurst to go sober.

Mike Rolash: Wait what...

Jim Gunt: Gotcha! I don't sniff glue ya idjit.

Mike Rolash: I hate you.

The bell rings and both big men start off with a collar and elbow tie up. Hawkhurst wins that with the weight advantage and gets Pandalike into a headlock. The Powerful Panda pushes Hawkhurst towards the ropes. Hawkhurst hits the ropes and rebounds. He runs right into Pandalike's powerful paw strikes to the chest sending Hawkhurst reeling back from the force of the precise hits. Strike! Strike! Strike! The fans letting out woo's with each powerful martial arts like strike. Hawkhurst ends up getting struck so hard he flies back into the ropes. He bounces off to Pandalike catching him for a running powerslam! Pandalike quickly goes for the cover...

ONE...

KICKOUT WITH AUTHORITY!

Jim Gunt: WHOA!

Mike Rolash: Look at the fat guy fly!

Pandalike bounces back but rolls with it as Hawkhurst almost jumps straight back up. The fans start to take a liking to the new guy. Pandalike charges at Hawkhurst and goes for another strike, but Hawkhurst catches the strike and goes for a punch, the two trade blows back and forth for a bit until Pandalike starts getting momentum. One! Two! And a Discus Punch! Hawkhurst reels back into the corner. Pandalike rushes to the other side of the ring and one eighties. Getting a full head of steam he charges Hawkhurst and hits a powerful running splash! After the splash Hawkhurst drops like a sack of potatoes and Pandalike hits his back rolling back up to his feet and posing as the fans go nuts!

Jim Gunt: Say what you like but Pandalike has style!

Mike Rolash: Jack Black would be proud...Isn't this against the overweight guys in wrestling can't beat each other up rule?

Jim Gunt: Oh would you stop...

Mike Rolash: Loser has to pay the other's buffet bill right.

Jim Gunt: Shut up Mike!

Pandalike walks over and stomps at Hawkhurst for a bit and then picks him up. Irish whip to the corner. Hawkhurst stumbles back to the center of the ring and Pandalike gets behind him. Rolling German Suplex...With a bridge! Cover!

ONE...

TWO...

KICKOUT BY HAWKHURST!

Pandalike starts to get frustrated with the ref and starts making a motion to count faster. The fans actually start cheering a bit for Hawkhurst as he starts to get back up. Pandalike isn't having any of it and runs up and kicks Hawkhurst in the ribs sending the bigger man down. Pandalike does a cut throat motion and slaps Hawkhurst into "The Ying Yang"!

Jim Gunt: Crossface!

Mike Rolash: Without the chicken wings...I'm surprised.

Hawkhurst is in agony as the official asks him if he wants to tap out. Hawkhurst shakes his head no and starts to try and pull himself, with Pandalike on top of him, towards the ropes. Pandalike keeps wrenching and wrenching the hold as Hawkhurst can barely crawl at this point. It looks like he's going to tap and with one big burst of energy Hawkhurst grasps the bottom rope. Pandalike lets go of the hold but quickly kicks Hawkhurst in the side of the head. Pandalike is starting to get frustrated and he picks up Hawkhurst. He slingshots him into the ropes and goes for a clothesline, Hawkhurst ducks and puts on the break. SAVAT KICK!

Jim Gunt: That came out of nowhere!

Mike Rolash: No it came out of step three of AA...Kicking people on a dead brake.

Hawkhurst rubs his arm trying to get the bloodflow back as Pandalike holds his face trying to get back up. Hawkhurst grabs Pandalike and throws him into the ropes with his good arm. Pandalike bounces off and Hawkhurst back body

drops opponent! He gets back up and gets Savat Kicked again into the ropes. Bouncing off the ropes Pandalike gets taken down by a clothesline from Hawkhurst, who calls for the end of it and picks up Pandalike.

Jim Gunt: This could get interesting depending on how much damage that arm took from the "Ying Yang".

Mike Rolash: This could shatter the ring!

Hawkhurst kicks Pandalike in the gut and goes for a powerbomb but drops him because of the damage to his arm. Pandalike slides down and hits Hawkhurst with some forearms to the face, then rushes to the ropes and leaps up...He's going for a hurricanrana!!

Jim Gunt: Holy shit!

Mike Rolash: DAMN!

Hawkhurst catches Pandalike, and using the momentum hits a modified version of his finisher, "Falling Off The Wagon"! The running sitdown powerbomb hits! Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Pandalike kicks out a second to late!

Ray Anderson: Here is your winner... "The Demon of Sobriety" Dorian Hawkhurst!!!

Jim Gunt: That was an awesome reversal, but you gotta give it to Pandalike for trying such an awesome move!

Mike Rolash: It didn't pay off...and look at the furry jerk!

Pandalike slams his fists into the ring mat in frustration. He was so close. He gets up and scowls. He walks over to Hawkhurst and it looks like there is going to be a post match confrontation. He reaches out and holds up Hawkhurst's arm as the fans cheer. Hawkhurst shakes Pandalike's hand as a show of good sportsmanship to the established star,

Pandalike.

Jim Gunt: Wow...things didn't end in a brawl between guys. This is kinda nice.

Mike Rolash: Remind me to throw up during the break. All this sweetness is killing my blood sugar.

Mike Rolash: For the latest analysis of everything CWF, make sure to check out our latest show, "CWF's Church vs. State", welcoming our newest colleagues Blake Church and Charles State!

More Than Just Random Numbers

Match

Harvey Danger paces back and forth in a dimly lit backstage area. He's wearing a tan trench coat, matching Fedora hat, all the while holding a giant novelty size magnifying glass doing his best Dick Tracy impression. Hanging from the wall behind him is a giant cork board set up with photos of the CWF roster, other photos, and yellow Post-It notes. Red yarn stretches between the photos in a haphazard spider web to connect events and people in a way that makes sense only to Harvey.

The camera zooms out slightly and we notice The Lost Soul and Marie Danger on opposite sides of the room. TLS looks bored and confused as he shakes his head. Marie sneaks a sip of whiskey from her flask then hurriedly stuffs it back into her purse.

Harvey snatches a yellow post-it note off the board and holds it in front of TLS. TLS rolls his eyes and then holds his hands up to signal "I don't know what this means?"

Harvey Danger: THIS! THIS is the key, good buddy!

TLS: It's a bunch of random numbers and squiggly lines. I don't get it.

Harvey Danger: It is SO much more than that just random numbers. It is the key to deciphering this!

Harvey swings his hand backwards and knocks over the entire investigation board and it falls to the ground with a loud crash. Marie drunkenly cackles as Harvey jumps in terror at the noise. TLS stands eerily still; nonplussed by the whole thing.

Harvey Danger: Well, eh... THAT had been the answer. Don't you worry, though, because I've Sherlock Holmes'ed this entire thing! I know EXACTLY who attacked me back in November!

Marie and TLS in unison: The Lost Boys...

Harvey Danger: Yeah, how'd you guys know?

TLS throws up his hands and walks off. Harvey and Marie share a look.

Harvey Danger: Well, I'm headed to the ring to put an end to this once and for all!

Harvey bolts from the room towards the ring. Looking around the empty room, Marie seizes the opportunity and slips her flask back out of her purse as the camera fades back to ringside.

Fade.

The Chosen Speak

Match

We cut backstage. We are in a darkened room, lit only by the flames of several huge torches mounted on the walls. A heptagram is drawn on the floor in white chalk, a chalice, dagger, and mortar and pestle in its centre. Twelve Druids stand around the heptagram. Eleven of them stand with their heads bowed, hoods draped over. One stands tall, his hood flung back. The man's hair is pure grey. He bears the Maker's Mark of the Eternals on one cheek, the atomic symbol of the Institute on the other. It is the man from the Chosen who was abducted by the Druids weeks ago. The man clears his throat and begins to speak. Man: Good evening. I was born in Liverpool, England, on 30th January 1972. The people who conceived and gave birth to me named me James Harrison.

In 1996 I joined the Spirit Science Research Institute, drawn in by the teachings and personality of the Founder, Clyde Pierre, who supposedly died in 1998 and was replaced by Henry Benson. I remained in the Institute until 2008, when I defected to join the newly-formed Spirit Science Freedom Initiative, to preserve the teachings of the Founder against the heresy of Benson. Then, this very year, the Moonchild came. He told us the Institute was under new leadership, and that we, the exiles, could come home. So we did.

And a few of us - twelve, six men and six women, just as the Founder practiced - became the Chosen. An elite, loyal to the Moonchild, to the Institute, to the Prince - the one some of you know as Sunset. The man pauses, clears his throat. Man: They made me do things. Terrible, awful things. Things that can never be put right. The world deserves to know the truth. The world needs to know the truth. And step by step, the truth is being revealed. Know this. Clyde Pierre never died - at least, not when and how they said. Only two people know the truth. One is Henry Benson. The other is - Abruptly, the feed cuts out, turning to crackling static.

Fade.

Kaden Vossk vs. Azrael

Match

Mike Rolash: Where did that come from all of a sudden? I'm sure this was not sanctioned!

Jim Gunt: Definitely not, looks like this whole Chosen and SSRI business continues to heat up here!

Mike Rolash: Yes, I hope we won't get caught up in the middle of this...

Jim Gunt: Moving on, though, looks like Harvey Danger is finally catching up with last month there in a thrilling conclusion of his hunt for, well, someone everybody already knew did it...

Mike Rolash: Yes, some people are not the sharpest crayon in the drawer, but let's focus on the next match here, which sees two more debutants, Azrael and Kaden Vossk in a rare mash-up of new combatants.

At the ring of the bell Kaden Vossk steps up to his opponent, noses practically touching, and verbally berates his opponent. Azrael, standing 2 inches above Kaden, is unmoved and unimpressed by the barrage of insults. Infuriated his attempt to intimidate failed, Kaden instead opts for a headbutt, his skull cracking hard against that of his opponent. This time Azrael does understandably recoil. Kaden Vossk follows up by spitting at his opponent.

