

Evolution: CWF Evolution- Episode 20

Promotion: Championship Wrestling Federation
Date: May 8, 2018
Location: Norfolk Scope — Norfolk, Virginia

Results

Still Alive

Match

A sold-out Norfolk Scope Arena is getting ready for the 20th edition of Evolution. Some of the travelling fan clubs have shown up in full force again, the Ataxiarmy, some Flairheads, a new group called the Shadow Kingdom, another one holding up a sign “Starrfuckers Inc” and one fan dressed in kilt even managed to bring in a bagpipe and a sign saying “Long live the Highlander” (obviously not having gotten the memo that Dan is Australian and Cali English). As the camera moves towards the stage, two familiar figures are awaiting its arrival, with one looking a little... different. Blake Church and Charles State are right in front of the entrance, but Charles has foregone his usual sharp suit and is sporting some bermuda shorts, a Hawai'i shirt and sun hat, while holding a cold drink in his hand.

Blake Church: Good evening and welcome to Evolution, HELLO NORFOLK!

The fans react with a nice pop.

Charles State: This is the last show before our next big PPV, Paradise, and how better to get in the mood than to dress for the occasion.

Blake Church: Yes, people looked at you very funny earlier at the hotel... But anyways, even though today's card is short, it does not mean that we do not have a lot of action planned!

Charles State: And despite all of Ouroboros' efforts last week, we are still all alive and kicking, so there is still some hope!

Blake Church: As Charles mentioned, Paradise is just a mere two weeks away and here is a lot of explosive stuff happening, so before we get to boiling point, I will hand this over to Jim Gunt and Mike Rolash!

Charles State (raising his glass): Cheers!

Jim Gunt: Thank you, Blake, and also welcome from us here at ringside.

Mike Rolash: Hey Chuck, bring me one of those, too, please!

Jim Gunt: Last week Ouroboros completely steamrolled over us at the end and the opening match already has a connection as well with the Lost Boy's Dean Coulter, the latest recruit by Elisha's faction, facing off with our latest addition to the roster, Xander Haze!

Dean Coulter Vs. Xander Haze

Match

Singles Match

Dean Coulter

Vs.

Xander Haze

Mike Rolash: Without further ado let's get to some serious wrestling!

Ray Douglas: This following match is scheduled for one fall with no time limit. Introducing first, from Vancouver, British Columbia and weighing in at 180 lbs...Xander Haze!

Mike Rolash: And here we see the CWF's token Equal Opportunity Employee.

Jim Gunt: Xander's story would be inspirational, if he wasn't filled with spite and vitriol.

Mike Rolash: He's an angry little piss-ant. I love it!

The arena goes dark and 'Fuck the World' starts to play. When the chorus hits, a spotlight comes to life, illuminating the top of the ramp. Xander Haze stands at the top of the ramp, wearing a hooded black sweater with the hood up. He slowly makes his way down to the ring, the spotlight following his every step. He steps into the ring and takes a seat within the nearest corner and waits for his opponent, in this case Dean, to make his way to the ring.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent. From the Gold Coast, Queensland, Australia and weighing in at 98 kg, he is one half of the tag-team champions...Dean Coulter!

Jim Gunt: Dean's always been the more rational and level-headed of the Lost Boys. But he completely flipped the switch last week when he revealed to be in cahoots with Ouroboros. Suffice to say a lot of us desperately want to know what the hell is going on.

Mike Rolash: I'll always have a soft spot in my heart for the bad-guys within the CWF, but even I have to pause when it comes to Ouroboros. They are like the villain's villains.

Jim Gunt: I just hope that whatever reasons he feels justifies this decision he doesn't come to regret it dearly down the track.

Dean's usual theme music is replaced by the theme of Ouroboros, "Hope" as performed by Apocalyptica. Dean sluggishly strides down the ramp, his every tread is heavy and he pays no attention to the jeers and comments of the audience as he gradually advances to the ring. He climbs onto the apron and thoughtlessly looks into the ring, an expression of lament and resignation clear upon his face. Dean climbs between the ring ropes and tells referee Trent Robbins to quickly get the match started.

The bell barely rings before The Freak, Xander Haze, lunges forward with a discus forearm. Expecting such a sudden attack, Dean is able to duck under the stiff strike completely unharmed. Xander uses the momentum of his failed attack to bounce off the ropes and come at the Australian battler yet again. Dean springs up, looking to leap over his charging opponent but Xander is doubly quick to react and correct his course, catching Dean in the gut whilst in mid-air with a running crossbody.

Mike Rolash: Dean was requested by Elisha to punish Xander, for no other reason than because he wants him to. But it could be that Xander is the one to dish punishment out tonight.

Xander rains down a frenzied series of stiff stomps, assaulting Dean's body almost all over with his boots. He grabs a handful of Dean's hair and pulls him up, forcing Dean to a kneeling position simply so the Freak can drive the head of his opponent back into the mat with a rapid DDT! Xander Haze goes for the pin.

ONE!

TWO!

Dean kicks out!

Jim Gunt: Could it be that Dean just doesn't have the heart of competition anymore? Or is he just that unused to singles competition?

Mike Rolash: Or perhaps he wants to fail Elisha and be punished so severely he is forced onto the sidelines...

Xander quickly ascends to the top post of the nearby turnbuckle and in the blink of an eye is sailing through the air, coming down upon Dean with a frog splash. Dean Coulter has his knees raised in time and the Freak is helpless in his

descent, coming down hard upon the raised knees of his Australian opponent! Dean seizes his moment and connects with the true Blue Thunder Bomb, holding on for his own swift pin attempt.

ONE!

TWO!

Xander kicks out!

Jim Gunt: At last some signs of life!

Dean lashes out with a stiff shoot kick to the chest of the recovering Xander...then another...and another...completing the combination with a roundhouse kick to the side of the head. Except that Xander is able to block the finishing attack, catching Dean by the foot and pulling him in for a knee strike to the gut, doubling Dean over from the impact. Xander follows up with a punch to the side of the face then whips the Lost Boy into a corner.

Mike Rolash: As Sam and Dean would say...CRIKEY!

Xander charges forward with a corner running big boot. At the last second Dean side-steps out of the corner and the Freak is unable to arrest his momentum, colliding unceremoniously with the corner post. As he stumbles backwards, Dean swings him around for the Dangerous Association suplex combination, first a vertical suplex, then a backdrop suplex.

Jim Gunt: Ruthless Aggression can be good for overwhelming your opponent with unrelenting force and offense, but even the slightest misstep can put you into a serious disadvantage. One the opponents will certainly make the most of.

Looming over his fallen foe, Dean shifts his gaze momentarily away from Xander to the spectre of Elisha atop the entrance ramp. In that instant it's as if Dean becomes a completely different person. His face a mask of bestial ferocity he assaults the afflicted arm and shoulder of Xander with a series of boots before setting him up with a fujiwara armbar. The cries and exclamations of sheer pain coming from Xander are crystal clear, reaching the furthest rows of seats within the arena.

Mike Rolash: Stru-Ah I mean what the fuck just happened?!

Jim Gunt: Don't do it Dean! This isn't you! Don't let Elisha get to you!

Dean seamlessly transitions from a fujiwara armbar into a hammerlock, pulling Xander to his feet, dragging him across

the ring and connecting with a variation of a northern lights suplex, dropping the Freak onto his arm. Xander Haze writhes in pain. Dean once again turns to the ramp and yells out.

Dean: I HOPE YOU'RE BLOODY HAPPY YOU FUCKING WANKER!

In the next instant Dean connects with his patented Sunshine Drive corkscrew neckbreaker and hooks the leg for the pin.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Mike Rolash: I...I don't know how I feel about this.

Ray Douglas: And your..winner...DEAN COULTER!!

The bell rings, marking the end of the match but Dean looks from the ramp to Xander and back again several times in quick succession. It seems as if he intends to see Elisha's request to completion and continue his assault on the defeated form of Xander Haze.

Jim Gunt: Oh god, show mercy Dean! You won! You don't need to do this!

Exiting the ring, Dean demands the time keeper vacate their seat at ringside, folding down the steel chair and returning into the ring with both weapon and microphone in hand.

Dean: Go on. Keep looking at me in disgust and horror! Remain inside your arrogant illusion of self-importance. This isn't even about you! I put my body on the line day-in and day-out for the likes of you, and for the rest of the bloody ungrateful Yanks. And the moment I decide to act for myself? The moment I act to protect me and mine? You turn on me. Are you are bloody fair dinkum? Well I hope your happy!

Dean raises the steel chair high above his head, poised and ready to bring it down upon Xander's exposed afflicted arm.

"DEAN STOP!"

Appearing at the top of the ramp is Dean's friend and tag-team partner, Sam Braxton. The anger and defiance within Dean seems to disappear in a second.

Dean: You shouldn't be here Sam. This doesn't concern you. Turn around and return backstage.

Sam: Fair dinkum mate? I can't let you do this. I know you. This'll bloody ruin you!

Dean: You don't understand. I don't have a choice!

Sam: But you do!

Dean: GODDAMNIT SAM! Turn around. I don't want you here. I don't want you to see this! I have to do this. She's my family!

Sam: ...So was I...

At that Dean collapses to his knees, dropping the chair by his side. Sam makes to head down the ramp toward the ring but Dean denies him, calling out for him to stop. Realising where he is and what he was about to do, Dean rolls under the ring ropes and retreats into the crowd, leaving a stunned Sam alone.

Statement of Purpose

Match

We cut backstage, to a CWF Paradise banner (Thirteen days away! Only on PPV/simulcast on SLACK!), and Tara Robinson, microphone in hand.

Tara: We're off with a bang here tonight at CWF Evolution, with the continuing story of the Lost Boys and Ouroboros hitting some interesting notes, and with that in mind, my guest here tonight has a bit of an insider's perspective... from the outside! Ladies and gentlemen, the CWF World Champion, MJ Flair!

MJ steps into view, holding the CWF World Title over her shoulder.

Tara: MJ, you've been largely removed from the fight that's been going on here between the CWF and the SSRI or Ouroboros... but now it looks like you're getting involved whether you want to or not. Your opponent at Paradise is your good friend Caledonia, who is knee deep in her fight with Elisha and his cohorts. Your tag team partner tonight, Amber Ryan - holder of the Unhinged briefcase - has been fighting Elisha for months. Are you prepared to join that fight, or are you more focused on your own title defenses and the matches right in front of you, like the tag team match tonight?

MJF: I'm always prepared, my friend. Question is, are the SSRientologists prepared for me?

She rolls her eyes.

