

# Evolution: CWF Evolution- Episode 15

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**Promotion:** Championship Wrestling Federation  
**Date:** March 12, 2018  
**Location:** Bellville Velodrome — Cape Town

## Results

### Our House

Match

There is a buzz in the stadium: we're five minutes away from the first CWF Evolution from South Korea, and the fans have filled the seats. Mike Rolash and Jim Gunt have not been introduced yet; the tech crews are still putting the finishing touches on their setups, and there are no referees in sight.

And yet, a single camera operator is given the cue to broadcast.

CUE UP: "Apex Predator" by OTEP

There is no elaborate lightshow or pyro, but the fans rise to their feet and cheer as the new CWF World Champion, MJ Flair, walks out in her hooded sweatshirt, zipped and hooded, faded jeans, and combat boots. She stops at the top and looks around, but does not react.

She walks to the ring, head still down, but she slaps a scant few outstretched hands. When she gets to ringside, she makes a beeline for Ray Douglas, and retrieves a microphone. MJ slides under the bottom rope as the music fades away.

The applause, however, does not. It's a strange kind of applause: this is literally MJ's first public appearance in South Korea, though this audience has cheered for both her father in the same type of ring, and her mother with a microphone and tens of thousands in the palm of her hand.

The applause is more of a 'We've sort of watched you grow up, and we're proud of you' type. MJ pushes her hood off her head, and slowly starts to unzip her sweatshirt.

MJF: Well, here we are. Y'know something, I don't even think the people over at the Psychic Friends' Network would've called this one.

Under the sweatshirt, as you can imagine... is the CWF World Championship Title belt. The logo on her T-shirt reads "ORIGINAL NOBODY 2.0" in homage to her legacy.

MJF: I want to thank you for this. Everyone. I want to thank the fans who accepted me and gave me the chance t'make my own path. This title?

She unhooks it from behind her back and hoists it onto her shoulder.

MJF: This title belongs to all of us.

They cheer again. MJ gives the fans a moment before she speaks again.

MJF: Beyond that? I want to thank my parents for encouraging me t'follow my dreams, even if they didn't always agree with them. I've had a weird, weird upbringing... but I wouldn't trade it out for anything. I want to thank my extended family - aunt Ivy, uncle Sean, aunt Cally, uncle Knox, and my cousin Shannon... my sisters in team 2 Badass 4 A Name, Zhalia Fears and Becky Kush... this belongs t'all of us.

The pop continues through MJ's conversation, as most of the names she mentions have at least some level of fame in South Korea.

MJF: And I want to thank three exceptional athletes for givin' me the fight'a my life. Freddie Styles.

Cheer.

MJF: Duce Jones.

Bigger cheer.

MJF: And Jace Valentine.

Mixed cheer, but it's pretty darn loud.

MJF: And if I have any say in it, all three'a you will get a one on one shot at this Championship before too long. Even Jace... dude, once y'get your head outta your Jacehole and on straight, you'll get a shot.

She paces a bit, letting her words sink in.

MJF: And when I decided that I wanted everyone in that match to get a fair, one on one shot at my Championship, it

got me thinking: what kind of Champion will I be? What kind of Champion do I want to be?

MJ stops, and points at the logo on her shirt.

MJF: There's two different philosophies when it comes to being the Champion. The first one is that the Champion is a special attraction; a 'rare white elk,' who should defend the Championship as seldom as possible to make each Championship defense seem like a big deal.

She shakes her head.

MJF: Then there's my dad's philosophy: defend the Championship early and often, and against everyone under the sun.

The fans cheer at this, as MJ raises the belt high off her shoulder.

MJF: According t'this, I'm the best wrestler in the CWF right now, and I can't think of a better way t'prove or disprove that, than defending my Championship against all challengers, no matter who they are, who they last beat, or who last beat them. Line 'em up... because everyone gets a shot.

And she stops, and stares into the camera getting close ups at ringside.

MJF: Except for you, Jay Mora.

The fans boo at the mention.

MJF: Marksman, you're gonna have to learn... y'get more when you ask than when y'try t'jump me from behind.

She steps back and spins once.

MJF: As you can see... whatever you were tryin' t'do... y'didn't do it.

MJ smiles into the camera.

MJF: Now.

Pause.

MJF: Let's get this show rollin'.

The fans cheer as the opening credits roll.

## **Cold Open**

Match

Charles State: Thank you MJ, ladies and gentlemen, welcome to CWF's Evolution - for the first time in South Korea!

Big cheers!

Blake Church: Sinsa sugnyeo yeoleobun, CWFui Evolution-e osin geos-eul hwan-yeonghabnida - hangug-eseo cheoeum-ibnida!

Despite the somewhat butchered pronunciation, the Korean fans are cheering, appreciating the effort.

Charles State: Thank you for your hospitality so far and it looks like it will be a memorable night, it does not happen often that we are in an open air stadium, let's hope that the weather will hold out, otherwise it will be even more memorable.

Blake Church: We have three of our four titles on the line, including the World Heavyweight title in the rematch between the reigning champion Mariella Jade Flair and the contender, none other than our CEO Ryan Sunset!

Loud boos go through the stadium.

Charles State: Now let's hand it over to our trusted team of commentators, Mike Rolash and Jim Gunt!

Mike Rolash: Thank you gentlemen, and welcome to Evolution, where we are getting ready for the first match of the evening and this one is a direct result from our grandiose Confliction PPV last weekend, where Tyler Anderson was attacked by one of our latest lunatic additions to the roster, Mia Rayne! Before passing on the stage to Ray Douglas, I have heard that we have a feed from backstage... Marcus, I hear you have someone on the microphone?

## **Jobbing Out**

Match

As Tyler Anderson is getting ready for his match against Mia Rayne, Billy Anderson is pacing around backstage, mumbling unhappily. Marcus Maximus is approaching him with a microphone and a big smile.

Marcus Maximus: Mr. Anderson, do you have a moment?

Billy Anderson does not look happy about the interruption. I guess so...

Marcus Maximus: Thank you. Your return to CWF has not exactly been a very successful...

Billy Anderson: No, no need to rub it in and I can't even prove myself tonight!

Marcus Maximus: Well, maybe you can, I've been informed by the local organizers that a local talent wanted to challenge you...

Billy Anderson: A local talent? Must be a jobber. Sure, what's his name?

Marcus Maximus: El Paino...

Billy Anderson: Hahaha, good enough for a Hall of Famer, I will unleash my lunatic self on him!

Anderson says and quickly walks off to get ready for the match.

Fade.

## **Billy Anderson Vs. El Paino**

Match

Jim Gunt: Looks like we are getting an additional match tonight, with both Andersons in the mix now. A local Korean talent named El Paino, why does that sound familiar...?

Mike Rolash: I don't know, maybe you read that name somewhere on the menu of one of those Korean barbecue places?

Jim Gunt: Does not exactly sound Korean, does it? Anyways, I guess it is thanks to CWF visiting Korea for the first time ever, let's hand over to Ray Douglas now!

Ray Douglas: The first match is now scheduled for one fall - first contender to the ring, from Rincon, Georgia, one half of the Unstoppable Force and member of the CWF Hall of Fame - BILLY ANDERSON!

Voices hits, and Billy walks down the ramp slapping hands with the fans. He gets to the steel steps and tips his black

cowboy hat to the fans before climbing the steps. He gets in the ring, and walks to the turnbuckle. He climbs it and blows kisses to the fans. He gets down and walks to the middle of the ring. He tips his cowboy hat yet again to the fans and takes it off as he poses for the fans.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent, hailing from...

He motions one of the production assistants to come over.

Ray Douglas shrugs: And his opponent - EL PAINO!

The spotlights move to the entrance and one giant of a man steps through, almost 7 foot tall, wearing a half mask that covers the top of his face, exposing a long beard.

Jim Gunt: I can't help it, but he does not just sound familiar, but he looks kind of familiar, too...

Mike Rolash: I'm telling you, it's like any of these Koreans, once you've seen one, you've seen them all.

Jim Gunt: Mike, puh-lease!

El Paino comes to the ring and steps right over the top rope and walks right up to Billy that is still posing to the Korean fans. He turns around and gives a start to see the big man standing right in front of him. Referee Clark Summits steps between them and separates them before giving them the go ahead. Billy runs at El Paino right away with a shoulder block, but his opponent does not move an inch.

Mike Rolash: Built like a brick wall, this little Korean...

Jim Gunt: That beard...

The second attempt yields the same result and Billy's confidence begins to be replaced by anger. Next Billy whips himself into the ropes for extra momentum, but he sees the big boot of El Paino far too late to react and finds himself horizontal in a flash. El Paino follows up with a few heavy boots to the chest of Billy Anderson before raising his arms in the air and letting out a guttural scream. He picks up Billy and flings him across the ring like a ragdoll.

Mike Rolash: Sunset should try to sign this guy, I'm sure he could go places in CWF!

Jim Gunt: That move... That scream...

Billy scrambles to his feet, looking at El Paino as if he was not from this world. He runs at him again and plants a greatly executed enzuigiri that hits his opponent square in the temple, having him stagger towards the ropes. Spurned on by this, he runs at the Korean again and a drop kick to the chest sends him into the corner of the ring, but when he comes flying in for a big body splash, El Paino just catches him as if he was a child. Without a moment of hesitation he delivers a thundering running power slam and does not even bother hooking the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: And the winner by pinfall is - EL PAINOOOOO!

Clapping heard from the entrance to the ramp makes heads turn and the camera shows Christian Starr slowly walking down the ramp towards the ring.

Mike Rolash: That's sportsmanship, coming down to congratulate a young hopeful talent!

Jim Gunt: That finishing move...

Starr climbs into the ring and raises El Paino's hand in victory. He has a microphone in hand.

Christian Starr: Long live Payne!

With this, Payne takes off the mask with a big grin on his face.

Jim Gunt: THAT'S who he reminded me of!

Mike Rolash: But...but...that's...how...he's...!

Jim Gunt: It's ok, Mike, you can relax now, it's all under control...

Mike Rolash: But...Starr...Payne...Anderson...Mia...

Jim Gunt: Yes, Mike, it's ok... Now since the first try failed, now Tyler Anderson will work on restoring the Anderson family honour, when he goes up against Mia Rayne next!

Mike Rolash: Mia...Billy...Tyler...Payne...

Jim Gunt: Good Lord, he's stuck.

He whacks him over the back of Rolash's head.

Mike Rolash: Yes, he complained at Confliction that he didn't know who to fight and Mia Rayne came to the rescue.

Jim Gunt just looks at Rolash with an incredulous look, then at his hand as we cut to Ray Douglas.

### **Mia Rayne Vs. Tyler Anderson**

Match

The bell rings and Tyler is ready to go, bouncing on his feet, but Mia is just sitting there in her corner, quietly rocking back and forth.

Mike Rolash: I'm telling you, why are they letting in all these creeps of late?

Jim Gunt: You know what? For a change I do not have an answer for you...

Tyler is getting impatient, yelling at Mia to get up and fight, but she seems to be content in her little world, looking more like a lost little girl than a CWF competitor. Eventually he has enough and walks over, trying to get her to come back to her sense, but the moment he gets close, Mia jumps up like a tightly wound coil and launches herself at the unsuspecting Georgian, taking him by complete surprise. He falls on his back and immediately Mia is on him, wailing away at him, while screeching like a banshee.

Mike Rolash: Whoa, did not see that one coming!

Jim Gunt: This is getting creepier and creepier, because I have to actually agree with you - twice in a row!

Mike Rolash: Good you are finally seeing the light, Jimmy Bob.

Eventually Clark Summits manages to get Mia to let go and go back into her corner, allowing Tyler to get to his feet. The look on his face is a mix of shock and anger, while Mia just looks at him with the sweetest of smiles. He



approaches her again, but far more carefully, taunting her to come out of the corner and as she does, trying to dodge under his clothesline, he brings out his leg and trips her over. He does not waste any time and hits her with three rapid elbow drops to her back before trying to apply an ankle lock, but Mia just mule kicks Tyler in the face, making him stumble backwards. She is holding her back as she tries to get up, but decides to roll out of the ring for now.

Mike Rolash: He got her good there, but good thinking to escape for a moment.

Jim Gunt: What is Tyler doing?

Tyler is exiting the ring on the other side and begins to walk up the ramp. The fans begin to boo, because they paid to see a match and not somebody just walking out.

Mike Rolash: Is he quitting?

Jim Gunt: Well, he said that he did not care about this match, I guess he's pulling through... But this is not going over well with the crowd here.

Mia looks at him with an odd look before rolling back into the ring, breaking the countout, and out the other side, going after her opponent, garnering some cheers from the fans. Suddenly a big cheer comes up as Tyler reaches the top of the ramp and the hulking shape of a man stands right in front of the curtains.

Mike Rolash: Oh! Payne is back for more! Guess one Anderson didn't fill him up enough!

Jim Gunt: No kidding, this could get interesting!

Tyler stops dead in his tracks and begins to back up from the giant, who is pointing at the ring to huge cheers from the fans, who are beginning to chant his name.

Mike Rolash: Someone is becoming Korea's darling!

Tyler begins to argue with Payne, but is cut short by Mia hitting him with a DDT from behind, eliciting a big cheer from the Korean fans. The referee is counting both them out still and has reached 8, so Mia just leaves Tyler where he is, races down the ramp, rolls into the ring and straight back out and up the ramp, where Tyler is trying to crawl away from the ring, but is stopped short when he bumps into Payne's legs, who gives him a smouldering look, picks him up and turns him around to face towards the ring.

Payne: It's this way!!

Seeing this, Mia breaks out in her girliest giggle, but when she tries to drag Tyler down towards the ring, he will not budge. Payne takes a step forward, picks up Billy and brings him down to the ring. Mia gives him a little curtsy and rolls after him, while Payne stays planted at the bottom of the ramp to prevent any further escape attempts. As Mia gets to her feet, Tyler hits her with a superkick, knocking her into the ropes, catching her with a power slam. He turns towards the ramp again and freezes as he sees Payne standing there with a withering scowl on his face.