Mike Rolash: Kaden Vossk is such a stand-up guy.

Jim Gunt: Yes...an epitome of decency and decorum. A true gentleman...

Azrael retaliates with what appears to be a half-arsed attempt at a clothesline, one that Kaden manages to evade and in turn punishes his opponent for the failed attack with a full nelson slam. Vile Vossk taunts the crowd as he watches and waits, stalking his opponent.

Mike Rolash: Both competitors have got a lot to live up to here in the CWF, it will be interesting to see what they do to separate themselves from the rest of the roster.

Azrael begins to stir and makes his way back to his feet, and as if by instinct he is able to barely avoid Kaden's big boot, countering into a powerful falling side slam. Azrael drags Kaden across the ring, closer towards the corner and places him into position for a catapult variation.

Jim Gunt: A signature move so soon?

Mike Rolash: What are you talking about?

Jim Gunt: Azrael is setting up for the Angels Wings, one of his signature moves. Don't you do ANY research on the roster?

Mike Rolash: Mostly just what kind of underwear the females wear.

Jim Gunt: Like Marie Danger in her thong?

Mike Rolash: OH DEAR GOD!

True to Jim's prediction, Azrael catapults Kaden into the corner, intending the Angels Wings catapult backbreaker, but Kaden stops his momentum by grabbing the perpendicular ring ropes either side of the corner post and stomps down onto the chest of Azrael...HARD. Kaden Vossk drags his opponent back to his feet, Azrael fighting every step of the way and manages to barrel into The Shattered Perception, driving him bodily into the corner.

Jim Gunt: Someone order a Vile Sandwich?

With Kaden now seemingly trapped, Azrael takes advantage with a series of powerful standing corner lariats, ending the bombardment of stiff strikes with an Irish whip into the opposite corner and a running corner lariat. Azrael drags Kaden away from the corner and hooks the leg for a pin.

ONE!

TWO!

KADEN KICKS OUT!

Jim Gunt: Azrael really pushing his advantage.

Azrael stomps down on Kaden several times, in response to Kaden's previous boot, and as punishment for his persistence. Satisfied Kaden won't offer any further resistance for the moment, Azrael pulls himself up to the second rung of a nearby turnbuckle and comes down hard with a diving knee drop.

Mike Rolash: What? Azrael too lazy to climb to the very top?

This time when Azrael sets up for the Angels Wings, Kaden does nothing to prevent, or counter, the signature move. Vile Vossk is catapulted into the corner, crashing against the metal post and falling back, onto the outstretched knees of Azrael.

Another hook of the leg for the pin.

ONE!

TWO!

TH - KADEN KICKS OUT YET AGAIN!!

Jim Gunt: Impressive showing from Kaden Vossk so far.

Mike Rolash: Impressive? He's been getting his arse kicked!

Feeling it is time for the match to end Azrael takes his position, waiting for Kaden Vossk to recover. The second he does Azrael leaps up into the air and grabs Kaden by the head, pulling him down with the Falling Apart. Kaden however has a firm hold of the ring ropes and braces himself for the move, preventing himself from being dragged down to the mat and denying Azrael complete execution of his finishing move. Azrael however has no safety net and drops back down to the mat, shocked but otherwise not significantly hurt. Luckily for Azrael it was not a long drop to the ring mat.

Mike Rolash: NOW you can say it's an impressive showing.

Turning around, Azrael is met with a stiff toe kick to the gut, forcibly expelling the air from his lungs and doubling him over. Kaden Vossk reaches down for his opponent's hands and lifts up Azrael, spiking his head down to the mat, and shaking the ring from the impact in the process, with a package piledriver.

Mike Rolash: Kill Vossk Kill!

Jim Gunt: I guess we have to reset our 'Days since last Copyright Infringement' counter.

Kaden makes the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO! AZRAEL GETS A SHOULDER UP!

Kaden advances towards his recovering foe, and Azrael takes Vile Vossk by surprise with a sudden burst of energy, hoisting Kaden up onto his shoulders for the Spiraling Down. Kaden fights his way free however, ending the move before its execution and coming to stand behind Azrael. As soon as Azrael turns to face his opponent Kaden grabs him by the side of the head and with a snarl upon his face throws his opponent head first into the nearest corner post.

Jim Gunt: Oooo. That's got to be one hell of a headache.

Azrael staggers from the impact with the unyielding steel post, helpless as Kaden Vossk hoists him back first onto his own shoulders and releases an almighty bellow before connecting the Vile Eclipse and dropping for the cover.

Mike Rolash: I-is it over?

Jim Gunt: Is Azrael even moving?

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: And your winner by pinfall....KADEN VOSSK!!

The Price

Match

We see Ryan Sunset and Alex Cain studying over some documents in his office, when Freddie Styles walks in. Ryan Sunset: Hey buddy...wha? Styles brushes past Sunset, right towards Cain, smashing him up against the wall, choking him until he starts to turn bright red. Ryan Sunset: Come on damn it, stop bickering! We can't be doing this now, friends!! Styles lets go of Cain, then turns right toward Ryan. Freddie Styles: Old man, if you ever pull a stunt like you pulled last week, then finding your bastard kid will be the least of your worries. I don't give a damn what was on your mind, don't ever disrespect me like that in your life again....we clear? Cain grudgingly nods, understanding why. Freddie Styles: As for you....friend....it's painfully obvious that I'm the low man on the totem pole around here, so if you want to continue having my services, the price has gone way up. Lest you want to leave your best laid Jace plans in the hands of little lady Flair to keep that belt out of his hands. So I suggest you start making sure I matter around here...buddy. Freddie tosses the desk over on Ryan as he walks out, leaving both him and Cain stunned in his wake. Fade.

The Forsaken (Ataxia, Mannequin, The Shadow) vs. The Highwaymen (Harvey Danger, The Lost Soul, Lance LaRusso)

Match

Mike Rolash: Freddie Styles is fired up and so far his performance in the Modern Warfare tournament definitely has seen his stock rise, as last remaining Eternal.

Jim Gunt: But if it is that wise to get onto Sunset's throat...

Ray Douglas: The next match is a three-on-three tag team match, scheduled for one fall!

The theme of "Friday the 13th" starts to play and the lights go down. The Lost Soul jumps out onto the stage and the fans erupt in cheers, happy to see him again after such a long time. Right behind him Harvey Danger and Lance LaRusso step out, happy to let their fellow Highwayman enjoy the moment in the spotlight.

Rau Douglas: The first team, consisting of Harvey Danger, Lance LaRusso and The Lost Soul - The HIGHWAYMEN!

Mike Rolash: It's good to see they found The Lost Soul again to compete, it has been quite a while since we have seen him perform!

Jim Gunt: Yes, this should be an interesting match, with one of the most beloved stables in CWF history against the maybe darkest we have ever seen.

After shaking plenty of hands and high fives, the Highwaymen arrive at the ring and each take one turnbuckle to soak in the cheers of the fans.

Mike Rolash: Where is Mrs. Danger?

Jim Gunt: Oh no, I hope nothing happened to the lady!

Suddenly the lights go out in the arena. The opening choir of "O Fortuna" of Carl Orff's "Carmina Burana" begins to sound. Then as the low chanting choir sets in, flames begin to flicker on the CWF tron, fog wafting up from the stage and the entrance. Then images of someone running through a forest with the pale rays of the moon the only light filtering through. Three hooded figures slowly walk out, partially obscured by the fog. The choir rises in intensity and the flames that at first were visible on the tron suddenly shoot up along the ramp and the three figures slowly make their way down and into the ring. They take position in the ring next to each other and the fire and tron go black until the song explodes into its crescendo, four flames shoot up from the ringposts, casting their eerie glow at the unmoving figures in the ring.

Mike Rolash: You can think whatever you want about The Forsaken, but this entrance is a statement for sure!

Ray Douglas: And their opponents, The Shadow, Ataxia and Mannequin - THE FORSAKEN!

Some boos erupt, but most people are still impressed by the entrance as the Forsaken pull back their hoods and shed their cloaks.

Mike Rolash: Oh, there she is, wow!

The camera shows Mrs. Danger in one of the luxury boxes, comfortably seated in a massaging recliner chair, a bottle of champagne next to her together with an assortment of sandwiches, looking like pastrami. Next to it there is an open envelope with a card saying: "Compliments of The Forsaken."

Jim Gunt: Now this is probably the most elegant way I have ever seen someone taking care of a potential distraction, haha!

Jim Gunt: And down here it looks like it's Ataxia and The Lost Soul in the ring first, let's go!

But it looks like TLS doesn't want Ataxia, he points at The Shadow and motions for him to come in, a smile playing around the corners of The Shadow's mouth.

Mike Rolash: TLS had been targeting The Shadow for some reason and the dark man obliges, signaling to Ataxia to tag him in, I guess now we can finally get going here.

The Shadow is circling TLS, feigning a few attacks, but not following through.

Jim Gunt: Mind games from the first moment on here...

After a few of these, The Shadow begins to taunt The Lost Soul.

The Shadow: You wanted me, you got me, now what are you waiting for?

He turns around, arms spread wide, almost as if offering The Lost Soul the first blow and he does not have to ask him twice, as he charges in, but The Shadow is ready, nailing him with a spinning kick to the head that stops any momentum TLS was beginning to gather. He pulls his opponent back up and whips him into the corner, following right up with a heavy clothesline. Right away he pulls TLS over and tags in Ataxia, who goes up the rope and brings down a hard elbow down on the twisted arm of The Lost Soul.

He continues with the arm hold, TLS crying out in pain, then tags in Mannequin, who takes over and picks up right where Ataxia left off.

Mike Rolash: Perfect tag teaming so far, not giving an inch or a chance to tag.

