

Evolution: CWF Evolution- Episode 13

Promotion: Championship Wrestling Federation
Date: February 12, 2018
Location: Alltel Arena — North Little Rock, Arkansas

Results

Stay Away From My New Friend

Match

The thirteen episode of CWF's flagship show Evolution starts in the backstage area where we see Brad, the security guard who got beat up last week, walking around. Other security guards see him and walk the fuck away like he's got the plague.

Brad: Thanks guys! Really good to see you got my back. Dillholes.

???: I got your back...friend.

Brad sighs as he turns around and sees Ataxia standing behind him. Ataxia smiles with those blood red teeth at Brad who scowls at the man who beat him last week.

Brad: You wanna fight face to face now freakboy?

Ataxia: You want to get put back in the hospital? Fine by me sunshine...but if you put your hands on me...you might just get fired. I am talent after all.

Brad: You maybe talent, fucknugget, but you are definitely not as badass as you think you are. You're picking on a guy with an illness. You're trying to make him drink again. That don't sit well with me.

Ataxia: I don't care what makes you sit well, but if you keep talking to me like you are going to do something I might just make you sit well on that nightstick...with no lube...just because I'm a nice guy. I know you don't understand, but I'm Dorian's friend, too...I want to help him get over this crutch. He's confused...so are you...I can help with that.

Ataxia reaches out and caresses Brad's cheek. Brad backs up and grabs his nightstick.

Ataxia: You don't know your place. You don't know who you are...I'm going to help you with that and Dorian. Tonight...if he wants to win that title. He's going to have to go to a dark place and win. Do yourself a favor...stay back here...and out of my way...because if you don't...I'm going to wear your face for my new scrotum warmer. Do you fucking

understand?

Brad: Yeah...I gotcha.

Ataxia: Good bitch. Now go run home. Your services are no longer required tonight...

Ataxia walks off giggling to himself as Brad looks like he's going to hit Ataxia with the nightstick, but instead turns and rushes off...probably toward the exit.

Fade.

Interview with Billy Anderson

Match

Billy isn't in the mood to deal with Tyler, so he decides to do an interview by himself as Marcus Maximus walks over to the older brother.

Marcus Maximus: HELLO CWF FANS! I am here with one half of the recently returned Unstoppable Force, Now Billy, you are teaming up with your brother Tyler to take on Christian Starr and Payne. Last week you and Tyler showed that you didn't have any ring rust, but you were hit by Tyler's Curb Stomp that cost you two the win. What do you have to say about that?

Billy Anderson: I am not happy about that at all, and I haven't spoken to Tyler cause he decided it was a great idea to hit his finishing move on me. I don't care if Sam moved out of the way that didn't give Ty any right to go through with the move, and I am still angry at him. We had that match, I know we did, but he cost us the match. Now for our opponents this week, if they think that stupid sneak attack is going to stop us, then they are out of their flipping minds. People say that I am not a lunatic, but they haven't seen anything yet. Of course I kept my temper under control, but I am not going to let Tyler get away with what he did to me.

Marcus Maximus: Oh come, on he is your baby brother. Don't you think you should forgive him?

Billy Anderson: I will in time, but I think I have the right to be mad at him. I can't let that slide, and our opponents are going to find out when you attack the Unstoppable Force from behind, bad things happen to you as we are fully aware what we are up against, as that won't happen again. Yeah, Tyler and me are fighting because of what happened last week, but come the match we will show why we are the best tag team ever this company has. We don't care what Dumb and Dumber think about us as it seems Christian does more of the talking than Payne does. The bigger they are the harder they fall, and we got this, I know we do, as well as Tyler don't do what he did last week, we will be just fine.

Tyler walks over, and Billy looks away.

Tyler Anderson: Come on Billy, you can't keep on avoiding me, and please talk to me.

Billy Anderson: You Curb Stomped me, and cost us the tag team match last week. I have every right to be angry with you, and we will be a team out there, just please leave me alone, Ty.

Marcus Maximus: Thank you for your time Billy.

Billy Anderson: You're welcome.

Billy walks off, and Tyler sighs as eyes peek around the shadows watching where Billy went to.

Adrian Thompson: Soon Billy, I will have my control over you as you thought this was over.

He laughs, and watches as the older brother getting angry.

Fade.

Damion Kirkson, Jedidiah Mathis, Justice, Kaylan El, Kendo, Lance LaRusso, Stalker Knight

Match

"Sunrise, Sunset" by Bright Eyes hits over the PA as Ryan Sunset walks down to the ring amidst a flurry of boos. The boss grins and seems to revel in the jeers of the crowd as he gets into the center of the ring. Ryan Sunset: Hello, buddies. Hello, friends! You know... if there's one thing I can't stand, it's people with a poor work ethic. See, there are plenty of people on the roster with whom I have... ideological disagreements... Various chants go through the crowd, variously for Caledonia, Eris, Elijah, the Shadow, but none gather enough strength to take form. Sunset continues. Ryan Sunset: But at least those people show up to work, so long as they're not crippled with overwhelming physical injury. And then they have the decency to fill out their timesheets correctly. Unlike some of the people in CWF. He pulls out a list of names. Ryan Sunset: The following people are dead weight. A more on our perfect society. They must be eliminated, my friends. The cancer must be cut off. So, I am a generous man. I shall give them one last chance to impress me. Just for added incentive, whichever one of these slackers manages to both show up and win will receive a shot at the Paramount Title! Anyone who does not show up, buddy, they will be FIRED immediately! He clears his throat and begins reading. Ryan Sunset: Damion Kirkson! Nothing. Ryan Sunset: Moving on, friends. Jedidiah Mathis - is that a typo? Who the hell is this guy? Did I hire him? Still nothing. Ryan Sunset: Good. Would've been constantly mispronouncing that! Justice! Crickets. Ryan Sunset: I remind you, buddy, that I am referring to the ancient CWF veteran from Pittsburgh and not the concept, the exact definition of which has eluded philosophers for thousands of years. More crickets. Ryan Sunset: Alrighty... Kaylan El! Nothing. Ryan Sunset: Well now. This looks to be over faster than I thought. Kendo! Nothing. Ryan Sunset: Once again, I refer to the Samoan Tapout Machine and not the Japanese weapon-based martial... oh forget it. Ah! Here's one! Buddy, this is Lance LaRusso! The crowd looks to the ramp and collectively shivers with anticipation. But, again, predictably they are met with nothing. Ryan Sunset: Oh come on! Well then, seventh time's the charm... Stalker Knight! "Master's Solemn Hour" hits as Stalker Knight enters through the crowd, shadowed by his daughter Hanna. She is dressed in black jeans, a grey shirt, and a red leather jacket. There is spurts of fog, not a blanket of it more akin to a steam vent about seven of them on his route to the ring. The arena

lighting crackles and frizzles ala a lightning storm. He and Hanna walk to the ring ignoring everyone between them and the ring. When they reach the barricade, Stalker climbs over it, but Hanna does a front roll over the barricade. Ryan Sunset: Well then! We have at least one competitor! And his opponent... Erm, buddy, I guess we got no one. This was the last name on the list. Alright then. Douglas, make the announcement. Ryan walks back up the ramp, making his exit from ringside as the fan reaction begins to die down. Ray Douglas: Here is your winner, and the No.1 Contender to the Paramount Championship....STALKER KNIGHT!!

Mike Rolash: Alrighty then, this was the probably shortest, uh, match we ever had... Next!?

Burst Pipes

Match

There's a knocking at the door.

Thinking it's dear Mama Danger returning from her journey to the cafeteria, or his partner the Lost Soul come to talk strategy (But really, what better strategy was there than just winning the match) Harvey wastes no time in answering it.

What, or rather, who, he is greeted by is not his mother, but is quite clearly Sam Braxton of the Lost Boys wearing the uniform of the CWF event staff and a very obvious, cheap pair of joke glasses fitted with fake plastic moustache.

If it were anyone else the rouse would have been exposed within seconds, but this wasn't just anybody. It was Harvey Danger, so really it could either way.

Harvey Danger: Can I help you mister?

It would seem the poor excuse for a disguise had worked.

Sam Braxton: G'd-I mean, hello Mr. Danger.

The distinct Australian accent and dialect is poorly hidden behind constant coughing and sputtering.

Sam Braxton: My name is Sa-ah, Brad. Yeah. Brad Saxton, one of the maintenance crew with the company. Unfortunately there's been a report of burst gas pipes and I need to relocate some of the roster so the repair-men can fix the problem.

Harvey Danger: Oh no! Well where do I need to go?

Sam Braxton: You fair dinkum?

Surprised the rouse was actually working Sam forgets himself, letting slip one of his many token colloquialisms. Silently he berates himself.

Harvey Danger: I'm sorry? Is something wrong with your voice?

Sam Braxton: Ah...Nah, it's just the gas. If you could just follow me sir.

Harvey quickly collects his gear and follows the disguised Sam, who leads the former Impact champion and one half of Stranger Danger to what was supposedly his replacement locker room.

Sam Braxton: Just chill out for a while and you can return when it's safe.

Harvey Danger: But-

Sam Braxton: Don't worry about your mother, we'll point her in the right direction.

Harvey Danger: Thanks. Keep up the great work buddy.

With no further questioning or hesitation Harvey enters his replacement room, which it turns out is actually the broom closet. Shaking his head in disbelief Sam uses a set of pilfered keys to lock the door to the closet and places a cleaning in progress sign in front of it. He couldn't believe how well that has worked.

Sam: What a drongo!

None the wiser Harvey does his best to make himself comfortable.

There is only one problem. He has no idea how he was going to fit his mother in here as well.

Fade.

Christian Starr & Payne Vs. Unstoppable Force (Billy & Tyler Anderson)

Match

Mike Rolash: Now this does not bode well for Stranger Danger's match later on tonight...

Jim Gunt: No, and neither does Ataxia's weird antics with that Brad guy, there are a lot of odd things happening

backstage tonight! But now we have the Anderson brothers on the menu and they haven't quite really seen eye to eye with each other after last week's events, sounds familiar somehow...

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

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

HAAAAAIIIII TO THE KIIINNNNG!

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

HAAAAIIIIII TO THE OOONNNNE!

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

Ray Douglas: Making his way to the ring, weighing in at one hundred ninety pounds from Los Angeles, California, accompanied by Payne. He is "The King of Wrestling" ... Christian STARR!

Payne climbs his way into the ring over the top rope as Starr shoots his way up the ring steps and climbs the turnbuckle. Here he strikes a pose as Payne raises his arms high in front of him, letting out a roar as he does.

Ray Douglas: And their opponents, hailing from Rincon, Georgia, and weighing in at 445 lbs, Billy and Tyler Anderson - The Unstoppable Force!

"The Only Way I Know" hits as Billy and Tyler walk down the ramp with Stormee holding Billy's hand, and they slap hands with the fans. Billy and Tyler get on the ring apron, and Billy sits on the ropes as Stormee enters the ring. Billy and Tyler climb different turnbuckles while Stormee is in the middle of them, holding onto the rope as they blow kisses to the fans. They climb down and the three of them walk to the middle of the ring as they pose for the fans. Billy holds the ropes, and Stormee gets out of the ring to stand in their corner as Billy joins Tyler back in the middle of the ring as they taunt the fans soaking in the cheers.

Mike Rolash: The two Andersons weigh 60 lbs more than Payne on his own, so this will be interesting to see!

Jim Gunt: It didn't work out too well for them last week, hopefully a week of preparation for him will help.

Billy Anderson calls Christian Starr over into an elbow and collar lockup for a start and the newcomer answers the challenge, but the moment Anderson is about to lock his hand, Starr crouches down and springs forward into a shoulder block to the stomach, taken Billy by total surprise. As he bounces back from the ropes, Starr is ready for him with a spinning kick that sends the country boy to the mat and Starr on the turnbuckle, basking in the crowd's boos.

Mike Rolash: It's been a while since a wrestler managed to get onto the crowd's bad side as quick as STARR!

Jim Gunt: Attack their darlings and you attack them!