Jim Gunt: This Evolution so far is full of surprises and the fans are loving it!

Mike Rolash: Yes, the people in the back do not take to an attitude like this lightly and sometimes it comes out a bit more openly than other times.

As Tyler turns around, the first thing he sees is Mia flying at him with a vicious head butt that leaves him dazed. After shaking her head a few times, she takes Tyler and whips him into the corner and with reckless abandon and an ear-splitting shriek jumps at him with a shoulder block that pushes him an extra inch into the turnbuckles before falling forward into the ring.

Mia Rayne: So? Do you care about me now, my precious?

With that she puts her finger nails on Tyler's back, raking them down slowly, leaving deep, red scratch marks. Then she sits next to him in an Indian seat and looks at him with her head cocked.

Mia Rayne: What do you want me to do to make you care, hm? What would make me less boring to you?

Tyler is stirring again, getting up on his knees and rolls his eyes when he sees Mia sitting next to him twirling one of her pigtails. Suddenly she lunges forward and plants a kiss on Tyler, then asks with a big smile:

Mia Rayne: Am I more interesting now?

Tyler looks at her in horror and tries to wipe the kiss from his lips. Mia just gives him a big smile, stands up and kicks him straight in the face.

Mike Rolash: Whoa, looks like Tyler has hit a chord with Miss Rayne here!

Jim Gunt: Well, you're striking a whole symphony of chords with me all the time, maybe I should try this whole face-kicking thing with you, too!

Mike Rolash: That was uncalled for!

Mia skips through the ring just to make a 180 and run at Tyler again with a drop kick to the chest that pins him into the corner.

Mia Rayne: Yes, I am definitely more interesting for you now, you will dream of me, sweetie!

Knee to the face.

Mia Rayne: You just will not be able to forget me anymore!

Knee to the face. A thin line of blood can be seen emerge from Tyler's nose.

Mia Rayne: Aaaw, you are so kind, now you are even bleeding for me!

She clasps her hands in front of her as if someone just gave her the fluffiest puppy in the world. She grabs Tyler by the hair and pulls him up, clearly dazed from the kicks and knees. One more headbutt right on the forehead and Mia turns around, lifts him up on her back and drops down!

Mike Rolash: WIDOW'S PEAK!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: And the winner is by pinfall - MIA RAAAYYYNE!

Jim Gunt: This was one impressive showing by Mia Rayne, as creepy as she was.

Suddenly we hear clapping and the camera pans over to the entrance, where Ataxia stands all dapper in his mask and suit, giving Mia a standing ovation.

Ataxia: Bravo, bravo!

Mike Rolash: The gathering of freaks is complete...

## **Clever Titles are Hard To Come By**

Match

We cut backstage where we find special backstage guest, Korea's own Jin Su Lee, standing in front of the official CWF tour poster. The poster features many of the companies top talents, including Jace Valentine, Freddie Styles, MJ Flair and Jay Mora. In her hand Jin Su holds a trusty CWF microphone to her lips, in her best English she begins to speak.

Jin Su Lee: Please welcome, new Paramount Championship. Christian STARR!

Out from stage left walks the man himself, already dressed in his ring gear and infamous EGO clad leather jacket. He is followed closely by Payne, this week however he has a new member to his ever growing entourage. The Paramount Championship strapped handsomely over his shoulder.

Jin Su Lee: Mister Starr-San, you have tremendous match on pay-per-view. New champion! Congratulation!

Christian STARR: Oh good lord woman, give me that microphone!

STARR snatches the mic away from Lee, she responds with that forever adorable puppy dog look, amplified tenfold by her school girl looks.

Christian STARR: What's Korean for 'Fuck off?'

Christian looks back at Payne, giving him a little nod as he shoos away the Korean with a quick hand gesture. Payne steps into her spot, pushing her out of the camera shot as he sternly crosses his arms.

Christian STARR: The way the introduction goes is.. Ladies and Gentlemen, YOUR reigning, defending, undefeated, undisputed Paramount Champion of the World! Christian STARR!

He pulls the title off his shoulder and raises it high above his head as he speaks. The usual cocky swagger of STARR is noticeably missing tonight, instead he seems angry, focused. Is the celebration over already?

Christian STARR: Now by all rights I should be on top of the world right now, I should be celebrating! I should be on cloud nine! There's just one little problem, you see...

He turns to look at the poster behind him, pointing towards the pictures. Payne shakes his head displaying his

disappointment.

Christian STARR: And even though it's beating a dead horse at this point, it seems as though your new champion is already being overlooked.. We are only one show removed from quite possibly the greatest Paramount Championship match in the history of this company and the winner of the match doesn't even get featured on the poster!? It shows just how much this belt has fallen from its glory days when the former champion makes the headlines for throwing a fit and kicking a little girl in the head and the new champ is relegated to jerking the curtains with a Frenchman!?

Read the history books people, being the Paramount Champion used to mean something around here. It used to mean you were the man to beat. Now it seems as though it's nothing more than an afterthought. You look at Mora who claimed for weeks to be the greatest champion on this Championship's history, but not even a few hours after i took it from him he was already looking towards the so-called real championship.

Christian takes a deep breath.

Christian STARR: Back when men like Adam Davis and Jarvis King held this Championship it was an honor. That is why tonight I am officially announcing that from this day forward the Paramount Championship is THEE Championship in the CWF. You are looking at the man that will go down in history as the greatest champion in the world. I am the man to beat, I am the King of Wrestling! Welcome to week one of the never ending Paramount Championship reign!

HAIL TO THE KING!

STARR throws the microphone over his shoulder and storms off, clutching onto the title over his shoulder with an unmatched sense of pride and honor.

Fade.

### **Ataxia & Dorian Hawkhurst Vs. The Dead Boys (Colby Noble & Marcus Collins)**

Match

Jim Gunt: Mr. Starr is serious about his belt!

Mike Rolash: Even though it is just the entry level championship...

Jim Gunt: Yes, but look what it did to Mora!

Mike Rolash: Make him angry and bitter?

Jim Gunt: He already was angry before that, so...

Mike Rolash: OK, you got that one. But speaking of champions, one of them is about to come down to the ring!

Jim Gunt: Yes, even though Dorian Hawkhurst's title is not on the line, he is once more teaming up with his biggest rival, Ataxia, to face two brand new faces in the CWF, The Dead Boys!

The first notes begin to play, the lights fade down and a spot light shines on the stage. Marcus and Colby walk out onto the stage. The two men look around at the the crowd, absorbing the energy. They back hand fist bump and begin down the ramp. Colby quickly takes off running and slides under the bottom rope, quickly jumping to his feet, and running up the nearest turnbuckle. Marcus continues his steady pace, even walking up the steps, and taking big steps on the outside apron, until reaching the middle of the ring.

Marcus turns his back to the ropes and leans backwards against them with his arms spread out. Colby hops off the turnbuckle and quickly makes his way to the opposing turnbuckle and works the crowd. Marcus pops off the ropes and quickly spins inwards, throwing his left leg over the middle rope. He moves towards the center of the ring and slowly looks around the arena with a smile on his face before throwing his arms up in a pose. Colby jumps down from the turnbuckle and pats Marcus on the shoulder and they both head to their corner, removing entrance gear, preparing for the match.

Ray Douglas: The following match is set for one fall and is a tag team match! Introducing first, from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, Colby Noble and Marcus Collins....THE DEAD BOYS!!

"Die Die Die My Darling" by Metallica plays over the speaker system and Ataxia appears through the curtain just as the lights die down almost completely. The loud trademark cackling of the masked madman can be heard, and suddenly he is in the ring! The crowd gasps! The bagged mask cannot contain his laughter as Noble and Collins look somewhat spooked looking at him.

Ray Douglas: And their opponents, first, from Unknown, he is the Messiah Pariah....ATAXIA!!

"Slow Suicide" by Scott Stapp hits over the speakers and a resounding cheer comes from the Korean crowd packing the open-air Bucheon Stadium as pyrotechnics shoot above the rampway. The reigning Impact champion makes his way out from behind the curtain with the title draped over his shoulder and a serious look on his face. Hawkhurst shakes his head that he once again has been set up to team with Ataxia, walking down the ramp as he gets ready for the match. The Messiah Pariah laughs again, calling him in for a hug.

Ray Douglas: And his partner, from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, he is the Impact champion....DORIAN HAWKHURST!!

New referee Scott Dean has been appointed to this match, and just like Dorian had called it, the more experienced of the newly hired Dead Boys, Marcus Collins starts off the match against the Impact champion. Ataxia surprisingly goes

quietly to his team's corner, obviously not all together there as he begins to spin around and dance for the Korean fans in the front row. Hawkhurst's attention is not wavered though, as him and Collins lock up for a collar-tie up that he quickly wins and puts Collins into a headlock. Twisting his arms underneath the armpits of Dorian, his opponent pushes him off the lock and into the ropes. Flying Back Elbow! Collins stands over Hawkhurst taunting, as if he's won the freaking superbowl.

Jim Gunt: This Marcus Collins is certainly sure of himself for a team making their debut against two of the biggest stars in CWF today!

Mike Rolash: Well if they can get the upset win over a team like Hawkhurst and Ataxia, no matter the differences both of those two have with each other, just imagine what it would do for their careers!

Marcus Collins measures up Hawkhurst, stomping down on him as he tries to get back up to his feet. But the Impact champion gets right back up anyway, ramming his shoulder into Collins to drive him into the corner. SAVATE KICK TO THE SIDE OF COLLINS' HEAD! The kick both surprises and nearly decapitates the Dead Boy, but before Hawkhurst can do anymore damage, Ataxia tags himself into the match!

Jim Gunt: Looks like the Messiah Pariah wants to have a little bit of fun himself!

Mike Rolash: I hate to see what a man like Ataxia calls "fun".

Jim Gunt: Gangbang at the Fun House too much for you?

Mike Rolash: A touch.

The Messiah Pariah walks right past Dorian Hawkhurst as he enters the ring, his now sworn enemy staring at him the whole time as he lifts up Collins and place a boot into his gut, bringing him down with a DDT. But then Hawkhurst swings Ataxia around, getting right into his face! The crowd lets out a giant cheer, awaiting this one to break into a fisticuff. But Dorian takes a deep breath, Ataxia calling him in to hit him but he decides to take to the apron instead. The Messiah Pariah turns back around, just to be rolled up by Collins!

ONE!

NO!

Ataxia immediately kicks out, and doesn't look happy!

He lunges at Marcus Collins who tries to sidestep him, failing miserably as Ataxia grabs him from behind. E.R STAT! The German Suplex nearly splatters Collins into the corner, but luckily for him it was his own corner and Colby Noble immediately tags himself into the match. He befalls the same fate though, as Ataxia viciously German Suplexes Noble right into his own teammate! He takes him up over his head, whipping him to the canvas and going up to the opposite side to head upstairs. FALL OF ANGELS! The 450 Splash lands flush, and Ataxia holds on for the pinfall.

ONE!

TWO!

THRE-NO!

Dorian Hawkhurst pulls his own partner's left leg, yanking him off of Colby Noble! Ataxia is stunned, his bagged head propping to the side as he begins to question the actions of his "partner" Dorian. But the big man smacks him across the chest, tagging himself back into the match! The opponents from Confliction once again look like they're going to come to a head, but Ataxia instead bows to Hawkhurst, slipping out underneath the bottom rope right after. Hawkhurst looks to make quick work of Noble, picking him up for a Body Slam that he drops out of. European Uppercut from Noble. But Hawkhurst no sells it and nails a huge Body Avalanche! He pulls Noble away from the ropes, going for the cover as he looks up at Ataxia.

ONE!

TWO!

TH-NO! Collins saves his partner!

Jim Gunt: This match has definitely been a crazy one so far, more of a game of one-upmanship than I expected to see here tonight. Ataxia is clearly not finished playing mind games with Dorian!

Mike Rolash: Is Ataxia EVER done playing mind games?

Referee Scott Dean tries to hold back Marcus Collins as he stomps down on Dorian Hawkhurst, saving his partner from defeat. But as Dean holds him back, Ataxia re-enters the ring and sentons onto both Noble and Hawkhurst! The Messiah Pariah places his partner on top of Noble, hurrying out of the ring just as the official turns around to count the pinfall.

ONE!



TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: And your winners of this match by pinfall....DORIAN HAWKHURST AND ATAXIA!!

Ataxia slithers up the ramp, laughing as he raises his arms in the air and then points to his “brain” through the bagged mask. Cackling can be heard as he continues to walk, Hawkhurst calling for his Impact championship as he watches his both partner and adversary head up the ramp. The Dead Boys regroup on the outside of the ring, talking amongst each other to rethink their strategy.

### **Beneath The Mask**

Match

Cut backstage to see the ever duteous CWF interviewer, Tara Robinson standing posed and ready in front of the door to one of the many talent locker rooms.

Tara Robinson: Good evening ladies and gentlemen, I'm here tonight to have words with one of CWFs newest talent, the up-beat masked mystery man known as Impakt.

She raps upon the door and is greeted by the Green-and-Black figure that is Impakt.

Tara Robinson: Mr...ah...Impakt.

Impakt: Please, no Mr. Just call me Impakt.

Tara Robinson: Done deal. Got a spare moment to talk to me and the CWF universe?

Impakt: For sure! What would you like to know?

Tara Robinson: Well first up I'm sure I'm not the only one who thinks this, but you sound like such a happy-go-lucky and optimistic individual, yet surround yourself with mystery and intrigue with the mask and skimping out on the personal details. What's up with that?

Impakt: Oh wow, straight to big questions. Well Tara, sorry to say but that's something I can't answer. Not yet anyway. Let's just say I'M not ready for the world to know who it is beneath the mask.