Mannequin places a few more elbows onto the arm of his opponent before letting go and opting for some heavy chops to the chest. Lance is yelling at TLS to try to come over and Harvey starts to clap for the crowd to join in, which it eagerly does. Mannequin whips TLS into the corner, but his attempt at a big splash only finds the turnbuckles and he goes down hard. The Lost Soul is still reeling, but manages to tag in LaRusso just as Mannequin grabs his arm. The Pansexual Playboy jumps right onto the rope, using it to plant a springboard dropkick into Mannequin's chest, following it up with a beautiful enzuigiri that brings the tall man down. He immediately climbs the turnbuckle and launches off with a frog splash! He goes for the first pin attempt of the match!

Jim Gunt: Lance is on fire, looks like he wants to finish Mannequin off quick!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Lance does not waste any time complaining and pulls Mannequin into his corner, tagging in Harvey and the two men execute a Rocket Launcher that Harvey tries to capitalize on with a cover!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Mike Rolash: Wow, how the tables have turned here!

Harvey goes for a whipping, but as he hits the ropes, his back is met by a kick from Ataxia. This gets Lance riled up and he tries to go through the ropes, but the referee is stopping him, yet this enables Ataxia to quickly grab Harvey and pull him down onto the ropes. Now both men are down and are trying to go for the respective tags and The Lost Soul and Ataxia enter the ring at the same time and collide mid-ring, but both remain standing. Ataxia tries to take control right away and sends The Lost Soul into the ropes, his shoulder block bringing him down, but after two quick elbow

drops he is brought back to his feet and goes straight back into the ropes and a big back body drop follows.

Jim Gunt: This has been a very high paced match so far!

Mike Rolash: Absolutely, let's see how long they will be able to keep this up!

Ataxia goes over and tags in The Shadow, who pulls The Lost Soul back to his feet and lifts him up and delivers a fall away slam. Again he follows right up and a beautiful senton. And he hooks the leg for the pin!

ONE!

TWO!

THR...

LaRusso to the rescue, with a leveling drop kick to The Shadow's chest. Right away he pulls The Lost Soul over to their corner and puts his arm onto the middle rope, so Harvey can tag himself in. The Dangerman drags The Shadow to his feet, sets up for a power bomb and slams his opponent into the mat. A leg drop, then he goes into the ropes for momentum, but whatever he was planning does not work out, because he gets a boot to the face. The Shadow jumps up and into the ropes...

Mike Rolash: Oh, the Hammer of Doom!

The Shadow's fist connects with Harvey's head and he gets up to stand over his opponent for a moment, catching his breath. Just as Harvey gets up, he runs into the ropes again and flies in with the Nightfall, but The Lost Soul's boot intercepts him, hitting his ribs hard. Mannequin goes right after The Lost Soul and a brawl between the two ensues with both going through the ropes, continuing to wail away outside of the ring. In the meantime Harvey has The Shadow on his shoulders, Samoan Drop! Back up and whipping into the Highwaymen's corner, followed by a tag to Lance.

Standing dropkick against The Shadow in the corner, then he grabs his opponent, pulls him forward and using his feet he launches him into the air for another back body drop. The Lost Soul is back up and tags himself in to get to The Shadow and a leg drop, no, two! Then he drags him to his feet and whips him into the ropes, The Shadow manages a reversal and charges towards The Lost Soul, who uses his opponent's momentum and sends him over the top rope. Unbeknownst to him, though, Ataxia had managed to slap The Shadow on his way out, effectively tagging himself in and sneaking around The Lost Soul, who is standing at the ropes, smiling down at the prone form of The Shadow outside.

"One. Two. Three. Boom" he whispers into The Lost Soul's ear, who whirls around in surprise, but is met with a head

butt, followed by a trip into the corner, hitting hard. The Messiah Pariah now with his trademark Learn the Lesson kicks that have The Lost Soul fall straight down on his face. Ataxia cackles and walks over to tag Mannequin back in, The Shadow still barely stirring. Mannequin confidently strides over, and pulls TLS back up, who can barely stand straight, leaning against the turnbuckles. Mannequin backs up, mocking TLS, taunting him to come up to him and just as it looks as if he is about to collapse, he gathers up his last strength and charges forward, hitting Mannequin with a spear, his momentum getting him all the way into his corner, where Lance LaRusso takes the tag, jumps up to the top turnbuckle and goes airborne!

Jim Gunt: LaRusso going for the Mile High Club!

He connects perfectly with Mannequin and right away goes for the pin!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Mike Rolash: They pulled it off, they won!

Ray Douglas: And the winner - The HIGHWAYMEEEN!

A Mannequin Punished

Match

Seeing The Shadow at the side of the ring, helped up by Ataxia and the look on his face, The Highwaymen scurry out of the ring and up the ramp, arms held high in celebration.

Jim Gunt: I think this is not over yet, Mike!

Mike Rolash: Uh oh, yes, it looks like someone is in trouble now!

Jim Gunt: If he wouldn't have tried to taunt The Lost Soul, this would have been theirs, so after his antics last week, I think his stable mates are not enthused...

The Shadow stands next to Mannequin and hisses at him: "You have been warned, you do not forsake the Forsaken! Be ready to walk through the Traitor's Gate and prepare to meet thy fate..."

He begins to stomp his leg in an intensifying rhythm. The lights begin to dim and fog appears around the ring. The heptagram appears on the mat, and some druids are filing out from the back, carrying torches, forming a circle around the ring. The lights are completely out now, with the flickering light of the torches the only source of light. Ataxia and The Shadow are dragging Mannequin into the centre of the heptagram and The Shadow kneels down, his hands on both sides of Mannequin's head. As the druids begin a low chant, The Shadow's voice can be heard loud and clear:

"Foh roh deh gah lah moh ray

Mah hoh tah

Foh reh say-lah"

He lowers his head and the heptagram begins to glow and pulsate as the druids' chant intensifies. Suddenly all light ceases and when the arena lights come back on, the ring and its surroundings are empty...

Jim Gunt (pale as snow): Wh-what was th-that...?

Mike Rolash: I would assume that we just witnessed the second victim of the Sousearch and looks like the Forsaken are down to two now.

Alex Cain vs. Owen Homes

Match

Music hits "Papa Roach-Born for Greatness" and pyro hits off. Owen Homes walks out for the first time in CWF. The crowd cheers for Owen as he makes his way into ring, enthusiastic for his debut.

Music hits "Linkin Park-Crawling" and out comes Alex Cain slowly walking towards the ring as the crowd goes silent in response. He walks into the ring and waits for the announcer.

Ray Douglas: The following contest is set for one-fall! Introducing first standing on my left, making his debut, Owen Homes!

Crowd cheers Owen on as he raises his hand up.

Ray Douglas: And on my left, the 5 time former CWF World Champion, the legend, Alex Cain.

The bell rings and the match is on its way.

Owen goes for the side-step kick but Alex catches Owen's leg. He then kicks the back of his leg and Owen falls back. Alex still holding on to Owen's leg turns Owen around and put Owen in an ankle-lock! The referee goes to check if Owen wants tap. Owen signals he won't. Owen turns around slightly and kicks Alex with his other free leg. Alex takes a

step back and then smiles. He taunts Owen to make a move. Owen runs towards Alex for a spear but Alex counters with a powerbomb. Alex then steps on Owen mocking him as he walks over and waits for Owen to come to his senses.

Mike Rolash: Well would you look at that. Alex is giving Owen a chance to show his stuff. Isn't that nice?

Jim Gunt: I don't know what you are talking about. Alex is only mocking Owen.

Owen slowly gets up and smiles at Alex. Owen then taunts Alex to make a move.

Mike Rolash: The nerve of this new guy!

Jim Gunt: Alright Owen!

Alex Cain goes for the big boot but Owen stepped aside to dodge it and quickly hits Alex with a belly to belly. Alex quickly gets up but Owen delivers Alex a drop kick to the face. Alex falls to the mat. Owen puts Alex in a headlock and the veteran starts to struggle. But slowly Alex positions himself using his left hand to grab Owen's leg and finally picks Owen up onto his shoulder. Alex then delivers Fireman's carry DDT. The Living Legend goes for the pin.

ONE!

TWO!

THR-NO!

Owen put his hand up in the last second. Cain looks at the referee in the disbelief, slapping the canvas. The ref shows it was just a 2 count. Alex then proceeds to pick Owen up and delivers a snap suplex. Alex again goes for the pin.

ONE!

TWO!

TH-NO!

Owen kicks out in the last second. Still in disbelief Alex picks Owen up again to his feet and pushes him to the ropes as Owen bounces back Alex hits Owen with Clothesline from hell.

Mike Rolash: Man this looks brutal. The Living Legend is just dominating the debuting Owen Homes!

Jim Gunt: But Owen just won't let up.

Owen slowly gets up as Cain tries to catch his breath. Alex Cain grabs Owen's arm and delivers Vengeance is Sweet on Owen! The Living Legend then drags Owen over the ropes and then between the middle rope.

Mike Rolash: Well this is the end.

Jim Gunt: That really was quick work.

Alex delivers the Owen with "The Fallen!". Alex then grabs Owen and goes for the pin.

ONE!

TWO!

OWEN KICKS OUT!

Mike Rolash: WHAT!!!

Jim Gunt: HE SHOULD BE UNCONSCIOUS RIGHT NOW!

Alex grabs Owen and drags him to the middle of the ring and then delivers the Annihilator on Owen!

Mike Rolash: Well he is done for.

Alex goes for the pin.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Owen kicks out again!

Mike Rolash: What in the world is going on here!

Jim Gunt: There is something wrong here.

Alex looks at Owen in disbelief and then suddenly Alex looked surprised. Alex calls for the referee and then slowly gets out of the ring. The referee checks on Owen Homes. After awhile the referee calls the announcer and whispers into his ears.

Ray Douglas: As result of Owen Homes not being able to continue, Alex Cain is the winner.