Billy is to his feet before Starr turns his way again, but as he charges into the corner, STARR effortlessly jumps off and over him, landing on his feet right behind Anderson and as he turns around, Christian nails him with a beautiful dropkick that sees him crumple to the mat. Again STARR turns to the crowd to take in their negative feedback, which turns even harsher when he walks over into the Andersons' corner to get into Tyler's face, who takes the bait and tries to charge into the ring, which sees STARR turn immediately, drag Billy to his feet and whip him into his corner, where Payne is already waiting to level him with a thunderous clothesline.

Jim Gunt: Ouch! This team is continuing right where it left off last week!

Once more STARR drags Billy to his feet and whips him hard into the corner, but as he comes flying with his double foot stomp, Anderson had fallen face first onto the mat, having Christian fly right through the ropes into the ring post!

Mike Rolash: Yikes, anybody got a Sundae? I think we got some crushed nuts here...

Jim Gunt: What the...

As STARR hangs in the corner, writhing in agony, Billy is ever so slowly inching over towards an anxiously jumping Tyler Anderson. The crowd begins to chant "BILLY! BILLY!", trying to give him the strength to reach his brother, giving a deafening pop as he gives it one last leap and tagging in Tyler. Like a bat out of hell, he sprints across the ring and hits the still hanging STARR with a bronco buster. Still all riled up he races over and tries to hit Payne with a super kick, but the big man just takes the foot to the head without so much of a flinch. Tyler is looking at him with big eyes, but does not let it distract him for too long.

Mike Rolash: Payne impervious to pain?

Jim Gunt: Rolash ate a dictionary for breakfast?

STARR by now has peeled himself out of the corner, holding his family jewels, when Tyler comes in with a baseball slide, but his opponent is just lucid enough to jump out of the way, but Anderson Jr. manages to halt his momentum before suffering the same nutbusting fate of Christian. He scrambles back to his feet, grabbing STARR's leg just before he manages to tag in Payne and drags him back towards the middle of the ring, where he goes for an ankle lock.

He has the lock on tight, making STARR scream in agony, but does not see the 385 lbs of Payne barrel his way and when the giant's knee connects with the back of his head, it looks as if his neck is about to snap. As he falls sideways to the mat, referee Clark Summits bravely steps in front of Payne and manages to get the big man to leave the ring, with both active competitors laying in the ring barely moving.

ONE!

TWO!

Mike Rolash: So now what?

Jim Gunt: We wait...

THREE!

FOUR!

Billy has finally managed to get to his feet and seeing Tyler unmoving in the ring, he quickly slides through the ropes, but the referee is quick to reign him in, just to turn around as quickly to ensure that Payne is not trying any shenanigans as well.

FIVE!

SIX!

Mike Rolash: If the ref keeps having to turn between the two, he'll get dizzy!

Jim Gunt: Then we might have three people laying in the ring and then who's counting?

SEVEN!

EIGHT!

STARR is finally getting to his feet, still wonky from both the impact with the ring post and the hard ankle lock, but breaking the count. He staggers over into his corner and tags Payne before falling to the mat and rolling out of the ring. With a wicked grin on his face, Payne struts over and picks up Tyler like a doll, effortlessly and carelessly hoisting him up on his shoulder, but as he readies himself for a power slam, Tyler manages to wriggle himself free and slide down his back. While Payne tries to turn to catch him again, the younger Anderson turns the other way and makes the tag to Billy under a huge pop from the crowd!

Mike Rolash: Finally, people paid to see these guys move, not just lazily lay around!

Jim Gunt: I wish you would just lazily lay around. Preferably on a different planet.

In his youthful excitement, Billy takes a run at Payne, trying to shoulder block him, but as he bounces off, the big man just laughs and at the second try effortlessly swats him to the side and through the ropes. Wasting no time, he climbs out and to drag Anderson to his feet, but Tyler comes flying with a stiff elbow to the base of Payne's neck that makes him double over, just to be met with Billy's foot to the face.

THREE!

FOUR!

Mike Rolash: Summits finally can prove to us that he can count higher than three tonight!

Billy rolls himself into the ring and taunts Payne to come follow him and as he comes up on the apron Anderson goes for the ropes and delivers a beautiful missile drop kick right to the chest of the big guy, sending him down and into the barricade. But somehow he remains standing, his face turning a darker shade of red as Billy continues to taunt.

Billy Anderson: We are Hall of Famers, you are nothing! How does it feel to step into the ring with the best tag team CWF has to offer, huh?

Jim Gunt: Uh oh, this is NOT someone you want to make maaaaad!

Payne fixates Billy with a stare that could wither a block of granite and comes back onto the apron. Billy runs in again, but even though his dropkick connects again, Payne barely moves an inch. He steps between the ropes and sees Billy going for a spear, but he just catches Anderson and using his momentum and own strength to send him over the ropes and the barricade right into the front row of fans.

"HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!"

Mike Rolash: No kidding!

Jim Gunt: I have never seen anything like this before...

Officials, medics and Tyler Anderson are all over at the crash site. It looks like Billy hit four people on his way out, but the worst injuries seem to be a minor cut to the temple of one fan and a shirt full of nachos. Tyler helps Billy back across the barricade, while the referee is once more counting.

FIVE!

SIX!

Billy is holding his back from where he hit, grimacing with pain. As they get to the apron, suddenly a huge hand reaches down, grabs Billy's hair and yanks him up and over the ropes. He brings him up to ready himself for a powerbomb, but walks over to his corner, allowing Christian to tag in.

Mike Rolash: Oh not again!

Jim Gunt: It's time for the King's Execution!

As he takes a step back he throws Billy up over his head and STARR launches off the top rope. He hits a Slingblade on Billy just as he's getting dropped from the beast's shoulders in an exact replica of what happened last week!

ONE!

Tyler is through the ropes and is trying to get to Billy, but Payne just scoops him up.

TWO!

Powerbomb!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: And the winners are....Christian STARR and PAYNE!

STARR goes from turnbuckle to turnbuckle, posing to a livid host of fans, while both Andersons are barely moving inside the ring. Finally they make their way

Walk Into Battle With the Lord

Match

The cameras pan over the crowd, taking in a sea of signs and people, some cheering, some booing, eager to see what happens next. In the front row, twelve seats sit empty, the spot usually occupied by the Chosen unexpectedly vacant.

Suddenly, the lights plunge the arena into semi-darkness, twin spotlights focused on the entrance ramp. The CWF Tron lights up, showing the atom-in-ouroboros symbol of the Spirit Science Research Institute, drawn blood red against black. The crowd erupts in a chorus of boos as Elisha steps onto the ramp, the Chosen by his side, six to the left and six to the right. He smiles, drinking in the crowd's vitriol. He raises a mic to his lips, his voice booming, authoritative as he and the Chosen make their way to the ring.

Elisha: A new crusade to the Holy Land.

The Chosen: Walking into battle with the Lord.

Elisha: An army of men under my command

The Chosen: Walking into battle with the Lord.

Elisha: Fight the good fight here at home.

The Chosen: Walking into battle with the Lord.

Elisha: Send those men to Kingdom Come.

The Chosen: Walking into battle with the Lord.

All: Take my aim with a Higher Will

Trust my Lord to hold me still

Say "amen" and Shoot to Kill

Walking into battle with the Lord.

They arrive in the ring, standing in its centre, their backs to the screen, gazing out at the crowd with open contempt. A few fans in the front row wearing Amber Jaye Ryan shirts scream "FREE AMBER!", while elsewhere, a "Shadow!" chant picks up. For the most part the crowd reaction is one of pure, deafening hostility.

Elisha: Good evening. It is clear there are some here tonight who wish that we were not. Believe me. The feeling is more than mutual.

We are here with a message for the man who calls himself the Shadow. For months now, you have prodded and poked, sending your Druids out to run your little errands and meddling in our affairs. The affairs of the Eternals, of the Moonchild, even of the Institute itself. Matters of which you know nothing yet dare to pry, interfering in events that are beyond your comprehension.

In your hubris and ego you think yourself wise, experienced, your grief forged into a weapon with which to beat others into submission. A life of hardship which led you inexorably toward the darkness.

Tell me, Shadow - is this how you envisioned it? Your future, your life - a lonely man holed up in a decrepit mansion, drowning yourself in occult ritual and forbidden symbols, arcane language deployed to express pain mere words never could. The dagger and chalice, the mortar and pestle, the heptagram - what would he think of it all, that man you were so long ago?

You may walk in the darkness. But you are not of it. Once you were a good man; beneath it all you still are.

I am not.

I am a monster.

I am the Moonchild. Soon, we shall meet face to face. And then, my good man, you will be granted a glimpse, a moment's insight into the truth. Of what I am, and of what I am capable.

Until then, my darling.

He lowers the mic, the audience taking the cue to rain down another volley of abuse. One fan in the front row, clad in a faded t-shirt reading "SAVED SOULS", tries to jump the barrier screaming, but is held back by security. Elisha blows her a kiss, then raises the mic once more.

Elisha: With open arms on Judgement Day.

The Chosen: Walking into battle with the Lord.

Elisha: Teach the children how to pray

The Chosen: Walking into battle with the Lord.

Elisha: Faithful, blind, we all believe

The Chosen: Walking into battle with the Lord.

Elisha: I was taught by Adam but I blame it on Eve.

The Chosen: Walking into battle with the Lord.

All: All my words in kindness came

Your souls in mercy to reclaim

Cleanse this world of sin and shame

Walking into battle with the Lord.

The Chosen exit the ring, taking their places at ringside. Elisha makes his way up the entrance ramp, head held high, smirking. As he reaches the top of the ramp, there is a sudden burst of flame, as twin explosions detonate on either side. The blast sends Elisha to his knees.

He raises his head, just in time to see the atom-in-ouroboros symbol fade, replaced by the enormous heptagram of the Shadow. It goes for just a moment before vanishing from view. Elisha stares at the screen in silence a moment, before making his way back through the entrance way.

Marksman © Vs. Crazy Chris vs. Azrael

Match

Mike Rolash: That...was creepy!

Jim Gunt: It looks like we are headed for an eruption here, with Elisha coming out in force and calling out The Shadow like that! Looks like The Shadow has managed to get under the Moonchild's skin, not an easy thing to do!

Ray Douglas: The following is a triple threat match set for one fall and is for the CWF Paramount Championship!!

Halestorm's "I am the Fire" starts while the lights go dark. Azrael makes his way to the top of the ramp and as the chorus begins, columns of fire illuminate Azrael as he methodically walks to the ring with his head bent down with a hint of his head bobbing to the beat.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first, from his own personal hell....AZRAEL!!

"My Songs Know What You Did In The Dark" by Fall Out Boy bursts over the speaker system and Crazy Chris leaps out from behind the curtain, immediately posing for the screaming and cheering fans. The former Paramount champion smiles despite losing the title just last week, re-adjusting his mask as he makes his way down the ramp clapping a few hands.

Ray Douglas: And his first opponent, from Smithville, Tennessee....CRAZY CHRIS!!

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

The boos could be heard from outside the arena, the fans hate this man so much. Mora makes his way up the stairs with a smug smile on his face. He stops at the ring post to look right, taking time out to point to a fan and talk some trash before walking over to the announce table and placing the belt atop of it. Marksman leaps up onto the apron, grabbing the ropes to keep his balance as he smiles in determination at the two challengers already in the ring.

Ray Douglas: And finally from Chicago, Illinois he is the reigning and defending CWF Paramount champion....JAY "MARKSMAN" MORA!!

Jim Gunt: Here we go Mike, the first of two title matches this evening! Marksman shocked the world by defeating the veteran competitor and newly won Paramount champion Crazy Chris. But the question remains, can he hold onto the title or is he just the "flash in the pan" that he called Chris?

Mike Rolash: I guess we will find out tonight Jimbo. Is Marksman all talk, or can he walk the freaking walk?

Jim Gunt: It is certainly going to be a difficult task, as he not only has to give Chris his obligatory rematch, but now Azrael is in the mix. Marksman could lose the Paramount Title without even being pinned tonight!