Tara Robinson: Got something to hide? Some bad history perhaps?

Impakt: You could say that...

Tara Robinson: Very well. You have alluded to some past exposure to pro-wrestling but all your own experiences has been in backyard wrestling. What exactly are you hoping, making a tough transition into the world of CWF?

Impakt: I'm really just here to have fun. I want to take the competition to a whole new level of gameplay. In the process, win or lose, I'm going to show the world what I can do. It's all in the name really...

Tara Robinson: I guess so. Well thank you for the brief words.

Impakt: No, thank you. I better get myself ready I guess. A fatal four way is no easy feat. Enjoy your night Miss Robinson.

Impakt disappears back inside his locker room as the interview comes to a close. Tara seems almost surprised by the competitor's attitude. It's not often she has people treat her respectfully.

Cameraman: Good kid.

Tara Robinson: Yeah...shame the CWF is going to eat him alive. Could do with more like him.

Fade.

## **This Is Not The End**

Match

Picture switches backstage. The Chosen are filing out of a locker room, with Choronzon in their centre. As they turn around a corner on the way to the ring, there is one man standing in their way, wearing a black robe, his hood just barely revealing his face, it is Matthias Eddy. The Chosen file out until Choronzon and Eddy are face to face. Neither man has forgotten what had transpired at Confliction and there clearly is no love lost between the two of them.

Matthias Eddy: This is not the end!

Choronzon scoffs and looks up at the haggard face of Eddy.

Choronzon: No, it is not, you are still alive...

With that he tries to push past the druid, who would not budge. The look on Choronzon's face turns from derision to anger and he tries to push him aside again, to the same result. The other Chosen turn around and start to converge on Eddy, but from both sides of the corridor eleven other cloaked figures step out and Choronzon holds up his hand, stopping the Chosens' advance.

Matthias Eddy: You have a match to lose...

Choronzon's face becomes redder and redder, but then a CWF official runs up, telling him that he is soon required at the ring.

With a smile on his face, Eddy finally steps aside and the Chosen proceed to the ring.

Fade.

### **Christian Starr © Vs. Metrosupp**

Match

Mike Rolash: Freaks all over! Ataxia, that obnoxiously upbeat Impakt guy, Chlorophyll and the druid there...

Jim Gunt: Choronzon, Mikey...

Mike Rolash: Oh who cares what kind of cleaning product he calls himself after! What happened to good old wrestling?

Jim Gunt: Well, the next match is happening, for example, with the champ himself, Christian Starr taking on the French warrior Metrosupp.

The match starts with the usual tolling of the bell and Christian STARR wastes no time, quickly advancing towards his opponent. Captain France plays keep-away, maintaining considerable distance between himself and the King of Wrestling.

It soon devolves into a strange game of tag.

Mike Rolash: Isn't that just typically...French?

Jim Gunt: I can't wait to see your twitter feed after that dose of racism.

Mike Rolash: Pfft keyboard warriors. What are they gonna do? Call me names?

Metrosupp makes a hurried exit from the ring, leading the King of Wrestling around the outside until Captain France comes face-to-face with the imposing form of Payne, barring his way. This is the break Starr needed as he comes from one end of the ring, charging at full speed, leaping through the ring ropes and collides with his opponent with a suicide dive that sends Metrosupp crashing into the unforgiving security barricade. The impact is enough to send vibrations running along the length of the barricade. Starr gives a deferential nod to his compatriot.

Jim Gunt: Payne may not be able to lay a hand on Metrosupp, but clearly his imposing presence is enough to have the Frenchman second guess his choices.

Christian STARR rolls Metrosupp back into the ring, but in a way where the upper body of Captain France is hanging out over the apron. The King of Wrestling ascends onto the apron and comes down upon his opponent with a knee drop. Metrosupp rolls and buckles from the attack and Christian remains standing on the apron, watching and waiting.

Mike Roalash: It's clear Metrosupp has a size and weight advantage. But Christian STARR isn't an idiot, he isn't wasting time attempting power moves, he's going for the powerful strikes as a means to knock down his opponent.

Metrosupp gradually recovers and rises back to his feet, the moment Christian was waiting for. The King of Wrestling jumps up, springboarding off the ring-ropes for a forearm but at the last possible second Captain France shifts his position, lunging forward to catch Christian in mid-air and slam him down bodily with a sick spinebuster.

Metrosupp hooks the leg for the pin attempt.

ONE!

Jim Gunt: Idiot or not, that clearly didn't work out too well for Christian STARR!

TWO!

Christian kicks out!

Mike Rolash: Don't count him out just yet.

Metrosupp stands proudly over his fallen opponent, showing-off his chiseled physique and brandishing his muscles before coming down hard upon the head of the King of Wrestling with a very stiff and pointed elbow drop.

Jim Gunt: That will leave one hell of a headache.

Captain France has the King of Wrestling back to his feet and bouncing off the ropes with an Irish whip. Christian STARR ducks underneath a lariat and then comes back again, but MetroSupp is prepared and catches his opponent into a tight sleeper hold. Christian struggles against the tight grip, but MetroSupp's size and power advantage seem to win this exchange and slowly Christian starts to falter, his senses starting to wane.

Mike Rolash: Are we looking at our new Paramount Champion so soon?

Jim Gunt: It certainly doesn't bode well for STARR at this juncture.

From out of nowhere Christian STARR lashes out with a swift series of super stiff elbow, right into the gut of Captain France. It takes the wind right out of MetroSupp and is enough to not only loosen the grip, but stun the French Fighter enough for the King of Wrestling to escape his clutches, charge against the ropes and bounce back with the slingblade.

Jim Gunt: What a turn-around. Where did Christian get the energy for that sudden counter-attack?

Mike Rolash: The tears of the French?

This time Christian STARR hooks the leg for a cover attempt.

ONE!

TWO!

T-NO!

MetroSupp kicks out!

Jim Gunt: Impressive but MetroSupp is one tough customer. Add on to the fact this match is for the Paramount Title and it's going to take something extra to finish either of these competitors.

With Captain France down, Christian follows up with yet another rush off the ropes, driving his boot down upon the back of his opponent's head with a curbstomp variation known as the Eighth Deadly Sin.

Another pin attempt.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO! Metro supp rolls his shoulder!

Mike Rolash: If Metro loses his teeth, how is he going to enjoy all those baguettes?

Jim Gunt: Jesus Christ. Any other stereotypes you want to invoke?

A dropkick to the chest keeps Metro supp down and out, allowing Christian STARR to ascend to the very top of the nearest turnbuckle. Once more in the air, the King of Wrestling comes down with a Near Life Experience. Captain France has the sense and energy to roll himself out of the firing line of the high-flying signature technique. Christian lands back down to the mat, his step faltering only slightly as he swiftly turns his landing into a forward roll to mitigate the impact.

However, this provides Metro supp with just the opening he needs. Captain France charges at his opponent with an almighty roar, clotheslining the living daylights out of the King of Wrestling. The running lariat has some much force behind it, it has Christian STARR careening in a backwards somersault to the ring mats. The move also seems to take a lot of energy of Metro supp who rests on his knees, catching his breath.

Mike Rolash: Frenchie better be careful, if he burns himself out too much he won't be able to capitalize after hard hits such as that lariat.

Jim Gunt: With the amount of air time Christian got after that strike, I'd almost picture him as a pro gymnast.

Mike Rolash: You think about Christian STARR in a leotard? And you say I have problems?

Metro supp mounts Christian STARR and just starts wailing on him with brutal left, following brutal right, over and over again. What it takes in grace and technique it makes up for in sheer violence and ferocity.

Jim Gunt: That is one furiously frenzied Frenchman.

Mike Rolash: Ah...nope. Got nothing.

Eventually Clark Summits is forced to intervene, allowing Christian a moment's respite. It is but a brief moment as Metrosupp is straight back onto the King of Wrestling, hoisting him up onto his shoulders, setting up for the GTS. As the King of Wrestling starts to come down, Captain France's knee fast approaching his face, Christian breaks away, sliding out of Metrosupp's grasp, landing safely back on the ring mats. Quick as a snake he leaps backwards, catching Captain France by surprise with a pele kick to the jaw.

Mike Rolash: Despite his obvious advantages, Christian STARR is proving to the world tonight just how great an athlete he is. Really living up to the name the King of Wrestling and why he is our current Paramount Champion.

Metrosupp staggers into the ropes and as he bounces back a few steps, Christian STARR lunges, driving him head first to the mat because Mama said to Knock You Out.

The King of Wrestling delays in making the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Christian purposefully breaks his own pin to smooth out his hair and with an arrogant smirk he crouches in a nearby corner, waiting for his opponent.

Jim Gunt: For Christian's sake I hope that arrogance doesn't bite him in the-

Christian runs full pelt at Metrosupp but Captain France swiftly side steps and if not for the King of Wrestling's very own quick reflexes he would have collided face first with the corner post. Christian is able to halt his momentum just inches away from the post, but in that split second forgets Metrosupp who crashes into him from behind with a body avalanche, this time there is nothing that Christian can do as self-appointed wrestling monarch meets with the unbowed steel post. Sufficed to say it is a very one-sided exchange and Christian crumples to the mat.

Jim Gunt: Never mind.

Captain France pulls Christian out of the corner and in place for him to climb the turnbuckle himself. Unlike Christian's attempt earlier, Metrosupp executes his moonsault perfectly. The full weight of Captain France comes down upon the King of Wrestling, who continues to show off his agility by holding on to maintain a cover following the diving move.

ONE!

TWO!

THR-NO!

Christian at the last possible second gets a shoulder up!

Mike Rolash: Holy Flying Frenchman Gunt-Man.

Jim Gunt: Gunt-Man?

Mike Rolash: I could call you something else that rhymes with Gunt?

Metrosupp lifts up the King of Wrestling and sets him up for the vaunted French Bomb, a move there would surely be no kicking out from. That would be if it were executed to completion. Using his slimmer frame to his advantage, Christian STARR slides free and slips behind his opponent. Captain France turns around and for his troubles cops a sudden enzuigiri that drops him to his knees. Christian climbs out onto the apron and springboards off yet again, this time connecting with a thunderous flying forearm.

Mike Rolash: As much as I may like Christian STARR, he's going to have to really think of something that can keep Metrosupp down. All the jumping around and stuff isn't really doing the job.

Jim Gunt: And you reckon you could do better? Maybe we could put you in the ring against Payne.

Mike Rolash: Well...ah...what I meant was...ah...

Running on his second wind, Christian is quick to recover and pounces on the fallen Captain France, locking in the new King's Cross submission move. Metrosupp's size and weight advantage proves all for naught as the perfectly applied submission robs this from him, causing considerable pain and pressure.

It proves too much for the fighting Frenchman who taps out.

Ray Douglas: And your winner by submission and STILL CWF Paramount Champion...CHRISTIAN STARR!!

### **Working Together or Bitter Enemies?**

Match

STARR poses on the turnbuckle with his Paramount Championship, playing it up to the crowd taking in every last boo



and cheer left in them after this hellacious match.

"HAIL!

Mike Rolash: Well Starr promised he was going to be the best Paramount Champion in history and after that performance I'd say he's off to a hell of a start.

He jumps off the turnbuckle and makes his way across the ring where he climbs the opposite turnbuckle and throws his Championship into the air, however as he does his music is cut off..

FIGHT!

"2nd Sucks" by A Day To Remember hits the PA system cutting STARR's celebration short. He looks up towards the entrance ramp as D.C. emerges from the curtain area wearing a black and white Mythosaur skull hoodie with the hood up, looking straight at STARR as he walks slowly to the center of the stage.

Jim Gunt: This is an interesting development, these two seem to have a history Mike!

Mike Rolash: You just have to wonder what that history is, they've been keeping their past very hush hush since D.C. showed up at Confliction. Are they working together? Are they bitter enemies? I need to know!

Cali follows closely behind him, resting her left arm on his shoulder. DC kneels down to his right knee, looking at the ring from this position. Starr is now joined by Payne on the apron as they look on at the brash new competitor.

Ray Douglas: The following Fatal-Fourway contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first, accompanied to the ring by Cali Sawyer, weighing in at two hundred and twenty pounds. By way of Los Angeles, California. D.C.!

D.C. rises quickly, shouting the words "You're afraid!" along with his theme music. He then turns to Cali, as the two walk towards the ring, DC backwards, and Cali forward. Exchanging words as they do, psyching DC up. As they near the ring, DC ascends to the turnbuckle, only now removing the hood he looks right back at STARR. Who now has his title over his shoulder, he is slow clapping the entrance of D.C. who has his hands up high in the air. Payne opens the ropes for who Cali climbs into the ring, posing in the corner that DC is perched on as Christian and Payne roll out of the ring and make their way up the ramp, looking back at the newest couple in CWF nodding and clapping the whole way to the back.

Fade.

**Choronzon Vs. D.C. Vs. Impakt Vs. Jay "Marksman" Mora**

Match

"Mister Superstar" by Marilyn Manson hits through the speakers of the Bucheon Stadium. The crowd rise to their feet with anticipation, awaiting the first competitor. The cameraman moves around at ringside to show The Chosen sitting there. Choronzon rises from his seat, as the rest of the Chosen remain seated. He hops over the guardrail, makes his way over to the ring and climbs up onto the apron. The South Korean fans boo the known Institute associate as he climbs into the ring. He has a stoic look on his face.

Ray Douglas: Making his in ring debut, weighing in at 200 lbs, from the Epicentre, Makhnovia! He is a member of the Chosen.. CHORONZON!!

Jim Gunt: This guy has already made a name for himself, since becoming the quote, unquote general of this Chosen army of Elisha.

Mike Rolash: We only got a small glimpse of what he was capable of during the brutal battle between Elisha and The Shadow.

Jim Gunt: I'm truly looking forward to seeing what this D.C. guy can bring to the table.