Mike Rolash: Wait whaaat?!! Owen just kicked out he can't be unconscious.

One of the officials comes over and whispers into Jim Gunt's ears.

Jim Gunt: It seem Owen was out of it when Alex Cain delivered the Fallen. Owen just kicked out of sheer willpower. He must have really wanted to win...

Mike Rolash: What a guy.

Alex Cain has already left ringside as if he already knew the result. The medics come over to carry Owen out of the ring.

Challenging The Boys

Match

Jim Gunt: Looks like Harvey Danger is in the ring and has something to say.

Mike Rolash: I hope it starts with Good and ends with Bye!

Jim Gunt: That's just not nice!

Harvey Danger paces inside the ring, looking a little roughed up from the trios match. He's removed his tan trench coat from earlier but still wears his giant dopey Private Eye fedora hat. The cheers of the crowd begin to taper off as they

wait for him to speak. Harvey brings the microphone to his mouth and taps his chin with it, doing his best at looking deep in thought. He points the giant magnifying lens at the crowd and begins:

Harvey Danger: Let's start at the beginning. Thanksgiving 2017. TWO months ago, my dear sweet Mother worked her fingers to the bone to make a fabulous Thanksgiving Feast for everyone here at the CWF. We set up the annual Marie and Harvey Danger Tables Ladders and Chairs Thanksgiving Feast out of the goodness of our hearts. Aside from the small fact that no one even showed up by the end of the show, I was rudely and unceremoniously attacked. The meal was ruined!

The crowd pops with loud cheers at the thought of Harvey being attacked.

Harvey Danger: Um, yeah, ok... So two men came in and single handedly ruined the whole Feast! Then in the coming weeks I've asked over and over again just who it was. These two even spoke rudely to my Mother!

Well, anyway, I'd like to say I've finally figured it all out! I've come to the conclusion it was The Lost Boys who attacked me. It was The Lost Boys who insulted my poor Mother a few weeks ago. So Lost Boys, if you have any guts, get out here now!

Harvey paces the ring with his magnifying glass while he waits. "A Slow Descent" by the Butterfly Effect breaks the silence in the arena. Sam Braxton and Dean Coulter make their way down the ramp joking and laughing to each other. Slowly they each climb ring stairs on opposite sides of the ring, flanking Harvey. Sam points at Harvey and laughs while Dean checks his watch out of boredom.

Harvey stands tall in the middle of the ring. He looks agitated and annoyed.

Harvey Danger: NO! NO! NO! Not you guys again! I wanted The Lost Boys! Now you're just wasting my time!

Sam grabs Harvey by the back of the neck in a friendly-yet-bullying sort of way. Harvey's dumb hat falls off his head. Dean leans over and pulls the microphone towards himself.

Dean Coulter: Harvey, mate... we ARE the Lost Boys.

Harvey Danger: What? No, I'm looking for the...

Harvey pauses and looks from Sam to Dean and back to Sam again.

Harvey Danger: But, wait... YOU guys?

They smile like Cheshire Cats.

Harvey Danger: All along?

Still smiling, they nod. Sam taps the side of his head as if to say "Good thinkin'" as the two step even closer to Harvey.

Harvey Danger: Oh, no...

Sam and Dean pounce. They pummel Harvey with punches and kicks. In no time, Harvey is huddled on the ground trying to protect himself as the duo rain down kick after kick. Sam scoops Harvey up and launches him into the ropes. He bounces back into the middle of the ring where he's met with a vicious clothesline from Dean. They continue their assault until the crowd suddenly roars as TLS sprints down the entrance isle. Just as The Lost Soul slides under the bottom ropes to defend his friend, the Lost Boys take a powder jumping out of the ring.

The Lost Boys make their exit through the crowd having left their mark. TLS helps Harvey sit up as he shouts for help from the medical team.

Fade.

Out of the Shadow

Match

Backstage, Ryan Sunset sits behind his desk with the most smug of smiles. He is in conversation with someone at the other end of the desk, but the camera will not pan out to see who they are.

Ryan Sunset: Welcome buddy, welcome friend. I'm glad you could make it.

Man's Voice: Yeah, get to the point.

Ryan laughs.

Ryan Sunset: Very well then, I have asked you to my office to let you know that I have been watching you. As a matter of fact, we all have been watching you, as you wallow in the shadows of your brother and all of his defeats.

Ryan takes a breath and licks his lips.

Ryan Sunset: When are you going to move out of the shadow of your brother and stake your own claim in this

company? I say...the time is now. Let me show you something.

Ryan pauses to reach down for something behind his desk, a black nylon bag. Once he pulls it onto his desk he takes the contents out, a newly designed CWF PARAMOUNT CHAMPIONSHIP!

Ryan Sunset: You see buddy, at Modern Warfare the Academy title becomes null and void and tradition comes back into this company. The Paramount Title will be won in a six man battle, with you and five of the top new prospects CWF has to offer. So I ask you, are you ready?

We pan out to see CRAZY CHRIS!

Crazy Chris: I am.

Fade.

The Lost Boys (Dean Coulter & Sam Braxton) vs. The Bright Young Things (Eris & Caledonia)

Match

Jim Gunt: The Lost Boys are surely in high demand since they arrived here, Silas Artoria, Harvey Danger and now they are actually in real ring action against the Bright Young Things in a non-title match!

Mike Rolash: Well, they wanted to make an impression and I'd say they are on a very good way to do so! And speaking of making an impression, the Paramount Championship is back!

Jim Gunt: This is exciting news and looks like we will be seeing some of the new talent being thrown right into the thick of things to get a shot at it very early on in the CWF career!

Ray Douglas: The following tag team contest is a non title match and is scheduled for one fall!

"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.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first, coming to the ring, at a combined weight of 417 lbs, Sam Braxton and Dean Coulter...
THE LOST BOYS!!

Suddenly the opening rifts of "Rebel, Rebel" by David Bowie begins to play, the arena now glowing in a red hue light. The fans rise to their feet in anticipation as one half of the CWF World Tag Team Champions, Eris, makes their way onto the stage bouncing back and forth on the balls of their feet. Eris comes to a halt looking out at the crowd as their music cuts out and "Day and Night" by Billie Piper begins playing. The other half of the tag champs, Caledonia makes her way out. She stops beside Eris, bumping forearms with her partner as they head towards the ring.

Ray Douglas: And their opponents, at a combined weight of 310 lbs, they are the CWF WORLD TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS! Eris and Caledonia, BRIGHT YOUNG THINGS!!

The champs make it to the ring sliding inside. They take their belts off handing them to the official for this match, Clark Summits. They head to their corner to talk strategy, as Braxton steps up for his team. Eris steps forward, as Summits calls for the bell.

Jim Gunt: Big matchup between these two right here tonight! It might be non title but if The Lost Boys are able to defeat the champs tonight, that would have to guarantee them a future title shot?

Mike Rolash: You're right Jimbo, but I agree with Cali, why were they not considered for the tag gauntlet?

Jim Gunt: It probably would have to do with the fact that if they were involved and won then they would have to pull double duty. They are already involved in a match with Stranger Danger.

Mike Rolash: Oh...

Meanwhile back in the ring, Eris and Sam circle each other, Braxton is first on the attack kicking at the lower leg of Eris, but they block it. They size each other up, Braxton offering his hand in the air for a test of strength. Eris agrees reaching out and locking fingers with Braxton. They then interlock fingers with their other hand. A power struggle ensues between the two. Eris uses their height to their advantage forcing Sam down to the mat. Braxton's flexibility is on display as Eris is not able to get him flat to canvas.

Jim Gunt: I know it's the early goings of this match. But Braxton has been battling a case of strep throat, you think that will affect this match any?

Mike Rolash: These two are competitors, and by any means they will prove they are the best Jimmy!

Braxton suddenly finds some burst of energy, able to muster enough strength to get back to an upright position. He pulls the left hand of Eris down and kicks at it breaking the interlocks of their fingers. Braxton then shoots a kick towards their chest, but Eris is able to block it. Eris swings his arm at Sam attempting a lariat, but the Aussie is quick to duck underneath the attack. Sam goes for a spin kick, but Eris rolls through, they are to their feet quickly running and

springing off the middle rope. They turn in mid air landing on Braxton's shoulder flipping backwards for a Hurricanrana! Braxton elusive as ever cartwheels away from impact and to his feet. The fans in the Vivint Smart Home Arena applauding the athletic display.

Jim Gunt: The Aussie and the Discordian going counter for counter with neither competitor gaining the upper hand.

Mike Rolash: What exactly is a Discordian?

Jim Gunt: A person from Discordia, duh.. But nevermind that bough Coulter and Caledonia have tagged into the match.

Cali and Dean are engaged in an intense lock up, Coulter makes the switch to a side headlock, but Cali swiftly pushed him off into the ropes, leap frogging him on his return. Coulter stops in his tracks waiting on Cali to land. Once she does, he grabs her from behind hooking her leg and flipping her over with a Leg Hook Belly To Back! But Cali, as agile as a cat lands on her feet! She charges at Coulter going for a clothesline, but he flips her over with an arm drag. Dean then twist her arm into a Fujiwara Armbar. Summits is quick to get in Cali's face asking if she wants to submit.

Jim Gunt: Caledonia in a dangerous spot Mike! Dean is a technician genius inside that ring.

Mike Rolash: Well he better put that brain to use because you can underestimate the tag champs!