As Clark Summits calls for the bell, all three competitors immediately come to the center of the ring. Each of the

fighters have something to say, neither one letting the other competitor have the last word in trash talking. Finally Crazy Chris has had enough, and immediately goes for a right hand on Marksman but he dodges out of the way and shoves Azrael into it! Azrael looks back at Marksman who is already sliding out of the ring, shrugging his shoulders as a coy smile bursts onto his face.

Mike Rolash: Marksman Mora already using his brain, here. God I like this guy.

Jim Gunt: Probably because he's a cocky, self-serving son of a bitch. You two have a lot in common.

Mike Rolash: Well that's a little rude, wouldn't you say?

Azrael and Crazy Chris turn their attention back to each other, not letting Marksman get in their head just yet as they lock up. Azrael takes the arm of Chris and turns it behind him, placing him in an arm lock that he quickly fights out of by front-flipping both men to the canvas. And they're back up in an instant, the Crazy One smiling at Azrael as he calls him in for more. Azrael goes to do just that, but is instead pulled off his feet and to the canvas face-first by Marksman!

The fans let out a hearty boo as Jay Mora raises his hands in the air, strutting away like he did nothing at all. SUICIDE DIVE OUT OF NOWHERE BY CRAZY CHRIS SENDS HIM BACK INTO THE BARRICADE HARD! Chris is relentless, on top of Mora as he grabs the back of his head and smacks it repeatedly off the barricade! The former champion takes the man who beat him last week and irish whips him in the steel steps, the sound of flesh hitting steel echoing through the arena. But out of the corner of Chris' eye he sees Azrael awkwardly making his way up to the top rope, HUGE FLYING CLOTHESLINE BEFORE CHRIS CAN MOVE OUT OF THE WAY!

Jim Gunt: Holy shit Mike, all three of these competitors are putting their bodies on the line tonight for the gold!

Mike Rolash: That is what one would expect, isn't it?

Jim Gunt: And you called me rude.

Clark Summits does his best attempt at yelling at the competitors to get into the ring, but cannot count the men out under triple threat rules. Azrael lifts the rising Paramount champion onto his shoulders for a Fireman's Carry, tossing him into the ring between the top and middle ropes. Back on his feet is Crazy Chris though, turning Azrael around and blasting him with a heavy right hand. Azrael is not phased, grabbing a hold of his masked opponent and landing him hard on the apron with a Toss Suplex! Cringing in pain, Chris lets out a guttural scream as he grasps onto his possibly injured back.

Jim Gunt: Talk about re-aligning the spine!

Mike Rolash: But now Azrael is getting back in the ring, and Marksman is ready for him as he is stomping the hell out of the challenger!

Placing slow and deliberate boots down across the back and shoulder of Azrael, Marksman does his best attempt at keeping the challenger at bay. He somehow musters his way up to his feet though, catching the last attempt. But Jay Mora spins around- ENZUIGIRI KNOCKS AZRAEL SILLY! Yelling at Azrael to get to his feet, Mora pulls him into the air as soon as he does- SPINEBUSTER! Marksman doesn't even both to hook a leg, simply laying his back over Azrael for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

NO! Crazy Chris with a flying elbow drop off the top rope breaks it up!

Jim Gunt: That massive Spinebuster may or may not have been enough to put away Azrael. We'll never know as Crazy Chris just broke up the cover!

Mike Rolash: Yes, with the Crazy Elbow!

Jim Gunt: You so crazy.

The Really Crazy Insane One gets right back to his feet after the elbow, raising his hands through the air to call for the crowd to make some noise. They do just that, cheering for the former Tag Team and Paramount champion as he bounces off the ropes and standing moonsaults onto both Azrael and Marksman! Crazy Chris looks down at both of them trying to decide on who to cover, choosing to hook both legs of the man who took the belt from him last week.

ONE!

TWO!

TH-KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: Marksman out at two! What a triple threat match this is turning out to be, Mike.

Mike Rolash: The entire Paramount division has been absolutely on fire since the title was brought back at Modern

Warfare. What a brilliant decision from our brilliant CEO, Ryan Sunset.

Jim Gunt: *rolls eyes* Yeah, brilliant.

Crazy Chris shrugs his shoulders and goes to cover Azrael, but he comes alive suddenly and grabs Chris right into a roll-up pin of his own!

ONE!

TWO!

NO! Marksman breaks it up!

Jim Gunt: The Paramount champion getting back into the fight, stomping a mudhole in both of his challenger's asses!

Mike Rolash: Stone cold.

After delivering several boots to both Azrael and Crazy Chris, Marksman lifts the first competitor to begin to rise to their feet. He lifts Azrael onto his shoulders, walking over to the nearest corner and hot-shotting him across the top turnbuckle! Jay Mora grabs ahold of him to prepare for a backdrop- but Crazy Chris is behind him and latches on- HUGE OVERHEAD GERMAN SUPLEX SENDS BOTH MARKSMAN AND AZRAEL ACROSS THE RING! The fans go crazy! Crazy Chris goes up to the top rope, waiting for either one of his opponents to get to his feet. CRAZY MAN'S SUI-NO! Azrael somehow catches him out of mid-air and tosses him onto his shoulders and then right back off. SPIRALING DOWN! Azrael right for the cover now.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO!

Marksman grabs onto the tights and shoulder of Azrael, chucking him hard off of Crazy Chris and out of the ring! Taking advantage of the prone Crazy Chris, Marksman makes his own cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Jim Gunt: NOO! Damn it, it cannot end this way!

Mike Rolash: It did, Jimmy. It did! Marksman is still champion, bay bay!

Ray Douglas: And your winner by pinfall and STILL CWF Paramount Champion....JAY "MARKSMAN" MORA!!

"Mosh" by Eminem once again plays over the speaker system and Marksman wastes no time in heading out of the ring, not even letting Clark Summits raise his hand in victory before he snatches his Paramount Title off the announce table. Marksman grins as the crowd boos him at the top of their lungs, he raises the title belt in the air as if to show that he is better than everyone in the crowd. Azrael and Crazy Chris can be seen at ringside, looking pissed off at the still champion as he heads through the curtain.

An Old Acquaintance

Match

(Prerecorded)

We are in a small cell, windowless, tiny. The walls are painted a brilliant white, the room lit by a single, glaring light bulb high above.

On the floor lies a mattress. And on the mattress lies Amber Jaye Ryan.

The door to the cell opens with a soft click. Elisha steps through; behind him, a small army of the Chosen and OSA agents, ready and waiting if she should attempt an escape.

Amber's eyes flicker beneath her eyelids, but they do not open, and she does not react. Elisha enters the tiny cell, the door closing behind him. He crouches and whispers in her ear, a satisfied smirk on his face.

Elisha: Oh, Amber. Dear, sweet Amber. Whatever will we do with you? So young, so strong and proud, defiant and headstrong. Now reduced to this. Stuck deep underground in the House of the Will - trapped like a wild beast in a snare, slowly bleeding to death, gnawing away at its own limbs to try and free itself before the hunter comes back.

Is it happening yet? The psychosis, the mania and depression, little voices and flashing lights and fairies? Voices of old acquaintances echoing out from the corners, as your mind starved of stimulation starts to eat itself?

I lived all this Amber, lived every torment and frustration you now face, more deeply and more exquisitely than you will ever know. It made me who I am. Made me Great.

Not that I expect Greatness from you, of course. This...

He rises.

Elisha: This is purely for my own enjoyment.

He reaches into his pocket. Amber remains still, silent and motionless, yet her body visibly tenses.

Suddenly, Elisha extends his hand. There is an audible crack as the taser in his hand fires, shooting twin wires toward Amber's prone body. She screams, a low, animalistic sound, her body writhing as the current flows through her body.

Elisha pulls away the taser and smiles, Amber shaking at his feet, teeth gritted, refusing to show pain.

Elisha: Oh, my dear Amber. I had suspected you would refuse to submit to me - your old nemesis. But...I have a friend towards whom you may be more receptive.

He presses his finger to the fingerprint scanner by the door. It slides open to reveal a familiar face.

Elisha: I believe you two are acquainted?

The man steps through the door.

Alex Cain: Good evening, Amber.

Fade.

Eris Vs. Sam Braxton

Match

Jim Gunt: Next up we see the continuation of a feud that has been going on for a bit now and that Charles State has called "a deconstructed tag team match", with both teams broken up into singles matches tonight! Over to you, Ray!

Ray Douglas: The following contest is scheduled for one fall!

"Rebel, Rebel" by David Bowie begins to play as a red hue takes over the Alltel Arena. The crowd goes nuts as Eris comes jogging from behind the curtain. They have the CWF tag title wrapped around their waist, as they stop at the top of the stage. They head down the ramp, climbing up onto the apron, and strong through the ropes. They climb the nearest corner pumping their fist as the crowd cheers in approval.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first, weighing in at 200 lbs, from Discordia! One half of the CWF Tag Team Champions! Representing the Bright Young Things! ERIS!

Jim Gunt: Eris used a more advanced technique of training this week.

Mike Rolash: I need something like that at home.. For other reason...

Jim Gunt: Oh my...

"A Slow Descent" by The Butterfly Effect hits and Sam Braxton slides onto the stage. He looks around the arena quickly before jumping to his feet, throwing the hood of his jacket back and running down to ringside. He swiftly climbs onto the apron and leaps over the ring ropes into the ring. He ascends a nearby turnbuckle, raising his hands in front of his face, fingers interlocked, before back flipping back down to the ring.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent, weighing in at 202 lbs, from Brisbane, Queensland, Australia! Representing the Lost Boys! SAM BRAXTON!

Jim Gunt: Here comes the more unstable member of the Lost Boys.

Mike Rolash: I beg to differ Jimbo, this guy always G.F.S.D..

Jim Gunt: G.F.S.D?

Mike Rolash: Gets fucking shit done..

Rolash nods his head proud of himself as Jim just shakes his. Eris and Braxton circle the ring, Sam stopping to curiously stare at Eris for a moment before finally going for a collar and elbow lock up. Eris dodges the attack, nailing Braxton across the calf with a low kick. Braxton shakes his leg trying to relieve some of the pain. Braxton nods his head

in approval towards Eris, whose mask makes it hard to read their expression.

Both competitors square up again, Eris attempts a shoot kick to the ribs, but it's blocked. Braxton goes for a spinning heel kick, Eris ducks low, trying for a leg sweep, but Sam jumps over their outstretched leg! Sam fires off with a roundhouse kick as soon as Eris is fully upright. They roll through, though, springing to the middle rope as soon as their feet touch the canvas. They spring off going for a savage kick, but Braxton dodges this attempt as well springing off the middle rope himself, flipping backwards for a moonsault! This move, too, is avoided as Eris dodges out of the way. Braxton lands on his feet though, the Alltel Arena showing their appreciation for the athletic display.

Jim Gunt: It seems the virtual reality simulation really coming in handy for Eris here tonight.

Mike Rolash: I'm gonna have to hook up with them later to see where I can get my own VR Simulator from.

Jim Gunt: I'm too scared to even ask.

Mike Rolash: Don't ask then.

Sam is frustrated, has some harsh words for Eris before motioning to bring it. Eris stands there calmly, not falling for the bait. Upset even more, Braxton rushes toward Eris, but they surprise him this time. Eris ducks down and swing their leg into Braxton's legs, sending him face first into the canvas. Eris, back to their feet, sizes Braxton up as he makes it to one knee. Eris takes off towards the ropes, and upon their return levels Braxton with a SLIDING FOREARM! Sam crumbles to mat, the lights being turned off for a moment. Senior official Trent Robbins rushes in to make the count!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Braxton kicks out as Eris gets to their feet, allowing Braxton to get to a vertical base as well.

Jim Gunt: These two are holding nothing back here tonight, Mike!

Mike Rolash: Very capable strikers the both of them are.