Mike Rolash: His agent is Eli Silver, the same agent who brought us our new Paramount Champion, Christian STARR! So I know for a fact this D.C. is going to bring the heat, Jimbo!

"Blow Me Away" by Breaking Benjamin begins to play as the words "Player One has Entered the Fight" flicker across the screen as the music starts to play and Impakt leaps onto the stage amidst a shower of white sparks. He rallies the crowd and rushes straight down the ramp. He slides under the ring ropes, into the ring and takes in his surroundings. Impakt steps up onto the ring ropes and raises his arm.

Ray Douglas: Next, also making his debut.. Weighing in at 176 lbs, from Parts Unknown! IMPAKT!

Jim Gunt: This guy is a total mystery, but seems to have some kind of connections to Elijah and the Academy.

Mike Rolash: Yea, where was he during the Invasion then?

Jim Gunt: He left the Academy prior to that happening, do you do any research?

Mike Rolash: Not much.

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

the top of the stage looking left and right before making his slow, strut-like walk to the ring.

Ray Douglas: Finally from Chicago, Illinois.... Weighing in at 215 lbs, JAY THE MARKSMAN MORAAAAA!!

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

Jim Gunt: Here comes Mora, a man clearly on a mission to rebound to his loss at Confliction, at the hands of Starr.

Mike Rolash: The Marksman is a bonafide elite superstar in this company. He is surely to come out on top.

Scott Dean is the official of this contest, running down the rules to all four competitors. Once he's done, he calls for the bell, the four athletes all circling the ring looking for an opening. Mora quickly attacks D.C. with a boot to the gut, as Choronzon makes a beeline for Impakt. Choronzon backs Impakt into one of the corners with vicious forearm shivers. Impakt drops to the corner as Choronzon puts the boots to him.

Jim Gunt: This match has broken down quickly.

Meanwhile on the other side of the ring Mora has a headlock placed firmly around the neck of D.C. as he lies on the canvas. D.C. fights his way back to his feet and shoves the Marksman off into the ropes. Upon Mora's return D.C. blast him with a dropkick that sends the former Paramount champ rolling out of the ring. D.C. then turns his attention towards Choronzon who's busy choking the life out of Impakt with his boot. Choronzon's focus is squarely on Impakt as he doesn't notice D.C. coming up from behind him and rolls him up with a school boy pinning the Chosen member's shoulder to the mat!

ONE!

Choronzon quickly kicks out, as both fighters are too their feet.

Mike Rolash: Smart move by D.C. taking advantage of a distracted Choronzon.

Jim Gunt: Both men are back to their feet Mike, Back Elbow by D.C taking Choronzon to the canvas!

Choronzon is back up as D.C. drives his knee into the gut of Choronzon flipping him over with the Kitchen Sink! Choronzon rolls out of the ring, D.C. goes to follow him but he's cut off by a returning Impakt! He runs past D.C. springing off the ropes and taking him out with a Roundhouse Kick! Impakt lines Choronzon up as he takes off towards

the ropes, however Jay Mora has slid back into the ring catching Impakt. Mora lifts him up, spins, and drives him into the mat with a SPINEBUSTER! He stays on top for the cover, as Dean comes in to make the count!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

D.C. bullrushes Mora off Impakt!

Jim Gunt: Great save by D.C., this action, Mike, has been hard to keep up with.

Mike Rolash: It's going to take the perfect opportunity to win this one.

D.C. gets to his feet, then brings Mora to his, he grabs Mora by his singlet and goes to throw him out of the ring. But Mora reverses, sending D.C. straight through the ropes and to the outside floor. The Marksman then goes to turn his attention back to Impakt, but he's met by an incoming Choronzon, who takes himself and Mora over the top rope with a Clothesline!

Jim Gunt: This one's starting to break down, Mike!

Mike Rolash: Well, they better watch out for Impakt who's getting back to his feet.

All three men gather at ringside as Impakt is up to his feet holding the back of his neck. He harvests energy from the ecstatic South Korean fans and takes off towards his opponents. He flies through the ropes taking all three competitors out like a bowling ball, with a HILO! He continues flipping right over the guardrail and into the crowd, barely missing a few lucky fans!

Mike Gunt: Holy fuck, I think he killed himself!

The Bucheon Stadium explodes with cheers, as they rally the competitors back into the match. Cali Sawyer runs over to check on D.C. helping him to his feet. She props him up onto the guardrail as Choronzon slowly rises to his feet as well. Choronzon goes to attack D.C. but Cali steps in front of him. The Chosen Leader stops looking at Cali, before punching her right in the face!

Jim Gunt: Can he just do that!?

Mike Rolash: He just did..

Cali is on the floor as an angered D.C. comes in like a rabid dog at the Devotee. Vicious forearms to the jaw of Choronzon sending him staggering backwards. D.C. goes in to attack again but is brought down the BULLSEYE SPEAR! Mora quickly gets back to his feet heading for the Disciple. He grabs Choronzon by the back of his neck, slamming him headfirst into the apron! He repeats it one more time, then again. The Marksman rolls the Chosen Leader back into the ring, following closely behind. As Choronzon slowly makes it to his feet, Mora aims his finger at his opponent and pulls the trigger. The Marksman runs the ropes, and returns coming at the Disciple with another Bullseye Spear attempt! But Choronzon leap frogs Mora, causing him to go through the ropes and spill to the outside! Choronzon sets his sights on Mora as he runs straight at him, flying through the ropes, taking the Marksman out with a SUICIDE DIVE!

Jim Gunt: Official Scott Dean needs to try and get some order in this match.

Mike Rolash: Why? So we can't enjoy this type of action?

Choronzon is back to his feet ready to cause more destruction but he is caught off guard by Impakt, who has ran on top of the guardrail taking him out with a CROSSBODY! The fans cheer as Impakt brings Choronzon back up and goes to roll him into the ring. But Choronzon reverses and sends Impakt into the ring. The Chosen Leader climbs onto the apron. He grabs a hold onto the ropes springing off the ropes with a Shooting Star Press, FLIGHT OF ICARUS!! D.C SLIDES BACK INTO THE RING CATCHING HIM ON THE WAY DOWN, CHEM-KILL! The cutter leaves the Chosen Leader out on top of the body of Impakt! D.C. drags Choronzon's unconscious body off on Impakt, going for the cover as Scott Dean makes the count!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

D.C. rolls out of the ring to go check on Cali Sawyer. D.C. helps Cali Sawyer up the aisle way, he raises his free arm in victory.

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner, by pinfall.. D.C.!

Jim Gunt: He just pulled that victory out of nowhere!

Mike Rolash: That was incredible, I need a replay of that finish!

Suddenly two robed, hooded figures come out from the curtains, making their way down the ramp, past the victor and the medics that are carrying Impakt out of the ring. One of them is carrying an ornately carved staff.

Jim Gunt: The Shadow!

Both men enter the ring and The Shadow stands right at Choronzon's head, while the other druid is stepping next to him.

Mike Rolash: He's taking his soul! The savage!

As Choronzon is beginning to stir, the second druid throws back his hood, revealing Matthias Eddy. He goes down on one knee and pulls out what looks like a branding iron.

Matthias Eddy: You do not only bear the mark of the Chosen, you have been marked to rot...in...hell...!

With that he pushes the odd looking iron onto Choronzon's forehead, leaving behind the shape of the heptagram. He gets back up and pulling his hood back on, both druids exit the ring and make their way back stage.

## **The Longest Day - Part One**

Match

Single changing room. The Lost Boys are sparring in the background, Autumn is performing pull ups, and Silas is jumping on the spot.

Silas Artoria: We all ready?

Dean Coulter: Yep.

Autumn Raven: Mmmhmm

Sam Baxton: Aye.

A smile creeps on Silas' face.

Silas Artoria: Excellent, and after tonight, dinner's on m--

???: Excuse me?

The four look besides them to see Tara Robinson, microphone in hand. Smiles appeared on all their faces.

Silas Artoria: How can we help you?

Tara Robinson: How do you feel about tonight? The odds are stacked against you all, you've got unfavourable opponents, the tag team match is up ne--

Silas Artoria: Shhh, shh shh shhh.

Silas placed his lip on Tara's lips.

Silas Artoria: Let us show you something my dear.

He snatches the camera away from the CWF staff member, and storms towards the seated Lost Boys, tag team championships being showcased on their shoulders. The camera is handled roughly, all visual smoothness gone.

Silas Artoria: Look at this? Look at these two men. What are your names?

Sam Braxton: Sam Braxton.

Dean Coulter: Dean Coulter.

Silas Artoria: And who are you? As a unit?

Sam and Dean: The Lost Boys.

The camera zooms closer to the championships.

Silas Artoria: And what are those good looking items around your shoulders, gentlemen?

Sam and Dean: The tag team championships.

Silas Artoria: The tag...team...championships. They are the ultimate symbol, the validation that you are in the best in the world at what they do.

The camera quickly turns to Tara, who is take aback by the sudden attention.

Silas Artoria: Are those championships around the Danger Boiz's shoulders or waists?

Silence.

Silas Artoria: Please answer me Tara, surely you know the answer to that?

Tara hesitates, swallowing the water in her mouth.

Tara Robinson: No?

Silas Artoria: No, they're not.

Quick turn to The Lost Boys.

Silas Artoria: Because they are on The Lost Boy's shoulders.

Back to Tara.

Silas Artoria: Tell me Miss Robinson. Did the Danger Boiz hold the titles?

Tara Robinson: Yes?

Silas Artoria: Yes, but no more, because times change.

Back to The Lost Boys, with Autumn towering between them with one hand on each of their shoulders.

Silas Artoria: Rosters change, championships evolve, the sport innovates in offense and defence, and the Danger Boiz



lost those tag team championships multiple times because that change loomed over them. The only reason why they regained the titles again and again was because they banked on their reputation, their name, their legacy that they have a hard time letting go.

Focus more on Dean.

Silas Artoria: Dean, did you bank on your reputation or name to get a shot at the championship?

He nodded. Camera focused on Sam.

Silas Artoria: And Sam, did you have to work your way up the ladder to get a shot of the title, unlike other tag teams?

Sam Braxton: Aye, we hadda beat The Bright Young Things before we could reach for the straps!

Silas Artoria: And that's just not fair.

Silas throws the camera back to the staff member; he is in the frame, front and centre, with both Lost Boys on each side of him.

Silas Artoria: There are people out there who do not understand why we decided to wage war on this rotten structure, and unfortunately our time is short, so I'll sum it up in one word that I am sure about five percent of you at home would know.

He leaned forward, the camera frame now showing only Silas, Autumn, and the Lost Boy's heads.

Silas Artoria: Meritocracy.

His smile returned, and they all stood back up straight. He looked at Tara.

Silas Artoria: Now if you excuse us, we have a tag team title match to compete in.

Silas and the Lost Boys leave, with Tara being left alone with Autumn, who immediately starts to approach her. Tara's face tenses up, as Autumn's white teeth clearly give out her signature sadistic smile.

Tara Robinson: Um...I'll just...go.

Tara quickly shuffles out of the frame, as Autumn continued her eye contact. A chuckle leaves her lungs, as the video fades out.

### **The Lost Boys (Dean Coulter & Sam Braxton) Vs. The Danger Boiz (Dangerous Dan & Crazy Chris)**

Match

“Nightmare” by Avenged Sevenfold plays as the Danger Boiz step out onto the rampway and pump up the crowd before running down to the ring.

Ray Douglas: The following contest is scheduled for one fall and it is for the CWF TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIP! Making their way to the ring first, from Smithville, Tennessee, at a combined weight of 445 pounds - THE DANGER BOIZ!

Jim Gunt: The Danger Boiz have been a mainstay of CWF's tag team division for years now! Multiple time champions, perennial contenders for the tag team titles.

Mike Rolash: And now hoping their luck will be better against these tag team champions than it was against the last ones.

“A Slow Descent” by The Butterfly Effect hits over the speakers as Sam Braxton and Dean Coulter emerge onto the stage to a somewhat mixed reaction, with a few half-hearted boos and attempts at “Bright Young Things” chants being drowned out by a particularly vocal group of Australians half-singing and half-belching “He’s A Pisspot”.

Ray Douglas: And from Australia, at a combined weight of 417 pounds, they are the Tag Team Champions - Sam Braxton and Dean Coulter, the LOST BOYS!

The Boys from Oz sing along for a round, drink a beer with the Australian contingent, flip the bird to a fan holding a sign reading “ERIDONIA GOT SCREWED... AND NOT IN A GOOD WAY!”, and run into the ring, beginning with a relentless attack on the Danger Boiz, throwing rights and lefts before the referee chivvies Sam and Chris back to their corners, officially beginning the match.

Jim Gunt: Here we go, CWF Tag Team Championship on the line!

Dean and Dan lock up in the center of the ring, with the slightly bigger Dangerous Dan gaining the advantage in the initial grapple. Dangerous Dan pushes Dean into the corner, and begins raining down punches before the referee chases him off - only for Dean to explode out of the corner from the second rope with a spinning heel kick! The Dangerous One is knocked to the ground, and Dean follows up with a leg drop.

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout!

Dean hauls Dangerous Dan up and drags him over to the Lost Boys' corner, and tags in Sam Braxton. Suddenly a sizable chorus of boos sound throughout the arena, and Sam looks confused and hurt. He then realizes the source of the boos - Silas Artoria has stepped onto the ramp, and is walking down to ringside.

Jim Gunt: Uh oh! The Coalition is here to ruin everyone's good time.

Mike Rolash: That's what they say before every election in Australia.

As Sam proceeds to brawl with Dangerous Dan in the middle of the ring, Silas makes his way to the announce table, demanding a headset.

Jim Gunt: A surprise to have you down here at ringside, Silas.

Silas Artoria: I'm here to ensure that the Lost Boys are given the fair treatment they deserve.

Mike Rolash: So... guaranteeing that they win?