Dean torqued more pressure as Cali refuses to submit, she searches for an escape, but there aren't many options. She finally uses her size to her advantage. Cali repositioned her body and flipped over into a seated position, but Coulter is right along with her rolling through himself and now twisting her arm into a Hammerlock. Dean bends her arm into a position that isn't natural as she screams out in pain. She still refuses to give up trying to hold on for as long as she can. Eris has seen enough, getting in the ring as kicking Dean off their partner. This promptly brings Braxton in who nails Eris with a leaping forearm shit. They stagger backwards into the ropes. Eris swings back catching Braxton across the jaw, the two begin to exchange shots back and forth. Meanwhile both Cali and Dean are back to their feet engaged in a fist fight as well. Clark Summits tries to restore some order but neither team is tryna hear it. They just keep swinging hard blows at each other. The Lost Boys take the upper hand and go for tandem clothesline, but the Bright Young Things duck under them. As they return off the ropes, Eris and Cali send them both sliding out of the ring with simultaneous Hurricanranas!!

Jim Gunt: The action is looking to pick up as the champs look to take the advantage.

Mike Rolash: The champs are on the same page and when that happens they are very hard to beat.

The BYT are quickly to their feet rushing to the ropes as sling shotting themselves onto their rising opponents. Cali is back to her feet, bringing Coulter off the floor and tossing him inside the ring. She climbs onto the apron, and then

positions herself on the top rope. She calls for Dean to get up, which he does not knowing where he's at. The only thing he does know is that he just turned right into a flying Cali who plants her feet right into his chest with a Missile Dropkick! She goes for the cover as Clark makes the count. One! Two! No! Dean was just able to kick out after two as Cali contemplates her next move. She brings Dean to his feet once again dragging him towards her teams corner. She tags in Eris as they look to go for a double team. Eris whips Dean towards the ropes, where Cali knocks him to the mat with a Dropkick upon his return. All of sudden, Eris runs towards the opposite set of ropes, springboarding off the middle rope with a Moonsault! They hook the leg for the pin! One! Two! Braxton breaks up the pin.

Jim Gunt: Great combination by the champs proving why they hold those titles!

Mike Rolash: Guess you can call it a bit of shipper work.

Jim Gunt: Oh Lord, what are you not into?

Mike Rolash: I pretty much have no limits Jim boy.

Braxton has returned to his corner, slapping the top turnbuckle trying to get his partner back into the fight! Eris brings Dean back to his feet, then blasts him with a couple right hands. They then whip Coulter into the corner where they follow him in. Dean tried to stop Eris' momentum with a boot, but they catch it. With a yank of his boot, Dean is lifted up out of the corner, into the air, as straight down across the knee of Eris for a Backbreaker! They pull Dean to the center of the ring going for another cover. One! Two! No! Sam is in once again for the save. Eris curses aloud furious at Braxton, who trash talks them heading back to his corner.

Mike Rolash: Nice save by Braxton!

Eris brings Coulter back up looking to inflict more pain. They lift him up onto their shoulders on an Argentine position. They swing Dean around looking for a Powerbomb, but somehow Coulter reverses it planting Eris with a Cyclorana! Both fighters are down as both Cali and Sam call for a tag. Dean being the closest to his corner, leaps out and tags his partner, who comes in like a ball of fire. He runs across the ring jumping off Eris' back and knocking Cali off the apron with a forearm! Braxton now sets his target on Eris who is just now rising to their knees. Braxton comes full speed at them clobbering them with the WIZARD OF AUS! Braxton hooks both legs going for the cover. One! Two! Cali this time with the save! Braxton springs to his feet swinging wildly at Cali, she dodges though handspringing off the ropes, taking Braxton down with a Back Elbow! She lets out a primal yell bringing the approval of the fans in Utah! She is so psyched up that she turns right into a diving Dean Coulter, who grabs her neck while he's flipping over her spiking her into the mat with a neckbreaker! She rolls out of the ring holding her neck in pain, Dean is back to his feet but he is sent tumbling outside the ring through the ropes courtesy of a Bicycle Kick! Sam takes advantage of a distracted Eris, quickly grabbing them from behind and rolling them up with an O'Connor roll. Clark slides in to make the count, but is out of position to see the hand full of Eris' tights! One! Two! Three! The bell rings as Sam makes haste getting out the ring meeting Dean.

Ray Douglas: Here are your winners.. THE LOST BOYS!!

They back up the ramp raising their hands in victory! Meanwhile Eris sits in the ring shocked about the outcome as Cali comes back in holding her neck, asking what happened. "Slow Descent" blast through the speakers as the fans boo the action of the Aussie.. He doesn't care though still raising his arms in victory as he and his partner head through the curtains.

A Word With the World Champ

Match

Marcus Maximus positioned himself outside the locker room of New CWF World Champion, Duce Jones. He gets the cue to begin, bringing the microphone to his mouth as he begins to speak.

Marcus Maximus: Your everyday average reporter, Marcus Maximus is coming to you outside the locker room of the newly crowned CWF World Champion, Duce Jones! We are going to see if we can get a word with him about his main event match tonight versus Freddie Styles! Let's see if we can get a word. Duce!

Marcus knocks on the slightly ajar door, causing it to creep open. There is no response from inside as Marcus continues to call Duce's name. He finally decides to push the door open.

Marcus Maximus: Duce! Duce! Are you alright?

The cameraman is finally able to get a look inside, the scene before us is nothing more than pure carnage. Chairs are sprawled all over the room. As well as his belongings, Duce lays face first in the wreckage of a broken table. He's clearly unconscious as Marcus tries to get him to come to.

Marcus Maximus: Go get some help!

The cameraman leaves the room, leaving Marcus to tend to Duce, in search of the medical staff. Or at least some type of assistance.

Fade.

Mike Rolash: This is not looking good for the champion, I'm sure Sunset is behind this!

Jim Gunt: The semi finals of the Modern Warfare World Title Tournament are up next and we will be right back after a brief message from the official drink of the CWF, I wonder if the Lost Boys brought this stuff with them!

The House of The Will

Match

We open outside a large concrete building, an atomic symbol surrounded by the ouroboros mounted to its front. A large plaque reads "THE HOUSE OF THE WILL". We enter. The hotel is all but deserted. To the right, a door opens into a bar area, while straight ahead is an empty receptionist's desk. Above the desk is an atomic symbol, surrounded by magical formulae. The walls are painted in murals of deliberately clashing colours, designed to induce nausea and unease. On the wall is a huge portrait of a man in his 40s, his expression intense, piercing, glaring into the viewer. To the left is a series of lifts, one black, three grey, one white. We enter the black lift, and it immediately descends, sinking deep underground. We exit the lift, moving forward through a corridor in pitch darkness. We exit the corridor and the door immediately closes behind. The room is large, round. Its walls are sloped downwards, with a series of small openings at the top. A series of weapons are arranged around the room, hanging from the walls, propped up on stands - chairs, coils of barbed wire, baseball bats, bags of thumbtacks. And more - obscure weapons from all over the world, replicas of instruments of torture from Greece and Rome. In the centre stands Elisha. He wears solid black, an atomic symbol across the left of his chest in red. He states into the camera, his expression a contemptuous smirk. Elisha: Good evening, one and all. I am the Moonchild. You may call me Elisha. Soon, the night approaches. Two grasping sycophants fight it out for a piece of metal nailed to a dead animal's skin, while others do their best to outdo one another to be noticed, to be recognised - to be a somebody if just for the night. And two of us prepare for the battle of a lifetime. Myself, Elisha, the Moonchild. And Amber. The Bitch. He pauses. The camera turns, taking in the room, the weaponry arranged all around. Bloodstains mark the walls, the floor, the blades of the knives and razors that glint down from on high. Elisha: Where better for this to end than here, where it all began? The House of the Will, the place the Founder himself appointed to be the headquarters of his new Institute. The place where I would stay for weeks, even months, imprisoned in splendid isolation, only books and lectures for company, fed on grains and water. And then, once a week - one glorious day - I would be released here, to devastate all those laid before me who did their best to do the same in return. The more blood was shed, the more bones broken, more suffering inflicted on those who had wronged the Institute - the more rewards I would receive. A simple method of learning, but ever so effective. It made me what I am. And what I am is perfect. I want to bring you here, Amber. I want to let you into my world, that you can experience for a day what I have known for a lifetime. The rules are simple. The victor must escape the room via one of the openings, above - and once free, make it to the lifts and up to the surface. Consider this your invitation, my dear Amber. Don't be late. I have a friend who is just dying to meet you... The camera pans down to one side, revealing a young man, eighteen years of age or so. His eyes are wide, a piece of cloth in his mouth keeping him silent. His face is covered in dozens of cuts and bruises. Elisha: Anthony MacMillan. I believe you two are acquainted? He smirks. Elisha: Soon, Amber.

Fade.

Jace Valentine vs. Mariella Jade Flair

Match

Ray Douglas: The following match is set for one fall and is the final match in the Beta Block of MODERN WARFARE! Introducing first...

"Epidemic" by New Year's Day blasts over the speakers, sending the fans into a frenzy as Mariella Jade Flair makes her way out from behind the curtain with her hood over her face, obscuring the camera's view. She finally flicks it up, her eyes as cold and determined as ever as she raises one single arm into the air. Hundreds of outstretched hands come from both sides of the entrance ramp, but MJ bypasses all but one or two of them, giving the fans one last look as she enters the ring up the steel steps.

Ray Douglas: First, the woman who has taken the Modern Warfare and the CWF audience by storm. From Warwick, New York, she is....**MARIELLA JADE FLAIR!!**

"We've had Enough" by Alkaline Trio takes over, and the crowd absolutely erupts for the Jace that runs the Place. Jace Valentine struts out in the most extravagant of robes, flashing himself across the screen as he spins. The Host with the Most raises both his arms in the air, taunting the cheering fans to grow even louder. Valentine rolls into the squared circle and walks past the approaching MJ Flair, going to the corner to raise his arms into the air to another resounding set of cheers.

Ray Douglas: And her opponent, he is the former Academy, Paramount, and CWF World champion. From Montreal, Canada.....**JACE VALENTINE!!**

Jim Gunt: Here we go Mike, the first of two semi-finals matches tonight!