Braxton is back to his feet, as Eris advances on him, but Sam blasts them in the gut with a spin sole kick; doubling

them over. Braxton strikes him with an axe foot kick to the shoulder blades, causing them to stand straight up. Braxton isn't finished yet as he drops Eris with a **ROUNDHOUSE KICK!** The Aussie runs to the ropes springing off the middle one, turning in mid air and connecting with a **LEG DROP!** Eris legs shoot up into the air, Braxton grabs them holding on for the pin!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Eris is able to get their shoulder up before the three count! Sam looks at Trent frustrated as he begins to rip at Eris' mask!

Jim Gunt: Sam Braxton looking to play dirty here Mike.

Mike Rolash: As many times that I've seen Eris compete, I've never noticed the mask..

Jim Gunt: Are you serious?

Mike Rolash: I thought that was how they naturally looked.

Jim shakes his head yet again, as Trent Robbins has reached four on his five count. Braxton releases their mask, getting up only to drop a knee to their face. Braxton brings Eris back up, lifting them onto his shoulders. He walks towards the center of the ring, throwing them into the air as he drops to the canvas, going for the **AUSSIE RULES!** No, Eris lands on their feet, catching the leg of Braxton, twisting them up into a **STANDING FIGURE FOUR LEGLOCK!** Braxton struggles to get free as Eris pulls back on the leg.

Jim Gunt: Eris looking to get the submission victory right here!

Mike Rolash: I must admit that was an impressive counter.

After a minute of struggling, Braxton is finally able to make it to the ropes forcing Eris to break the hold. Eris stays on the attack though, bringing Braxton up and lifting him onto their shoulders in an Argentine position. Braxton, sensing he's in trouble, yanks on Eris' mask again, forcing them to release him from their shoulders. Eris drops to their knees, as Braxton comes in full speed! **WIZARD OF AUS!** Braxton hooks their leg as he goes for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Eris was just able to get the shoulder up before Trent's hand could slap the mat for a three count. Braxton, frustrated even more, begins to tear at Eris' mask again. Braxton rips and tears at the mask trying to expose their identity!

Jim Gunt: This is getting personal now.

Mike Rolash: That's right Sammie, haha, show the world!

Referee Trent Robbins begins to administer the five count. Braxton continues to rip at it until part of Eris' face becomes exposed. The fans in the arena are booing loudly, letting Braxton know how they feel about him.

ASSHOLE!

ASSHOLE!

ASSHOLE!

Eris quickly shoots a kick up blasting Braxton forcing him to stagger back. Eris seemingly has had enough as they come full speed at Braxton, STEP UP ENZUIGIRI! Braxton stumbles around the ring as Eris quickly grabs his arm, whipping him towards the corner. They follow him in, but he gets a foot up, no they catch it! Eris pulls him out of the corner into the air, CATAPULT BACKBREAKER! They don't go for the pin though, letting out a primal scream as the fans cheer them on! They bring Braxton up, lifting him onto their shoulders in a crucifix position. APPLE OF DISCORD! They finally go for the cover as Robbins comes over to make the count! The fans joining in as well.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Trent Robbins calls for the bell as Eris rolls off Braxton.

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner by pinfall... ERIS!

Eris rolls out of the ring and heads to the back, grabbing a towel from a ringside attendant and throwing it over their head, to try and conceal the part of their face that is showing.

Jim Gunt: I feel if Braxton wasn't too focused on Eris' mask, he could've pulled out the victory.

Mike Rolash: Messing with that mask was like messing with Eris' livelihood. And they didn't appreciate that.

AdMia Me!

Match

Just as a lull falls over the crowd "Time For Tea" blares over the sound system. The arena falls into pitch darkness and the crowd grows restless with confusion. The music grows louder, blaring before it cuts out suddenly and a blue spotlight shines on the stage. As the crowd's eyes adjust to the sudden light, they are able to make out a figure, skipping around the outside of the light.

She is whistling "London bridge is falling down" in a high pitched tone through a mic, a sound which is shrill to all in attendance. She is tall, her long and dark hair tied into high pigtailed. She has a black arm guard on her left arm going up to her elbow. Her head gently bobs along with her shrill music as she goes around in circles, until finally she comes to the center of the spotlight and stops.

She licks her lips as she catches her breath, a small smile playing across her lips. Her eyes remain covered by her dark bangs as she begins to speak.

Mia Rayne: Greetings. I'm Mia.

She pauses as if she just thought of something funny and giggles as she skips around a little more before continuing.

Mia Rayne: I've come to play CWF. I don't care about politics, money, tacky belts.... I just enjoy the madness and pandemonium. Do not cross me, I am so much more than you will ever....

EVER!!!

Be ready for.

She stops suddenly and doubles over. One would think she was in pain, but no, she is just laughing. Paralyzed by hysterical laughter she collapses in the middle of the spotlight. Her high pitched laughter rings throughout the arena and the crowd honestly has no idea what to make of her. She quiets suddenly and her voice can be heard coming from the ball that is Mia Rayne in the middle of the blue spotlight.

Mia Rayne: Poof. I'm here. Poof, I'm gone. I'll see you next week.

The spotlight cuts out leaving the crowd in pitch black. The lights fade back on and Mia is gone as if nothing had happened and it was nothing more than a dream.

Getting Into Trouble

Match

With his match done and dusted, Sam Braxton skulks down the corridors of the Alltel Arena when a brief glint of something shiny catches his attention through a door only slightly ajar. He looks around, checking if anyone is paying him any particular attention before investigating further. As he peers through to get a closer look his eyes widens and a mischievous smile creeps upon his face. Dean can have his moment.

For Sam it is the perfect opportunity to get up to no good.

Fade.

Caledonia Vs. Dean Coulter

Match

Mike Rolash: Is CWF becoming a haven for the weird now? People keep appearing and disappearing out of nowhere these days, what happened to the normal people?

Jim Gunt: Well, two of those are coming up right now!

Ray Douglas: The following contest is scheduled for one fall!

"Day and Night" by Billie Piper begins to play throughout the Alltel Arena. The crowd jump to their feet, showing their support for ½ of the tag champs. Caledonia limps her way out into the stage area as fans explode with cheers. The CWF Tag Team title is placed proudly around her waist as she pumps her fist into the air.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first making her way to the ring! Weighing in at 110 lbs, residing in Atlanta, Georgia! She is one half of the CWF Tag Team Champions, representing the Bright Young Things! CALEDONIA!!

Cali has made her down the aisle, rolling into the ring. She gingerly gets back to her feet, heading for one of the

corners and climbing it, to the admiration of the fans again.

Jim Gunt: Cali could be in big trouble here tonight, she's still showing the effects of her injured knee.

Mike Rolash: I have to agree with you there, Coulter can be a technical genius inside that ring.

"A Slow Descent" by The Butterfly Effect hits and Dean marches onto the stage, standing proud and determined with his arms crossed over his chest. He looks around the arena and then to the ring before striding down. He pauses kneeling on the apron to look around once more then enters the ring. He ascends a nearby turnbuckle and raises his hands in front of his face, with fingers interlocked. After a moment he descends back to the ring and prepares for the match.

Ray Douglas: And her opponent from Brisbane, Queensland, Australia, weighing in at 215 lbs, representing the Lost Boys! DEAN COULTER!

Jim Gunt: Here comes one half of the team that holds a rightful claim to the number one contendership for tag titles.

Mike Rolash: The state that the CWF is in, there's no telling how that's going to play out.

Clark Summits is the official of this match, calling for the bell as both competitors circle each other. The two lock up in a tie up. Coulter having more size, begins to force Cali backwards. Using her brain though she leans backwards, dropping to the canvas, flipping Coulter over her to the mat. Coulter is on his knees quickly eyeing Cali, as she is to her feet shaking her knee to gain some more feeling.

Jim Gunt: This match seems to be quickly turning into a battle of wits.

Mike Rolash: We all know, to never count Cali out. You saw how she pulled out the victory over Silas Artoria last week.

Cali allows Dean to stand, she insists on another lock up. Dean obliges, but is quickly placed in a hammerlock. Dean curses as he struggles against the hold. Cali wrenches on the hold with as much as she can before transitioning to a headlock. Dean forcefully pushes her off, sending her to the ropes. Upon her return, Dean drops her with a shoulder block! He runs the ropes, as she rolls over laying flat on her stomach.

Dean leaps over her, as she gets to her feet. As Dean returns, Cali leaps into the air blasting Dean with a DROPKICK! Cali rubs her knee as she makes it to her feet. Coulter recovers slowly, Cali seeing an open opportunity. She runs towards the ropes, hand springing off them, but her knee buckles. Dean doesn't waste the opportunity, grabbing her and driving her into the mat with a BRIDGING LEG HOOK BELLY TO BACK SUPLEX! He holds on for the pin as Summits slides over to make the count!

ONE!

TWO!

Cali kicks out at the last second, as Dean sits there in disbelief.

Jim Gunt: Dean almost pulled it out right there.

Mike Rolash: Caledonia is actually hot when you look at her.

Jim Gunt: Excuse me, you do know she's Dan Highlander's wife right.

Mike Rolash: Doesn't negate the fact that she's hot.

Cali is to her knees, as Dean shoots a hard kick into her chest! He nails SHOOT KICK after SHOOT KICK! Cali kneeling there looking sluggish, Dean backs up blasting her straight across the head with a ROUNDHOUSE KICK! Cali slumps to the mat, as Dean dives on top of her, going for the pin.

ONE!

TWO!

Cali kicks out once more, as Dean slaps the canvas in frustration. Coulter stays on the attack, pinning her injured leg to the mat, he leaps up and drives all his body weight with his knee into the knee of Cali. Cali screams in pain, as Coulter connects with the maneuver once more.

Jim Gunt: Coulter really wants to tie the singles series, with Eris already beating Braxton tonight.

Mike Rolash: He's very aggressive in this contest. But I'm pretty sure Cali will somehow find a way back into this match.

Coulter locks her leg up with a leg lock, torquing her bad limb. Cali screams out again but she doesn't want to go down without putting up a fight. She reaches up, pulling back on Dean's hair, blasting him with a crossface punch. She nails him two more times before Dean finally releases the hold. He stumbles to his feet as Cali gets to hers. He swings a wild punch at her, which is ducked, she hooks Dean's arms, DRAGON SUPLEX! She holds on for the pin, her leg

giving her a bit of trouble.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Dean kicks out as Cali slowly make it to her feet.

Jim Gunt: Caledonia somehow fighting her way back into this match!

Mike Rolash: I told you, don't count her out.

As Dean makes it to his feet, he doesn't notice that Cali has scaled the top rope. She patiently waits as Coulter turns right into her target range, she leaps off, MISSILE DROPKICK! Dean flips completely over as he goes sliding out of the ring. Cali calls for the crowd to get to their feet as she tries to shake feeling into her leg.

Jim Gunt: I think she's about to go for something big!

Dean slowly rises outside the ring, Cali takes off towards the corner, leaping to the middle rope and flipping to the outside connecting with Dean dropping him to the floor again! The crowd goes insane from the daredevil move, Cali gets to her feet quickly, picking up Dean and rolling him into the ring. Dean stops close to the ropes as Cali climbs onto the apron. She slingshots into the ring connecting with an elbow drop to the chest of Coulter! She goes for the pin.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Coulter drapes his leg over the ropes, forcing Clark to call for the break. Cali looks at Summits in frustration, as she makes it to her feet. She brings Coulter up, whipping him to the ropes, he reverses, though. Upon her return he attempts a clothesline that Cali ducks. She handsprings off the ropes, going for an elbow! But Coulter catches her spinning her round, driving her into the mat, TRUE BLUE THUNDER BOMB! He holds on for the pin!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO!

Cali kicked out at the last the minute, Summits hold up two fingers in the face of Dean as he sits there stunned. He doesn't dwell on it long, though, as he is back to his feet, bringing Cali up as well. He hooks her head for the Sunshine Drive, she reverses though twisting out of the move, SUCH AS LIFE! The enzuigiri kick drops Coulter to the mat, Cali shoots the half going for the pin.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO!