Silas Artoria: They don't need my help to win. They're far better than those overrated relics of the old guard of CWF, the Danger Boiz. How many title shots have they gotten now? Three? And yet new people are continuously denied access to CWF's titles.

Jim Gunt: ... literally none of our current champions debuted before 2017.

In the ring, Sam Braxton whips Dangerous Dan into the corner. He runs up and flips, looking to nail the Cyclo-Rana - but Dangerous Dan moves out of the second at the last way and Sam lands back-first onto the turnbuckle. Braxton falls to the mat, arching his back, and Dangerous Dan tags in his brother! Crazy Chris leaps over the ropes and charges at Braxton, raining down rights and lefts on the Australian.

Jim Gunt: Here we go! Crazy Chris going on the offensive.

Crazy Chris jumps off Braxton and whips him into the ropes. As Braxton bounces off, Chris grabs him in a Scoop Slam,

planting the Australian hard and going for the cover.

ONE...

TWO...

Kickout!

Silas Artoria: It'll take more than that to extinguish the fire inside Sam Braxton!

Also Silas Artoria (under his breath): When I am in full control nothing will extinguish the fire I will cover the world in. All shall cower before the Bloodletter!

Mike Rolash:... what?

Crazy Chris looks annoyed but undeterred. He sees that his brother has recovered enough for a tag, and puts Braxton into an armbar. He tags in his brother, who leaps over the ropes and brings an elbow down on Braxton's tricep. The Australian roars in pain, and Dangerous Dan continues the offensive, throwing rights and lefts before whipping Braxton into the corner and attempting a Hurricanrana.

Mike Rolash: Yeah! Hurricanrana! U-S-A! U-S-A!

Silas Artoria: You colonials really will find anything to be "patriotic" about.

Jim Gunt (under his breath): Maybe because you Brits keep calling us "colonials"...

Unlike Braxton, Dangerous Dan is successful, scissoring Braxton (ooh, matron!) and throwing him to the ground. Seeing an opening, Dangerous Dan climbs up to the top rope, and launches the Elias' Room Shooting Star Press - but Braxton gets his knees up, and Dangerous Dan catches the full force of the blow. Braxton takes the opportunity to escape and tag in Dean Coulter, who sprints in with a vengeance, grabbing Dangerous Dan before he has a chance to reach Crazy Chris. He drags Dan into the center of the ring and, eschewing his usual submission moves to capitalize on Dan's back injury, locks in a Boston Crab!

Mike Rolash: Boston Crab locked in!

Silas Artoria: I feel that "Brisbane Crab" is more appropriate.

Jim Gunt: Isn't it just the Eureka Stockade?

Dangerous Dan roars in pain but refuses to submit. Bit by bit, he inches his way towards the ropes - until Coulter drags him right back to the center of the ring. Crazy Chris works the crowd, leading chants for his brother; meanwhile, the Australian fans, having finished another chorus of "He's A Pisspot," have replaced the traditional ending of "Singin' down, down, down, down, down" (usually referring to finishing one's beer) with "Sayin' tap, tap, tap, tap, tap".

The chants from the rest of the crowd seem to overpower those of the Australian contingent, and Dangerous Dan powers through his agony to reach up and get his arm around the neck of Dean Coulter, choking him! Dean is forced to release the Crab, and Dan scrambles over to his corner while Dean recovers from his coughing fit, tagging in Crazy Chris to tumultuous cheers!

Jim Gunt: The crowd going crazy for the Danger Boiz!

Silas Artoria: Elitist bastards.

Mike Rolash: Says the aristocrat.

Silas Artoria: I didn't ask to be born!

Crazy Chris flies into Dean Coulter like a man possessed, pummelling him with rapid lefts and rights, whipping him into the corner and clotheslining, then repeating it twice more for good measure! Dean begins to stagger as Chris nails the Crazy Days swinging neckbreaker!

ONE...

TWO...

Kickout!

Chris looks annoyed, but keeps his momentum going, working the crowd while Dean Coulter slowly climbs to his feet. As Dean reaches one knee, Crazy Chris leaps off the rope with a Springboard Kick, laying the Australian out once more! This time he hauls Coulter to his feet, not bothering with the pin, and hoists the Australian up onto his shoulder setting up the Crazy Bitch! But before he can hit the move, Sam Braxton charges in and rugby-tackles him, knocking Chris to the ground with Coulter falling nearby. Dangerous Dan responds with a tackle of his own, throwing Braxton out of the ring.

Mike Rolash: Rummy toss!

Jim Gunt: He's not even drunk.

Mike Rolash: He's Australian, it's a 50-50 chance.

Silas Artoria: Will you excuse me for one moment?

Dangerous Dan gets back into the corner and Crazy Chris makes the tag as his brother climbs to the top rope. Chris hoists Coulter up, again going for the Crazy Bitch, and this time nailing it! But just as Dangerous Dan is about to launch into the ENDD -

Jim Gunt: Silas Artoria grabbing the legs of Dangerous Dan! The Dangerous One driven balls-first into that hard steel turnbuckle.

Mike Rolash: Yeesh. I think every person with testicles watching this just instinctively crossed their legs.

Jim Gunt: That's surprisingly inclusive of you, Mike. Previously you would have said "every man."

Mike Rolash: I've been trying to improve my language choices.

The referee had been distracted by Sam Braxton trying to re-enter the ring, and didn't see Silas' interference. Braxton breaks through and tackles Crazy Chris bodily out of the ring, and Dean Coulter hits the Sunshine Drive almost on pure instinct, nearly collapsing onto Dangerous Dan for the pin.

ONE...

TWO...

THREE!

Ray Douglas: Here are your winners, and STILL the CWF Tag Team Champions - THE LOST BOYS!

As the Danger Boiz exit, Sam enters the ring, whooping with delight and helping Dean to his feet. The whoops die down, however, as Silas also enters the ring, and the Lost Boys realize the conditions of their win. All is confirmed when they look to the video replay, and Silas' interference is made plain.

Jim Gunt: Trouble in paradise?

Mike Rolash: Nah, the next PPV is Unhinged.

There is clearly something of a disagreement happening in the ring, an argument breaking out between Dean and Silas. They do not have microphones, so the words they're saying are unclear, but it seems that Dean resents the interference - Silas, meanwhile, doesn't understand why Dean is upset, since he's still the tag team champion.

Jim Gunt: Oh man, fractures in the Coalition beginning to show!

Mike Rolash: Eh, that's what they say in the middle of every election in Australia, it never goes anywhere.

Autumn Raven has entered the ring, standing with Silas and yelling at Dean for being ungrateful. Sam seems to be attempting to wind the argument down while Autumn appears to be trying to wind it up. Eventually, Dean leaves the ring, grabbing his championship belt in seeming disgust. Sam follows, looking unsure of himself, as Silas and Autumn stand in the ring, yelling after the Lost Boys.

### **Autumn Raven Vs. Amber Ryan**

Match

Jim Gunt: Yes, tonight's qualifying round for the Unhinged briefcase are starting right now with the two ladies of the bunch squaring off first, Autumn Raven trying to continue the Coalition's success and Amber Ryan trying to just wreak havoc!

Ray Douglas: The following contest is the first of the "Unhinged Triple Cage Briefcase Qualifier Matches". Introducing first...From Los Angeles, California, weighing 120 pounds, she is the Beautiful Psychopath, Autumn Raven!

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

"You know I heard I don't belong in this game  
Still you hold your hands in the air screaming my name  
Let's go!"

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

"Baby go ahead  
I'll be your hatred and your pain  
This is killing us all  
I don't care if I fall

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

Amber's presence draws a mixed reaction from the crowd. Most cheer in appreciation of the show that they're about to witness but many jeer due to her previous affiliations and general devil-just-doesn't-give-a-fuck attitude as the music drops away for a brief moment and the vocals almost robotically echo throughout the arena.

"I know I don't belong in this scene

Sex metal barbie, homicidal queen"

Roaring guitar leads Amber down the ramp as few fans extend hands but receive little acknowledgement for their efforts. She circles the ring, messing with whichever ring crew and staff that happen to be within vicinity before methodically and deliberately sliding beneath the bottom rope and crossing to one of the far corners. Climbing the turnbuckle left handed, she watches out over the crowd to gauge the reaction, returning the mixed reaction with an acknowledging nod of her own before somewhat turning awkwardly on the spot and taking a seat upon the top turnbuckle with hands clasped and elbows resting on her knees- that familiar Distorted Angel smirk ever present across her face.

Ray Douglas: And her opponent - from Atlantic City, New Jersey... "The Distorted Angel" Amber Ryan!!

Jim Gunt: And "The Distorted Angel" is definitely starting to win over this audience with her tenacity every week.

Mike Rolash: Yes...her tenacity. That's the word we will use because if I say what it really is she'll whip your ass.

Jim Gunt: Why my ass?

Mike Rolash: Because we all know I'm a figment of your imagination and you are a closet pervert!

Jim Gunt: NO ONE THINKS THAT!!!

Mike Rolash: See...you were thinking it...right there.

Jim Gunt: I WAS NOT!

Mike Rolash: I'm in your mind Jim...I'm the manifestation of your sexual desires...

Jim Gunt: If that's the case I am worse than Ataxia.



Mike Rolash: I think you are Ataxia!

The bell rings as the two commentators continue this "debate", Scott Dean called for the bell and the match is on with both women charging at each other and trading lefts and rights instead of a traditional collar and elbow tie up. These two throw down like they owe each other money and don't want to pay up as the crowd gets to its feet and cheers this display. Finally landing a kick to Amber's midsection, to which Autumn follows up with a swift DDT! Autumn quickly capitalizes on her downed opponent by hitting her with leg drop and then mounting Amber. She starts slamming her forearm into Amber's face and Amber puts up her arms to do a rope a dope to protect herself while Scott Dean tries to pull the women apart only to get yelled at by Autumn! Amber starts to get up and Autumn runs up and punt kicks Amber in the side of the ribs. Autumn then poses for a moment before kicking Amber again in the side of the head with a stiff kick.

Jim Gunt: Savage attacks from the "Beautiful Psychopath"!

Mike Rolash: Yeah...you like 'em savage don't you.

Jim Gunt: You are about to tick me off little man.

Mike Rolash: Freudian slip about your own johnson there Jimmy?

Jim Gunt: You are not a figment of my imagination nor my sex drive good sir.

Mike Rolash: Drive...more like a merry go round of disappointment and jergens.

Jim Gunt: STOP IT!

Autumn plays to the crowd for a moment and then goes for another kick, but Amber grabs Autumn's foot and spins with it! As she does Autumn goes for a tumble, landing face first on the mat, and then, still holding onto Autumn's foot, Amber slaps on an Ankle Lock! Autumn let's out a yelp of pain and tries to quickly scramble to the ropes but Amber locks her legs around Autumn's leg to put her entire body weight onto the lock. Autumn finally reaches the ropes and Amber lets go, but not before getting up and running to the ropes. Autumn turns and gets baseball slid by Amber to the outside thru the second and bottom rope! Autumn lands hard on the outside and Amber climbs the top rope. She comes off of the top and does a diving double stomp onto Autumn's back!

Jim Gunt: OHHH!!!

Mike Rolash: He's making his o fa...

Jim Gunt: MIKE! I swear to god I will give Ataxia your cellphone number if you don't stop this crap.

Mike Rolash: Fine...

Jim Gunt: Thank you.

Scott Dean has gotten up to a four on his double count out when Amber tosses Autumn back into the ring. Autumn rolls on the mat as Amber heads to the ropes. Amber stops to drop an elbow, but Autumn rolls out of the way. Both women get up at the same time and start punching again like earlier! Both hitting strike after strike! This time Amber wins out with a discus punch sending Autumn back into the ropes. Amber sets up Autumn for a back body drop, but Autumn stops and drops down to her back. Autumn swings her arm up, slapping the taste out of Amber's mouth. Amber is stunned as Autumn spins around and sweeps Amber's legs out from under her. Amber and Autumn both get up at the same time and glare at each other.

Jim Gunt: Oh this isn't good.

Mike Rolash: I've seen women that angry before and for once I'm glad.

Jim Gunt: I'm gonna regret this...why...

Mike Rolash: Needless to say they were angry at me...for dating both of them...at the same time...they were twins.

Jim Gunt: So you deserved it.

Mike Rolash: Yup! But I earned it!

Autumn yells at Amber, and Amber responds by flipping off Autumn who then charges at Amber. Amber leaps into the air and takes down Autumn with a Lou Thesz Press! Punches fly as Amber gets off Autumn and then picks her up. Autumn grabs Amber by the neck and drops to her knees hitting a jaw jacker! Amber stumbles back into the ropes as Autumn charges forward going for a clothesline and sends Amber over the top rope. Amber lands near the rampway as Autumn then grabs Scott Dean and starts arguing with him about something.

Jim Gunt: What's she mad about...

Mike Rolash: Well...

Jim Gunt: If you say something sexist, rude, or just plain stupid I will text that phone number right now.

Mike Rolash: Fine.

Scott and Autumn continue to argue as Silas Artoria runs down to ringside with Autumn's barbwire baseball bat.

Jim Gunt: I did not even notice he left!

Mike Rolash: Because you were too busy checking out the ladies!

He swings it wildly as Amber, who ducks it. Kick to the gut from Amber to Silas. FACEBREAKER DDT! Amber picks up the barbwire bat and tosses it over the ropes into the ring. Scott looks at the bat as it lands. Autumn looks at the bat and back at Scott who turns to see Silas is now standing up as Amber feints still starting to get up. Scott Dean yells at Silas who scowls at the referee to get out of here or he'll DQ Autumn! Autumn yells at Silas to get out of here as Silas, begrudgingly obliges. Autumn has had enough, as Scott hands the barbwire bat to the ringside attendant. Autumn rushes to the ropes as Amber leaps up...she flies over the ropes going for the "Anti-Hero" and Amber leaps up hitting a yakuza kick to Autumn who lands, backfirst, onto the steel steps!