Mike Rolash: But this is the **FINALS** of the Beta Block of Modern Warfare, baby! Jace Valentine, the old and tired guard, versus MJ Flair, the second generation superstar who has turned this tournament on its head after upsetting Elisha last week!

Jim Gunt: Both superstars are incredibly sound ring technicians, this one should be a real treat!

Clark Summits cuts the resounding sound of anticipation from tonight's sold out crowd, calling for Mariella Jade Flair and Jace Valentine to come to the center of the ring. Summits does a quick explanation of the rules of the match, before motioning for the bell. A smug Valentine smirks at MJ Flair, staring right into her eyes and bluntly saying "Come on then sweetheart, I'm about to spank you harder than Zara Knight at Indulgence." Instead of pissing off with the comments like any other woman on earth would be, MJ Flair just smiles and nods at the Jace that runs the Place, raising her hand for him to shake?

Somewhat taken aback by the offering, Valentine raises his eyebrow in contemplation for a second, finally deciding to take the hand of Mariella in his. The second generation star shakes it gently for a few moments before pulling Valentine in inches away from her face, "Don't **EVER** call me sweetheart again, asshole." **HEADBUTT!** Before Valentine knows what hit him, MJ Flair spikes him in the forehead with a second headbutt! Flair takes Jace by the arm, whipping him across the rings into the ropes. She leaps up into the air for a cross body block- but Valentine catches her. **FALLAWAY SLAM WITH AUTHORITY!**

Jim Gunt: What a start to this match, Mike! Both Jace and MJ doing a little bit of trash talking, **AND** a little bit of sportsmanship. How will this match go?

Mike Rolash: That is a very good question. One we would be able to find the answer to if you'd just **SHUT UP!**

Jace Valentine, cockier than ever, struts across the ring to pick up MJ Flair to her feet. But Flair boots him across the head, kips up, spinning heel kick! The Flair that Doesn't Care attempts to hold back a smile as the audience screams reverberating cheers in her direction, turning her attention back to Valentine as she bounces off the ropes and lands a picture perfect Standing Moonsault. Flair holds on for the pin attempt.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: Incredible, high-paced offense in the early going of this match by MJ Flair!

Mike Rolash: But now it is Jace's turn to run the place!

Jim Gunt: Enough already, even I have overused that saying!

Valentine sends a flinging arm into the chest of MJ Flair as he arises, but she no sells the chop, hitting the New Era of Arrogance with one of her own. Jace Valentine shrugs it off, going for a second chop that Flair ducks under, connecting with a HARD clothesline as Valentine turns back around, turning the former Academy champion inside out! Flair gives Jace Valentine a few seconds to unball himself off the canvas before heading over to lift him up, but Jace rolls her up into a school boy!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Jim Gunt: MJ Flair showing a bit of inexperience there, she should have stayed on Jace Valentine after that massive clothesline!

Mike Rolash: Maybe she's a little worn out, Jimmy? This Modern Warfare tournament has to be strenuous on these competitors, I feel for these two.

Jim Gunt: What are you trying to do, Mike? Pick up MJ for a date?

Mike Rolash: Eww! No, she is definitely not my type.

Jim Gunt: But that Russian prostitute I found you with at 3am last Friday was?

Right out of the pinfall, MJ kicks Valentine in the side, before leaping over his head, sunset flipping him over her into another pinfall attempt.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Valentine swiftly boots MJ Flair in the head to break out of the pinfall, hurrying back to his feet before she can get to hers. But as he charges forward she grabs a hold of him, belly to belly suplexing him over her and holding on for another bridged pin!

ONE!

TWO!

THR-NO!

Jim Gunt: Valentine out at two again, this one is getting crazy!

Mike Rolash: No crazier than you for thinking I would ever want to take MJ Flair out on a date!

Jim Gunt: Quit being such an insensitive douchebag!

Showing a bit of frustration now, the Jace That Runs the Place slaps the canvas grumbling to himself as he pulls himself up. MJ Flair comes at him, making a slight sidestep to hit the middle rope, grabbing him on the way through-
TORNADO DDT-NO! Valentine throws off MJ Flair, and waves his finger at her with a cocky smirk! Both competitors begin circling each other now, looking for the advantage over the other one before moving in.

Flair is the first to approach, but Jace sidesteps her and puts her in an arm lock from behind. She easily gets out, turning it on Jace Valentine with a hip stretch. Valentine however is back on the arm, pulling Flair down to the canvas with an arm drag. Grinding down on the arm of his opponent, Jace winces, the pain of a very rough tournament showing that it's taken its toll on him. Flair struggles but gets to her feet, taking the arm out of Valentine's grasp and sending him into the ropes. Jace Valentine ducks under another clothesline attempt from Flair, continuing to the next set of ropes, leaps onto MJ Flair- CUPID'S CHOKEHOLD!

Jim Gunt: It could be over here in a heartbeat Mike, Valentine just locked in the Cupid's Chokehold out of nowhere!

Mike Rolash: That is why he was nicknamed the Overnight Submission Specialist! Valentine has tapped out the very best in CWF from day one!

Jace Valentine has the Gogoplata variation locked in to full capacity now, using his body as a vice to sink into that of MJ Flair's. She does her very best to fight out of the submission hold, squirming and swinging wildly to break the grip of Valentine. But the Overnight Submission Specialist holds on with a wicked smile coming across his face, knowing that he may have the match in hand now. No- MJ Flair continues fighting out with wild elbows to Valentine, and finally squirms her way close enough to the ropes to get her left foot on the bottom one! Clark Summits is forced to break the maneuver, but Valentine makes sure that he holds onto the submission for the full three count before letting up.

Mike Rolash: Jace Valentine using the full count to his advantage, definitely a veteran maneuver.

Jim Gunt: Well, Valentine has won nearly every title the CWF has had to offer. But Flair and her family have won nearly every title OUTSIDE of CWF, so both competitors are definitely highly decorated. But this is today, and today only the final match of the Beta Block of Modern Warfare matters!

Knowing that he has MJ Flair right where he wants her, Jace Valentine drags the second generation superstar over to the nearest corner and walks on top of her to begin climbing up the ropes. Jace Valentine leaps up onto the top rope- SPLIT-LEGGED MOONSAUL-NO! MJ Flair leaps up in a flash and nails him with a HUGE standing dropkick! Valentine crumbles like stale bread, but somehow stays atop of the ropes. Flair is ready to put an end to the New Era of Arrogance, as she springs into the air- REVERSE FRANK-N-PARSONS KILLS JACE VALENTINE DEAD! HOLY SHIT!

Jim Gunt: It's gotta be over here. Come on MJ!

Mike Rolash: NOO!

Taking a painful impact herself, MJ Flair struggles to crawl over to Jace, but rolls him onto his back to hook both of his legs.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO! VALENTINE OUT AT THE LAST SECOND!

Jim Gunt: No way! The match continues!

Mariella Jade Flair is shocked at this point, but takes a deep breath to try to calm herself as she pushes herself off of Valentine and to her feet. She targets her opponent like a sniper before stomping down on his ribs once, twice, three, four times rapidly! Flair waits as the groggy Valentine begins to stir, grabbing him just as he does to send him down with a stinging Spinebuster. Another cover from Flair now.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Jim Gunt: MJ Flair really wearing Valentine down now, one more big move and she could pull off what some CWF “experts” would call another big upset here tonight!

Mike Rolash: CWF experts? Who are those, the smarks that slave the internet pages all day long instead of having a real life?

Pulling herself to her feet, MJ Flair sticks a finger across her neck to call for the end. She grabs the downed Valentine by placing her underarm around his neck, looking for the MORNINGSTAR! Flair hooks in the submission hold, dropping down with it but just as she does Jace somehow backflips over right back to his feet! SHINING WIZARD KICK FROM VALENTINE! And he literally falls on top of MJ Flair, breathless as he holds on for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THRE-NO!

Jim Gunt: Another near fall, what a five star match this is! My god!

Mike Rolash: This is exactly why CWF is ahead of the pack, Jimmy, our athletes strive to be the very best each and every time they compete in that ring!

Pulling MJ Flair up to her feet with him, he places his arm around her head and snaps her to the canvas with a suplex. The Jace That Runs the Place pops his hips and Flair is right back up, into another snap suplex- no! Flair knees him to the top of the head two times, dangerously dropping down but right onto the shoulders of Valentine. She attempts another Flursteiner, no Valentine pushes backward into an ELECTRIC CHAIR DROP! In his element now, the New Era of Arrogance saunters around the ring, growing more and more confident.

Jace is finally done taunting the cheering crowd as he sees MJ Flair beginning to stir, but now it is Valentine who made the mistake, as she rises to nail him with another hard clothesline! Flair pulls Jace Valentine off his feet, showing surprising strength as she tosses him into the corner back-first. The Flair That Doesn't Care wastes no time in heading to the opposite side of the ring, going up top as she measures up the groggy Valentine. VAN TERMINATOR-NO! VALENTINE MOVES AND FLAIR LANDS IN A SICK HEAP! He rolls over and to his feet, picking up the lifeless MJ. EGO ERASURE DDT! The finale of the Beta Block looks to be over as Valentine hooks both legs of MJ Flair.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

"We've Had Enough" once again begins to play and the smile on Jace Valentine's face could blind out the sun. He can barely get to his feet, but with the help of the official he finally does, allowing Summits to raise the Jace That Runs the Place's arm in the air. MJ Flair begins to stir, looking deflated from taking her very first defeat in her CWF career. Valentine pulls her up to her feet, looking her in the eye as he shakes her hand, putting over the second generation star by raising her arm in the air too! The true showing of sportsmanship is loved by the sold out audience, as they cheer both exhausted competitors on.

Why Wait?

Match

Backstage, The Living Legend, Alex Cain, walks down the hallway with a towel around his neck. The big man looks exhausted and out of breath after the match earlier. CWF backstage staff part like the red sea as he walks by, until he runs into Tara Robinson, who has a microphone. Cain sneers, rolling his eyes, as he peers down at the diminutive Robinson.