Coulter kicks out at the last second, causing frustration to show on the face of the English Rose. She slowly gets to her feet, bringing Dean up along with her. She kicks him in the gut doubling him over, then she hooks him for the Reverse The Polarity! She spins around looking to complete the move, but Dean pushes her off. She turns around as Dean attempts a running European Uppercut! Cali maneuvers out of the way locking Coulter in the BED OF ROSES!

Mike Rolash: I think it's all over Jim.

Dean struggles against the hold as Cali holds on with everything she has. Clark is in the face of Coulter seeing if he wants to give up. Cali seems to go into another zone as she continue to cinch the hold in tighter and tighter. Dean can't fight against the hold no longer as he slaps the arm of Cali finally submitting. Clark calls for the bell as Ray Douglas makes it official.

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner, by way of submission.. CALEDONIA!!

She releases the hold, Dean Coulter rolls out of the ring. She gets to her feet as Clark Summits raises her arm in

victory.

Jim Gunt: Cali able to pull out the victory, continuing the series sweep, of the singles matches between the Bright Young Things and the Lost Boys.

Mike Rolash: I told you Jim, you never count out the English Rose!

Jim Gunt: You are so confusing at times.

Can A Starr Outshine The Sunset?

Match

Ryan Sunset sits at his desk, his corporate champion Jace Valentine standing beside him with his World title proudly hung around his waist. We find ourselves joining the party in the middle of a conversation.

Ryan Sunset: I'm telling you, these things happen all the time. I really wouldn't worry about it.

Jace Valentine: I don't know, something feels off about it. Don't you think we should at least look into it before making such rash decis-

They are cut off as Christian Starr bursts through the door still in his ring gear from earlier tonight.

Christian Starr: Apparently this is what it's gonna take to get your attention!

Jace Valentine: Excuse me. Just who do you think you are?

Christian Starr: I'm not talking to you, bitch! Sit down!!

Jace gets nose to nose with Christian.

Jace Valentine: Bitch!? Do you have any idea who you're talking to!

Ryan Sunset: Settle down Jace.

Ryan Sunset puts a hand up to calm his champion. He reaches the other out to Starr for a handshake.

Ryan Sunset: Starr, isn't it? Pleased to meet finally meet you, buddy. I'm Ryan Sunset, and you're assumptions would

be correct friend. I do run this company, so maybe next time you'll remember to knock?

Sunset motions to an empty chair.

Christian Starr: Or maybe you'll actually take notice when the brightest shining star in this place is standing right in front of you. Maybe you'll give the future a chance when the future is staring you right in the face. Man to man.

Starr ignores Sunset's offers and stands tall in front of him.

Ryan Sunset: You've barely been around for a minute and already you walk around with such arrogance. Like you deserve some form of special treatment. That takes a special kind of confidence, I admire that. You want my attention? You've got it. That's why I'm going to give you an opportunity to show me you're worth keeping around. Next week, you will take part in a Fatal Four Way match. Against Azrael, Anthony Ortiz, and Mia Rayne. And if you win match, you can use the momentum to go onto Confliction because the winner of the fatal four way will become number one contender to the Paramount Championship.

Ryan pauses to take a breath.

Ryan Sunset: You have my attention Starr, don't live to regret it.

Fade.

Taking What Isn't Yours

Match

Dean returns to the Lost Boys locker room, pleased with himself regardless of the outcome of his match and is greeted by a most surreal scene, stunned into both silence and motionless.

There is Sam with BOTH of the CWF tag-team title belts. One is wrapped around his waist and the other he holds in his hands.

Dean Coulter: Sam...

Sam Braxton: Oh hey Dean! How'd you go?

Dean Coulter: What are those?

He clings desperately to false hope that it is not how it appears, that Sam had bought some replica belts from a merchandise stall or something. ANYTHING!

Sam Braxton: What d'you reckon? Looks bloody good hey?

Dean Coulter: You just nicked the title belts?

Sam Braxton: They were left unattended...

Dean Coulter: That is no reason to just up and take something that isn't yours. I can't believe-

Well actually, part of Dean kind of could believe it.

Dean Coulter: I promised Eris and Cali there'd be no funny business, no tricks, or anything!

Sam Braxton: Good thing I took them then isn't it?

Dean Coulter: Mate, sometimes you go and do something so bloody stupid!

Sam Braxton: I just wan-

Dean Coulter: No! Just because you want something doesn't mean you can just take it! Struth Sam! You are going to march over to their locker room, you are going to return those title belts and apologise for taking them. Then you can head straight to the hotel room and think about what you've done.

Sam Braxton: But-but.

Dean Coulter: NOW MISTER!

Downcast and embarrassed, Sam shuffles his feet and mumbles in a sulk, stopping before Dean to plead with him some more. Dean simply responds by motioning for Sam to get moving.

Fade.

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

Match

Mike Rolash: Ooh, the Lost Boys are going to be in trouble for this!!

Jim Gunt: Well, you don't just leave title belts unattended, it's like at the airport!

Ray Douglas: Ladies and Gentleman this next match is scheduled for one fall, it is a tag match with a 20 minute time limit.

Jim Gunt: Well we know it's not really a tag match since Harvey Danger is out of commission.

Mike Rolash: Maybe TLS found himself a new tag partner.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first with a combined height of 11 feet 8 inches and weighing in at 345 pounds. Autumn Raven and Silas Artoria, THE COALITION!!!!

"Somewhere in Hollywood" by Sixx A.M. starts to play as Silas and Autumn Raven enter onto the ramp. They get a mixed reaction from the crowd.

Mike Rolash: I was half expecting them to come out with Autumn Raven standing on Silas' shoulders.

Jim Gunt: Interesting that they come out to Autumn Raven's music. Maybe Silas is one of those guys who takes his wife's last name.

They make their way to the ring as the light begins to dim and the Friday the 13th "ki ki ki ma ma ma" theme music starts to play.

Ray Douglas: And their opponents at a combined height of 12 feet 1 inch and weighing in at 475 pounds. The Lost Soul and Harvey Danger! Stranger Danger!!!!

A spotlight shines on the entrance and the curtains part as TLS appears. He gets a mixed reaction, more cheers than boos.

Mike Rolash: Just as we thought. Looks like TLS is going to have to go at it alone.

Jim Gunt: The Lost Soul, just lost his partner. It's now a handicap match.

TLS makes his way to the ring slowly. He slides under the ring and leans against the ropes. The ref calls for the bell to ring.

Mike Rolash: Looks like it's going be Silas and TLS squaring off first.

Jim Gunt: Looks like you are wrong.

Autumn Raven spins Silas around and motions for him to get out the ring. He reluctantly does so. TLS is still leaning and bouncing against the ropes as Autumn Raven turns to him and lets out a big scream and then rushes towards him.

Mike Rolash: She's a Psycho..

Jim Gunt: A Beautiful Psycho...

TLS tries to move out of the way but is caught by a clothesline from Autumn Raven. This causes him to bounce of the ropes and fall forward, but he is able to roll away and stands in the middle of the ring. Autumn Raven rushes at him going for a dropkick, but this time TLS is able to move and dodge the attack, he slaps her feet and causes her to fall to the ground. TLS then turns to Silas and delivers a clothesline that knocks him off the apron and onto the floor.

Mike Rolash: Smart move there by TLS.

Jim Gunt: That was uncalled for. Silas was just minding his own business.

Mike Rolash: Autumn Raven is up again and just delivered an elbow to the back of TLS. And another elbow. And another. She is intense.

Jim Gunt: What is TLS doing? It's as if he's letting her hit him.

Silas begins to get up slowly and climbs back on the apron as Autumn Raven grabs TLS by the arm and whips him against the ropes. TLS blocks the attempt and instead whips Autumn Raven against the turnbuckle.

Mike Rolash: So far it seems that TLS' strength has been too much for Autumn Raven. It's as if he is toying with her.

Jim Gunt: She needs to kick him in the balls.

Autumn Raven is growing angrier as she slams her hand on the turnbuckle and motions for TLS to come towards her. TLS shakes his head.

Mike Rolash: Maybe TLS doesn't want to hit a woman.

Jim Gunt: Yeah. Such a gentleman.

TLS points to Silas. But Autumn Raven flips him off and again rushes towards him, this time connect with a cross body that knocks him down. She hooks his leg for the pin.

ONE!

TW-NO!

Mike Rolash: Kick out by TLS.

TLS is slow to his feet as Autumn Raven pounces on him and delivers vicious ground and pound. TLS tries to shield his face from the blows but some of them connect. Autumn Raven takes a second to catch her breath and then stands up and quickly executes a standing somersault splash.

Jim Gunt: What a move by Autumn Raven.

Mike Rolash: TLS needs to start mounting some offense.

Autumn Raven grabs TLS by his hair to lift him up, but the hair comes off his scalp and Autumn Raven is standing there with a fistful of TLS' hair.

Jim Gunt: Uh oh. He's going to need some Rogaine.

TLS rolls out of the way and back into the corner as Autumn Raven continues to get frustrated with his antics. She goes for a corner splash but he moves out of the way and she connects with the turnbuckle. Her body crumbles to the mat.

Mike Rolash: Ouch, that must hurt.

TLS quickly lifts her up and throws her in the direction of Silas. Silas makes the tag and steps into the ring.

Mike Rolash: Autumn Raven looks tired. That might have been TLS' game plan all along.

Jim Gunt: Well let's see what he does with Silas.

Silas ducks under a clothesline attempt from TLS and turns it into a belly to back suplex. He grabs TLS' foot and delivers an elbow. Silas lifts TLS by his arms.

Jim Gunt: He learned from Autumn not to grab TLS by his hair.

Silas whips TLS against the ropes and catches him on the rebound into a crushing backbreaker. Silas goes for the pin.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Kick out by TLS. Silas stands over TLS and kicks him in the gut before dragging him up again. Artoria continues with a vicious knife chop that sends TLS reeling backwards. He then goes for a discus clothesline that TLS counters into a groin punch. Silas keels over in pain.

Jim Gunt: Damn. His balls might be broken.

Mike Rolash: TLS lifts Silas up, spins him around and delivers 3 consecutive german suplexes.

Jim Gunt: Suplex City!!

TLS whips Silas into the corner. Autumn Raven makes the tag and pulls Silas out of the ring as TLS goes for a cartwheel and elbow. TLS bangs his elbow hard on the turnbuckle as Autumn Raven jumps in and delivers a chop block that sends TLS to his knees. Autumn Raven quickly follows that up with a drop kick.

Mike Rolash: Autumn Raven showing great agility as she jumps on the top turnbuckle then jumps off.

Jim Gunt: CORKSCREW SPLASH!!!!

The crowd is finally getting into the match as they get on their feet. Autumn Raven waves for Silas to get in the ring as she whips TLS against the ropes, TLS ducks under a clothesline attempt from Silas only to be met by Autumn Raven who delivers a Dragonrana. The two continue to double team TLS as the ref tries to get a handle on the situation.

Mike Rolash: Too bad Harvey's not here to help TLS out.

Jim Gunt: I don't even know who the legal person is for the Coalition.

Silas finally heads back out onto the apron only to tag himself back in as Autumn Raven makes her way out. TLS looks hurt as Silas puts him over his shoulder into a fireman's carry. Silas motions to the crowd as they boo him. TLS takes the moment to sneak behind Silas into a schoolboy roll-up.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO!

KICKOUT!

Mike Rolash: That was close. Silas better focus on TLS and not let the crowd bother him.

Jim Gunt: What's the crowd chanting? "SILAS IS A BITCH?"

The crowd continues their chant as Silas grows visibly upset. TLS lifts Silas up and delivers a brainbuster.

Mike Rolash: TLS just delivered his set up move. Is the Souled Out coming up?

Jm Gunt: He's climbing the ropes.

Silas rolls over as TLS reaches the top turnbuckle. He leaps off.

Mike Rolash: Silas rolls out of the way..

Jim Gunt: He might have been over if TLS would have connected with that.

TLS rolls in agony as Silas seems to have snapped. He starts to viciously attack TLS with kicks to the head.

Mike Rolash: Is this the Bloodletter?

Jim Gunt: Or PMS?

Silas lifts TLS up and delivers an Airplane Spin and drops TLS to the mat. He delivers a snapdragon and runs towards the ropes. He tags Autumn Raven as he rebounds off the ropes and delivers a quick knee strike. Autumn Raven is climbing the ropes and leaps off with a swanton bomb, but The Lost Soul gets his knees up just in time! He spins Autumn over, going for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Jim Gunt: Silas Artoria breaks up the cover, I think TLS may have had Autumn there after those knees landed right into her spine!

Mike Rolash: That's the breaks when you go for the high risk district, Jimbo. You go big or you go home, and Autumn looks to be going home!

Jim Gunt: I don't know about that, Silas and Autumn still have the upper hand with no Harvey Danger in sight, both competitors are now stomping the bejeezus out of TLS!

The official finally is able to stop Silas and Autumn's attack on the Lost Soul, forcing Silas back out to the apron but Autumn quickly tags him back into the match anyway. FALL OF MAN! Silas picks TLS up for the Electric Chair and transitions it right into a perfect Cutter! Autumn rolls out of the ring and watches as he makes the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: And your winners by pinfall...Autumn Raven and Silas Artoria....THE COALITION!!

Jim Gunt: A nice win here from the Coalition, but certainly not a fair one in my eyes as TLS had to fight this entire match himself after what happened with Harvey earlier.

Mike Rolash: Poor Harvey.

Giving Back What's Yours

Match

While Caledonia frantically searches the Bright Young Things locker room, turning the room upside down searching for their title belts, Eris answers the door. Standing there is Sam Braxton, title belts held before him and his gaze firmly on the corridor floor. He mumbles something incoherent when Eris greets them at the door.

Dean Coulter: Louder Sam. So they can hear it!

Not far behind Sam is the incredulous and enraged Dean Coulter, standing with his arms crossed in front of him.

Sam Braxton: I'm sorry for takin' your belts.

Eris: Excuse me?

Barely able to overhear the exchange the door is opened wider to make room for Cali.

Caledonia: What the hell?

Sam Braxton: I took the belts without asking. I'm-

Sam looks to Dean.

Sam Braxton: I'm sorry. I only meant to borrow them.

Cali and Eris turn to each other in sheer disbelief, then to Dean. They know exactly what to do from here.

Eris: We're very disappointed in you, young man!

Caledonia: If you want to play with these title belts, then you're going to have to do it the proper way. By beating us at Confliction. Not before.

Eris: There'll be no dessert for you tonight I'm sure.

Sam Braxton: But-but...

Cali, Eris and Dean: No buts!

Dean Coulter: I'm sorry for the grave inconvenience, Sam has a very bad habit of acting before he thinks.

Caledonia: As long as he promises to behave from here on in.

Dean's look to Cali is all the response they needed.

As if that were ever going to happen.

Eris: See he is duly punished.

Sam wants to interrupt, to remind everyone he was right there, but a growl from Dean when he sees his friend go to speak shuts that down in an instant.

Dean Coulter: Don't you worry, he will be.

Fade.

The Shadow © Vs. Dorian Hawkhurst

Match

Jim Gunt: Yep, Sam's in the doghouse!

Mike Rolash: Well, you don't just take stuff without asking! And it serves them right, too, for locking up poor Harvey and giving these creeps the win!

Jim Gunt: Speaking of creeps, this next one is going to be an interesting one, Ataxia as referee is not a good idea on a

good day...

Ray Douglas: The following contest is for the Impact Championship! Making his way to the ring first...our special guest referee...He is...seriously, I have to read this....The most impartial man in CWF history... "The Messiah Pariah"...Ataxia!!

"Die Die Die My Darling" by Metallica starts to play as Ataxia runs out wearing...a black and white ref striped tuxedo. He laughs maniacally as he gets into the ring and poses as the fans give him boos. He mockingly holds up his ears like he can't hear them and they get louder.

Jim Gunt: That man should be put in an insane asylum.

Mike Rolash: But he does win my most stylish referee attire of twenty eighteen so far.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first...The challenger...from Philadelphia, PA! He is "The Demon of Sobriety" Dorian Hawkhurst!!

"Slow Suicide" by Scott Stapp starts to play as Hawkhurst walks out. He eyes Ataxia who pulls the ropes to help him in, but Hawkhurst walks away from the front of the ring and to the steps and comes in through the corner. Ataxia blows him a kiss as Hawkhurst looks visually shaken at this particular situation.

Jim Gunt: This has to put Hawkhurst on edge being this close to Ataxia, who is deciding rather or not Hawkhurst will get the title.

Mike Rolash: Maybe he shoulda taken him up on that drink.

Ray Douglas: And now...Introducing The CWF Impact Champion...He hails from the darkness...he is...The Shadow!!

Lights go out. "Mea Culpa" by After Forever starts with its ominous keyboard sounds. As the choir sets in, fog starts to waft around the ring, illuminated only with dark, purple light, the ring itself is dark. As the choirs reach their crescendo, the purple light flickers with rising intensity and as the choir stops, the lights go back on and he stands in the centre of the ring, stoic and unmoving under his hood. Dorian bails out of the ring. The champion holds up the title and hands it over to Ataxia who points to Dorian telling him to get into the ring. Ataxia goes to the outside and hands the belt to the timekeeper and grabs a microphone.

Jim Gunt: These two together form a powerful force here in CWF.

Mike Rolash: Yeah...Hot Topic's been wanting to sponsor them for months.

Ataxia: Come on kiddies...let's get this party started! Ring the fucking bell!

The bell rings and Shadow methodically stares down Hawkhurst who gets into the ring just as Ataxia does.

Ataxia: Now I want a good clean..hahahaha...Nah I'm just fucking with you. You want the title. Go ahead...hit him. You know you want to. After everything I did to your little friend last week...

Hawkhurst glares at Ataxia while Shadow just keeps staring a hole through Hawkhurst. Hawkhurst starts to circle Shadow who keeps moving around the ring until Hawkhurst goes for a lock up. Shadow ducks the attempt and kicks Dorian in the gut. Shadow runs to the ropes and comes back hitting a "Hammer of the Gods" running dropkick to Hawkhurst, sending him to the mat hard. Ataxia gets over Hawkhurst and slaps him in the face.

Jim Gunt: Disrespect from the official!

Mike Rolash: Normally this is the reverse in matches. CWF. We're progressive...

Ataxia: Come on drunkie...you can do better than that!

Hawkhurst reaches up and punches Ataxia square in the nuts! Ataxia drops like a sack of potatoes for a moment as Shadow runs up and hits Hawkhurst with a knee to the face. Shadow gets up and grabs Hawkhurst by the neck and slams him into the mat again. Shadow picks up Hawkhurst and sets him up for a neckbreaker. Ataxia starts to move slowly and rolls out of the ring. Shadow drops a knee onto the back of Hawkhurst's neck as the crowd boos the beatdown of the big guy.

Jim Gunt: And this capacity crowd is fired up at the one sidedness of the officiating in this fight.

Mike Rolash: What did they expect? Fairness from a guy who wears a sack on his head?! Duhhhh!!

Shadow goes and picks up Hawkhurst, and sets him up for a Russian Leg Sweep! He connects. Shadow gets up and his eyes roll up into the back of his head as he holds up his hand to the rafters. The lights start to flicker purple for a moment as Shadow's eyes roll back down. He points to Hawkhurst as Ataxia rushes back in and shakes his head.

Ataxia: No! You promised him Shadow...after all...if anything. You are a man of your word.

Shadow nods his head but motions Ataxia out of the way as he goes towards Hawkhurst. He goes to pick up Hawkhurst

Jim Gunt: Do you think Shadow was going to try and take Hawkhurst's soul?

Mike Rolash: No! Why would he? Why would he ever do that? It's not like it's what the guy has been doing since he freaking got here! Besides he said he wouldn't. I'm prone to believe him.

Jim Gunt: Really?

Mike Rolash: Surprisingly it's the most believable thing about him.

Hawkhurst hits Shadow in the chest and then wraps his arms around him for a belly to belly suplex! Hawkhurst waits till Shadow gets back up before taking him down with a running big boot to the head. He grabs Shadow and sets him up for a Slingshot Powerbomb! He goes for the cover and...Ataxia just stares at him.

Ataxia: You're going to have to do better...

Hawkhurst gets up and goes over to hit Ataxia who dodges the shot and runs to the ropes. Ataxia hits the ropes and bounces off. In midair he turns and hits a one eighty dropkick to Hawkhurst sending him down to the mat. Ataxia picks up the microphone as Shadow sits up.

Ataxia: Have you figured it out yet? You aren't strong enough. You need something. You need an edge. You can't keep fighting this fight inside of your fucking soul while also fighting this monster...why don't you just give in. Just tell me you want one...I tell you what. I'll go get you one.

Ataxia leaps out of the ring and goes underneath pulling out a tray of beer in solo cups!

Jim Gunt: This is in such bad taste.

Mike Rolash:...Hey Tax! I got a fiver how about one!

Hawkhurst gets up glaring at Ataxia. He makes his way to the ropes only to turn right as Shadow rushes towards him. "Hammer of the Gods"! Hawkhurst flies over the top rope hitting headfirst on the ringside floor.

Ataxia: Hey...trivia question...what's my favorite AC/DC song?

Hawkhurst rolls on the ground holding his neck. Ataxia pours a full cup of beer onto him.

Ataxia: Have a drink on mmmeeeeeeeeee!!!!

Jim Gunt: This man is a recovering alcoholic! This is disgusting behavior by Ataxia!

Mike Rolash: He's trying to break this man mentally, Jim!

Hawkhurst screams out in anger and glares at Ataxia who holds up another beer and tosses it at Hawkhurst. Hawkhurst starts to get up as Shadow stands and glares at the display. You can tell he wants to take Hawkhurst's soul. Ataxia keeps laughing at Hawkhurst.

Ataxia: AHAHHHAHAHA...Come on...You can smell it. You can taste it. You can't win without it!

Hawkhurst charges at Ataxia and Ataxia drops the mic. He takes the tray of beer and slams it into Hawkhurst head. Beer and wood shatter all over the place as Hawkhurst goes down clutching his head. We can see Hawkhurst has been busted open as the fans continue to boo this display. Shadow reaches through the ropes and grabs Ataxia's shoulder. He points to Hawkhurst and makes a throat cut motion. Ataxia nods and grabs the microphone.

Ataxia: Alright. I tried! I really did! You all saw me! I'm trying to make you a better wrestler. To face your fears. However...you just aren't made of sterner stuff, me boy. Don't worry. I'm sure you'll at least serve a purpose...in the Soulsearch!

Ataxia drops the mic and tosses it into the ring. He grabs Hawkhurst and gently caresses his face and then backhands him. He rolls Hawkhurst into the ring as Shadow grabs him and starts to set him up for the "Forgotten Epitaph"! He hits the tombstone piledriver and then proceeds to go for the pin. Ataxia drops down...

Jim Gunt: This looks like the end...

1...

Mike Rolash: What's that idiot doing?

From out of the audience comes...Brad the security guard! He comes in and slams Ataxia in the back of the head with a nightstick! Shadow gets up and glares at Brad. Brad swings the nightstick at Shadow who dodges it and potatoes

Brad in the face with a hard shot to the jaw. Brad goes down as Ataxia sits up and grabs Brad by the crotch! Ataxia picks up Brad and gorilla press slams him to the outside. Shadow shoves Ataxia. He wants to end the match. Ataxia looks back and forth from Brad to Hawkhurst as if he can't make up his mind who he wants to hurt more. He motions to Hawkhurst as Shadow goes to grab Hawkhurst for another tombstone, but Hawkhurst reaches up and grabs Shadow by the throat...CHOKESLAM! Ataxia double ax handles Hawkhurst on the back and Hawkhurst reaches around and grabs Ataxia by the throat. He lifts Ataxia over his head and tosses Ataxia headfirst into the ring barricade! Ataxia falls down and is not moving.

Jim Gunt: He threw him like a lawndart!

Mike Rolash: It's okay. He only hurt his head...it's Ataxia after all.

Hawkhurst turns his attention to Shadow and starts stomping away at the master of the soulsearch. Hawkhurst picks up Shadow and tosses him into the ropes. Shadow rebounds. Back body drop! Hawkhurst picks him up again and tosses Shadow into the ropes. He goes to hit Shadow but Shadow kicks a leg out. Hawkhurst catches it. Enzuigiri!! Both men go down. Brad gets up and see's Ataxia starting to get up and heads over to him. Ataxia starts to stand when Brad grabs him in a choke hold! He's trying to make Ataxia pass out, but Ataxia jawjacks Brad! In the ring both men are down, but are starting to show signs of life. Brad grabs something from his belt. Pepper Spray! He blasts Ataxia in the face with it. Ataxia stumbles and screams out as Brad tosses him back into the ring.

Jim Gunt: That disgruntled security guard just took out Ataxia with pepper spray!

Mike Rolash: Oh there will be hell to pay for this!

Brad starts smacking the mat yelling at Hawkhurst to get up! The fans join in cheering...

"Hawkkkhurrssttt!! Hawwwkkhuurrssttt!!"

Hawkhurst uses the ropes to stand up just as Shadow sits up and gets to his feet. Shadow sees Ataxia on the mat holding his eyes and Shadow rushes towards Hawkhurst. Both men start trading punch after punch with Hawkhurst getting a bit more ahead with his larger sized fists hitting more of Shadow's face. Ataxia starts moving around the ring. Blind. Hawkhurst dodges a punch from Shadow. Savat Kick! Hawkhurst follows it up with "Getting Hammered"!

Jim Gunt: Hawkhurst is on fire!

Mike Rolash: Nah. It's lite beer. He's probably only thirty proof at best right now.

Jim Gunt:...what the hell is wrong with you?

Mike Rolash: Dealing with you for starts.

Hawkhurst kicks Shadow in the gut and sets him up for his finishing move, the running sitdown powerbomb, "Falling Off The Wagon"! Hawkhurst is about to drop Shadow who reverses it by sliding down Dorian's back. Hawkhurst turns... "Nightfall"!!! The fans scream out...

"NOOOO!!!"

Jim Gunt: That devastating diabolically deadly diving DDT!

Mike Rolash: Someone's been subscribing to "Alliteration Weekly".

Shadow goes to pin Hawkhurst as Ataxia is still holding his eyes. Shadow yells out to his "Forsaken" partner and Ataxia goes to count. REVERSAL!!!

One!...

Ataxia can't see it's been reversed.

Two!...

Shadow is trying to kick out but Hawkhurst has the reversal pin locked in!

Three!!

Hawkhurst rolls out of the ring and Shadow gets up infuriated!

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner...and NEWWWW IMPACT CHAMPION!!! "THE DEMON OF SOBRIETY"!!! DORIAN HAAWWKKKHURRSST!!!

Shadow is enraged as he looks down at Ataxia who is still holding his eyes. Shadow picks him up and tells him what happened. Dorian Hawkhurst and Brad embrace as the belt is handed to Hawkhurst. Ataxia, through tears coming out of his eyes...starts laughing. He keeps laughing maniacally at the camera as Shadow looks on at Hawkhurst.

Jim Gunt: I have a feeling this isn't over. "The Forsaken" may have lost the Impact Title, but their fight with Hawkhurst just got kicked up a notch.

Mike Rolash: Ataxia is laughing at a defeat like this that's gotta mean he's already got something up that sadistic mind of his.

Making Arrangements

Match

Freddie Styles is shown backstage, preparing for the tag team main event that headlines tonight's show. He approaches his partner, Jace Valentine...but our Host with the Most seems preoccupied with his cell phone. Freddie Styles: So you ready for the match tonight...Champ? The sarcasm is evident in Freddie's voice. Jace Valentine: Match? What match? I'm making arrangements for my vacation! Freddie Styles: Getting a little ahead of yourself aren't you? We got Duce and MJ tonight, keep your damn head in the game dude. You're only going to have one week off...Jace scoffs. Jace Valentine: One week? Jace Valentine is going to party in Las Vegas. A week in, we will just be getting started. There's going to be a victory parade. Pinatas and the whole fucking fiesta. The party don't stop until I say it does! Freddie Styles: So I guess you don't plan to stick around to defend your title at Confliction? Jace Valentine: Confliction? What the hell is a Confliction? I don't need to defend my belt. Why would I do that? I've proven my damn self already. I am going to be the champ around here until further notice. I don't owe any rematches and I don't owe a thing to anybody, especially you. Freddie gets up in Jace's face, teasing a confrontation. Freddie Styles: Just know that there are some people on this roster hungry for a chance to knock you off your high horse. Jace Valentine: I'm sure there is. But for now, how bout you just shut your fucking mouth and do your job out there? The comment seems to inflame Styles but Jace walks away before the scene gets too heated.

Fade.

Jace Valentine © vs. Freddie Styles Vs. Duce Jones & Mariella Jade Flair

Match

Ray Douglas: The following contest is a tag team match set for one fall and is tonight's MAAAIIINNNN EVENT! Introducing first....

"Apex Predator" by Otep begins to play and the crowd immediately comes to their feet to give Mariella Jade Flair a standing ovation as she comes out from behind the curtain. She takes it all in for a few seconds as pyros begin shooting off each side of the ramp, finally MJ struts down the ramp slapping a couple of outstretched hands on the way down. She wastes no time in rolling underneath the bottom rope, getting to her feet and stretching in the corner.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first, from Warwick, New York....MARIELLA JADE FLAIR!!

The lights in the arena dim, as orange strobe lights move all across the venue. "Smiling Faces" by Kevin Gates is blasting throughout the PA system as Duce Jones out onto the stage. The fans cheer with admiration as he stands there and surveys the crowd. He then strolls down to the ring slapping the hands of some of the fans who are sitting ringside. Duce makes it down to the ring where hops onto the apron and climbs inside the ring. The former CWF World

champion immediately heads straight for MJ Flair, where they shake hands and begin discussing match talk with one another.

Ray Douglas: And her partner, from Jonesboro, Arkansas....DUCE JONES!!

Jim Gunt: Here we go Mikey, it's main event time!

Mike Rolash: And first up are Duce Jones and MJ Flair, a very formidable team of second generation superstars. But neither of them are Jace Valentine.

Jim Gunt: Well that's for sure, and I think they're glad of that!

You know I've been waitin' on this my whole life

Styles is the future

Let's make shit happen

BALLGAME!

The lights go down, and all you see is a silhouette of a man, as the opening riff of "DemiGods" begins to play.

This is my time, my grind

Promise I'mma do this right

Hoping I see the sign, now I give it all I got

This is not what you think

This is nowhere near a game to me

It's the air that I breathe...

As the song moves into the verse, Freddie steps out from behind the curtain as he just stands there in his hooded vest, hood over his head, bouncing from side to side, before making his slow walk towards the ring.

Demi-gods and hungry ghosts

Oh God, God knows I'm not at home

I'll never find someone quite like you again

I'll never find someone quite like you again

Freddie slowly walks up the ring steps, and steps through the ropes. He then stands on the middle rope, holding one arm above him, before stepping down, and leaning over in a corner. He takes the hood from off his head, then takes the vest off completely, tossing it to the floor. Freddie Styles then makes his way over to MJ Flair and Duce Jones, shocking the fans a little bit by shaking each of their hands out of respect!

Ray Douglas: And their opponents. First from Atlanta, Georgia....FREDDIE STYLES!!

"We've Had Enough" by Alkaline Trio breaks over the speaker system like an explosion, and the most hated man in the entire wrestling business struts out from behind the curtain in his most GLORIOUS of robes. Jace Valentine spins around with his hands in the air, loving every boo that comes his way. The CWF World Heavyweight Champion points down at the title around his waist, holding his robe open so that the fans can see just how great he is. MJ Flair, Duce Jones, and most likely the entirety of the fans inside the arena collectively roll their eyes. Valentine slowly makes his way over to the timekeeper, laying down his red sparkly robe and title belt before rolling into the ring.

Ray Douglas: And his partner from Montreal, Quebec, Canada, he is the CWF World champion....JACE VALENTINE!!

Jim Gunt: And as well as MJ Flair and Duce Jones have seemingly gotten along in recent times, Freddie Styles and our new World champion have been quite the opposite!

Mike Rolash: Styles feels like the Eternals haven't been giving him the limelight he deserves. I think he should just shut up and fall in line.

Jim Gunt: Care to go up there and tell him that?

Mike Rolash: Not really, no.

Jim Gunt: Ha, I didn't think so. Well folks, as you saw on CWF Wired one of our senior officials Denny Davidson was fired on the spot by Jace Valentine, Ryan Sunset and the Eternals after "screwing" Valentine in his triple threat loss against The Lost Soul last week.

Mike Rolash: And now we have the debut of the Eternal's own hand-picked referee, Scott Dean! I have heard a lot about this guy, word is he really is the best is in the bus-i-ness!

Inside the ring brand new official Scott Dean looks to be out of his element as he brings both teams to the center of the ring, maniacally telling them the rules of a tag team match before asking both teams to select a competitor to start the match in the ring. He calls for the bell, and the match is underway, MJ Flair volunteering to start the match off for her team while Styles and Valentine argue on the other side. Jace Valentine points to the outside of the ring, telling Styles to go to the apron if he knows what's best for him.

Jim Gunt: Oh boy, this does not look good for the Eternals as they're already not getting along!

Mike Rolash: Come on Styles, listen to the champ!

Freddie Styles is furious at the backtalk from Valentine, but before he does anything irrational he takes a deep breath and exhales, shaking his head as he goes to the apron. Mariella Jade simply smiles, waving her hands to call the World champion to the center of the ring to meet her. The True Face of Arrogance does just that, but immediately goes for a front kick instead of the lock-up, but it is one that MJ Flair catches! She waves her finger at him but Valentine leaps up for an Enziguiri, and falls flat on his face as Flair ducks out underneath!

Jim Gunt: Haha, Valentine's attempts to control the match from the onset have gone completely awry!

Mike Rolash: Oh you just wait Jimmy, Jace is just letting Flair have a little fun.

Aiding the CWF World champion to his feet from behind, MJ Flair runs him chest first into the corner and then leaps up to grab his head from behind- NECKBREAKER! The Flair That Doesn't Care heads over to her corner, tagging Duce Jones into the match and holding down Valentine with her boot as Jones bounces off the ropes, landing a nice legdrop across him. Styles watches on from apron as his "brother" continues to take a beating, not even looking like he's interested in coming to his aid.

Jim Gunt: This has almost turned into a handicap match here, Mike, Valentine needs to make the tag to refresh himself a little bit.

Mike Rolash: I hate to say it, but maybe the champ bit off more than he could chew a little bit tonight...

Jim Gunt: Excuse me, did you finally admit that Jace Valentine isn't the be-all, end-all of professional wrestling and there is a chance that he could actually be defeated here tonight?

Mike Rolash: No way, quit putting words in my mouth, you idiot!

Raising Valentine up to his feet with his arms wrapped around his head, the former World champion tugs and pulls the headlock as tightly as he possibly can. The Jace That Runs The Place sends in a few well placed elbows to his sternum however, finally breaking loose and sending Duce Jones into the ropes- where MJ Flair tags right back in with a slap to his back! Valentine doesn't see the tag but the official Scott Dean does, and as the World champion goes for a clothesline that Jones ducks under he does not see MJ leaping up onto the top rope until it's too late. SPINNING HEADSCISSORS TAKEOVER SENDS HIM FLYING! And MJ hurries for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

TH-NO! KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: Jace Valentine nearly out there, as MJ Flair was this close to pinning the World champion!

Mike Rolash: Yeah but...the title isn't on the line, Jimmy. This match doesn't count.

Jim Gunt: You tell these four world-class athletes that, Mike. EVERY match counts for these superstars!

Not letting the near fall get her down, MJ Flair lifts up the World champion and takes him over to a free corner. She walks across the ropes and leaps off- TORNADO D-NO! Valentine throws her over the top rope and to the outside of the ring! Mariella lands in a sick and twisted heap! Styles immediately hops off the apron, putting his own team aside to check on MJ Flair on the outside of the ring, which obviously causes Jace to begin flipping a nut on the inside of the ring. He rolls out and immediately pushes Styles across the chest, who angrily pushes him right back right into Duce Jones who hits him with a back body drop! Scott Dean shrugs his shoulders on the inside of the ring, and starts counting both legal competitors out.

ONE!

TWO!

Jim Gunt: This match is disintegrating quickly, Mike!

Duce Jones looks at Styles, who puts his hands in the air and moves out of the way to allow him to have his hands on Valentine.

THREE!

Mike Rolash: I can't believe how disrespectful Freddie Styles has proven to be. After all the Eternals have done for the man!

FOUR!

Jim Gunt: Like what, Mike?

Mike Rolash: You know...everything!

Duce pulls Valentine back up to his feet and immediately whips him into the ring, where he spikes the turnbuckle head-first! Jones turns back to MJ as she begins to get to her feet, checking on his partner as Styles has finally made his way back over to his "team's" corner.

FIVE!

SIX!

MJ shakes the cobwebs and rolls Valentine into the ring, coming in after him but immediately receiving a kick to the face for her trouble! The Jace That Runs The Place crawls quickly over to his corner, leaping up and tagging Styles into the match. Freddie looks weary to enter the ring, giving Jace the stink eye as he does so but coming in and locking up with the rising MJ Flair anyway.

The rematch of Modern Warfare is underway and the fans give out a hearty cheer as both competitors pull each other around with a test of strength. Styles quickly gets ahead of the second generation star, turning the lock into a quick headlock and transitioning it to a snap suplex. Styles does not let go of the suplex however, popping his hips and bringing the Flair That Doesn't Care right back up and spiking her with another suplex! Styles with a quick cover right after.

ONE!

TWO!

SHOULDER UP!

Jim Gunt: Freddie Styles going for a very fast cover, after hitting just two suplexes on Flair.

Mike Rolash: Yeah, I don't think he wants to hurt Miss Thang after how she lands outside earlier. Come on Styles, get ruthless. Be Eternal!

Jim Gunt: Shut up already.

Freddie helps MJ Flair up to her feet, laying into her chest with a knife edge chop and then a second one that leaves her rocked. He takes a hold of his opponent and whips her into the ropes, leaping up for a clothesline- but she catches him through it and brings him down with a Russian Leg Sweep! Flair takes a moment away from her offense on Styles, turning her attention to Valentine and smacking him right across the face!

Jim Gunt: OOHHH! The champ just got bitch slapped, Mike!

Mike Rolash: Bitch is right. MJ is gonna what's coming to her soon, mark my words!

The furious Jace Valentine attempts to come into the ring but new official Scott Dean does his best to hold him back, meanwhile MJ Flair taunts him from the inside of the ring and eventually tags Duce Jones back into the match. With Valentine still trying to crawl over the top rope, Jones has Styles back on his feet but receives a shoulder block to his ribs as he gets up. Freddie Styles with one more shoulder, before flipping over Duce landing him back-first on the canvas.

As the former champion rolls over and attempts to get to his feet Styles prepares- ATL STOMP! But as he goes to drop down for the cover he is slapped across the back, Valentine tagging his way back into the match! The True Era of Arrogance looks to take advantage of the prone Jones, dropping down and immediately putting him in the ankle lock. VALENTINE VICEGRIP! Duce Jones' eyes light up instantaneously from the pain, but he somehow rolls over and kicks both of his legs up into the face of Jace to break the submission!

Jim Gunt: And Duce is out! Whatta match this has been so far!

Mike Rolash: Damn it, I was hoping the old stoner would've tapped out.

Jim Gunt: Duce Jones does not tap out Mike, NEVER! He does not know the meaning of giving up!

Mike Rolash: That's because he's stupid. Get him a freakin' dictionary for god's sakes.

The former World champion takes the man who screwed him out of it by the back of his head, running him into his teams corner and spiking him headfirst into the turnbuckle once, twice, three, four times! Jones tags MJ Flair back into the match and she immediately goes up to the top rope as Jones holds Jace up for a backbreaker waiting on her. AND FLAIR LEAPS OFF WITH A LEGDROP RIGHT THROUGH VALENTINE! The crowd cheer vibrantly as MJ Flair wastes no time in going for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO! VALENTINE WITH HIS FOOT ON THE ROPE!

Jim Gunt: What!? I thought it was over there!

Mike Rolash: Haha, no way! Valentine is using his great ring awareness to his best advantage tonight, that was awesome!

MJ Flair is right onto her feet, springing off the ropes and heading towards Valentine before he has a chance to take his leg off the bottom rope. She leaps up into the air and cannonballs right through his leg! The World champion is writhing in pain and Flair sees the target painted on his possibly re-injured knee, pulling Valentine towards the center of the ring looking for a Figure Four Leglock. Jace Valentine kicks back at MJ, but she continues to hold on, locking the leg and dropping down to put the submission hold on!

Jim Gunt: Here we go, it looks like the "Overnight Submission Specialist" may have a submission hold come back to bite him in the ass!

Mike Rolash: I'd like to take a bite out of MJ's ass.

Jim Gunt: Mike!

Mike Rolash: What? She's got a big ass, she probably wouldn't mind.

Jim Gunt: Mike!

Slapping the canvas with both of his hands, Valentine clenches his teeth and attempts to grind through the pain of Flair's fully locked in leg hold. Jace begins to inch his way closer and closer to his team's corner, reaching out for Freddie Styles who reluctantly stretches his hand out. But no- Flair rolls both competitors through towards the center of the ring and then perfectly back into position! And the crowd erupts, knowing that Valentine may be done for!

Jim Gunt: Oh my god, this is it Mike! Jace Valentine is going to tap out right in the middle of the ring!

Mike Rolash: Get in there and help him, Styles!

Jace Valentine takes a deep breath, the pain nearly taking him to his breaking point but he knows that if he taps out and loses back to back matches that his title reign will be seen by the masses as a complete failure. Valentine grinds through the pain as he squirms towards the ropes, pounding down on the legs of MJ several times as he moves towards the ropes, trying anything and everything to break the hold. Finally MJ Flair breaks the hold on her own, and both competitors lay on the canvas on their backs for several seconds, spent. The sold out crowd is once again on their feet, cheering for MJ and booing for Valentine simultaneously!

"FUCK YOU JACEHOLE!"

"LET'S GO MJ!"

Jim Gunt: The crowd are on their feet Mike, the excitement in Little Rock is absolutely incredible!

Mike Rolash: And for good reason, these four competitors are laying it all on the line tonight to make an impression on the rest of the World Title scene with only three weeks until the Conflicion pay per view!

Jim Gunt: Jace's leg has to be torn to shreds now though, he needs to make the tag!

Jace Valentine and MJ Flair both look to do just that, taking their eyes off each other momentarily to begin crawling to their own team's corners. MJ stretches out and makes the tag to Duce Jones, but when Valentine pulls himself to his feet and goes to tag in Styles, something about the smirk on Styles face changes the mind of Jace Valentine. The Jace That Runs The Place shakes his head and begins swearing at Freddie Styles for absolutely no logical reason! The self-inflicted distraction with Styles leaves Valentine not realizing that Duce Jones is lurking behind him, until it is too late that is. **BACKSTABBER BREAKS JACE IN HALF!** Duce with the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Mike Rolash: Finally! About time you get into the action, Freddie!

Jim Gunt: I think Styles was just getting tired of standing on the apron the entire match and barely getting any action, Mike!

Freddie Styles stomps down on Duce a singular time, but it is enough to leave him rolling off of Jace. Styles hurries

and pulls the World champion to their corner and gets back to the apron to make the tag into the match just as Duce Jones is getting back to his feet. Jones runs at Styles but he turns around and backflips towards him- PELE KICK!

Styles kips up to his feet quickly and then hits a roundhouse kick and a spinning back fist, a ball of fire as the crowd begins to get on his side, split between him and Duce. Freddie Styles grabs the dazed Jones and goes for the Irish Whip but the former champion somehow reverses it, sending him flying right into the corner! Jones in with the Big Splash-NO! Valentine nails him with a huge forearm to the face from the apron, and tags right back into the match! The True Era of Arrogance shows just how arrogant he truly is, as he barely can walk into the ring but still screams out that "he is the captain of the team so he will do whatever the hell he wants."

Mike Rolash: You're damn right, Valentine is the captain of the ship, bay bay!

Jim Gunt: Yeah, he's the freaking Titanic. About to hit the iceberg and sink fast.

Jace Valentine grabs onto the top rope as he winces as soon as he gets into the ring, the pain clearly still shooting throughout his knee and entire leg. As he approaches the rising Jones the second generation star is ready for him, spinning across the canvas and sweeping the legs right out from under Valentine! Duce Jones is on top of the Jace That Runs The Place in an instance, pounding down on him with rights and lefts like there is no tomorrow!

The crowd cheers Jones on as he pounds down on him, but immediately switches to boos as Scott Dean pulls Jones off of the champion and begins admonishing him for the attack. Jones just laughs, yanking the injured Valentine by his leg over to his corner and tagging back in MJ. They both take turns stomping down on the leg of Valentine before Duce lifts him up and tosses him into the ropes, catching him on the way back and lifting him high in the air for MJ to spike him down to the canvas. OVERDOSE!

Jim Gunt: Shades of his father, and what an Overdose that was!

Mike Rolash: Wait a second, the referee is calling for the bell?

Jim Gunt: Are you freaking kidding me! Another screwjob!?

Mike Rolash: I love it!

The newly appointed official valiantly calls for the bell to be rung, vocalizing that "both Duce and MJ have went beyond the five count of two teammates being in the ring and continually breaking the rules". Immediately a chorus of boos comes back from the Little Rock fans as Scott points to Valentine, calling him and Freddie Styles the winners.

Ray Douglas: Your winners of this match by erm...disqualification...JACE VALENTINE AND FREDDIE STYLES!!

Jim Gunt: This is a load of bullshit! Not a-fucking-gain!

Mike Rolash: What are you talking about, Jimmy? MJ and Duce broke the rules, you seen it just as well as I did!

“BULLLLSHIT!”

“BULLLLSHIT!”

The clearly unhappy fans continue to vocalize themselves, but MJ Flair and Duce Jones aren't content to chant, they have something else in mind. The two of them immediately go right the new referee, Jones grabbing him by the collar while MJ flails back ready to slap him. Out the corner of their eye they see Jace Valentine up and springing off the ropes- BASEMENT DROPKICK-NO! MJ AND DUCE PUSH SCOTT DEAN IN THE WAY AND HE GETS CREAMED!

D-TRIGGA KNEE KNOCKS VALENTINE OUT COLD BEFORE HE CAN EVEN GET UP! Freddie Styles wearily enters the ring, looking like he may come to Valentine's aid at first but then smiling and raising his arms in the air. Freddie Styles walks over to the ropes, yelling out to the time keeper to give him a microphone. With him, MJ and Duce all standing over the fallen World Heavyweight champion, he begins to talk.

Freddie Styles: At the Confliction pay per view March 4th, we will have one HUGE main event. Because the World Title will be on the line as myself, Duce Jones and MJ Flair all step into the ring one more time with you..."champ".

Styles looks over at Duce and MJ who both look taken aback, but slowly begin to smile as they watch Freddie fall to a knee and place the microphone next to Jace's face for just a few moments and then back towards his own mouth.

Freddie Styles: Unless my partner has any objections?

Styles once again puts the microphone towards Jace's face, but this time blasts him with it! He picks the unconscious World champion off the canvas, BALLGAME! Mariella Jade Flair tells both of her male cohorts that it is her turn to get a shot in, and she grabs Jace By The Face- MORNING STAR! Valentine is dead and the crowd is loving it! All three of the competitors who will face the champion at Confliction stand over him supreme as another episode of Evolution goes off the air.

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