Jim Gunt: Dear Lord!

Mike Rolash: That has to hurt!

Amber quickly grabs Autumn and throws her into the ring under the bottom rope. Amber gets into the ring and picks up Autumn. She sets her up for..."Original Sin" !!! Cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner...advancing in the qualification matches... "The Distorted Angel" Amber Ryan!!

## **Accepting Fate**

Match

We cut to the back where Tara Robinson stands with a solemn looking Freddie Styles.

Freddie Styles: Hello Tara....I suspect you want to know what my thoughts are before I go into this match.

Tara Robinson: Actually, yes. You and Duce are two of CWF's best on dueling cold streaks...

Freddie Styles: He actually was the World Champion for 3 weeks. That's more than I can say for myself. I haven't won a proper match in a month, and only one in the last two plus months. My future could very well be hanging in the balance with this match.

Tara Robinson: Your future?

Freddie Styles: Yeah. Either I win, or I'm probably out of a job next week...or worse. I'm preparing for worse, so tonight I may very well be fighting for my life.

Tara Robinson: Freddie, you can't be serious? Your life?

Freddie Styles: Yes, my life. Haven't you been paying attention around here? There are a lot of otherworldly things at play around here...and being at odds with one of those entities is a sure recipe for one's own demise. So yes Tara...my life.

Tara just stands there in shock, both at the revelation...but maybe more so at Freddie's feelings about it all.

Tara Robinson: I...I don't....

Freddie Styles: It's ok Tara. I've long since accepted my fate. Coming from where I'm from, I wasn't even supposed to be here. See you on the other side...

Fade.

## **Azrael Vs. The Shadow**

Match

Mike Rolash: Turning his back on the Eternals really kicked Freddie Styles in the ass, look where he is now!

Jim Gunt: Look where the rest of the Eternals are now...

Mike Rolash: Oh, shut up, you just want to rain on my parade!

Jim Gunt: Loneliest parade in history... Speaking of lonely, the second qualifier is up and the one-man pity party Azrael is facing the Master of Darkness, The Shadow!

Two of the most mysterious figures in this generation of Championship Wrestling Federation stand on opposite sides of the ring, only one of them moving on to the Unhinged pay per view with a briefcase holding a contract for a World Title shot on the line. The man living in his own personal hell versus the leader of the Soulsearch. The two men lock up as soon as recent rehiree Denny Davidson calls for the bell, Azrael immediately surprisingly the usually elusive Shadow by twisting his arm behind him into a Hammer Lock.

The Weaver of Dreams quickly maneuvers out of the hold however, turn his body back around and whipping Azrael to the canvas into an arm lock of his own. Azrael winces, using his free arm to try to punch out of the hold but deciding instead to front flip forward and somehow grapevine the arm of the Shadow into an armbar! The South Korean crowd is coming alive now at this showing of athleticism, as Shadow breaks right back out of the armbar and both men get to their feet, enjoying the loud response reverberating around the Bucheon Stadium.

Jim Gunt: Wow Mike, surprisingly a very technical start to this match from two of the strangest gimmicks CWF has seen through the years.

Mike Rolash: We don't say "gimmicks", Jim. That's an inside word, you idiot.

Jim Gunt: I wasn't aware there was a list of banned words in this company.

Both men take their stance towards each other carefully, measuring each other up as they come forward and go to lock up once again. This time it is Shadow who takes the arm of Azrael, pulling the man into a forearm smash to the lower jaw before whipping him into the ropes, catching him as he returns. TILT-A-WHIRL SLAM! The Weaver of Dreams looks to make quick work of Azrael, landing a hard Knee Drop to him and then going for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Jim Gunt: The Shadow is seemingly coming ahead in this match now, Azrael better re-think his gameplan or he may befall yet another tragic defeat!

Looking to retain the advantage, the Shadow picks Azrael up just enough to ram a knee into the side of his face. Azrael is rocked but somehow gets right back up to his feet, The Shadow letting him shake the cobwebs as he calls him in for another traditional tie-up. But letting his opponent recovery may come back to bite him as Azrael runs in for a wild swinging clothesline- NO! The Shadow ducks underneath and comes behind Azrael, GERMAN SUPLEX! The leader of the Soulsearch is not finished however as he pops his hips and brings Azrael up, another German Suplex on the way.

Suddenly several people jump over the barricade from the front row of the Bucheon Stadium, the Chosen. The Druids guarding the ringside immediately come at them and a World War III breaks out right before our very own eyes. This causes the presumed second German Suplex to not go as planned, the Shadow's attention too much on the outside action as Azrael uses his elbow to bust into the ribs of the Forsaken member several times. Finally he breaks free, leaps up grabbing the body of Shadow and tossing him onto his shoulders just momentarily- SPIRALING DOWN! HOLY SHIT SHADOW'S NECK NEARLY TWISTS OFF HIS CARCASS! Azrael hooks the legs of his Unhinged qualifier opponent, his eyes on the ultimate prize.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO!

The Shadow rolls his shoulder at the very last second! And the South Korean crowd gives out a hefty cheer, some of them booing, but each and every one of them on their feet enjoying the hell out of this match! Azrael has had enough though, stomping down on Shadow a couple times as he tries to rise to his feet. Eventually even the boots of Azrael are not enough, as the Weaver of Dreams gets to his feet and catches the right leg of his opponent. Azrael leaps over looking for an Enzuigiri but the Shadow ducks under and rolls over into a flip of his own, somehow hitting an Enzuigiri of his own! Shadow backs up onto the mat, going for the pin.

ONE!

TWO!

THR-NO!

Jim Gunt: Great match so far from both of these men, you can tell that moving onto the Unhinged Briefcase Match really means a lot to the entire roster in these qualifying matches!

Mike Rolash: Indeed, Jimbo. We have seen reversals of all sorts in just THIS match, and we still have two more qualifying matches to go later tonight.

Jim Gunt: Plus a World Title match as the CEO of this company, Ryan Pukefest does his best to take the title from the bloody hands of MJF himself!

Mike Rolash: Pukefest? I hope he fires you, Jimmy!

Jim Gunt: Me too, at times.

With the battle of the Chosen and the Druids finally ending, both sides taking their own directions on the outside of the ring, Shadow's attention is free to be completely on the match at hand. He lifts Azrael to his feet, hitting him with a hard knife edge chop right under the chin. Azrael backs up just to take another one. He ducks under a third, back body dropping Shadow right into a Druid! Walcott falls flat on his stomach as Carvanha and Cederbergh come to his rescue. But Choronzon and the rest of the Chosen fight back, one of them spearing Carvanha right through one of the crowd barricades! Several people in the front row have to spread quickly as the men bust through the platform!

HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!

Jim Gunt: Oh em gee Mike, this match is surely breaking down!

Mike Rolash: Please never say that again.

Jim Gunt: It's all the rage these days. L. O. L.

Mike Rolash: My lord.

ONE! TWO!

Denny Davidson begins the count, but the Shadow still hasn't moved even as the brawl outside of the ring continues. The recently reinstated referee looks confused, unsure on whether to call the match off because of the outside interference or to just let it well enough alone. He decides to continue the count.

THREE! FOUR!

Azrael rolls out of the ring, breaking up the count from Davidson. This proves to be to his detriment as the Shadow rises from the ashes, clotheslining him right out of his boots as he escapes the ring! The druids make sure they do not interfere with the match at hand, doing their best to clear away the last remaining members of the Chosen as Shadow rolls Azrael back into the ring. HAMMER OF DOOM! The Springboard Fist Drop lands hard, and it looks like it's over for Azrael as the Shadow heads upstairs. FLIGHT OF THE NIGHT DEMON! And he lands flush on the broken body of Azrael, immediately going for the pinfall.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: And your winner by pinfall....THE SHADOW!!

Jim Gunt: Wow, what another impressive victory from the Weaver of Dreams, Mike! First he beat the man many still think was still pretty unbeatable in Elisha at Confliction, and now he has qualified for Unhinged. Impressive!

Mike Rolash: Yes, the future definitely looks bright for the Shadow!

Jim Gunt: Is it even possible for a shadow to be bright?

## **The Longest Day - Part Two**

Match

Autumn is sitting on a bench, surrounded by the rest of the Coalition. She is clutching her hair in frustration as each of them hold ice packs on different parts of her upper body. She speaks through her teeth.

Autumn Raven: I thought I had her, I thought I had her.

Her hands slam on the bench.

Autumn Raven: But she had to find a way, didn't she?

She turns to Silas in fury.

Autumn Raven: Did you see anything wrong with my performance?



Silas has his smile on as he once again dabs an ice pack on Autumn.

Silas Artoria: Nothing a little training or analysing won't fix. You had a tough opponent, one I couldn't even beat.

Autumn calms a little.

Autumn Raven: Still, I could name a few other people who would love to be in that same position as Amber.

Dean Coulter: Indeed, but we have to look at the positive side of things. I've noticed an improvement on how you fight.

Silas Artoria: And that's the most important part.

He dabs her with ice some more before he stands up. He walks in front of her and crouches down. He still has that smile on.

Silas Artoria: Like I said, dinner is on me after tonight, and we can go through a few things over some good food. For now we just need to--

???: Silas Artoria? You're up!

Silas freezes, turns around, and sees a CWF messenger. He looks at the worker blanked face, turning pale, and turns stiff. Seconds of silence go by, and Silas' voice stays quiet.

Silas Artoria: Oh....thank you.

He turns back to the others, who in turn look at him. He takes a deep breath.

Silas Artoria: Right...Nerezza...

Pause, his breath quickens.

Silas Artoria: Just...don't let me die. I know I've let you three down today and I am sorry, but...

He hesitates.

Silas Artoria: Jesus Christ, I don't know what to say.

Autumn Raven: We'll have a towel on hand.

Silas scrunches up his mouth.

Silas Artoria: Not ideal...but necessary.

He wipes his face slowly with his hands. Another deep breath, and another.

Silas Artoria: I have a possible plan...but it's risky. Might backfire, but once it's over we get out of here as soon as we can. Alright?

Autumn Raven: Alright.

Dean Coulter: Alright.

Sam Braxton: Yup.

Silas signals the tag team belts.

Silas Artoria: Grab them, we're not coming back here. We're just going to run out of here once we know the results.

Dean and Sam put on their retained tag belts as Silas turns towards the door leading out. His face is pale, no smile, just a blank expression. Another deep breath.

Silas Artoria: Oh boy.

The four of them leave.

Fade.

## **Nerezza Vs. Silas Artoria**

Match

Mike Rolash: The Coalition is sitting 50-50 so far, with the Lost Boys retaining their title, kind of, and Autumn losing, now comes the big one, though...

Jim Gunt: Exactly, the big one being the monster Nerezza, who seems to be the one, uh, thing that has made Mr. Artoria shake in his fancy boots so far! And this is the third qualif...

"Arousal" starts to play, and the arena goes dark. The familiar fog covers the stage, before out comes Silas Artoria. No smile, no grin, a stern look as he takes a deep breath. He starts to walk, but out of the fog come the stablemates. Autumn emerges first, then Dean, then Sam, flanking the man as he starts to descend towards the ring.

Ray Douglas: The following contest, scheduled for one fall, is an Unhinged Triple Cage qualifier match! Introducing first, accompanied by Autumn Raven and the CWF Tag Team Champions The Lost Boys, from Toronto, Canada, weighing in at 220 pounds, SILAS ARTORIA!

Jim Gunt: Flanked on all sides with allies, Silas Artoria will have a mammoth of a task at hand.

Mike Rolash: Whoever booked this either wants to see a Canadian die, or test the waters with his opponent.

Jim Gunt: If Confliction has told me anything, it's that the man about to come out of that curtain will not only want to take part in the triple cage match, but also make a statement. Encounter him, you better have a gurney ready.

Silas climbs into the ring and crosses over to the corner calmly. Nothing for the show, just him looking at the curtain as the Coalition pep talk.

The lights darken. The music kicks in, and the red lights start to seep in. "Nerezza" appears on the screen, and the man himself soon follows. No pose, no time to bask in the atmosphere, he starts to walk towards the ring.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent, weighing 300 pounds, NEREZZA!

Jim Gunt: And here he is. Formerly Harley Hodge, now Nerezza. A man who turned Big Sexay inside out at Confliction, now facing someone far smaller.

Mike Rolash: Never mind momentum. His opponent is smaller, lighter, and unstable. Say what you want about Nerezza, but he is focused! He is consistent! And he knows how to serve pulled athlete for dinner! Thank Christ I don't have to face him.

Nerezza steps into the ring, and slowly approaches Silas as his troupe drops down from the apron. He gets close, the

differing size and stature becoming much more apparent. He looks down at the Canadian, only to meet the top of Silas' head. He is avoiding eye contact and is tiling side to side. His lips hardening and softening sporadically, and his heavy breathing is apparent.

Mike Rolash: He's not even looking at him! Not even Silas can look at him without cowering in fear!

Nerezza simply grins and steps back, looking at the referee and awaiting the bell to ring.

Ding!

Jim Gunt: And it's begun and--HARD CHOP AND SILAS IS DOWN!

Mike Rolash: He just charged at him! Is he insane!?

Silas clutches his chest as he tilts left and right. Nerezza approaches the downed man before placing one foot on his shoulder. Silas starts screaming his lungs out, as Nerezza basks in his torture.

Jim Gunt: THREE HUNDRED POUNDS OF MASS FOCUSED ON HIS OPPONENT'S SHOULDER!

Mike Rolash: He doesn't want this to be over quickly! He wants to drag it on for as long as he can!

Silas tries to lift up the foot, but Nerezza just further cinches in his foot, grinding his heel as the desperate screams of Silas continue. He tries kicking out, but to no avail. Finally, he gets his legs around Nerezza's seal leg and begins to twist it...to no avail! Silas wiggles further, before Nerezza simply sighs and lifts up Silas to his feet.