Cain: And I suppose you want a word?

Tara Robinson: Yes, Cain. A brief one.

Cain waves his hand in assent.

Cain: Make it quick, I have a match to prepare for and with all the bullshit going on with me lately, I'm really not in the mood.

Tara Robinson: Next week, you meet Jarvis King inside of a steel cage...

Cain: And?

The Hall of Famer's abrupt interruption seems to throw Robinson off her game. She composes herself and continues.

Tara Robinson: Your thoughts?

Cain: My thoughts? My god, you're quite the advert for whatever cut-rate community college journalism program you spawned from, aren't you?

Cain takes the microphone from Robinson's hand, and with a single index finger applied to her forehead, pushes her out of frame. He turns his attention directly to the camera in front of him.

Cain: What are my thoughts? My thoughts are that Jarvis King may want you to think he's a big man, challenging me to a steel cage match at Modern Warfare. He acts tough, but really...where is he? The indomitable Jarvis King has not had the guts to show up since issuing his little challenge, and to be honest, I'd be surprised if he even showed up in Minneapolis. See, Jarvis is little more than a fool. A jester, who is afraid to...

With that, the lights in the hallway cut out.

Stagehand: Are we still on the air?

Director: We still have power...

Cain: What the hell is going on here?

A single, bare light bulb flickers on, illuminating Cain's face, and a message, scrawled on the wall behind him in black magic marker.

CAIN,

WHY WAIT TILL NEXT WEEK? SEE YOU IN THE RING AFTER TONIGHT'S MAIN EVENT.

KISSES,

JARVIS

The lights come back on, but Cain keeps staring at the message. Robinson sidles back into frame, but Cain ignores her, but to push the microphone back into her hands as he backs away from the scene, never taking his eyes off of the wall.

Fade.

Not Gonna Defend Itself

Match

Medical personnel scurry around the small room getting their affairs in order. Sitting on a table being checked on by one of the CWF doctors is Duce Jones. The doctor shines a light into his eyes instructing him to look in different directions.

Duce Jones: Look mane I'm aight, I got a World title to defend!

Doctor: Not yet we gotta make sure everything is ok with you.

Duce Jones: I'm good, not the first time I've got jumped, won't be the last.

Doctor: Do you remember what happened?

Duce Jones: I appreciate you checking on me bruh, but I gotta go. The title not gonna defend itself.

Duce hops off the table still a little woozy from his earlier attack. He grabs his World title, exiting the small doctors office, focus and determination expressed through his eyes as he heads for the gorilla position.

Duce Jones Vs. Freddie Styles

Match

Ray Douglas: The following match is the finale of the Alpha Block of the Modern Warfare World Title Tournament!

The lights go down, and all you see is a silhouette of a man, twin pistols in front of his face as the opening riff hits...

Jumpman, Jumpman, Jumpman, them boys up to something
They just spent like two or three weeks out the country
Them boys up to something they just not just bluffing
You don't have to call I hit my dance like Usher
I just found my tempo like I'm DJ mustard
I hit the Ginobili with my left hand up like woo
Lobster and celine for all my babies that I miss
Chicken fingers, french fries for them hoes that wanna diss

As the lights come up, flashing with the beat, Freddie steps out from behind the curtain, arms extended to each side, hands formed like pistols. He turns to the side as the camera focuses on him, points his arm toward the camera and pulls the trigger, screaming BALLGAME!

Jumpman, Jumpman, I don't need no introduction
Jumpman, Jumpman, Metro Boomin on production, wow
Hundred cousins out in Memphis they so country, wow
Tell her stay the night, valet your car, come fuck me now

Freddie slowly walks down the aisle, up the steps, and through the ropes. He then stands on the middle rope, holding one arm above him, before stepping down and leaning over in a corner, awaiting the beginning of the match.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first, from Atlanta, Georgia, he is the Eternals' own....FREDDIE STYLES!!

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 steps out onto the stage. The fans explode in cheers as the World and Academy champion stands with gold on both of his shoulders, smiling slightly even as he looks bruised up from earlier, as he surveys the crowd. He then strolls down to the ring slapping all the outstretched hands on the way down. Duce makes it down to the ring where he hops onto the apron and climbs inside the ring. He sprints to the nearest corner and climbs to the second rope and holds the CWF World Title high in the air, proudly.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent, from Jonesboro, Arkansas, he is the reigning and defending CWF World Heavyweight Champion....DUCE JONES!!

Jim Gunt: Well, it is put up or shut up time for our brand new World Heavyweight Champion, Mike, as Duce Jones has to prove himself yet again in the finals of the Alpha Block!

Mike Rolash: Indeed he does, but it is going to be no easy task making it to the Modern Warfare pay per view with his championship intact. Freddie Styles has been on an absolute tear since what some back then would have called an upset victory over Amber Ryan in the Glass Tables match at Frozen Over.

Jim Gunt: Not only that but Duce was attacked earlier! However, both men are riding an incredible wave of momentum coming into this matchup, but only one can move on to face Jace Valentine at Modern Warfare. Let's go to the ring and find out who it will be!

After handing his World Heavyweight Title over to Trent Robbins reluctantly, Duce Jones immediately turns his attention to Freddie Styles, meeting him in the center of the ring as the official calls for the bell. Styles comes in rather quickly, shooting his shoulder into the face of the World champion and then striking him with a spinning back fist. Duce Jones is not willing to let the challenger take the early advantage though, as he comes right back with a heavy right hand of his own.

Freddie Styles falls back into the ropes, stunned, leaving him prone for Jones to leap in the air and take him out with a V-Trigger Knee! The painful momentum of the knee causes Styles to double over the ropes, but as he spins over them, the Eternal gets hung up in the ropes!

Jim Gunt: Oh god, this is not good for Freddie Styles! The challenger is stuck in the ropes!

Mike Rolash: Duce Jones is too much of a goodie goodie to use this to his advantage though, Jimmy, if this was him in the same predicament Styles would snap on him like a shark smelling blood.

Styles squirms and screams out in anger as he tries to free himself from the spun-up ropes. Duce Jones watches on with a disappointed look on his face, as if he's trying to convince himself to do the right thing. As Robbins begins untangling the ropes to free Freddie Styles, Jones all of a sudden leaps into the air, another rising knee taking the challenger out of mid-air! Styles is down and almost out, but the undefeated champion is far from done dealing damage to him, rapid fire knee strikes nearly busting his ribs as he attempts to get to his feet!

Jim Gunt: Duce Jones is absolutely relentless tonight. The champion is NOT messing around!

Mike Rolash: Jones definitely brought his game face tonight. But you see, Freddie Styles? He's MR. BALLGAME!

Jim Gunt: Yeah? And what the fuck does that have to do with professional wrestling?

The CWF World champion holds his arms up in the air, and then puts his hands together like a gun, pointing it right at Freddie Styles as the fans cheer him on. Duce Jones then leaps onto the ropes and springboards off, **SHINING WIZARD KNEE STRIKE!** Styles is an unconscious mess, and Duce Jones looks to make quick work of him as he pulls him to the center of the ring and makes the pin.

Jim Gunt: I can't believe it Mike, but it's gotta be over here! Freddie Styles has barely put up a fight, Duce Jones is on fire tonight!

Mike Rolash: Enough of the rhyming Chaolin Sahn, let the referee make his count already!

ONE!

TWO!

TH-NO!

Freddie Styles powerfully kicks out, surprising Duce Jones, the fans in attendance, and maybe even himself as he sends the champion flying off of him. Showing an absolute second wind, Styles kips up to his feet and leaps up into the air before Jones can even begin to pull himself up, **ENZIGURI KICK TO THE BACK OF THE HEAD!**

Freddie Styles stomps down on the body of the rising Duce Jones, who battles right back with a shoulder to his midsection. Styles grabs him by the waist however, hurling him around like a stack of potatoes with a rolling Belly to Belly Suplex!

Jim Gunt: Finally, Freddie Styles has awoken!

Mike Rolash: Duce may be in trouble here, Jimmy. He spent a lot of energy in the early going of this match, Styles may be in it for the long haul.

Jim Gunt: And he doesn't look to be satisfied with one belly to belly suplex either, as he's pulling Duce right back up!

Duce Jones does his best to fight out of the second attempt of a suplex from Freddie Styles, pulling his right arm out of his grasp and busting him over the jaw with a jab. He goes for another one to finally break him free, but Styles hurries and pulls his arm back in, bending backwards as he does so and launching Jones across the ring- **OVERHEAD BELLY TO BELLY!**

The sold out crowd boos the hell out of the one remaining Eternals member left in Modern Warfare, but the hatred only brings a smile to the face of Styles as he brings Jones over to the corner. Styles stomps the champion several more times before heading up top, looking out to the crowd just for a second before flinging himself up for a backflip. SHOOTING STAR PRESS TO JONES LANDS PERFECTLY! And Styles holds on for the pin.

ONE!

TWO!

THR-NO!

Jim Gunt: No! Duce Jones is not giving up so easily, the champion still has fight left in him!

Mike Rolash: Come on Freddie, you can do this!

Jim Gunt: Since when did you become such a big Freddie Styles fan?

Mike Rolash: Because ever since Duce and Tara went out on that date, she won't give me the time of day!

Jim Gunt: For some reason I doubt she EVER gave you the time of day, Mike.

Freddie Styles pulls the World champion right back to his feet by his braided hair, stabbing him in the chest with a knife edge chop. He comes right back with a headbutt though, surprising Styles. ANOTHER V-TRIGGER RISING KNEE OUT OF NOWHERE! The crowd are on their feet now as Duce Jones seems to have taken right back the advantage in the last semi-final match of Modern Warfare, but as he goes to whip Freddie Styles into the opposite corner, it is Styles who reverses it and sends Jones crashing into the turnbuckle pads! Styles lets out a primal scream, before running at Jones at full sprint. BIG SPLASH IN THE CORNER!