MJF: Look at it like this - I've had two in-ring encounters with athletes associated with the SSRientologists or the Oreoboros or whatever they wanna call themselves. I pinned the childlike empress and I kicked the everloving shit outta Yente the Matchmaker. D'you really think it's a coincidence that Empress and his buddies had their mid life crisis in the middle'a the ring after I was too far away t'come back down and get in their faces?

Tara: That's a good point. So it sounds like you're eager to join the fight?

MJF: I like and respect a few people here in the CWF, but Caledonia is probably the only other wrestler in the company that I consider a friend. We're gonna have our match next week, and I can't think of a single probable outcome that would end in any fashion other than a handshake and congratulations to the winner. Having her back is a good enough reason for me in and of itself t'get involved. Now, Amber Ryan?

She takes a deep breath.

MJF: I respect Amber. I'm sure if we were forced to interact more often we'd probably have enough in common to consider ourselves friends. The problem with her begins and ends with my title belt and her briefcase, and as long as I don't know when she's gonna cash it in, there's gonna be a ceiling on how much I can trust her. But I respect her enough to stand next to her in the ring, even if I'm gonna be givin' her the side eye.

Tara nods her assent, while MJ runs her hand through her hair.

Tara: Pivoting on that, you'll be standing in the ring tonight with Amber Ryan against the Harbingers, Autumn Raven and Silas Artoria. You pinned Autumn to retain that CWF World Title on the last episode of Evolution, and had a bit of a confrontation with Silas as he got in your face, but then stepped off when you invited him to try his hand. To that end, he's also gone on record as saying he will not engage with you tonight. What do you have to say to that?

MJ shakes her head.

MJF: Silas Artoria thinks he's playing mind games. He thinks he's playing Trivial Pursuit when it's actually Go Fish. He wants to get serious and get in the ring, I'll give him his shot, just like any other wrestler. He wants t'keep on playin'? He's gonna find out firsthand...

A sinister smile forms on MJ's face.

MJF: I don't play.

Tara: Okay, thank you for that, Champ, that big main event tonight, MJ Flair and Amber Ryan against the Harbingers, and we'll be right back.

Those Who Wonder Alone

Match

Wandering aimlessly through the backstage corridors, Sam Braxton literally bumps into the imposing figure of Elisha, flanked by his fellow members of Ouroboros, sans Dean Coulter.

Sam: You! What the fuck do you wankers want?!

Elisha raises his hands in a motion to imply that in this particular moment he does not intend any trouble.

At least for now.

Elisha: Easy Mr Braxton. I do not take kindly to insults and provocation.

Sam: Cry me a fuckin' river mate! You've turned Dean against me!

Elisha: You misunderstand and I must commend your concern and dedication to your friend. He is privileged to have such a companion...You need no worry so. Dean shall remain safe.

Sam: So long as he tows the line as your attack dog?

Elisha: He came to us willingly.

Sam: I ain't the smartest bloke, but even I know the difference between conscious choice and the illusion of choice.

Elisha is clearly fighting to remain composed, even going so far as to hold back his compatriots.

Elisha: He is right, we would welcome you warmly into our ranks. Even if to ensure his safety.

Sam pauses at that notion, eyeing the Ouroboros leader warily.

Elisha: After all, the two of you still remain our tag-team champions. It would be a disservice if the two of you were at odds...You do wish to remain the champions, do you not Mr Braxton?

???: Don't even think about it Sam!

Everyone's attention is dragged to the forms of Silas Artoria and Autumn Raven, Dean's former Coalition stablemates.

Silas: You wouldn't be rescuing Dean, you'd be endangering him, and yourself. We are still here for you Sam, we can help you and together we can pull Dean back from the brink.

Elisha: You know nothing little man and I suggest you stay well out of our business!

???: But what about us Elisha?!

Caledonia and the rest of the small, motley group opposed to Ouroboros now join in the abrupt and incredibly tense conference. Sam Braxton stands dead centre between the three different groups, looking back and forth between them all, his frustration growing.

Caledonia: Don't be fooled by the Moon-man-child's false promises. The guy is a snake in the grass and would turn on both you and Dean the second he thought he gained more from it. We can help you. Together we could take down this tyrant, his cronies and rescue Dean in the doing.

Sam: Fuckin' struth! What is with you lot? Why do you even care? I'm not interested in joinin' anyone, I want no part of this blue you all got goin' on. I just want to remain the tag champs. And more importantly. I. Just. Want. My. Bloody. Mate. Back!

Cassandra Vs. Caledonia

Match

Jim Gunt: Yeah, Ouroboros everywhere, our champion is not happy with them, Sam is not happy with them and sure as hell Caledonia is not happy with them!

Mike Rolash: You can't please everybody, Jimmy.

Jim Gunt: There is not pleasing everybody and then there is pretty much everybody standing against them... And to think that this is Cassandra's first match and a shot at a shot at the World Title... Ugh...

Ray Douglas: The following match is set for one fall!

As “Ego Likeness” begins to play, twin purple searchlights begin to pan over the crowd, searching, seeking, finally converging on the entrance ramp. Cassandra stands, smirking, blowing a sarcastic kiss to the crowd before skipping her way down to the ring.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first, at 175 lbs, from the Epicentre...Cassandra!!

“Day and Night” by Billie Piper hits over the speaker system and the fans immediately come to their feet and let out a hearty cheer as Caledonia steps out from behind the apron. She takes in the atmosphere for just a split second before making a beeline down the ramp, sliding underneath the bottom rope in a flash to take Cassandra down with a tackle! Official Scott Dean is frantic to pull the two women apart, as an incredibly angry Caledonia still throws her arms in the air. Cassandra dabs the corner of her bottom lip, blood trickling down at onto her fingers. She smiles at the sight as the bell rings.

Jim Gunt: Well this is sure to be an interesting match, Mike.

Mike Rolash: These two women clearly have no love lost for one another. Two sides of the coin here, as Caledonia represents everything that is “right” in CWF and Cassandra, well we all know where her and the rest of Ouroboros stand.

Jim Gunt: Yes, to destroy everything that this company has built and reshape it in their name!

Mike Rolash: Those are your words, not mine!

Caledonia only allows Cassandra to sulk in the pleasures of the sight of her own blood for a moment, because as soon as the bell rings to allow her full access to violence, she goes all in. Caledonia runs at Cassandra, spinning around just a foot before she gets to her to nail her with a Spinning Back Fist! But Cassandra barely waivers surprisingly, her face snapping back to face Cali face to face. The wife of the missing Dan Highlander looks as determined as ever, until Cassandra spits right in her face!

Jim Gunt: Well that is one way to break the tense determination of Caledonia.

Mike Rolash: Or piss her off...

Caledonia immediately goes to kick Cassandra in the ribs but she is quick to catch her leg. Cali smiles at this momentarily, before the fake smirk dissipates completely, her free leg snapping into the air. SUCH IS LIFE-NO! Cassandra ducks right under the Enzuigiri attempt, just a split second before it would have taken her head clean off her

shoulders. Caledonia staggers to regain her footing which leaves Cassandra enough time to snap into action, hooking her arm around the head of Cali and bringing her down with a quick Fisherman's Suplex.

The Queen of Amoralty does not hold on for the cover however, instead turning around on her knees towards Caledonia. She grabs the World Title challenger by the throat, her eyes growing a shade of red as she begins to choke her out in front of the world. The Chosen watch on from the outside as Scott Dean does his best to pull off Cassandra; finally he is able to do so. She glares at the official, giving him the side eye as he admonishes her. Cassandra simply laughs Scott off and pushes him to the side, going right back over to Cali and lifting her off the canvas. MARK OF THE MOONCHILD! Cassandra uses Elisha's Ganso Bomb to perfection, shocking the sold out crowd who begin to send in a line of boos their way, the Queen ignoring them as she pulls Cali away from the ropes and hooks both of her legs.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO! Caledonia somehow rolls her shoulder right before the three count!

Jim Gunt: I thought it was over there, Mike! These two haven't had the longest of matches so far but it has been a completely brutal affair.

Mike Rolash: Affair. Get it, like Dan Highlander is probably having right about now?

Jim Gunt: You do NOT know that. Do not be throwing around those kind of accusations, Mike...

As Mike snickers to himself with Jim giving him the stink eye, the action continues. Cassandra, with a hand full of Caledonia's hair, yanks her back up to her feet and blasts her with an elbow to the face. Cali falls right back to a knee, but Cassandra does not let her fall, instead pulling her lifeless body back up and whipping her hard into the corner. She comes in looking for a Big Splash- BUT IT MEETS NOTHING BUT AN EMPTY CORNER! Caledonia is alive! Backdrop on Cassandra, and she is right back up. REVERSE THE POLARITY! And the crowd explodes as she hits it perfectly, hurrying to go for the cover immediately after.

ONE!

TWO!

NO! Cassandra kicks out hard at two!

Jim Gunt: Still a lot of fight in both of these women, Mike. With a shot at the CWF World Heavyweight Title on the line, they're not going to give up so easily!

Mike Rolash: But it's more than just that though, Jimmy. This one is truly personal between these two women. Cassandra has clearly gotten in the head of Cali with the things she has brought up about Dan, and whether or not those accusations are true or not, if she is in Cali's head then she's already won.

Jim Gunt: That's a good point.

Both women come to their feet at around the same speed, Caledonia blocking a wild right hand by Cassandra and hitting a left of her own. Cassandra comes back with a hard clothesline to her chest, before pulling her in for yet another one. She sets up for what looks to be a brainbuster but a knee to the gut stops her in her tracks, and then Caledonia catches her and flips her through the air. TILT-A-WHIRL HEADSCISSORS TAKEDOWN! Cali kips right back up to her feet, garnering a loud cheer which she completely ignores, her attention on Cassandra as she readies herself to place her into the Bed of Roses. The same move that made Jace Valentine tap out in the middle of the ring. But just as she goes to lock it in Cassandra grabs her instead and rolls through, bridging over her somehow into a makeshift pin attempt!

ONE!

TWO!

Caledonia kicks out!

Jim Gunt: Again! Again Caledonia kicks out at two, showing an incredible amount of resiliency!

Mike Rolash: But Cassandra will not even let Highlander get back to her feet, as the disturbed Queen begins to stomp viciously at Cali's attempt to rise up!

Just as Mike had said, Cassandra snapped down methodical and painful single boots to Caledonia as she tries to get back to her feet. Somehow she fights through them though, finally catching one of Cassandra's attempts as her face goes white. Cassandra tries her own attempt at an Enzuigiri but Caledonia whips her body around just in time. DRAGONSCREW LEGWHIP! She backs up, measuring her enemy as she does so, cartwheeling back into her direction to nail her with a beautiful Handspring Elbow to the face! Cali drops to her knees and goes for the cover on Cassandra.

ONE!

TWO!

T-NO! Cassandra has her left foot on the rope!

Jim Gunt: Damn it ref, why do you always gotta do that shit!