Silas staggers backwards to his corner, as Nerezza simply grins at the results. His shoulder is scarily red, and the Canadian keeps clutching it. He is breathing heavily and Dean steps up onto the apron to meet Silas.

Dean Coulter: Take it slow, ok?

Silas Artoria: Ice, ice me!

Mike Rolash: What is happening there?

He points towards the entrance, where there is quite the commotion as thirteen hooded figures walk out, holding

torches.

Jim Gunt: Looks like we have company!

While Sam and Autumn waste no time placing ice bags onto his shoulder, the two competitors look at the druids silently watching on. Nerezza's face darkens when he sees the figures, but quickly turns around and laughs as Silas continues to get treated, before he signals for his stablemates to jump off and let the match continue.

Jim Gunt: Looks like someone is scouting the competition!

Silas charges! Nerezza goes for the chop--

Jim Gunt: HE JUMPED! HE'S GOT NEREZZA IN AN ARM BA--NO!

The weight of Silas has bent Nerezza down, but his other arm grabs Silas and with all his strength lifts him into a Gorilla Press! Silas tries to wiggle out, but Nerezza drops him! Slamming him onto the canvas hard, Silas convulses until his back is supported by a ring post. He lifts himself further up, but Nerezza charges at him with his full might. It connects! Silas staggers forward before landing on his front. The monster steps on his lower back, forcing Silas to arch in response, and he grabs his bad arm. Legs locked in!

Jim Gunt: ARMBAR! ARMBAR SUBMISSION!

Mike Rolash: And his feet are tilting Silas' head! He's going to decapitate him! Someone call the police, we might be witnessing a murder in progress!

Nerezza cinches it hard, but Silas is able to at least get onto his knees. He can't lift himself up to even get Nerezza's shoulders to touch the mat, and he collapses onto his knees. He jolts, trying to slide his arm out, but with each tug comes a loud scream and Nerezza tugging on the arm more. His breathing is heavy in pain, and out of desperation he launches his legs towards the nearby ropes.

He screams more, but his legs are firmly around the bottom rope. The referee tells Nerezza to unlock, but he only tugs on it more.

One...two....three....four....fi--

Nerezza finally unlocks the hold, and with a grin on his face, he slowly stands up as Silas starts supporting himself on the ropes. Silas just looks at Nerezza in a state of panic. The monster hovers over him as the shadow covers him. An

uncomfortable grin is present on his face, but Silas swallows air and returns to his feet.

Chop

Nothing, just a jolt backward before Nerezza returns his focus on the smaller man.

Chop

Another jolt backwards, and Silas hardens his lips and Nerezza keeps his eyes on him

Cho--

Nerezza grabs his arm and twists it around. It is now behind Silas as the Canadian screams in discomfort. Through gritted teeth he nudges the monster backwards. Nerezza hits the ropes, and is forced to let go of Silas to ensure his balance. Silas runs for the opposite ropes, but stops himself before he can properly bounce back. Nerezza grins as he starts to march towards Silas, but the latter starts sprinting.

Nerezza with a clothesli--NO! Silas ducks under and turns around. Nerezza turns around to meet Silas an--KNOCKO--NO! Nerezza grabs the Canadian's knee--JUMPING HIGH KICK! Silas uses his free foot to strike Nerezza's face. Silas is back on his feet, but Nerezza only staggers. Silas runs the ropes in front of his opponent. Bounce. BASEBALL DROPKICK!

Jim Gunt: Nerezza to one knee as Silas connects his attack!

Mike Rolash: It isn't going to stop him. Even if he wears him down, how the hell is Silas going to execute the Fall of Man on someone that big!?

Silas returns to the front of Nerezza, and climbs under the ropes and onto the apron. He looks at the still dazed Nerezza, both now breathing heavily, before Silas slingshots himself over the top rope.

Jim Gunt: HURRICANRANA BY ARTORIA! AND NEREZZA IS FORCED UNDER THE ROPES!

Nerezza falls off the apron and lands on his back, as Silas stays on his hands and knees, catching his breath. His eyes are locked onto Nerezza as the latter begins to slowly ascend. Silas screams, slams on the mat, and jumps to his feet. Runs the ropes behind him and--

Jim Gunt: TWISTED VIRTUE--NO! HE'S STILL ON HIS FEET!

Nerezza is arched over, neck clutched within Silas' arms, and he stands back up with one arm under Silas' leg. He launches backwards into an--

Jim Gunt: AN EXPLODER SUPLEX AND SILAS' BACK SPLITS IN HALF!

Mike Rolash: I'm getting kind of worried Jim. If Silas can't stop this monster, who or what can aside from a gun!?

Silas clutches his head as an audible crack from the impact echoes throughout the arena. He is seething, all while his accompanying stablemates crawl down to see him. They are visibly concerned as he continues to tilt side to side.

Dean Coulter: You alright, Silas?

Autumn Raven: You sure you want to continue this?

Sam Braxton: 'ow many fingers am I holding?

The yell of Nerezza jumps the three of them as the towering monstrosity grabs Silas' collar. Back on his feet, arm across Silas' head, arching his back painfully. The aristocrat's arms shake violently, and Nerezza basks in the pain, only stopping when he looks towards the referee.

SEVEN!

He grumbles, and slams Silas onto his knee for a devastating backbreaker. He picks Silas up by the hair, enraging the referee as he counts--

EIGHT!

Silas can barely stand as Nerezza throws him back into the ring, basking in the pleasure he gets from the pain he inflicts.

NINE!

Nerezza places his foot on the apron, as Silas exhausted runs for the ropes. He bounces, Nerezza starts to slide under

the ropes--BASEBALL SLIDE KICK TO WHAT'S LEFT OF HIS SKULL BY SILAS JUST AS NEREZZA ENTERS! Blood is pouring out of the face of Nerezza, but he is back on his feet, and laughing! Nerezza grabs onto Silas and turns him upside down, pointing out at the rest of the Coalition as he makes a cut-throat taunt to all of them. JUMPING REVERSE PILEDRIVER DESTROYS ARTORIA! Nerezza drags him like a rag doll to the center of the ring, raising both of his arms across his chest.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: And your winner and moving onto the Unhinged Briefcase Triple Cage Match....NEREZZA!!

Jim Gunt: What a turn around for Nerezza as the man nearly got counted out!

Mike Rolash: What do you mean, Nerezza has dominated everyone since his transformation.

Jim Gunt: But will he be able to deal with the rest of the Coalition!? Because here they come!

Sam Braxton, Dean Coulter and Autumn Raven all circle the ring, the three of them jumping up onto the apron in different spots of the ring all at the same time. Nerezza pulls the lifeless body of Silas up by his hair, smiling methodically as he calls all of them to come in. Dean quickly says something to Sam, backing the two of them off as they decide better of it. Autumn goes to get into the ring but as Nerezza picks Artoria up by his throat and throws him viciously at the turnbuckle even she rethinks, backing up the apron as Silas is left all alone.

## **Love Note Session**

Match

Dearest Beautiful Mia,

I come to you in this way because I want you to hear my honest thoughts upon your loveliness. Ever since you joined this place I have watched with wonder and trepidation. You are stunning in the ring as a combatant, and as a personality you just fill me with such joy. The way you attack an opponent is awe inspiring, and the way you enjoy what you do can't help but bring a smile to my saddened face. I do long to see you and speak to you face to face, but I figured it best to introduce myself like this. Although it may not seem right. I am a bit of shy temperament. I do hope you understand. I could not keep my feeling hidden any longer. I want you to know that I do care deeply for you and I wish you the best of luck here in CWF. I hope you have found your home here. May your career be as beautiful as you, my precious one.



Sincerely,

A Friendly Admirer.

Fluffy, pony, type...FEELINGS?!

Mia's head was buzzing.

"Da fuck is this?!"

She looks down at her fist, still tightly clenching the piece of paper that her first ever "friendly" admirer sent her this evening. Unsurprisingly, she isn't handling it very well. Or at least not the initial shock. After several deep breaths and loudly tapping her collar bone, she seems to settle down. As if she comes to some ultimate decision.

"This is mine. It's mine now."

Her eyes seem to glaze over and then refocus on the Living Dead doll sitting in front of her. It was adorable and it came with the note, left without a clue as to whom the sender might be.

"You're a cutey one aren't you? I shall call you... Well, I think it's best we wait until later. Don't go soft now..."

She pets the doll gently, almost lovingly. A smile creeps across her face, quickly replaced by a frown as she concentrates back on the note, now lying on the table in front of her.

"I'm not worthy. I...don't deserve. We deserve though."

While staring at the note she pulls her sleeve down on her left arm, revealing a heavily scarred arm. Removing a razor from a small pocket on her breast she makes cuts on her forearm, allowing the blood to drip onto her note. She puts the blade away, smiling as she does so. With her other hand she gently draws a heart in her blood around "A Friendly Admirer." Her voice is high pitched and sing-along like, almost as if a small child has possessed Mia.

"We deserve this. Mine. It will be mine."

She giggles and sucks on the finger she drew the heart with. Gently picking up the note with the other hand she rereads it over and over while skipping in a circle, trailing blood around her locker room, and laughing the entire time.

Is this what love feels like?

## **Duce Jones Vs. Freddie Styles**

Match

Mike Rolash: Artoria can be happy he is still alive after having been put through the mangler by Nerezza!

Jim Gunt: Yes, an impressive performance again by the monster and even The Shadow took note, since he has been involved with the disappearance of Hodge and maybe even what happened to our former champion!

Mike Rolash: Unless he is checking the progress of Artoria...

Jim Gunt: Well, on a brighter note, it looks like we have ourselves a little love story backstage with a mysterious secret admirer seemingly taking a liking to Mia Rayne, beautiful that love can still blossom in an environment like this...

Mike Rolash: Oh hogwash, that sappy stuff doesn't have any place in CWF!

Jim Gunt: Exactly the environment I was talking about...

Ray Douglas: The following contest is schedule for one fall and is an Unhinged Triple Cage Briefcase Qualifier Match! Introducing first..

The lights in the Bucheon Stadium 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. He sprints to the nearest corner and climbs to the second rope and begins looking into the crowd once again. Duce climbs down from the corner, turns around, and waits for the bell to ring.

Ray Douglas: Making his way to the ring, weighing in at 205 lbs, from Jonesboro, Arkansas! DUCE JONES!

Jim Gunt: This man has been having a hard time lately.

Mike Rolash: With all that he's been through, I believe he's on track for a nervous breakdown.

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

Styles is the future

Let's make shit happen

BALLGAME!

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

This is my time, my grind  
Promise I'mma do this right  
Hoping I see the sign, now I give it all I got  
This is not what you think  
This is nowhere near a game to me  
It's the air that I breathe...

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

Demi-gods and hungry ghosts  
Oh God, God knows I'm not at home  
I'll never find someone quite like you again  
I'll never find someone quite like you again

Freddie slowly walks up the ring steps, and steps through the ropes. He then stands on the middle rope, holding one arm above him, before stepping down, and leaning over in a corner. He takes the hood from off his head, then takes the vest off completely, tossing it to the floor, awaiting the beginning of the match.

Ray Douglas: His opponent, making his way to the ring, from Atlanta, Georgia! Weighing in at 223 lbs, FREDDIE STYLES!

Jim Gunt: Freddie seems to be, a little unsure about this match.

Mike Rolash: Well he has been on a extreme losing streak lately.

Clark Summits is at task for calling this match. The South Korean fans are to their feet, clapping in unison for the two incredible athletes. Jones and Styles meet in the middle of the ring, bumping fists out of mutual respect. Clark calls for the bell and both men circle each other. They both lock up and a power struggle ensues. Freddie gains the advantage cinching a headlock on Duce, Duce struggles against the hold as Freddie wrenches tighter. Jones is finally able to push Styles off into the ropes dropping him with a dropkick upon his return! Duce goes for the cover but Freddie kicks out after one!

Jim Gunt: Duce trying to catch Freddie off guard with the quick cover.

Mike Rolash: Mr. Ballgame needs to be trying to knock this one out of the park.

Duce gets back to his feet bringing Freddie up as well. He nails Freddie with a forearm. Sending Styles backing up a bit, Duce grabs him by the arm, whipping him into the corner. Reversal by Freddie, sending Duce crashing into the corner. Freddie follows him in going for a clothesline, but Duce ducks right in time. He grabs a hold to both of Freddie's arms, Duce turns himself and Freddie backwards towards the corner. Duce then sends Freddie crashing horribly into the turnbuckles with a HALF & HALF SUPLEX! The crowd reacts in utter horror as Duce pulls Freddie from the corner by his leg, then proceeds to go for another cover!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Duce looks on semi frustrated about not getting the pinfall.

Jim Gunt: Freddie folded up like a beach chair!

Mike Rolash: Maybe he doesn't have what it takes.

Jim Gunt: You can't just count him out like that.

Mike Rolash: Why not, he did.

Duce is back to his feet, kicking at the body of Freddie, who slowly tries to get to his feet. Duce kicks at him some more, a zoned out look within his eyes. He stalks Freddie, who's on his hands and knees, coughing violently. Duce sets his eyes on his target, lining Freddie up, he takes off D-TRIGGA! NO! Freddie dodges out of the way, pushing Duce into the ropes. O'Connor Roll transitioned into a DEADLIFT GERMAN SUPLEX! Freddie holds on for the pin as Clark drops down for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Kickout by Jones!

Jim Gunt: Freddie just barely able to turn the tables in this match!

Freddie quickly brings Duce back up nailing a hard knife edge chop! He stings the chest of Duce again, sending the former World champ reeling backwards. Freddie plows over Duce with a clothesline, taking him down to the canvas. Duce is quickly up to his feet, but is knocked right back down by another clothesline. Duce refuses to stay down though, getting to his feet yet again. He rushes towards Freddie, who catches him in a waist lock, he then sends Jones flipping over him with an OVERHEAD BELLY TO BELLY SUPLEX!