Jim Gunt: Woo! Styles Splash!

Mike Rolash: That is not a thing.

Jim Gunt: It is now, Mike. It is now!

Backing up to prepare for yet another Jim Gunt named "Styles Splash", Styles charges forward and leaps up again, but this time meets only the turnbuckle in his face as Duce dodges out of the way! Duce Jones takes the back of Styles

head, bouncing it off the turnbuckle pads relentlessly, but Styles elbows him in the mid-section, doubling him over!

Jones holds onto his private area, yelling angrily, which causes the official to attempt to admonish Styles who simply smiles and brushes him off. Styles turns back to Duce Jones who finally takes his hand off his groin and tries to get to a vertical position, ATL STOMP TO THE BACK OF HIS NECK! SICK! Styles looks somewhat surprised himself at the position of the stomp, but pushes away the official who tries to check on Duce Jones, quickly pinning him instead.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO!

Jim Gunt: Are you serious! Duce Jones may have suffered a severe neck injury there, at the very least a nasty stinger!

Mike Rolash: But the persistent champion is still somehow in the fight! What is it going to take to finally put an L in the record of Duce Jones!?

Jim Gunt: I don't know, but I'm hoping to share an L with Duce Jones tonight if he can somehow pull this match off!

Somehow, someway, the defending World Heavyweight champion uses all his strength to kick out of the pin attempt from Styles, holding onto the back of his neck as he continues to flop around the ring like a fish. The crowd watches on in horror as the head official of CWF, Trent Robbins, looks on at the champion ready to call the match off. Duce Jones quickly gets on his knees, straining, his hands out begging for mercy from the referee.

Jim Gunt: Trent Robbins may have no choice here, Mike, he must follow concussion protocol.

Mike Rolash: That's bullshit, this is the main event and the finals of the alpha block of Modern Warfare, god damn it!

Duce is now on his feet, Freddie Styles watching on with a smile as wide as Texas from the other side of the ring as he watches the World champion pleading for the official to not call for the bell. Robbins finally concedes to the champion as he tries his best to hide the injury, but as soon as he calls for the match to re-start Styles nails him with a flying dropkick that sends him back-first into the corner! Freddie Styles calls for it, here comes another Styles Splash? No, instead leaps onto the ropes, the arena falling silent as they watch Styles tightrope towards Jones and jump towards him- but Jones catches him out of mid-air. RUNNING POWERBOMB AND DUCE HOLDS ON AS THE CROWD

EXPLODES!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO!

Jim Gunt: God damn it!

Mike Rolash: What?

Jim Gunt: I thought it was over!

Mike Rolash: No you idiot, just a two count!

Wasting no time right out of the kickout, Styles begins to kick out upward, slamming the jaw and the front of Duce Jones' face. He proceeds to roll away from the World champion, breathing heavily at this point showing that not only has the champ put him through a war, but he has been through one hell of a Modern Warfare tournament. Styles and Jones meet each other in the center of the ring once again, Styles grabbing the back of Jones head and elbowing him right in the face!

But Jones takes the shot in stride, whipping him into the ropes and going for another rising knee- NO! Freddie Styles catches him- CAPTURE SUPLEX! And the ring shakes! The Eternal starts to go for the pin, but changes his mind halfway through, instead deciding to stop in his tracks and begin calling Duce Jones to his feet. He tosses the undefeated champion into the air- BALLGAME! Holy shit, new World champion two weeks in a row!? Freddie Styles looks to make history as he hooks both legs of Jones, the sold out crowd booing every second of Robbins count.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: New World- NO! I can't believe it, Duce Jones out at the last possible second!

Mike Rolash: Another incredible match, every week CWF proves with this Modern Warfare tournament why we are one of the very best wrestling federations in the world!

Jim Gunt: One of? Fuck the rest, we are the best!

Mike Rolash: What a tagline, Jim. I love it!

Freddie Styles is furious as he gets to his feet, thinking originally that he had the victory won. Styles goes to argue with the official, but Jones is behind him, rolling him up into a quick pin!

ONE!

TWO!

T-NO!

Jim Gunt: Freddie Styles has to be careful, his negative attitude almost cost him the biggest match of his career!

Mike Rolash: Wouldn't you be negative too if you had to deal with an incompetent referee? Come on ref, that was three! Styles should be the new champ!

Jim Gunt: It was close, but no cigar, Mike!

Both competitors are right back to their feet after the failed roll-up from Duce Jones, but both also show that the effects and longevity of the match has truly taken its toll on both men. A sluggish Jones goes for another rising knee but Styles easily dodges it, going for a wild lariat of his own which Duce just as simply ducks under, heading for the ropes. When Duce comes back, him and Styles leap into the air at the exact same time- TAKING EACH OTHER OUT WITH TANDEM FLYING CROSS BODIES!

And the crowd explodes into "This is awesome" chants!

Jim Gunt: I have to agree with the fans here in Salt Lake City, Mike, this match has been truly AWESOME!

Mike Rolash: Yes it has, but these men have spent every last bit of energy they have on each other, and it hasn't been enough so far. What is it going to take to walk out with all the gold tonight!?

Crawling on their hands in knees in opposite directions, the champion and challenger slowly but surely pull themselves up with the help of the ring ropes. Duce motions with his hands, ready to put Freddie Styles out with one last rising knee. He screams out loud before running at Styles at full sprint, but Styles ducks and tosses him up into the air by his legs- BALLGAME-NO! Duce Jones continues to flip over the body of the challenger, and Styles turns around to meet his maker- KRAZYED KNEE! The knee practically knocks Styles head into the third row! With everyone on their feet in awe, Duce Jones hooks both legs of Styles.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: Your winner by pinfall and STILL CWF World Heavyweight Champion....DUCE JONES!!

"Smiling Faces" once again plays as an exhausted Duce Jones is helped to his feet by Trent Robbins, who hands over his World Heavyweight championship. Duce looks down at the still downed Styles, before peering out to the crowd and raising his gold into the air in celebration. The champion eventually makes his way out of the ring, clapping every hand he can on the way up the ramp.

Confrontation Time

Match

"Crawling" by Linkin Park starts to blare over the P.A. in the Vivint Smart Home Arena and the crowd comes to life to boo the arrival of former CWF Champion, Alex Cain.

Jim Gunt: Here we go, confrontation time!

Mike Rolash: Yeah, sure, like Jarvis King is even going to show up!

Cain pauses on the rampway, sneering at the Salt Lake audience.

Ray Douglas: Ladies and Gentlemen, please welcome, CAIN!

Cain continues walking down the aisle as he is announced, and gets into the ring.

Jim Gunt: Cain vs. King, a match for the ages once again at Modern Warfare next week.

Mike Rolash: Have you not been paying attention, Jimbob? Jarvis King has been a ghost for the last few months. He shows up via satellite unannounced two weeks ago, and hasn't been heard from since.

As Cain enters the ring, Douglas vacates it, leaving Cain a microphone. The music cuts, and the crowd replaces the noise with more, loud boos. Cain wastes no time.

Cain: Alright, then. I'm here, King. It's time.

Cain puts his arms out, begging The Internet Icon to appear. The crowd roars in anticipation, but after a few moments, it becomes apparent that Jarvis is not coming. The cheers rapidly change to boos, as Cain begins to laugh.

Mike Rolash: I KNEW it!

Cain: What did I tell you? Jarvis King is nothing more than a jester. You're a fool, King, and frankly I'm embarrassed that I ever thought that you'd show up in the first place.

The crowd boos even more.

Cain: Oh, don't boo me! It's your hero who's letting you down. See, what Jarvis King is, what he's always been, is a scared little boy. Talented, no doubt, but he's a frightened pup of a man; afraid that he's not got what it takes any longer. Here's my advice, Jarvis – don't show up, like you haven't shown up this week. Stay home, or else I'm going to finish what Chaolin Sahn couldn't finish. I'm going to finish what Colton Mace couldn't finish. I'm going to finish you.

With that, the steel cage starts to descend around the ring. The crowd wakes up as spotlights follow the steel monstrosity down.

Cain: Oh, this is cute. Nice trick, Jarvis. What, did you wire someone some money to lower the cage? Like I said, you're just a frightened boy, scared that you don't have what it takes. Afraid that you can't compete against the best of the best anymore. Afraid that...

Just as the cage settles around the ring, the lights in the arena cut out entirely. The crowd explodes into cheers, and a

single, bare lightbulb starts to descend from the rafters into the ring.

Mike Rolash: What in the Tom Hell...

The light settles and illuminates Cain's face. There's an audible clunk as he drops the microphone. Suddenly, in the shadows of the light just behind Cain, Jarvis King appears!

Jim Gunt: OH MY GOD!

The lights come back on, and Jarvis puts an arm on Cain's shoulder, spinning him around to face him. He doesn't throw a hand, though; he backs away slightly as Cain's face betrays his shock at seeing The Internet Icon in the flesh.

Jim Gunt: This crowd is BUZZING!

Mike Rolash: What the...how the...

Jim Gunt: Both men, eyeing each other up...

Mike Rolash: HOW THE HELL DID HE GET IN THE RING?!

Jarvis points at himself, then at Cain. The crowd erupts once more as Jarvis gestures to Cain to come and get him, and both men meet in the centre of the ring, lock onto each other, and begin trading rapid fire right hands!

Jim Gunt: A PREVIEW OF NEXT WEEK!

Mike Rolash: IT'S BREAKING DOWN!

Neither man gives any quarter, and the roar of the crowd grows as both men lay in their punches.

Jim Gunt: Amber Ryan vs. Elisha! Harley Hodge vs. Ataxia! Jarvis King vs. Alex Cain inside of a steel cage! And the finals of the Modern Warfare tournament! All on Pay Per View! We will see you next week!

Show Credits

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