Mike Rolash:You sound like me.

Jim Gunt: After eighteen long years, I guess you're finally starting to rub off on me.

Caledonia rolls off of her opponent, letting out an audible sigh as she yanks herself quickly to her feet. The so called Companion raises her hands up, screaming for Cassandra to get up on her own. But when she finally does and Cali goes to grab her, Cassandra abruptly shoves her backward- right into official Scott Dean! Caledonia looks back in shock, going to check on the referee who has tumbled into unconsciousness, but Cassandra is quickly on the advantage. She delivers a running knee to the bowed Cali, the shot echoing through the Norfolk Scope Arena.

Cassandra cracks her neck back and forth as she gets to her feet, the viciousness protruding out of the Queen of Amoral's eyes as she double stomps across the chest of Caledonia. She turns towards her Chosen, calling out to them to give her a steel chair. That is exactly what she receives, but when she turns around Cali is ready for her and dropkicks the chair right into her face! Caledonia looks down at both the chair and then to Cassandra, deciding quickly to go against the morales of her husband and pick up the weapon immediately. She reers back, the crowd clearly on the side of Cali as she swings but hits only canvas!

Jim Gunt: Cassandra rolled out of the way just in time, Mike, or she could have been the crepe filling between a steel chair and squared circle crepe!

Mike Rolash: What an analogy.

Jim Gunt: I know, Church and State are rubbing off on me too.

Mike Rolash: Jesus, a lot of people are rubbing off on you...

Jim Gunt: That does not sound right, Mike.

Mike Rolash: Yes, I know.

Cali swings the chair again, but Cassandra continues to roll sideways just in time to escape the brunt of the chair. Just as Caledonia swings a third time, the hands of Cassandra are out waving her off, obviously false tears beginning to drip from her face. She screams "Wait!", and surprisingly Cali refrains for just a second's time, which is enough for Cassandra to kip up and Roundhouse Kick the chair right into the face of Caledonia! A sea of boos surrounds the ring as the capacity crowd are not pleased at all with Cassandra using the chair to her advantage, as she places it across the throat of Cali and begins choking the life out of their hero.

It seems like the loud sounds coming from the sold out crowd is enough to begin to wake Scott Dean, the official not immediately realizing what is going on as he opens up his eyes and begins to come to. Cassandra does not see the moving official yet, placing the chair in between the ropes in the corner and pulling Cali in. BITTER TRUTH! The Release Butterfly Suplex sends Caledonia right into the outstretched chair, and right THROUGH IT! She crashes hard, leaving the rising official no other choice but to call for the bell immediately.

Mike Rolash: WHAT!?

Jim Gunt: She cheated Mike. You know the rules of a professional wrestling match, there are no weapons allowed, no cheating allowed. Cassandra and the Institute can't have their cake and eat it too.

Mike Rolash: They can have whatever the hell they damn well please, Jim! The Chosen will not stand for this!

Ray Douglas: And the winner of this match by disqualification....CALEDONIA!!

Elisha and Choronzon enter the ring to hold back the angered Cassandra as she attempts to go right for the referee. The Moonchild says a few words to the Queen as he hold

Whose Federation is This?

Match

We cut backstage to see President Justin Rishel walking away from his rental car in the parking garage when suddenly the lights go out.

J. Rish: Damn it. I'm getting really tired of these theatrics...Alright. Who is it?

The lights cut on and literally two inches away from Justin's face is Ataxia whose red teeth are gritted and his eyes intensely looking at Justin.

J. Rish:...Not entirely unexpected.

Ataxia just tilts his head at Justin for a moment.

J. Rish: What do you want Tax?

Ataxia: To say I'm sorry...

J. Rish: What?

Ataxia lunges forward and hugs Justin...much to Justin Rishel's fear as the tuxedo'd psychopath has him in a bear hug.

Ataxia: I want to make this place better now that you're back. We can make this place better than it ever was. I get it. I get that you had to do what you had to do to get this place back. I understand that this was the only way for you to secure what is rightfully...ours.

J. Rish:...Thanks. I think.

Ataxia: And I want to prove to you that you can trust me boss. So I want you to book this for me.

J. Rish: Uh huh...Book what?

Ataxia hands the Championship Wrestling Federation owner a red heart sticky note. Rish cocks an eyebrow but gives it a read. He looks at Ataxia confused.

J. Rish: You sure you want this?

Ataxia: Let's just say someone has been running their mouth. Someone who needs to learn his place. I want to shut this man up for good because to be honest with you I'm really tired of people thinking they are better than the sum of this federation. So when you book this...I will not only prove that...I will show the world that this belt...

Ataxia holds up the Impact Title.

Ataxia: Is the gateway to the world heavyweight title. If you want to prove yourself...come and get it. I want to up the game of this federation and who I am fighting...that will prove that.

J. Rish: There are three names on here. You want to defend that belt in a fatal fourway?

Ataxia: Yes. Because if I can't keep this under harsh conditions...I don't deserve it.

Rish looks at Ataxia for a moment, considering his proposal.

Ataxia: I know you and I never really got onto the right foot, but you will not find someone who wants to help you make this place greater than I. Do this for me. Let me prove it. You gotta admit...it definitely does sound profitable at the very least right?

J. Rish: And what do I get out of this?

Ataxia: A better buyrate. A better standing of your talent. A promise kept. I meant what I said. I'm here for what's best for CWF...and right now...that means proving to you that I mean what I say. This is my home Rish...I aim to keep it open with my last breath if need be.

J. Rish: Alright. You go announce this, but understand me. This is my federation Ataxia.

Ataxia:...Heh...Of course it is...boss.

Ataxia holds out his hand and Rish, after a few moments of reluctance, shakes it.

Ataxia: Just know if you ever let what happened with Sunset happen again...I'll rip your face off and eat it in front of you!

The lights flicker and Rish is left alone, cowering in the parking deck.

J. Rish: I really need to get here earlier from now on.

Fade.

Christian Starr, Azrael & Crazy Chris Vs. The Forsaken (Ataxia, Mia Rayne & The Shadow)

Match

Ray Douglas: First to the ring, hailing from Smithville, Tennessee - one half of the Danger Boiz - CRRAAZY CHRIIS!

Fall Out Boy's "My Songs Know What You Did In The Dark" starts to blare over the speakers and Crazy Chris bursts through the curtains like a green bat out of hell and races down the ramp, slapping as many hands as he can without losing a beat. He jumps into the ring, rolls up to his feet and races from one side of the ring to the other, lifting his arms in the air, soliciting a "Yeah!" every time.

Ray Douglas: Next to the ring, hailing from his own personal hell - AZRAAEEEEEL!

The lights go down and Halestorm's "I Am the Fire" begins. A spotlight zeroes in on the entrance and Azrael comes through, his face not betraying any emotions and getting a similar reaction from the crowd. As he starts to walk down the ramp, columns of fire shoot up. While he still is on his way to the ring, the arena lights cut out and the bright glow of the titantron draws all the attention of the crowd as the screen lights up with the words to "Kings Never Die..."

The camera pans down to the entrance lamp where now a single spotlight shines down brightly, except unlike usual there is no one there.

HAAAAAIIIII TO THE KIIINNNNG!

The lights flare to an almost blinding intensity as Avenged Sevenfold's "Hail to the King" takes over the arenas P.A. system. There is still no one. Christian Starr is nowhere to be seen.

HAAAAIIIIII TO THE OOONNNNE!

Ray Douglas: And their partner, from Los Angeles, California. Weighing in at one hundred and ninety pounds.. He is the former Paramount Champion... CHRISTIAN STAAAARRRRRR!!

Finally the former Paramount Champion and Allison Hollywood make their way out to the stage, only Starr looks far from ready to compete. In fact he is still in his street clothes. He still has the Paramount Championship in his possession, carrying it on his right shoulder over top of his leather jacket. In her hand Allison carries a CWF microphone. As she lifts it to her mouth the music fades away.

Allison Hollywood: It is with the sincerest of apologies that I must inform you all that you will not have the privilege of seeing Christian Starr compete tonight!

The sold out crowd of the Norfolk Scope Arena all boo in unison at Allison's announcement. Meanwhile in the ring Crazy Chris and Azrael both look up at their supposed partner in disgust.

Allison Hollywood: However you are about to have the distinct honor of hearing from the true Paramount Champion! Ladies and gentlemen, please give it up for your King! "The King of Wrestling" Christian Starr!

She hands the microphone to Christian, the fans unrelenting in showing their disapproval of this entire situation. He brings the microphone up to his lips and waits for the crowd to settle down.

Christian Starr: I understand your disappointment! You've all paid good money to come here to see me do what I do better than anyone else in this business! However, until these two manage to accomplish anything in this company they don't deserve a partner like me. They don't deserve the greatest Paramount Champion in history! And frankly you people don't deserve to see the greatest Paramount Champion in anything less than a match worthy of what I have accomplished since I've been here. So until then I will not be competing.

And speaking of people who won't be competing tonight that begs the question: Where is Jarvis King?

The mere mention of the Internet Icon's name is enough to turn the crowd right around, the capacity crowd let out a huge cheer in unison hoping for the Paramount Champion to show up. Christian and Allison sarcastically peer around the arena.

Christian Starr: Surprise, surprise. He's not here! He's not defending the Paramount Championship tonight! After all his talk of how much this title means to him, he doesn't even respect it enough to show up! He doesn't respect you people enough to defend the championship he stole from me! Tell me, how can Jarvis King lay any claim of being the greatest Paramount Champion in history when he isn't even man enough to show up tonight!? How can Jarvis King claim to be the greatest Paramount Champion in history when he doesn't even have the balls to come out here and take this from me!?

Christian takes the Paramount Championship from his shoulder and holds it into the air as the crowd turns their attention back to him, booing, hissing. He takes it all in stride. He's a man on a mission.

Christian Starr: If you ask me Jarvis has finally shown his true colors. He doesn't care about the Paramount Championship, he doesn't care about you people! All that Jarvis King cares about is adding another stupid nickname to his ever growing list of fallacies and lies! He isn't the Champion this title deserves! I am! I defended this championship every chance I got! I never took a night off! When I won this championship I was proud to put it on the line, because unlike Jarvis King I was never afraid to prove exactly why I won it in the first place!

Because I am the best wrestler in the world! I am the best talker in this company! I am the King of Wrestling, and I am

the greatest Paramount Champion in history! So Jarvis King, once you fish your balls out and step away from your little King Cast, I'll be here waiting! Because no matter what you might think, Christian Starr isn't going anywhere! Until I get the rematch I deserve I'll be a constant thorn in your side! Welcome to hell!"

He flips the mic over his shoulder and lets it land on the entrance stage with a thud as he reaches out and takes Allison by the hand. The iconic duo walk back through the curtain. Their statement being well made. Just as they walk through the curtain the lights of the arena die out, for a split second there is nothing but silence, but it doesn't last long as "New Blood" by Zayde Wolf blasts over the arena PA system.

NA NA, NA NA NA ...

NA NA, NA NA NA ...

I SPENT MY WHOLE LIFE CHAINED TO THE WALL...

The bright glow of the titantron takes over, one simple word slowly appears on the screen, blurry and out of focus.

HAD TO CUT A MAN DOWN TO CUT WHERE I AM!

BUT SOMEONE HAD TO TUMBLE AND SOMEONE HAD TO STAND

The word slowly yet surely begins to become clear... "PAYNE" The crowd goes nuts at the realization that Starr's replacement for this match is none other than the beast! The mammoth! The Enforcer!

TOO LATE TO TRY, THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO..

I'M GONNA RUN ALL OVER YOU!

I'M LOOKING FOR NEW BLOOD; AND NOTHIN'S GONNA STOP ME NOW!

The lights flare back to a blinding intensity as Payne makes his way through the curtain! Letting out an intense roar he makes a beeline for the ring. His eyes deadlocked on the two men that he will be forced to team up with tonight! He wastes no time in effortlessly, one-stepping his way onto the apron and over the ropes. He lets out another intimidating roar in the face of Crazy Chris before he flexes and strikes an impressive pose in the center of the ring, the crowd cheering every move he makes.

Jim Gunt: Wow, wow, wow, Starr has officially pulled out of this match and Payne is in! This changes everything!

Mike Rolash: Yes, the Forsaken haven't had a chance before and they REALLY don't have a chance now! This is good news!

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

Ray Douglas: And their opponents - THE FOORSAAAKEEEN!

Jim Gunt: Why are there only two?

Mike Rolash: Don't know, don't care. The less of these hooded miscreants, the better.

The two figures push back their hoods, revealing The Shadow and Mia Rayne, but Ataxia is obviously missing, yet strangely neither of the other two Forsaken seem to be bothered about it. Azrael immediately goes to get into Mia's face, but suddenly a raven's croak can be heard. The lights go down and spotlights converge on the rafters above the ring, where Ataxia swoops down, held by a wire, his usual outfit complemented by his coat of black raven feathers, wearing a raven mask over his burlap sack. He unbuckles a bit above the ring and falls down right between Mia and Azrael.

Mike Rolash: Of course...

Jim Gunt: Wow, talk about an entrance, Mikey!

Mike Rolash: Yeah, where I come from, we shoot those damn birds!

Referee Denny Davidson does his best to separate the contenders and Mia stays in the ring together with Azrael. Ataxia has dropped his feather coat, but still is wearing the mask, which The Shadow points at. Ataxia shrugs his shoulders, not understanding until the Weaver of Dreams takes the beak and pulls on it. In the meantime Azrael is pushing Mia into the ring corner at full force, using his height and weight advantage to gain an early upper hand. He hits two hard elbows to the head before whipping Mia into the opposite corner, bouncing back into the middle of the ring from the sheer force of the impact.

Mike Rolash: Maybe Az can knock some sense into her!

Jim Gunt: Really? Even when she's talking to the voices in her head she makes more sense than you!

Mike Rolash: Does not!

Azrael is throwing Mia across the ring with a snarl, working on getting whatever frustration he has towards Mia out of his system. He runs up and leaps off for an elbow drop, but no one's home, sending him crashing to the mat. As he gets back up - SHINING WIZARD! Mia is on the attack and the move clearly has rung Azrael's bell as she has trouble to get him back on his feet. Instead she goes for the ropes and delivers a baseball slide right to the fallen angel's head. In her corner Ataxia is motioning her over and it is clear that she is not a big fan of abandoning her prey, but eventually tags her boyfriend in.

Jim Gunt: Azrael has by some been seen as the weakest link in this team and so far his early offense fizzled out quick.

Mike Rolash: Nah, he's just resting, that's all.

Ataxia goes up on the top rope right away and flies off with a big splash right onto Azrael and the first cover of the match!

ONE!

TW-!

KICKOUT!

He manages to get Azrael to his feet and whips him into the ropes, where Payne decides to tag himself in before Ataxia clotheslines Azrael into next week, but did not realize that he is facing a new opponent. It does not take long for that realization to set in, though, as the big hulking man levels Ataxia with a LARIAT of his own, turning the masked man inside out. Raising his arms in the air in a display of superiority, Payne does exactly what Starr had planned: lay waste to the opponents. With Ataxia still on the ground, he runs the ropes and lays down a thundering elbow drop - to the mat. While he had been showboating, Ataxia managed to drag himself to the edge of the ring and pull himself into his corner.

Jim Gunt: It's the same old story every time, you gloat, you lose your chance.

Mike Rolash: Meh, he'll get back to where he was, seriously, how are they supposed to stop him?

Payne grabs Ataxia just as he gets to his corner, but The Shadow manages to touch his fellow Forsaken's fingertips just enough for the tag to be legal. Jumping onto the top rope, The Shadow launches himself forward with a SHOULDER BLOCK that hits the big man smack in the chest and to the mat.

Jim Gunt: Like that, for example.

Being right back to his feet, The Shadow continues on with two quick elbow drops to the chest of Payne, but the big man rolls out of the way of the second one and immediately yanks The Shadow back to his feet, whips him into the ropes and then executes a powerslam that probably set off a couple of seismic alarms in the area. With a loud roar he raises his arms and lifts The Shadow back to his feet. A mighty headbutt sends The Shadow down to the mat, but Payne catches him and hoists him up over his head and throws him over the top rope all the way into the second row, where fans are scrambling to get out of the way.

Mike Rolash: And that's how it is done. This guy is racking up more frequent flyer miles than we do, at first Nerezza throws him out there, now Payne, he should just stay out there.

We see one hand appear over the barricade, then a second one, as The Shadow is pulling himself back up. The look he is giving Payne is one of pure venom as the referee continues to count at the Weaver of Dreams.

THREE!

FOUR!

Payne just stands in the ring, motioning for The Shadow to come and bring it. The black-clad man climbs back over the barricade, but instead of coming back into the ring, he paces back and forth until the constant calls from his teammates for a tag leads Payne to yell at them to shut up. The Shadow uses this brief lapse of concentration to roll himself back into the ring and surprise Payne with a drop kick to the spine before going back to his corner, tagging in Mia, while Ataxia is still recovering from the lariat. Immediately The Shadow whips Mia into the ropes, bends forward and she leapfrogs over him into a BIG SPLASH OFF HIS BACK! Payne is trying to get up, but Mia comes in with a BASEBALL SLIDE to his kidneys, keeping him on the mat, his back arched in pain.

Mike Rolash: Let the poor man get up!

Jim Gunt: I think this is the best tactic for them, keep him down.

Again Mia jumps off with a high elbow drop before tagging Ataxia. Just like The Shadow he climbs the top turnbuckle and leaps off, giving a salute before connecting with the chest of Payne, concentrating on that one spot that already

had seen plenty of punishment. He stays next to Payne, whispering to him, which leads to the big guy swatting him away. Ataxia just laughs and runs the ropes, jumps on the middle one and springboards off into a stiff knee to the head of Payne.

Jim Gunt: The quick tags of The Forsaken so far are efficiently keeping Payne off his feet, great teamwork so far!

Ataxia tries to get Payne to his feet and with great strain manages to do so. Payne reverses a whip-in, aiming for another clothesline, but Ataxia ducks under, yet when he hits the ropes on the other side, his back is met by Azrael's knee, stopping the masked man dead in his tracks and giving Payne the opportunity to grab him and throw him across the ring with a FALL AWAY SLAM!

Jim Gunt: Ooh, Ataxia hits the ropes very awkwardly, I would not be surprised, if he has whiplash of some sorts!

Mike Rolash: You fly high, you eventually crash.

Crazy Chris is trying to get tagged in, but Payne ignores him and goes to grab Ataxia, but the Messiah Pariah has rolled himself out of the ring to sort through his neck and shoulders, backing away from the advancing Starr sidekick, who has followed him outside of the ring. Ataxia rolls himself back in and as Payne comes back onto the apron, Ataxia tries to body block him off, but instead is met with a hard shoulder to the mid-section, enabling Payne to get back in and grab Ataxia by the mask. He hurls him hard into the corner and once again ignores the calls from Chris and Azrael to tag him in.

Jim Gunt: Second time now that he refuses the tag, I wonder if that's going to cost him!

Mike Rolash: He should still have this, I mean, he is taller and heavier than any of them all!

As he follows Ataxia into the corner, the Knight in Burlap slides down and between Payne's legs before tagging in Mia, who comes in hot and ready, at first sending Payne into the ropes with a drop kick and then upon rebound Ataxia sweeps his legs while Mia executes a hard DDT that takes Payne's breath away. She goes for another knee drop to the head/neck of Payne and goes for another tag, this time with The Shadow. The two Forsaken go for a double elbow onto the fallen man, while his tag team partners are equally impatient and increasingly angry at the situation with Payne ignoring their outstretched hands and now paying the price.

Jim Gunt: I would not have thought this would get this one-sided, but this is exactly proving a very important point in tag team wrestling. One team, well, one individual that thinks he can do it on his own on one side and on the other one a group that acts as a cohesive unit and utilizes the double team opportunities almost perfectly!

Mike Rolash: Oh, bull-yabber, how is he supposed to do anything, if he goes against three people? He doesn't have

any support!

Jim Gunt: Uh, are you sure you are watching the same match I am?

Mike Rolash: Yes, these two clowns are not helping Payne at all!

Jim Gunt: But how-

As The Shadow goes back into his corner, Ataxia starts jumping up and down, his hand in the air.

Ataxia: Pick me! Pick me!

With a smile and a slight shake of his head, The Shadow makes sure to make the most obvious tag possible and Ataxia bounds over the top rope. As Payne is getting to his hands and knees, Ataxia runs over, uses Payne's back as a launch pad, hits the middle rope and upon rebound plants a powerful kick to the side of Payne's head, sending him back down. Next he sits himself onto Payne's back, grabbing on to the head with one hand and swinging an imaginary lasso before giving Payne a hard slap on the butt.

Mike Rolash: Really?

Payne gets visibly mad now and pushes himself up, but two hard elbows to the back of the head stifle the resistance. Once again Ataxia pulls back Payne's head, but this time with both hands while hissing.

Ataxia: This is what you get for being cocky in my federation! Tell your boss that next time maybe he should do his job himself...

With that he lets go of the head and smacks him face first into the mat, then again and one more time for good measure.

Jim Gunt: Ooh, Ataxia is not happy with Starr!

As he gets up, he gives Starr one more stomp to the head before walking into Payne's corner.

Ataxia: Do you guys want part of this?

Both Azrael and Chris just shake their head and drop off the apron.

Crazy Chris: You can have him, serves them right.

Ataxia shrugs and squashes Payne's starting rise with a standing senton to the back before sauntering back to his corner. The three Forsaken look at each other and nod before going to three turnbuckles and climbing on top. At first The Shadow, then Mia and finally Ataxia jump off with elbows to the upper back and head of Payne before The Shadow rolls him on his back and Ataxia goes in for the pin.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: And the winners are - THE FOORSAAKEEEEN!

Jim Gunt: Wow, this was one impressive showing of The Forsaken!

Mike Rolash: Pfft, easy to do, if he's basically in a handicap match!

Jim Gunt: I told you, he wouldn't -

Mike Rolash: Piffle, this was a five against one. They should be ashamed of themselves.

Jim Gunt: But -

Mike Rolash: Nah!

Jim Gunt: Mike!

Mike Rolash: No!

Are You Not Entertained?

Match

Mia grabs the nearest mic available to her and yells out to the crowd.

"ARE YOU NOT ALL FREAKING ENTERTAINED?! DON'T GO ANYWHERE, BECAUSE I'M NOT FINISHED....

YET."

She drops the mic to catch her breath as the rest of The Forsaken continue to celebrate their win, Ataxia still holding her arm up as she narrows her gaze up the ramp and on the retreating Azrael and continues to talk.

"All week all I've heard from either of your mouths is that The Forsaken are nothing but psychos that need to be locked up. Complaining about how the dethroned and humiliated Christian Starr and the "Angel of Death" Azrael, that doesn't want to take souls have absolutely nothing in common, why would anyone want to see them team up to try and take on a group of psychos? Newsflash guys and please, take comfort in this thought, I've found a similarity for you two to bond with...

You can now both consider yourself 'fallen.'

Starr, I loved your performance but like any other 'star' that shone too bright, too quick; you can now be considered burnt out. You're dull, you're weak, and I have no business with you. Feel free to sic your gorilla on me if you would like. I'll be waiting. Just like Harambe, I'll put him down for good.

But that...

That brings me to you Azrael. Mr. 'Lightbringer' himself.

Do you know how much I laughed at you this week Az? Do you? Countless hours. Between your attempt to bring me back from complete and total 'darkness' and your poor taste in names, don't worry, I'll get to that; you need to be put down just like Starr's bastardized version of a dead gorilla. You claim to have received an invite, that you could have been the one standing in this ring with us now, and you refused my family before they welcomed me into their fold. You say that our mission, our passions, don't parallel your own and in all honesty, we're better off without you. But since you wanted to do a thing on names this week, I took the liberty of looking up yours as well.

Azrael, you're supposed to be the literal personification of "The Angel of Death." If anyone was interested in soul collecting it should be YOU. But again, that's ok because guess what? The Forsaken has me, the one that turned away from the light and headed into the shadows. Did you enjoy yourself tonight Az? Rumor has it that my idea of Paradise has come true. At Paradise, you and I are going to go one and one...Again.

Part Deux, and this time, I win. And since you like to use metaphors so fucking much?!?!

I'm calling in a favor and picking a stipulation for our match. Don't worry, you'll find out what the specifics are in due time. What you NEED to know should be common sense, but because you seem to be unclear...

Do you know what comes from light???

Shadows. See you soon Az. It will be so magical, one might even call it 'Paradise.'"

With that Mia drops the mic as the lights go black and back on instantly. The Forsaken have all disappeared from the ring leaving Azrael standing at the top of the ramp confused and bewildered.

Fade.

Gathering Intel

Match

The picture fades in to a hand knocking at a locker room door backstage. After a few moments Caledonia Highlander opens up, still worse for the wear from her match against Cassandra. The look on her face betrays both surprise and wariness.

Voice: Good evening Mrs Highlander, I apologize for the intrusion at such an inopportune time. Let me introduce myself first. My name is Sanford Thibodaux...

The camera swings around.

Sanford Thibodaux: ...I am an - associate of the man you know as The Shadow. I am here in a matter of utmost importance and would kindly ask for a minute, ma'am.

Caledonia's initial look of irritation alters to one of (irritated) confusion.

Caledonia: What is it?

As he closes the door, he immediately continues.

Sanford Thibodaux: I will not take up too much of your time, but you are one of the only people I could think of that has managed to access the Manor.

Caledonia: What of it?

Sanford Thibodaux: Our sources tell us that a Dr. Ivan Golobayov currently is at the Manor. He has been identified as one of the central figures in medical research within the Friends of Paracelsus. And when I say medical research, I use the term loosely, since he has been connected to several highly unethical procedures that have filled the Institute's coffers, yet has left many patients distraught, disfigured and, in some unfortunate cases, diseased.

Caledonia: And you want to break in and put an end to this research.

It isn't a question.

Sanford Thibodaux: Yes. And... well, I don't know how. You've done it, you've-

Caledonia: Yes, I have. With the help of a former Royal Navy Black Ops commando and extremely detailed information that the Institute didn't know I had.

Sanford Thibodaux: Could you-

Caledonia: Information that, since my cousin and I used it in an attempt to jailbreak my husband, is now more than likely useless. The Institute doesn't make the same mistakes twice.

Thibodaux looks saddened, and Caledonia's annoyed expression softens.

Caledonia: Look. You're trying to do a good thing, but there's not much I can do to help you. When I went in I knew the patrol routes, the blind spots in the Institute's perimeter - and I still barely made it out. It'll be harder for you, since the information I paid a heavy price for isn't good information any more. But I can tell you that there's a field the Institute can't keep an eye on. Enter through there, spend a few days on the perimeter, work out the schedules, you might have a chance of breaking in.

Sanford Thibodaux: Thank you, ma'am, this information is definitely helping us. If we can get to Golobayov and neutralize him, maybe we can help avoid others having to go through the same as The Shadow and his wife. Please let me know, if there is any way we can assist you in finding your husband.

Scene fades as Thibodaux is leaving the locker room.

Making an Impact

Match

"Die Die Die My Darling" by Metalica starts to play as the crowd gets to their feet as Ataxia enters carrying the Impact Title on his shoulder. He bows politely to the fans and holds up the microphone.

Jim Gunt: Looks like "The Messiah Pariah" has something to say...

Mike Rolash: Prepare to be made dumber and less sane...

Ataxia: Greetings and salutations my frands...I am here to announce exactly what is going to be happening at Paradise pertaining to this wonderful title on my shoulder. As some of you have guessed dear Dorian just hasn't shown his face recently. As sad as I am for that I feel that I need to address it. Because obviously the previous champion should get a title shot. I mean that's what you do unless your Jarvis "I'll be on vacation in three weeks soon" King does right? Right! Soooo...I've decided to up the game. We're going to be having a fatal fourway for this belt. I decided that it's high time we prove something here in CWF because someone apparently has a stick up his ass about which belt is more important. I'm here to explain this to him...it's this one. It's always been this one. And as the Impact Champion I don't need to cheapen it with "defending" it constantly with his charlatan tricks...instead I take on all comers. Which is why these three...deserve the opportunity to advance to the next level.

Ataxia gestures to the tron. We see three pictures come up. Autumn Raven, Anderson, and Cassandra. The fans lose their minds cheering for this.

Jim Gunt: Cassandra, Autumn Raven, and Billy Anderson are all getting a shot at Paradise for the Impact Title?

Mike Rolash: That match has the potential go completely insane especially with Ataxia in on it.

Ataxia: You see...This is probably the greatest title in CWF next to the world, and you know why? Because the champions define the title not the other way around. This is a chance for you three to get a leg up because back when I was starting no one gave me a shot. No one cared to. Then one night I won the CWF World Title in the upset of the century it seemed. I aim to give everyone who is worthy a shot at this. If you want to make an impact in CWF...you gotta go thru me! See you all at Paradise...where I'll show you what a real championship match looks like! AHAHAHAHAHAHA...

Ataxia laughs as "Die Die Die My Darling" starts to play again.

Jim Gunt: A Fatal Fourway for the CWF Impact Title at Paradise! What other surprises are in store?!

Mike Rolash: Why do I have a feeling this was a calculated move by that madman.

Duce Jones Vs. Freddie Styles

Match

Jim Gunt: Things are heating up, Mia issuing a challenge to Azrael to make it an official one-on-one encounter at Paradise and it looks like The Shadow and his druids are trying to make headway against Ouroboros from a different angle, can't wait to see how all of this pans out!

Mike Rolash: And Mia seems to have something in mind as well for their match, maybe it's a "Let's get locked in a cell and never come out" match! That would be fun, wouldn't it?

Jim Gunt: Maybe talk to the programmers of CWF Online, maybe they can build you that match, so you can get this out of your system.

Mike Rolash: But I don't have a compu-

Jim Gunt: I'll buy you one!

Mike Rolash: Right on!

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

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

If you take a life do you know what you'll give?

Odds are, you won't like what it is

When the storm arrives, would you be seen with me?

By the merciless eyes of deceit?

I've seen angels fall from blinding heights

But you yourself are nothing so divine

Just next in line...

As the song moves into the chorus, 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.

Ray Douglas: Our first competitor, making his way to the ring, weighing in at two hundred twenty three pounds! From Atlanta, Georgia! FREDDIE STYLES!

Arm yourself because no one else here will save you

The odds will betray you

And I will replace you

You can't deny the prize it may never fulfill you

It longs to kill you

Are you willing to die?

The coldest blood runs through my veins

You know my name

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.

Jim Gunt: Duce pitched an idea to Styles, he went with it, and now we have this match...

Mike Rolash: Well they both wanted to complain about having better opponents and gracious owner was so kind to oblige both these gentlemen.

The lights in the arena dim, as orange strobe lights move all across the venue. "Smiling Faces" by Kevin Gates is blasting throughout the PA system as Duce Jones walks out onto the stage. The fans cheer with admiration as he stands there and surveys the crowd.

Ray Douglas: His opponent, weighing in at two hundred and five pounds! From Memphis, Tennessee! DUCE JONES!

He then strolls down to the ring slapping the hands of some of the fans who are sitting ringside. Duce 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.

Jim Gunt: Well tonight Mike, we have Styles vs Jones III, what are you predictions for this match?

Mike Rolash: As much as I don't like the two, but if this match is anything like their first two encounters... It'll be a good one.

The two good friends stand across the ring from each other, eyeing one another as the Virginian crowd display their support for both competitors.

"LET'S GO STYLES!"

"LET'S GO DUCE!"

"LET'S GO STYLES!"

"LET'S GO DUCE!"

Jim Gunt: Just listen to this crowd show their appreciation for these men!

"Big" Denny Davidson stands in the center of the ring, as he calls for the bell. The crowd is ecstatic, as the two men come to ahead in a collar-and-elbow tie-up, they joust for the advantage, neither man gaining the upper hand. However, Duce gains the quick advantage as he falls backwards, shifting his body weight, easily taking Styles over with an arm drag. Freddie pushes his way backwards under the bottom rope, trying to create space, but Duce looks ready to fly. He runs the ropes coming back at Freddie, Styles dodges out of the way as Duce springs off the middle, flipping backwards, landing back inside of the ring.

He isn't done there though as he continues flipping, completing two back handsprings, then a handless flip, ending with a superhero landing.. The Virginia crowd applauds the acrobatics, as Freddie himself joins in with the crowd clapping as well. He begins pounding on the apron, starting a Duce Jones chant, showering the ring with streamers as he pulls them from his tights!

Jim Gunt: Duce went all gymnast there for a minute.

Mike Rolash: Ridiculous is what it is, why is Freddie louder than the fans?

Freddie rolls back inside of the ring, clapping still as Duce stays in the super hero position. Styles begins to circle around Duce, waving his arms up and down trying to rile up the fans!

Mike Rolash: These two have lost their minds.

Duce slowly rises to his feet, as Freddie nods his head in approval. The Virginia crowd display their appreciation fit the showcase as they continue to cheer Duce on as well. Freddie and Duce share a quick chat in the ring, as Duce yells for Freddie to get the show on the road. Both competitors back up to opposing corners, before rushing in at each other for another tie-up. Just as the two men are about to collide, they begin to move in very slow motion... They jockey for position, as if slugs have taken over their bodies! Bringing laughter from the fans inside the arena.

Jim Gunt: I think these guys are deliberately goofing around in this match.

Mike Rolash: Why would they do such a thing?

Jim Gunt: Maybe a big middle finger to J. Rish, for making this match.

Mike Rolash: That's not going to go well with Rish.

Duce mockingly applies a headlock, wringing Styles neck, still going slow, as the fans play along.

“WOOOAAAAHHHHH!”

Freddie backs both himself and Duce into the ropes, before pushing Jones off. Duce stomps, like he's Godzilla across the ring. Upon stomping back towards Freddie, Styles knocks Jones to the canvas with a shoulder tackle. Maybe more like, shoulder nudge as Jones dramatically falls to the canvas. Freddie slowly goes for the pin, Duce pushes out of the cover as soon as “Big” Denny is on the canvas to make the count!

Mike Rolash: Are they fucking serious!?

Jim Gunt: I think they're dead serious.

Mike Rolash: Rish has to come down and put a stop to this!

As if on cue, the music of the CWF CEO, J. Rish, sets out and he comes storming out to a split crowd as he yells for the music to be cut.

J. Rish: Hold up... hold up... Hold Up! Dammit!

Both Duce and Freddie, stand at the ropes, facing the stage area as Rish comes walking down the ramp.

J. Rish: What is this? This is not what the people pay their hard earned money to see! You think this is funny?

J. Rish is on the apron, climbing inside the ring. Duce has also retrieved a mic from Ray Douglas, at ringside.

J. Rish: What's the deal, I pay you guys to compete.. Duce, you said you guys wanted better competition, what better competition is this!?

Duce Jones: This is bland, it's been done before, on more than one occasion. Yet when me and Freddie here, asked about better competition. You put us against each other yet again. You didn't take us serious, so why should we take your idea of a match serious... You see, Rish, we want opportunities, just as well as the next man.

J. Rish: What opportunities are you looking for? The only thing you two need to be worried about, is the fact you will be standing in the unemployment line of you boys don't go through with this match.

Duce smiles as he looks over at Freddie, who's shaking his head laughing as well. Duce brings the mic up once more.

Duce Jones: We never intended on flaking out on this match, we only wanted your attention... Now that we have it, just grab you a nice lil seat. You don't have to say nothing, just enjoy the match. Then afterwards, we can chat all you want.

Rish stands there confused, staring at both Styles and Jones. Duce throws his mic, close to the corner where Douglas could retrieve it. Duce and Freddie holds the ropes open for J. Rish as he exits the ring. Climbing down, he is handed a chair from a ringside attendant, as Styles and Jones circle the ring, seemingly now more serious about the contest.

Jim Gunt: It seems these two men got what they wanted, playing around in the ring.

Mike Rolash: Who does shit like that? The fans come to see the greatest wrestlers here on the CWF.

Jim Gunt: I think they just want the same recognition, as others in the locker room.

Mike Rolash: I little personality goes a long way, Jim.

Gunt shakes his head, as both men tie-up , with more intensity than before, Freddie transitions behind Duce, lifting him up and slamming him chest first onto the canvas. On instinct Duce moves to a sitting position as Freddie still holds on with the rear waist lock. Duce struggles to get upright, widening his base for more leverage as he muscles his way to a standing position. Jones elbows Freddie on the face, three times before he finally releases his grip. Grabbing at his face, Styles checks to see if he's not bleeding as Duce comes flying in at Freddie, catching him off guard with a Superman Punch! Freddie rolls under the bottom rope, yet again, Duce rushes to the corner facing Styles, leaping over the top rope. Duce runs along the apron, attempting a Flying Knee Strike. Freddie, however catches Duce, similar to a husband catching his wife jumping into his arms. Freddie carries Duce around for a second, before dropping Jones back first across the apron! Duce screams out in pain as he slumps down to the floor.

ONE!

TWO!

Jim Gunt: Duce's back bent awkwardly there, it's amazing how these guys have switched up the floor of this match.

Mike Rolash: Looks to me, like they want to impress the boss.

THREE!

FOUR!

Freddie, brings Duce back to his feet, rolling him back into the ring, following suit. Freddie goes for the cover.

ONE!

T-NO!

Freddie doesn't seemed deterred as he brings Duce back to his feet. Freddie locks into Jones' head and leg, flipping him over with a Capture Suplex! Duce slowly gets to his feet, clutching at his aching back. Freddie is quickly on him, a fierce determination in his eyes. He rushes Duce, hooking and sends him crashing on his back with a devastating German Suplex! Freddie holds on for the pin as Davidson makes the count!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Jim Gunt: Duce able to escape the pin. But that suplex he took to the apron, might've done more damage than Duce expected.

Mike Rolash: I blame him...

Jones is on his hands and knees, trying to rise to his feet. Freddie sizes the former world champion to before, running at his downed opponent looking for the ATL STOMP! Duce has the move scouted, dodging out of the way and quickly getting to his feet. Freddie tries to stay on the attack, but he is caught square across the jaw with a Bicycle Knee Strike, thanks to Duce! Both men drop to the canvas, Duce still clutching at his back as he crawls over for the pin.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Both men struggle to their feet, Duce using the ropes to make it to his first. He grabs a dazed Styles, tossing him into a nearby corner, unleashing on him with flurry of punches and chops. Duce calms down with his striking, before whipping Freddie across the ring, reversal, Jones crashes into the turnbuckles as Freddie is right there with a Styles Splash! Freddie lifts Duce up onto the top turnbuckle, throwing his legs over each set of ropes. Freddie climbs up the turnbuckle, bringing Duce to a vertical base as both men stand on the top ropes. Freddie has Duce hooked for a Superplex! Lifting Duce up and over, both men come crashing into the mat.

Freddie flips over the body of Jones still having him hooked. Styles brings Jones up, lifting him up and over once more, this time, planting Duce with a FALCON ARROW! Freddie grabs Duce by the legs for the pin!

ONE!

TWO!

TH-NO!

Jim Gunt: Freddie is not letting up on the back of Duce right now.

Mike Rolash: Yea, that might've put him out of the game.

Freddie is back to his feet, yelling at Duce to get up. Slowly, he does just that, as Freddie makes a full rotation, KING OF THE FALL! NO! Duce ducks, turning towards Freddie and rushing him with a D-Trigga Knee Strike! Freddie dodges himself, catching the turning Duce with a PELE KICK! Duce stumbles around dazed as Freddie creeps in behind him and destroying Duce's back once again with the BALLGAME! Duce flips backwards in the air landing on his face as Freddie quickly rolls Duce over for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

"Big" Denny Davidson calls for the bell, raising Freddie's hand in victory! Duce slowly make his way to a corner, letting Styles have his moment, Douglas making it official.

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner, by pinfall: FREDDIE STYLES!

Freddie continues to celebrate as the fans cheer his victory.

Jim Gunt: Duce tried as hard as he can, but the more aggressive Freddie Styles, prove to much for him tonight...

Mike Rolash: Isn't that the first official pinfall lost of Duce.

Jim Gunt: I think it is.

Mike Rolash: Awesome.

Taking Back What Belongs to Us

Match

Duce has been handed a mic once again, he still sits in the corner breathing heavily as he tries to make it to his feet. Freddie comes over and helps him up, propping him against, as Duce uses them for leverage. He breathing is labored but he soon recovers as he is finally able to speak.

Duce Jones: Ladies and gentlemen, Freddie Styles!

They give him a standing ovation, as Freddie bows towards the crowd. Duce once again speaks.

Duce Jones: I'm gonna try and keep this short and sweet... But you never know what you get fuckin' with me. Rish. When Freddie and me were talking about competition...

Duce takes a few deep breaths.

Duce Jones: For too long, cults have came here and had their hands on some type of property that belongs to the CWF... I say it's time we put an end to this. I say it's time for the CWF to show these fuckas, who's really running shit round here. It's time to take back what belongs to us.

J. Rish: What is it that you're trying to say?

Freddie Styles: What he's trying to say Rish is that, one half of the Tag Team titles belong to Ouroboros.

Duce Jones: And we want em.

Jim Gunt: What a declaration by Styles and Jones wanting a shot at the tag titles!

The crowd is going nuts from the two men's announcement. As Rish seems to see dollar signs fly across his eyes.

J. Rish: I'm all for it, but you know how things work around here. You have to ask them. Good luck.

Rish strolls from ringside as the fans boo him for not making the match. Duce looks annoyed but he talks again.

Duce Jones: I'm cool with that, but I'm pretty sure the Disappearing Gentlemen won't be up to it.... Dean... Sam... What'dya blokes say, let's give these people what they wanna see. Styles and Jones versus The Lost Boys for the Tag Team belts!

The Virginia fans explode once more, but there is no sign of Dean nor Sam coming out. Both Styles and Jones seem annoyed as Duce carries on.

Duce Jones: Don't tell me, you're scared. mate. C'mon where you guys at, give these fans what they want.

The crowd begins to change their tune, booing the no show from the Lost Boys. Duce looks over at Freddie who just shakes his head.

Duce Jones: Guess we'll have to find them.

Duce drops the mic, gingerly climbing through the ropes, Freddie climbing out as well. The two men make their way towards the back as the music of Styles kicks up through the speakers one more time.

Jim Gunt: I can't believe it Mike, Duce and Freddie called out the Lost Boys!

Mike Rolash: They don't have time to be worrying about these two scrubs.

Jim Gunt: The big question though is will the challenge be accepted?

Styles and Duce head through the curtain, the former helping the latter. The crowd still not knowing how to react.

Fade.

Hush

Hush little baby

Match

The arena goes black and After Forever's "Mea Culpa" begins to play. Three hooded figures step out onto the stage, two of them bearing torches, one with a microphone. The Shadow pulls back his hood and raises the mic to his lips.

The Shadow: Silas, oh Silas, you like to take things so personal. You don't want to personally answer what I said about you and the Coalition? Aaaw, too bad... Why I am verbally spewing towards a group that doesn't want anything to do with my squabbling? Why not? Nobody cares about your pseudo-intellectual drivel and you don't stop either. Especially when you twist things around, so that you are standing in the spotlight as the best thing since sliced bread for the company? And you cannot even keep your facts together. I am not at war with a good number of the roster. Just Elisha actually. By extension the Chosen as well, but that is besides the point.

Suddenly you abandon your quest to bring down the establishment and bring in a new order, conveniently one that would have had you as its spearhead, when you see your oh so tight group begin to crumble and have to witness how the powers are shifting, just unfortunately for you without you having any hand in it. Suddenly you offer a "safe place" for those not wanting to get involved in the politics. Ouroboros will not give one rat's ass about your safe place or your disinterest in anything but your own advancements and glory. They will not go "Oh, he doesn't want to get involved, so let's let him do his thing!" and just turn the other way. Do you really think we all wanted to be part of this? No, but I will not try to explain this to you, because you will not allow anything through your thick skull that does not fit into your plan anyways.

But to come back to what I, and you, said earlier - you can run your mouth as much as you want about having managed to bring you and the rest of your precious Coalition to main event level, but so far the only claim to fame you have is the Lost Boys holding on to the belts. Something they would just as well have managed without you, Autumn made it into the main event last week, yes, but did you see the match? Did she win? No. Did she come close to actually winning it? No. It is a big difference to be in the main event and to actually have a realistic chance to win it. And how did your advances into the upper echelons of CWF go? Well, you know the story.

This week both of you are in the main event and to refuse to wrestle MJ - you seem to try to make this come off as a clever ruse, as part of an intricate plot. I call it what it is - fear. You are scared that you cannot measure up to her, that you are out...of...her...league... So stay in your bubble, continue to believe that all of your problems will go away if you don't acknowledge them. But I will not go away, Silas, I will wait for you. Prepare to wake up when your precious bubble bursts and reality is streaming in. Prepare for a rude awakening...

Suddenly the two torches are snuffed out without a warning. As the lights go back on, the stage is empty.

Paradise is Coming

Match

Fade in to a picture of the Atlantic City Boardwalk. It is bustling with activity, tourists popping in and out of shops and restaurants, couples walking hand in hand, a gentle breeze moving the trees' leaves and flags. Cut to the beach, where a few families are enjoying the May sun. MJ Flair and Caledonia are sitting at a table for two, sipping coffee before the camera moves over to show Starr and Payne are building some sand castles and Ataxia and Mia Rayne walking arm in arm.

Suddenly Jarvis King is flying into view, taking out the sand creations, while in the background Azrael can be seen tackling Mia. Amber Ryan is slamming Duce Junes through the coffee table and as the camera zooms out, Druids and Chosen clash at the waterfront, bodies flying into the surf.

The picture morphs to the Paradise logo.

Voiceover: Paradise is coming, but can you handle it?

Live on PPV and Slack on May 20, 2018, only on the CWF Network!

Mariella Jade Flair © & Amber Ryan Vs. The Coalition (Autumn Raven & Silas Artoria)

Match

Mike Rolash: Yes, Paradise is coming and it will be a wild one, beach, beer, bitc-

Jim Gunt: What about Silas here, Mike? It looks like The Shadow won't let this one go.

Mike Rolash: Like a dog with a bone...

Jim Gunt: A psychotic bone...

Mike Rolash: Well, if they bash their heads in, less of them. All for that!

Jim Gunt: One to go, Mike! And I dare say, this match has a boatload of outside issues around it!

Mike Rolash: Jim Gunt, ladies and gentlemen: master of the understatement.

Jim Gunt: The sarcasm is not appreciated. We've got the Coalition, who's undeniably still reeling from their semi - split with the Lost Boys that, we thought, ended at Unhinged, only for Sam and Dean to clearly choose different sides last week on Evolution! Opposite the two, MJ Flair and Amber Ryan appear to have professional respect, but with the briefcase in Ryan's hand, there can't possibly be any trust at this point, particularly with Amber's ambiguous response

to MJ's question about a cash - in.

Mike Rolash: Of course, Amber beat Autumn to get into the Unhinged match to begin with, and Flair beat Autumn in a title defense last week - only for Silas Artoria to immediately get into her face. Nobody's really happy with anyone right now.

"Breakin' Outta Hell" start its heavy riff, before it kicks in proper. Silas Artoria and Autumn Raven dash out and look outwards into the crowd. Smiles are beaming from the two, and they arm-bump and run towards the ring.

Jim Gunt: Ladies and gentlemen, last time on Evolution, Autumn Raven main evented the show for the championship, and a week later we are getting the Harbingers against the Legacy herself, and Amber Ryan.

Mike Rolash: Never discount Amber and her briefcase. If MJ has a back, Ryan has a knife!

CUE UP: "Sex Metal Barbie" by In This Moment

Mike Rolash: Come to daddy!

Jim Gunt: She will seriously hurt you.

Ms. Unhinged walks out with purpose, briefcase in hand, scowl on her face. She ignores the fans as she stalks to the ring, sliding under the bottom rope between Silas and Autumn, as if daring one (or both) to attack.

Jim Gunt: And you have to wonder - will tonight be the night?

Mike Rolash: Thank you, Dexter. Are you off to be a lumberjack now?

CUE UP: "Smash the Control Machine" by OTEP

Jim Gunt: No, Mike. I'm referring to the fact that tonight - and honestly, every night from now on - MJ Flair is going to enter the arena, wondering if she'll have an impromptu title defense against Amber Ryan. The reality of never, ever being able to take a breath and consider herself 'safe' for a night? It's got to be draining.

Perhaps it is, but the CWF World Champion does not currently show any signs of it. She slaps a few hands on her way to the ring and does her usual: she takes a lap around the ring and climbs the turnbuckle from the floor to the top, and looks everyone over.

Roy Douglas: Ladies and gentlemen, this contest is a tag team bout, scheduled for one fall with a sixty minute time limit. Introducing first, at a total combined weight of three hundred and forty five pounds... SILAS ARTORIA... AUTUMN RAVEN... THEEEEE HAAAAAAAARRBINGERSSSS!!!!

Jim Gunt: The fans are not fans of these two, I can tell you that much.

Mike Rolash: I don't think either of them care that much.

Roy Douglas: AND THEIR OPPONENTS... At a total combined weight of two hundred eighty two pounds... MISS UNHINGED, THE DISTORTED ANGEL... AMBER RYAN... AND THE CWF WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION... EMMMM... JAAAAAY... FLAAAAAAIR!!!!

The fan reaction is markedly different for this makeshift team, as MJ holds the CWF World Title high above her head, and Amber Ryan does not play to the fans at all. Amber places the briefcase conspicuously in the corner, while MJ side - eyes it and hands her title belt to the timekeeper for safe keeping.

Jim Gunt: Looks like Silas Artoria is going to start things off for the Harbingers, and the World Champion for her team!

Mike Rolash: Or is he?

True to his word, the second MJ and Amber finish their conversation, and Amber steps through the ropes, Silas tags out to Autumn and a chorus of boos. The Champion steps towards him and points, shouting some less - than - complimentary things at him.

Mike Rolash: That's hardly ladylike.

Jim Gunt: You've never been accused of treating the Champion like a lady.

Mike Rolash: That's... true. Carry on.

Jim Gunt: Silas Artoria just smiles! OOOH! AUTUMN RAVEN WITH A SURPRISE ATTACK!

Autumn bounces her forearm off the Champ's forehead, and pounds her into the mat with a series of fists! MJ hits the ropes and holds onto the middle, and Amber continues to fire in boots to the face and side in defiance of the referee's demand to ease up.

Jim Gunt: Denny Davidson shouting for Autumn to back off, but he's not counting!

Mike Rolash: All's fair in love and World Titles!

Jim Gunt: That doesn't even make sense.

Autumn pulls MJ off the ropes by the hair, and stops just long enough to roll her eyes at the referee and fire another kick to the Champ! On the ring apron, Amber is shouting at MJ to get her shit together, while Silas stands, unmoving, grinning.

Mike Rolash: You think it doesn't, but it does. Autumn kicks the shit out of the World Champion, that means something.

Jim Gunt: This match isn't for the World Title! It isn't even for a title shot!

Mike Rolash: Don't be so superficial.

Jim Gunt: (Speechless)

With another handful of hair, Autumn pulls MJ back to her feet and staggers her with an uppercut! MJ's head snaps back and Autumn rushes her with a clothesline - MJ grabs her by the wrist and flips her overhead! Autumn lands on the mat while MJ collapses to her hands and knees, catching her breath. Autumn is a bit less worse for the wear as she hits hard, then pulls herself up pretty quickly and runs, insanely, towards MJ again.

Jim Gunt: MJ with a shoulder to the stomach! SPINEBUSTER! The Champ drops to the mat with the cover!

ONE...

TWO...

Kickout!

Autumn rolls to her corner... Silas refuses to tag?

Mike Rolash: He said he wasn't gonna fight Flair tonight!

Jim Gunt: Regardless, MJ has an opportunity, she needs to tag out!

Mike Rolash: Does she? Long as she stays in the ring, Autumn stays in the ring.

Autumn's eyes go wide at the realization that her partner is serious. MJ is just out of Amber Ryan's outstretched hand, and she weighs her options. She steps forward, causing an epic eye roll from Amber Ryan, and hooks Autumn around the waist! Belly to back suplex, and a bridge!

ONE...

TWO...

Kickout!

Mike Rolash: I guess Flair is gonna try to be the hero tonight?

Jim Gunt: I understand her strategy, but I don't know if it's the best, Payne hasn't set a good example for this earlier.

Mike Rolash: Silas doesn't seem to mind - but Amber is gonna lose her mind.

MJ hooks Autumn again, and Autumn fires back with an elbow! She shoves the Champion backwards into her home corner, and to her immense annoyance, Silas backs off, hands in the air. Autumn Raven clubs her in the back and reaches for a tag, but Silas refuses to acquiesce!

Jim Gunt: MJ fires a back elbow of her own! Clothesline puts Autumn back to the mat! Cover! ONE... TWO... Kickout by Autumn! MJ backs up on her knees!

Mike Rolash: And there's a pair of fingernails into Flair's eyes!

The referee breaks it up quickly, but the damage is done and MJ backs up, finally tagging in the Distorted Angel! Every fan in the arena chants "AM-BER-RY-AN!" as she vaults over the top rope and flies towards Autumn Raven, and every fan in the arena cheers as she catches her by the boot and pulls her away from Silas Artoria and a tag out! Amber with a right cross to the face, and another! She's pounding away on Autumn Raven - Autumn hooks Amber with her legs and rolls her up!

ONE...

TWO...

Kickout!

Jim Gunt: And Amber is right back in there with an elbow drop! She pulls Autumn to her feet and sends her into the ropes! Fist to the stomach! DDT! Cover! ONE... TWO... THKICKOUT by Autumn!

Mike Rolash: Man, this arena is calling for Silas' head.

Jim Gunt: He's abandoning his partner, can you blame them?

Mike Rolash: It's all part of the plan!

Jim Gunt: ...

Mike Rolash: ...I think?

Amber scoops Autumn Raven again, and she sends her into the ropes - Autumn reverses! Criss cross, Amber rebounds - SILAS GRABS HER BY THE HAIR! Amber Ryan stops in her tracks and turns to face the Psychotic Aristocrat, who has finally gotten involved in the match!

Jim Gunt: There's fire in the distorted angel's eyes, and I think Silas just bit off more than he can chew!

Mike Rolash: SOL and JWF.

Amber Ryan fires a fist, but Silas Artoria leans back and grabs her hair again, and stun guns her neck across the top rope! Amber staggers backwards, and Autumn with a scoop and a slam! She stumbles to the corner and pushes herself up to the second rope, and, steadying herself, drops a fist on the Distorted Angel, and covers!

ONE...

TWO...

Kickout!

Jim Gunt: Amber Ryan may be stunned, but she's not out of this one yet!

Mike Rolash: Yet.

Autumn scoops Amber up and whips her into the ropes again - SILAS WITH A KNEE TO THE BACK! Amber drops to her knees as the referee accuses Silas, who raises his hands in innocence!

Jim Gunt: SILAS ARTORIA FINALLY TAGS IN!

Silas, finally tagged in, heads straight for Amber. He rams her into the ropes and whips her to the opposite side. Bounce, and superkick to stagger the briefcase holder. He charges forward for a KNOCKOU--NO! Amber staggers to the side before collapsing on the mat.

Jim Gunt: Well, interesting way to avoid that nasty knee.

Silas looks at Amber, but laughs it off. He approaches her limp body, two hands to scoop her - ROLL UP!

ONE...

TWO...

THREE--

Kickout! And a sweeping kick to Amber's head!

Mike Rolash: AND STAY DOWN!

Silas back on his feet, lightly kicks her arm outwards for a DOUBLE STOMP--Amber strikes the back of his feet! He's on his knees! ORIGINAL SIN, for the cover!

ONE...

TWO...

TH--

CLAW OF THE NIGHT TO AMBER RYAN! AND THE DISTORTED ANGEL ROLLS OUT OF THE RING!

Jim Gunt: Very close call for the Harbingers.

Mike Rolash: Shows what unwavering teamwork will do. You don't see Flair or Ryan looking out for each other here!

Jim Gunt: MJ Flair is still on her knees on the ring apron, trying to clear her vision!

Mike Rolash: Excuses!

Autumn tends to Silas, slapping him awake and bringing him back to the real world. She picks him up, and lightly slaps him again. He looks at Autumn, nods awake, and smiles. He pulls her close, and whispers in her ear. Autumn smiles, before retreating back to her corner. Silas slips out of the ring to Amber. He pushes her back in, and rolls into the ring. Amber gets back to her feet only to face a KNOCKOUT! Amber staggers slightly backward before landing hard on the mat.

Tag!

Jim Gunt: AND FLAIR HAS TAGGED INTO THE MATCH!

The crowd explodes as MJ jumps in quickly and charges towards the Aristocrat! A CLOTHESLINE--ducked by Silas. She looks back, hard elbow--a step back from Silas. She turns around, the two are face to face! She raises her arms to engage, but Silas smiles and crosses his arms...behind his back!

Jim Gunt: What the hell is Artoria doing?

Mike Rolash: MIND GAMES JIM! CAN NEVER FORGET THE MIND GA--

Jim Gunt: MJ WITH A RIGHT HAND TO SILAS' FACE! That's what being evasive gets you!

Mike Rolash: Cheap shot! No way that counts!

Jim Gunt: You mystify me sometimes, Mike!

The two pace around the ring, and the boos echo, louder and louder. MJ hooks him - he tries to reverse but she whips him into the ropes. Bounce, MJ jumps over! Bounce, MJ slides under. Bounce! DROPKICK BY FLAIR! Cover!

ONE...

TWO...

Kickout!

MJ is back on her feet and picks up Silas. SPINEBUSTER! Silas is buckling on the mat! She returns to her feet quickly, looks at the hard camera, and exhibits a grin. She points to her knee.

Jim Gunt: I think Silas might've missed a good opportunity. Here comes the Morning Star!

She picks him back up, hard chop to the chest to make him stagger around. HIS HEAD HIS HOOKED! MORNING STAR--

Jim Gunt: SILAS POWERS UP AND LIFTS MJ HIGH! Modified slam! The Champ lands on her back! Silas in utter disbelief at what he just did!

Mike Rolash: And the Champ is in position to take his Knockout! COME ON SILAS!

Flair rolls onto her stomach, and the two lock eyes.

Jim Gunt: We've got a staredown here--BRIEFCASE TO THE FACE!

The bell sounds out as Amber Ryan stands over the downed Silas Artoria, her now-dented briefcase in her hands. MJ backs up somewhat as she clearly does not trust the Distorted Angel, while Autumn Raven pulls Silas back towards a far corner as he regains his wits.

Ray Douglas: Ladies and gentlemen... the referee has disqualified--

The boos begin immediately, drowning out the remainder of the referee's decision.

Jim Gunt: Well, who didn't see that coming? Amber Ryan may very well have the hottest temper and shortest fuse in the CWF, and after the liberties Silas Artoria was taking before he was the legal man, anyone could've seen that coming.

Mike Rolash: You can justify anything, can't you?

Jim Gunt: Look who's talking!

In the ring, the timekeeper hands MJ her World Championship belt, and she backs up into a corner, eyes locked on Amber Ryan. The Distorted Angel, still flushed, still breathing heavy, meets her gaze and subtly holds up a hand.

The message is clear: not tonight.

The corner of the Champion's mouth turns up, as she asks for Ray Douglas' microphone.

An Answer

Match

MJF: Fuck's your problem, asshole?

Silas and Autumn turn around, confused.

MJF: Your partner there, she tells you she wants t'do it up on her own last week, but you couldn't leave well enough alone. You insult me by stepping into my ring and puttin' your hands on me when you're not my opponent, and you don't think I'm gonna react? I dropped it in front'a you, and instead of pickin' it up like an athlete with a pair would do... you hem, you haw, 'n you play some mind games.

She paces in the ring.

MJF: Can I tell you, in case you couldn't figure it out... I fucking hate mind games.

The fans cheer at MJ's 'forceful' declaration, as Silas slowly approaches the champion.

MJF: We don't even have a match tonight - we've got a game'a fuckin' tag. Can't face me like a wrestler, can't face Amber like a wrestler. Hit her from behind, only take the ring when you've got the advantage... what kinda bitch does that?

Silas and Autumn look at each other, but the two grin at each other. MJ raises an eyebrow.

MJF: What's your endgame?

Silas looks back at her, but Flair only chuckles.

MJF: You're a fuckin' weirdo, Silas. Mind games - what you think are mind games. Are you a chessmaster? Are ya even up t'checkers yet? Y'wanna be different, I get that. But there's different, and there's fucking obnoxious.

She starts pacing around the ring, counting with her other hand.

MJF: Jacehole. Duce. Styles. Yente. Stupid. Autumn. They step it up, I knock 'em down. That's how the chapters've gotten written so far, Silas. Next week, Caledonia gets her shot. Whenever she decides it'll happen, this woman here -

And she points at Amber Ryan.

MJF: She'll take hers. One thing they've all got in common... they had the guts, the honor, the respect... t'stand in the ring and face me down. It's what any athlete worth a shit'd do.

She looks back at Silas.

MJF: Except you.

She gets close to him, before holding up the title.

MJF: Let me be clear, Silas... you don't deserve a shot at my Championship. But I can't resist the chance t'kick your teeth down your fuckin' throat.

The crowd gives a huge pop, complete with "EMMMMM JAAAAAY" chant. Silas looks around in amusement, even gently clapping his hands at the volume. He looks at Flair, and holds out his hand. MJ holds out the microphone for Silas to take.

Jim Gunt: Could it be? Is he going to accept the challenge!?

Mike Rolash: One simple word, and it's on!

Silas reaches for the microphone, but MJ drops it just before he can take it from her, to a roar from the crowd that clearly states 'Oh, no she di'n't!' Silas - still with the look of amusement on his face, bends over to pick up the microphone. His haunting chuckle echoes throughout.

Silas Artoria: I really enjoyed our time today.

Pause.

Silas Artoria: And I've made a decision.

His smile grows larger and he points two fingers at the sky, one hand. He looks at MJ sinisterly, as his arm slowly lowers down, pointing. MJ also smiles, adjusting the title on her arms, before:

Silas Artoria: You!

Jim Gunt: WHAT!?

Mike Rolash: REALLY!?

His fingers are pointing, but not at MJ, but at...

Silas Artoria: Amber Ryan.

Amber looks at Silas, almost in sheer surprise. She points to herself, mouthing 'really', as Silas cements his choice with a nod. MJ's face drops in shock, almost in fury.

Silas Artoria: I don't believe you have any plans for Paradise, and you still have a singles victory over me during the time when I first started. I'm a different person now, Amber, and I would love to show you how I am. You got me down quickly at Modern Warfare, so let's have some fun in AC. What do you say?

Silas Artoria: Don't consider this a rejection of your offer, Miss Flair. Consider your offer, in holding, shall we say?

Silas drops the microphone, and starts leaving the ring with Autumn.

Jim Gunt: WOW! Can you believe it, Mike? Not only will we see MJ Flair defend the CWF World Title against Caledonia, but Silas Artoria will take on Amber Ryan at Paradise! Just thirteen days away! We'll see you then!

Mike Rolash: I'm so confused...

THIS IS CWF

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