Jim Gunt: Freddie Styles looks to be kicking it in second gear!

Duce stumbles back to his feet, holding his back in pain. Freddie wastes no time, grabbing Duce from behind, hooking him by his arms, DRAGON SUPLEX! Freddie holds on for the pin!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Freddie is aggressive on his attack, stomping down on Duce, before grabbing his legs. He tries to turn him over for an Elevated Boston Crab, but Duce struggles against the hold! Duce maneuvers his legs until he is able to push Freddie off of him. He rolls backwards to his feet, rushing towards Freddie, blasting him with the D-TRIGGA! Freddie slumps against the ropes, Duce lifts a dazed Freddie up onto his shoulders looking for the Final Tic 2.0! Duce swings Freddie around but Freddie drops behind Duce! Freddie lifts him up BALLGAME! The impact of the move sends Duce bouncing right out of the ring as Freddie reaches out in a haste trying stop Duce from hitting the ground but is unsuccessful!

Jim Gunt: Oh my God! Did you see how high he bounced Duce Jones into the air!?

Mike Rolash: Yes Jimbo, he just bounced higher than a lowrider in a Dr. Dre video!

Jim Gunt: I'm not going to even ask.

A frustrated Freddie Styles slides outside of the ring, looking to bring Duce back into the ring. Jones uses the guardrail to assist himself in getting to his feet. Freddie grabs Duce by his head and tights, and throws him inside the ring. Duce struggles to get his feet as Freddie makes his way back into the ring. Freddie sees an open opportunity, he runs towards Duce, ATL STOMP! NO! Duce moves out of the way having the move scouted. Duce spins around on the mat taking Freddie down with a leg sweep. Jones is back to his feet running the ropes and flips onto Styles with a FLIP SENTON! Duce stays on top of Freddie for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Freddie just gets the shoulder up! Duce doesn't waste time complaining to Clark as he gets back to his feet. Duce steps out to the apron yelling for Freddie to get to his feet. Styles slowly makes it to his feet as Duce springs off the ropes looking for a Springboard Shining Wizard! Freddie ducks the strike as Duce lands on his feet. Duce turns towards Styles, who is mid spin, looking for the Skyfall, the move being avoided by Duce as he ducks underneath the kick! Both competitors turn towards each other, Duce Jones attempting a Superman Punch! Freddie quickly dodges out of the way and looks for a Pele Kick! Duce yet again counters the kick as Freddie falls face first on the canvas!

Jim Gunt: Neither man seem to be able to gain the advantage here Mike!

Mike Rolash: One slip up and it could all be over for one these guys.

The Bucheon Stadium is cheering both fighters on as Duce goes for a Punt Kick to Freddie's head. But Freddie has one more evasive maneuver in him, barely able to get out of the way! Freddie quickly gets to his feet, grabbing Duce from behind with a reverse waist lock. However Duce reverses breaking Freddie's grip with shots to his wrists. Freddie, though, quickly comes back at Duce swinging with a punch. Duce side steps, catching Freddie by the arm, flipping his opponent over with a Reverse Hip Toss, sending Styles face first to the canvas! Freddie is up to his knees when Duce catches him with the BICYCLE KNEE STRIKE! Duce let's out a primal yell letting everyone know it's over.

Jim Gunt: Looks like Duce is going for the kill!

Duce positions himself in a corner screaming for Freddie to get up, which he unwillingly obliges as he tries to make it to his feet. Freddie is finally upright as Duce comes charging on at him, KRAYZED KNEE! NO! FREDDIE CATCHES HIM BALLGAME! NO! Duce flips over the back of Styles, Freddie turns around going for a lariat that is ducked by Duce.

Duce runs the ropes this time and catches Freddie square on the bridge of the nose with the KRAYZED KNEE! Duce hooks Freddie's legs as he goes for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Summits calls for the bell as Douglas makes the announcement.

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner by pinfall.. DUCE JONES!

Duce rolls off Freddie as both men lie on the mat exhausted. Duce soon makes it to his feet, as Clark Summits raises his hand in victory..

### **The Longest Day - Part Three**

Match

The Coalition, the garage of the Bucheon Stadium. The Lost Boys and Autumn Raven, between them they carry the lifeless Silas Artoria, with the tag belts over the champion's shoulders. Tara Robinson comes into frame.

Tara Robinson: Excuse me. You all just had a tough time today, despite the disadvantages you came out with relatively positive results. You may not have qualified for the Unhinged Triple Cage Match, but you have succeeded in retaining your CWF Ta--

Dean Colter: With all due respect Tara, one of our stablemates isn't exactly on this planet at the moment. As you can see, we're trying to get him tended to without having any possible interference from a certain someone.

Autumn Raven: Come back next time when we're all standing on our own feet!

Autumn shoots a thousand daggers at Tara through her stare, before the four member stable finally reach a vehicle. Dean opens the door, Sam gets in first with the championships, before helping Autumn and Dean lift Silas into the car. They all enter, the door closes, and the vehicle leaves the premises.

### **Mariella Jade Flair © Vs. Ryan Sunset**

Match

Jim Gunt: We've been rolling along tonight, with Duce Jones taking the fourth spot in the Unhinged Briefcase tournament, and there's just one fight to go, Mike!

Mike Rolash: 'Fight,' you say. Sure. We're gonna see the power of THE BOSS as he finishes the job that Jace Valentine couldn't do at Confliction, and you're gonna see why he's in charge: sometimes even the most refined gentleman needs to get his hands dirty.

Jim Gunt: ...

Mike Rolash: What?

Jim Gunt: You're hopeless.

Ray Douglas: This next contest is scheduled for one fall, with a sixty minute time limit... and it is for the CWF WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP!

CUE UP: "Apex Predator" by OTEP, as the fans cheer.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first... from Warwick, New York, USA... weighing in at one hundred and thirty pounds... this is the CWF WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION... EMMM... JAY... FLAIR!!!

Mike Rolash: See, that's what I'm saying. How can some chick who only weighs 130 be considered the heavyweight champion?

Jim Gunt: That's not the point, Mike, and you know it.

For the second time tonight, MJ Flair enters the arena to her music, and for the second time, the fans are on their feet. She has the same swagger as earlier, but, combined with her ring gear, she has a deadly air of purpose about her. MJ walks to the ring per her typical attitude, but at the far end, instead of taking a microphone from Douglas (ignoring the fact that he is already in the ring), she climbs from the floor to the top turnbuckle and raises her hand in triumph.

Mike Rolash: Says you. I believe in the rules and think they should be followed.

Ray Douglas: AND HER OPPONENT...

CUE UP: "Sunrise, Sunset" by Bright Eyes

Ray Douglas: From Montreal, Quebec, Canada, and weighing in at one hundred seventy seven pounds... This is THE BOSS... RYAN... SUNSET~!



Jim Gunt: So you think a buck seventy-seven is heavyweight enough to be the World Heavyweight Champion?

Mike Rolash:...He weighs more than her, isn't that enough?

Jim Gunt: No. You can't justify one and crap all over the other; that's hypocritical.

Mike Rolash: I'm oddly okay with it.

Ryan Sunset walks to the ring, slowly and apprehensively, but he has a look of confidence on his face. He climbs into the ring and has a brief conversation with the referee and the ring announcer before he prepares himself.

Ray Douglas: Ladies and gentlemen, your attention please. I have just been informed that this match is now to be contested under NO DISQUALIFICATION RULES!

Jim Gunt: That's unbelievable! How can he do this?

Mike Rolash: He's the boss, Jim!

Jim Gunt: But he's also a participant! Isn't this a bit unethical?

Mike Rolash: Well... what's the point of being the boss if you can't stack the deck in your own favor?

The bell rings, MJ unhooks the title belt from her waist and hands it, respectfully, to referee Trent Robbins, and she grabs the top rope on either side of a corner to stretch herself out. Across the ring, Ryan Sunset is digging into his wrestling trunks...

Jim Gunt: Sunset has brass knuckles!

Mike Rolash: See? He prepares!

The two competitors come together - Sunset keeps his hands behind his back until the very last minute and fires a brass - enclosed right hand towards the Champion's face!

Jim Gunt: MJ SIDESTEPS! She grabs his wrist and straight-arms Sunset's elbow!

The Boss is shoved, chest first, into the corner, and, to a huge cheer, the Champion effortlessly removes the knuckles from his hand.

Mike Rolash: Disqualify her!

Jim Gunt: It's a no DQ match now, Mike.

Mike Rolash: Sunset can fix that in two seconds!

MJ considers the knuckles, but ultimately throws them into the crowd. She releases Sunset's arm and he turns towards her, and takes a step. The Champion steps in and lifts Sunset up, and she spins him around and drops him with a reverse Atomic drop!

Jim Gunt: Clothesline by the Champion! Quick cover!

ONE...

TWO...

Kickout!

Mike Rolash: What a Champion. Can't even beat a non-combatant.

Jim Gunt: You want her to try it on you?

The Champ pulls the Boss to his feet, but he lands an elbow to her face and rolls out of the ring! He says something to Ray Douglas as he paces.

Ray Douglas: Ladies and gentlemen, this match has been determined to have no countouts!

Some fans boo, some cheer, and in the ring, MJ Flair throws up her arms in frustration.

Mike Rolash: Again, if you're the Boss, you can make the rules.

Jim Gunt: Ryan Sunset paces the outside, and with the new rule change he can do so indefinitely!

Mike Rolash: He's a smart man!

Outside the ring, Ryan Sunset taunts the Champion, who paces like an angry bull. After a moment, however, the rules catch up to MJ and she simply steps through the ropes and stalks Sunset around the ring.

Mike Rolash: What the crap, Robbins?

Jim Gunt: No DQ, Mike! There's no legal reason for the referee to stop her!

Sunset speeds away from the Champion, and on the other side of the ring he slides in and scrambles a few feet away! MJ is quick on his heels but he kicks her in the head as soon as hers is in the ring, and continues to land kicks into her shoulder, ribs, and stomach! He rolls her over!

ONE...

TWO...

Kickout!

Mike Rolash: That was a slow count!

Jim Gunt: Your credibility is hanging by a thread.

Sunset pulls MJ to her feet, and holds her arms behind her back as he prepares for a suplex - The Champion drives her head into Ryan Sunset's face!

Jim Gunt: I think she broke his nose!

Mike Rolash: Not that beautiful face! That's the moneymaker!

Immediately, Sunset lets MJ go to put his attention on his face, and she returns the favor with an overhead belly to belly suplex of her own. Cover!

ONE...

TWO...

THRICKOUT!

Again, Sunset rolls out of the ring. He staggers to the South Korean commentary table and stumbles behind it, which causes the commentators and South Korean ring announcer to all back away, as the Champion is hot in pursuit!

Jim Gunt: HE'S GOT A CHAIR! Sunset swings wildly! MJ blocks with her forearm!

Mike Rolash: But it looks like she hurt her arm on that, so there's hope!

Indeed, even as the chair bounces off MJ's arm, she turns and cradles it in pain. Ryan Sunset aims, and he slams the chair right on her back, driving the Champion to her knees, to a chorus of boos! Sunset slides the chair under the bottom rope, then sends the Champ in after it!

Mike Rolash: HAHAAH! NEW CHAMPION, BAYBAY!

Jim Gunt: It ain't over until it's over!

Mike Rolash: Please. It's over.

Sunset hooks a leg, and hooks the back of MJ's tights with a cover!

ONE...

TWO...

Kickout! Even with a handful of tights, Sunset is unable to keep MJ down. He rises back to his feet, picks up the chair, and he waits. MJ quickly rolls to her knees and pushes up, just in time for the chair to come flying at her.

Jim Gunt: MJ CATCHES THE CHAIR!

The instant replay shows this to be a case of perfect timing and perfect angle. Ryan Sunset was aiming the chair straight - on, and MJ was able to see it coming with just a moment's notice, and catch it on either side, slowing its' velocity enough to stop it mere inches from her forehead.

Jim Gunt: They're struggling with that chair, Ryan Sunset kicks at her knees, but she avoids him!

Mike Rolash: He needs to stop playing with her and put her down!

Their struggle is made all the more awkward by the fact that Sunset is holding the chair by the legs, and MJ has it by the back. After a few more seconds of struggle, MJ suddenly lets go! The chair flies backwards and catches Sunset in the face as he was clearly not prepared for the sudden change in pressure! Dazed, he is unable to stop the momentum, though he does not take a hard hit. MJ rips the chair out of his hands and tosses it from the ring, and sends him into the ropes! Fist to the stomach! Knee to the face! Cover!

ONE...

TWO...

THREEKICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: At the last possible second!

Undeterred, MJ, still favoring her forearm, pulls Sunset back to his feet and hooks him from behind! NO! Sunset powers through and lifts the Champion up, flipping her over his shoulder! Instead of hitting the mat, however, she gets her feet down, steadies herself, and drops him with a modified neckbreaker! Another scoop...

Mike Rolash: NO!

Jim Gunt: THERE IT IS! The Morningstar! MJ Flair has Ryan Sunset's head hooked, her knee in his back, and she's pulling back as hard as she can!

Mike Rolash: She cheated!

Jim Gunt: She did no such thing!

The hold is applied for mere seconds, before the tap - tap - tap on her leg signals the end. As the bell rings and the music starts, she drops Sunset to the mat and allows the referee to raise her arm in victory.

Mike Rolash: Jay Mora, where are you?

Jim Gunt: You can bet MJ Flair - STILL THE CWF CHAMPION - is wondering the same! For the moment, she looks to be safe from a post - match attack, and her reign will continue! For Mike Rolash, Tara Anderson, Marcus Maximus, and the rest of the CWF staff, we'll see you in New Delhi for the battle royale for the fifth and final spot in the Unhinged Briefcase match and more! Good night!

## Show Credits

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite