

Evolution: CWF Evolution- Episode 21

Promotion: Championship Wrestling Federation
Date: May 29, 2018
Location: McElroy Auditorium — Waterloo, Iowa

Results

Bal(timore) to the Wall

Match

The picture fades in as Accept's "Balls to the Wall" blares over the PA of the Royal Farms Arena in Baltimore, Maryland. A sell-out crowd of 14 thousand excited CWF fans. A new faction can be seen in the crowd, the Caledonia Highlanders, in kilts and everything (and just like the gentleman with the sign "Long Live the Highlander" at last Evolution apparently oblivious to where both Highlanders actually are from), while elsewhere the Ataxiarmy and the Starrfuckers Inc. are in an intense staredown. The camera slowly finishes its pan of the electric audience and zooms into the stage, where Church vs. State's Blake Church and Charles State are ready, microphones in hands.

Blake Church: Vacation is over, Paradise lies behind us, time to once again go balls to the wall! Hello Ball-timore!

Many cheers and some groans from the audience.

Charles State: You have to forgive my colleague here, but I think he got a little too much sun last week, but when is the last time a little brain damage stopped anybody, right?

Laughs from the crowd.

Blake Church: Anyways, Paradise was epic, there is no other way of describing it, now the countdown for Golden Intentions and Wrestle Fest has started and if Paradise serves as any indication, then we are headed towards more epic goodness, starting right here, this evening.

More cheers from the crowd.

Charles State: Some of you might be a little disappointed that we only have five matches for you, but trust me when I say that there is no shortage in action, especially if one of them contains eight of our finest, battling it out for the number one contendership for the tag team titles to challenge our current champs, the Smokin' Aces!

The crowd goes nuts upon the mentioning of Styles and Jones.

Blake Church: We wish we could be with you for the rest of the evening, but we're being told to hand it over to Jim Gunt and unfortunately Mike Rolash, here you go boys, take it away!

Mike Rolash: You're just jealous.

Blake Church: No, it's more empathy for the viewers and Jim...

Mike Rolash: What are you-

Jim Gunt (with a raised voice): Good evening Baltimore and good evening CWF fans out across the nations, welcome to the first Evolution after Paradise and some people are still finding sand in spots we don't want to talk about, right, Mike?

Mike Rolash: If you are referring to-

An Outsider Emerges...

Match

A group of fans all wearing black hoodies with the logo for a local promotion, Carnage Wrestling, outside of Baltimore is standing at ringside.

Jim Gunt: Seems some fans of the...umm...local talent.

Mike Rolash: Yeah. That isn't what worries me...look at the weirdo in the middle, Jim. Remember him?

Jim Gunt:...Oh crap on a cracker!

Out of the crowd comes a man wearing a long black trenchcoat, black "CW" t-shirt, blue jeans, combat boots, and a half face mask covering what looks like an injury. The long black haired man comes over the railing. Security starts to rush him, but he holds up something. Security reads it and backs off as the man grabs a microphone from ringside.

???: The name...is Trent Steel!

The local fans of Baltimore start to cheer and a lot start to boo because this man's reputation precedes him.

Trent Steel: Relax. I'm not here to fight. I'm here to accept a challenge. As I hear about this show happening on the better side of town that my lovely local federation...I get a call from someone. Rishel calls me and tells me. "Hey...come check out the show. I might have a spot for you in the rumble." So I decided to take him up on the offer. I don't need to watch the rest of this show. The real show...come down to Carnage. When you folks are done playing around.

Jim Gunt: Trent Steel just accepted coming to Golden Intentions, but just insulted the entire roster!

Mike Rolash: That jerk!

Suddenly the lights flicker and laughter starts to echo throughout the arena. Trent looks up to the rafters and smirks as we see Ataxia, in his full top hat regalia, looking down at Trent.

Ataxia: Hello...Master.

Trent Steel: Good to see you to youngin'.

Ataxia: You best watch your language when speaking of my home...

Trent chuckles for a moment.

Ataxia: You think your little federation is better than my home. That's a fight you cannot win, Trent.

Trent Steel: You wanna shut me up, son? See you at Golden Intentions...then will see for once and for all boy, are you made of sterner stuff?

Ataxia: You're on...Don't worry. I'll call your boss and let him know you're going to need some time off to recover from the ass kicking I'm going to give you!

The CWF and Carnage Wrestling fans in the arena start cheering.

Jim Gunt: Ataxia and Trent Steel just announced they are both going into Golden Intentions!

Mike Rolash: Teacher versus Student! This guy might be the only person who has a chance at really messing up Ataxia!

The two stare at each other for a while as Trent finally heads back into the crowd. Ataxia stands for another moment as the lights flicker and he's gone...save for some raven feathers falling to the ground below.

Billy Anderson vs Xander Haze

Match

Jim Gunt: Ladies and gentlemen, the road to Golden Intention is filling up and what news, Trent Steel is back in CWF, even if for just one match!

Mike Rolash: Maybe, just maybe this will finally get Ataxia in check, since nobody around here seems to manage!

Jim Gunt: But let's get to the first match and here something that started at Paradise will either be finished or at the very least continued.

Mike Rolash: Yes, Xander Haze took Billy Anderson out of his match for the impact championship at Paradise through a vicious attack that actually sent Billy to the hospital, so there definitely is some venom injected into this one!

Music hits, "Cowboy" by Kid Rock and Billy comes down the ramp as he walks to one of the fans with a Billy Anderson sign. He takes it from them, and rips it up as he gets very negative reactions. He rolls his eyes, and laughs as he makes his way to the steel steps. He walks up them, and gets in the ring before walking over to the turnbuckle and climbing it. He throws his hands up in the air, and blows a kiss to the fans even though they still boo him. He gets down, and walks the middle of the ring where he poses for the fans as he ignores the boos, soaking in the hate he is getting.

The arena goes dark and "Welcome Home" by Coheed and Cambria starts to play. When the chorus hits, a spotlight lights up the top of the ramp. Xander is at the top of the ramp wearing a hooded black sweater with the hood up. He slowly makes his way down to the ring and as the spotlight follows him, he steps in to the ring, takes a seat in the corner and waits for the bell to ring.

Ray Douglas: The following contest is scheduled for one fall. Introducing first, weighing at 225lbs, from Rincon, Georgia, the Lunatic, Billy Anderson!

The crowd boos as Billy stands in the center of the ring, raising his fist in the air.

Ray Douglas: His opponent from Vancouver, British Columbia, weighing at 220lbs, The Gimp, Xander Haze!!!

Xander steps forward and takes off his hoodie, throws it out and glares at Billy.

Ray Douglas: Let the match begin!

Bell rings.

Xander starts off by immediately putting Billy in a headlock and starts hammering away punch after punch to Billy's temple. Billy struggling to get out of the hold keeps pushing Xander off but Xander keeps tightening his grip. Finally Billy counters with an atomic drop and follows it up with a dropkick. Xander is off his feet and rolls out of the ring and starts to gain his composure, before trying to get back into ring. Billy goes for a suicide dive onto Xander and both men are on the floor.

Jim Gunt: Both men are on the floor! This sure doesn't come as surprise though.

Mike Rolash: Well you have two men who are equally mentally deranged. Of course they are reckless.

Jim Gunt: Look, Billy is the first getting to his feet.

Mike Rolash: What the hell is possibly going on in that messed up head of his?

Billy slowly gets to his feet first. A deranged look comes over his face as he takes Xander up and slams him against the steel stairs. Xander grabs his arm in pain. Billy takes notice and pulls Xander's arm and slams it against the steel railings near the audience. Xander grips his arm and tries to get away from Billy, but Anderson chases after Xander and sends him back into the ring.

Mike Rolash: Well, it's treat to see Billy's extra brutal side today!

Billy then goes up the ring post and goes for a crossbody, but Xander counters with a Big Boot to Billy's face!

Jim Gunt: Oh!!!! That's gotta hurt!

Mike Rolash: You can never count Xander out.

Billy falls flat on the mat and Xander, still gripping his left arm, goes for the pin.

ONE!

TWO!

THR-!!!

Billy kicks out. Xander looks at Billy in disbelief but then gets Billy up on his feet. He goes for a DDT and follows it up with a pin.

ONE!

TWO!

Billy kicks out!

Mike Rolash: Xander is getting desperate here to finish this match.

Jim Gunt: I think Xander must have messed up his arm bad. Prolonging this match any further will give Billy the advantage.

Xander grabs Billy's hair and drags him to his feet, but Billy then goes straight for the Lunatic Drop! Billy goes for the pin!

Jim Gunt: Oh my god!! Is Billy going to pull off an upset??

ONE!!

TWO!!

THREE!!!

WAITT!!!

Xander has his foot on the rope. Billy starts celebrating, but the referee notices the foot and calls off his count. Billy looks at the referee in confusion as the ref starts to explain. Xander quickly catches Billy off guard and rolls Billy into a pin.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!!!

Xander quickly gets out of the ring, laughing as Billy looks at Xander in disbelief.

Ray Douglas: The winner of this match, Xander Haze!

Mike Rolash: Leave it to my boy, Xander Haze. He always gets the job done.

A Father's Love

Match

The camera opens to the backstage area where we see Dorian Hawkhurst standing in a pair of ripped black jeans, a sleeveless "Forsaken Demon" shirt and his hair is hanging out from underneath the hood of his sweatshirt. In front of him is his daughter Chloe, who is wearing an outfit similar to her father, without the hoodie.

Dorian Hawkhurst: This is my reason for everything I do. This is my be all and end all. Without this child, the CWF would be a very, very dangerous place with the Demon around. My ability to hurt people is my meal ticket. I do what I need to do for this child's survival. Like my daughter, I realized that there was no reason that I should stand alone. You didn't see all the friendly faces in the locker room looking to help me out. There was no Caledonia, no Amber Ryan, no Freddie Styles and no Duce Jones offering to extend their hands to me. Do you remember who was there? Do you remember who was there even when I didn't trust them?

Chloe uses her finger to underline the word "Forsaken" on her shirt as Dorian puts his hands on her shoulders.

Dorian Hawkhurst: You're damned right. The Forsaken were there for me. The Shadow and Ataxia showed my fealty when I couldn't even get a handshake from anyone else in the back. So, it is here and now, that I stand alone walking once again into the den of lions. Though I stand alone, I am not alone, because the Forsaken have not Forsaken me. Caledonia, Amber, Omaga... and the Smokin' Aces, should they decide not to be honorable men... you will know the wrath of "The Demon of Sobriety".

Dorian flips his hair and hood away from his face. You can see the intensity in his eyes.

Dorian Hawkhurst: You are nothing more to me than stepping stones. Caledonia, I am coming for your shiny new belt. I don't care how many people I have to step on to get to you or that World Title belt. I don't care about the sweat I pour or how much blood, even my own, that I have to spill.

Chloe: And a demon's blood runs deep.

Dorian Hawkhurst: Couldn't have said it better myself. Ladies, I'll see you all in the main event.

Dorian pats his daughter on the shoulder as the cameras cut away.

Tat for Tit, or something Like that

Match

Committed" by One-Eyed Doll hits the sound system and all eyes turn toward the entrance ramp as the familiar spotlight shines down upon...

Nothing?

Mia Rayne: HEY GUYS! I'M OVER HERE!

The music stops and all eyes once again turn to the ring and to one Mia Rayne waving at no one, trademark smirk on her face and a backpack slung over her shoulders. Mic in hand she laughs to herself before she shakes her head violently, beats her head a couple times with her fist and whips back around, gaze narrowed on the ramp as the music cuts out. There's an adage that says something about the looks on people's faces being known to kill. If that were the case, pray to whatever deity you believe in that Mia's gaze isn't aimed at you. It's murderous and it is centered on the entrance ramp as she begins to talk into her mic.

Mia Rayne: There's not a lot that can be done to piss me off. I go out of my way each and every hour of each and every single day to put a smile on my face, to be happy go lucky, and pretend that I'm of rational mind! Just look at how genuine this smile is!

She stops and puts a finger on her dimple as she smiles, the other one going down to her hip, a classic pose and one that warrants a lot of camera flashes aimed at her direction.

Mia Rayne: I don't look up to a lot of people either, being six feet and an inch has that effect on people.

Her voice starts giving away the fact that she's becoming more and more agitated by the second, she whips from the ropes and starts pacing in the ring back and forth.

Mia Rayne: But CWF had a hero in its midst and seemed to completely miss this fact. I did though. Could you all imagine, one such as myself having a soft spot for someone? There are people watching this show the world over, looking up to their favorite sports stars, and last week fans the world over were forced to watch the massacre of a true hero. I am of course referring to Elisha and company's cowardly attack on Impakt at Paradise.

I get it, I know the questions are going to come.

'Mia! Why do you even care?!'

'Ms. Rayne! Where were you when this was all going on if you care so much?'

This last question, even though asked by her own voice stops Mia dead in her tracks, her body language gone stiff and rigid, as if frozen suddenly. The tension radiating from her is palpable.

Mia Rayne: I CA...Ahem... Sorry, frog in the throat...

She takes the mic away and bows her head, scratching an itch right underneath her eye.

Mia Rayne: I care because Impakt is the hero that everyone looks up to. He didn't deserve what happened to him and he deserved to have some backup. I'm not going to go and make excuses as to why I wasn't there for him then, it's in the past, I can't change my actions as much as I would like to. The only thing I can do about it now, is forge forward and blaze a new trail.

Which is why I'm going after the one thing in this place that can solely hold responsibility for our hero to be hospitalized. Come out, come out where ever you are, Elisha. Or do I have to stand in front of a bathroom mirror and say your name five times before you 'grant me audience' with the Moon Child almighty?

Mia strolls upward toward the entrance ramp and continues to mock Elisha, who in the blink of an eye appears right behind Mia! She senses his presence and jumps, turning around in the air and landing with her back on the ropes. She grabs at her heart, mocking having a heart attack before smiling grimly and stands up.

Mia Rayne: Well shit. If there's one thing I've learned, it's to always expect The SPANISH INQUISITION!

Without too much more thought she reaches behind her and whips out her cast iron skillet named Link! She takes a MASSIVE swing right where Elisha's head would have been, had he not jumped backward in the nick of time! Mia's momentum carries her around in a circle and she laughs as she collapses underneath the bottom rope and retreats up and over the closest barricade, and into the crowd.

Mia Rayne: I grew up watching this shit, Elisha, and you know what I always wondered? Why the fuck no one ever took a perfectly good microphone with them to talk trash while they make their planned retreat? The one thing you never do, Elisha... Never piss off the crazy ones...

Semi colon.

Right parenthesis.

The audible sound of a mic being dropped can be heard followed by the shrill shriek of Mia Rayne's laugh as she leaves Elisha in the ring.

Dean Coulter vs MJ Flair

Match

Jim Gunt: I am not really know what to say, but Mia Rayne may just have signed her own death certificate...

Mike Rolash: I don't know when is the last time someone did not just call out Elisha, but just leave him standing in the ring like that, I can just picture how Ouroboros is now re-sorting their hit list...

Jim Gunt: They better ramp up security for the tag match, because I would not be surprised, if there was something or someone coming... But enough of this, I've been looking forward to this match right here ever since it was announced, Mike! Two former Champions, each of whom lost their titles at Paradise, facing off in what might be considered a bit of a second chance!

Mike Rolash: So you're saying... they lost in Paradise?

Jim Gunt: You really have issues.

Ray Douglas: This next contest is scheduled for one fall, with a thirty minute time limit. Introducing first... from Warwick, New York...

CUE UP: "Smash the Control Machine" by OTEP, as the fans start to cheer.

Ray Douglas: Weighing in at one hundred and thirty pounds... EMM... JAY... FLAIRRRR!!!!

Mike Rolash: Let me see those tears. I bet they taste like desperation.

Jim Gunt: She is not crying, Mike!

Mike Rolash: Well, why not? What else does she have to look forward to in this company?

Jim Gunt: It's not like you lose the World Title and have to retire from main events forever, Mike!

Mike Rolash: Yeah, but it'd be nice...

MJ Flair makes her usual entrance: she takes a lap around the ring and climbs to the top turnbuckle from the floor with a fist in the air; the only thing missing, of course, is the title belt she used to hold. Regardless, she drops to the mat, shakes hands with Douglas, and fist bumps the referee.

Ray Douglas: AND HER OPPONENT... from Gold Coast, Queensland, Australia...

CUE UP: "Hope" by Apocalyptica. The fan reaction takes a turn.

Ray Douglas: Weighing in at two hundred and fifteen pounds... DEAN... COULTER!!

Jim Gunt: Dean Coulter looking as haggard as ever as he approaches the ring... this association with the Ouroboros has really taken its toll on him.

Mike Rolash: Is that why he's got Cassandra with him?

While Cassandra is, in fact, following Dean Coulter to the ring, she is far enough back that he may or may not even realize she's there.

Jim Gunt: Dean Coulter does not look like a man confidently backed up; it's more likely Cassandra is out here of her own free will, or that of the Ouroboros as a group, as a response to the verbal barbs that Flair has been sending their way for weeks.

True to Gunt's prediction, Dean climbs into the ring and leans back into the corner, apparently oblivious to Cassandra's presence, and simply nods at the referee to start the match.

Mike Rolash: All of a sudden I feel like listening to The Smiths and cutting my wrists.

Jim Gunt: That's a little dramatic for Dean Coulter's current predicament, Mike.

Mike Rolash: What? Dean? I'm talking about Polly Paleface over there.

The referee calls both wrestlers to the middle of the ring as the bell sounds, and MJ acquiesces, but Dean remains in the corner, looking down and somewhat forlorn. As the referee calls for him to come to the center of the ring and

engage a second time, MJ starts to pace.

Jim Gunt: She looks like a caged animal, Mike...

Mike Rolash: Absolutely. For all the bluff and bluster about friendship and that dumb crap, she clearly has a chip on her shoulder over her loss to Caledonia and wants to hurt someone. And if it can't be the new Champion, it'll be someone else.

Jim Gunt: I don't think it was bluff and bluster, or dumb crap, Mike. Truth told, it was refreshing to see two athletes give it their all without wanting to kill each other outside the ring.

Mike Rolash: Maybe for you, but I was bored to tears.

Finally, Dean Coulter steps to the middle of the ring, and the former Tag Team champion looks eye to eye with the former World champion. He still makes no aggressive moves. MJ tries to lock up, but Dean doesn't engage. MJ runs a hand through her hair and looks away - and that's when Dean strikes! Kick to the head! MJ falls to her knees, and Dean kicks her again in the chest, once, twice, three times--

Jim Gunt: MJ grabs Dean's foot! She spins him with a single leg takedown!

Mike Rolash: How embarrassing; taken down by a girl.

Jim Gunt: Mike. She's RIGHT THERE!

Taking a moment to collect herself, just as Dean Coulter pulls himself up, MJ backs up, defensively. Dean turns back towards the former Champ and steps towards her, while MJ does the same - only Cassandra grabs her boot from the floor! MJ turns and kicks at her head, but Cassandra lets go and backs up! Forearm to the back by Dean Coulter!

Jim Gunt: Come on, ref! At least send Cassandra away!

Mike Rolash: Nope! Ref didn't see it, she didn't do it.

Dean lifts MJ over his head with a release German suplex, and she rolls back to the corner. Dean follows up slowly; he does not seem to be in any rush.

Jim Gunt: You can see the reluctance on Coulter's face, Mike!

Mike Rolash: I'll agree with Polly Paleface on that one point, Jim - Dean was probably better off with his tag team partner, because he looks completely miserable now.

As the former Tag Team champion stands over his opponent, he grabs her by the hair - FOREARM TO THE FACE! Dean staggers backwards, stunned, while MJ steps up and hooks him around the waist... SPINEBUSTER! Cover, ONE... TWO... Kickout!

Jim Gunt: Far too early, though with Dean's current state of mind it wasn't an impossibility!

MJ scoops Dean and backs him into the ropes, and she whips him across the ring - Dean reverses! MJ off the opposite side, Dean with a clothesline - MJ ducks!

Jim Gunt: CASSANDRA TRIPS UP FLAIR! She just took a faceplant into the mat! Finally, referee Trent Robbins warns her to keep out of the match, but she's clearly done her damage and has shifted the momentum again.

Mike Rolash: If you can't hack it when you're getting attacked by multiple people, you don't belong in this sport.

Jim Gunt: One of these days I'm gonna sit you down between MJ and Amber Ryan and let you talk until they leave you a bloody smear on the mat.

Mike Rolash: You couldn't do this without me.

Jim Gunt: But I'd love the opportunity to try.

Dean Coulter approaches MJ slowly, and drops a leg on the back of her neck! He rolls her over and covers, ONE... TWO... Kickout! MJ immediately rolls towards the ropes, but hesitates in grabbing the closest one to give herself a moment when she comes eye to eye with Cassandra, and Dean uses the opportunity to grab MJ in a full nelson and pull her backwards... Dragon Suplex! He bridges, ONE... TWO... MJ slips out of it! She rolls backwards and drops an elbow on Dean's neck, and grabs his leg from afar! ONE... TWO... Kickout!

Jim Gunt: Nice reversal by Flair, but Dean still has some fight in him!

MJ pulls back to her feet and measures Dean, finally with a bit of a breather and control of the match. Hands on knees, she measures the Lost Boy as Coulter pulls himself to his feet... Dropkick puts him right back down! The fans cheer for MJ as she circles him again while Dean gets back to his feet, and MJ off the ropes... Clothesline! DEAN DROPS TO HIS KNEES!

Jim Gunt: Was that exhaustion or strategy? Flair's clothesline flew right over Coulter's head... CASSANDRA PULLS THE TOP ROPE! FLAIR TO THE OUTSIDE!

Mike Rolash: Here we go!

The fans closest to the floor stand and crowd to see what's about to happen, as Trent Robbins calls for the bell! Cassandra lays a series of kicks to MJ's chest and stomach, crazed with rage!

Jim Gunt: Cassandra physically assaulting MJ as payback for the verbal assault that the former Champion has given the Ouroboros these past few weeks! Ray Douglas making the announcement that Dean Coulter has been disqualified, but I think the message is more important than the outcome right now!

Even more boos from the fans as Cassandra grabs a chair from the front row and pulls it out of the fans' hands. MJ pulls herself to her knees while Cassandra takes aim.

Jim Gunt: Where's security? This is outrageous!

Mike Rolash: HEY! Some fan just grabbed Cassandra's chair! THAT is outrageous!

As Cassandra swings, her swing stops short when someone from the front row grabs the edge of the chair and wrenches it out of her grip! She turns towards the man, but he blasts her in the face! The man climbs over the guardrail and drives the chair into Cassandra's back!

Jim Gunt: He looks familiar, Mike!

Mike Rolash: He's about to get some security to the face!

The man reaches down and helps MJ to her feet, and the former Champion looks at him with recognition, and a bit of apprehension.

Jim Gunt: My goodness, Mike... That... That's ERIC DANE!

Mike Rolash: Who?

Jim Gunt: "The Only Star" Eric Dane! That man owns DEFIANCE Wrestling, and he's won multiple World

Championships over a near twenty year career! He's a verifiable legend in this sport, Mike! What's he doing here in the CWF, and why is he coming to MJ Flair's aid?

Mike Rolash: More importantly, why isn't security punching him in the face?

The fans close enough to recognize the newcomer start to cheer, and chant his name - while Dane himself smirks and gestures to Dean Coulter to come towards him. Dean, seeing the score, wisely declines.

Jim Gunt: Let's take a quick break while we get all of this sorted out! I can't believe this!

Well, this is awkward...

Match

We cut backstage, in front of a CWF banner advertising Golden Intentions (only on PPV and Slack!), with Tara Robinson standing and waiting for her cue. She looks to her left and to her right with just a hint of nervousness. To her right, MJ Flair stands, though she is rocking nervously from one foot to the other.

Tara Robinson: Good evening, CWF fans, my name is Tara Robinson, and I'm joined at this time by former CWF World Champion, MJ Flair. Ms. Flair, you and Dean Coulter wrestled a knock down, drag out match, only for the fight to be interrupted. While it was Cassandra's interference that ultimately spelled the end of the match, what's got everyone buzzing was the gentleman who came to your aid...

The camera view zooms out and to the side a bit, as "The Only Star" Eric Dane steps into view. He looks down on MJ, but she holds his gaze.

Tara Robinson: ...former multiple time World Heavyweight Champion and owner - slash - founder of DEFIANCE Wrestling, Eric Dane. Can you tell us a little something about your history?

MJF: We don't really have one. Eric and I were in the same wrestling company for about five months. I left due to personal issues, and he went on to become the World Champion.

She looks at him while he smirks.

MJF: Thanks for the backup, but I'm not sure what it was all about.

Eric Dane: You might not, but ask your dad.

At that, MJ's eyes go wide.

Eric Dane: I owed him one, so here I am.

He turns back to Tara.

Eric Dane: In the future, Ms. Robinson, you'll learn that the best way to find out about The Only Star is to go straight to the source.

He smirks.

Tara Robinson: Well then, straight to the source it is! Tell me then Eric-

The smirk disappears as he holds a hand up to stop her.

Eric Dane: You don't know me like that, you can call me Mr. Dane for the time being.

Tara takes a deep breath, swallowing pride and maintaining composure while in front of the camera. Her affable smile returns after a split second and she carries on.

Tara Robinson: Alright then, Mr. Dane, tell me, tell the world, or even tell Ms. Flair here, what are your intentions here in the Championship Wrestling Federation?

Eric gives a slight nod at her straightforward journalism.

Eric Dane: The answer to that is simple, and it's two-fold. Number one, I was brought up in this business to leave it better than I found it. That is, to give back, in order to pay back those who gave to me when I was a pup, like this one is now. One day when she's all grown up she'll understand it just like I do-

This time Mariella interrupts.

MJF: You realize I'm a former World Champion, right?

Dane's brow furrows.

Eric Dane: Wake me when you hit double digits. Or when you hit 'three.'

He turns his attention right back to Tara Robinson's microphone.

Eric Dane: As far as why I'm here, and what I plan to accomplish within the CWF, as you already well know I'm a competitor with a championship pedigree. I want competition, I want title shots, and I want glory. Now, where better to find all three than in the Golden Intentions rumble match?

Eyes go wide on the faces of both ladies, Dane's smirk returns.

Eric Dane: In the meantime, now that I'm here and I've had a chance to survey the landscape, I'm here to make sure that scum like Coulter and Cassandra aren't allowed to run roughshod over the place. That, and to seek out and beat up people who actively think too highly of themselves. That is to say, I have a nasty habit of knocking people off of their high horses and dragging them kicking and screaming back down to reality.

Tara Robinson: So you're here to stay, then?

Eric Dane: For the time being, yes.

He smiles at MJ.

Eric Dane: You're welcome.

And he walks away. Tara and MJ watch him.

Tara Robinson: That was interesting.

MJF: I've got a call to make.

Cut.

Closer View

Match

Mike Rolash: This is shaping up to be an incredible show, Trent Steel entering Golden Intentions, now Eric Dane not just coming for the rumble, but even joining CWF!

Jim Gunt: Next thing we'll see is you announcing you'll be entering, eh, Mikey?

Suddenly the fans' cheers turn into roars as "Ali Bomaye" bangs through the speakers. The newly crowned CWF Tag Team Champions make their way through the curtains as the crowd becomes even louder. Freddie and Duce split off to separate ends of the stage displaying their belts to the crowd.

Jim Gunt: Well this is a surprise, we were not expecting the tag champs this early.

Mike Rolash: You got a pillow Jimbo? I think it's time for a nap.

The champs make their way down the aisle, slapping hands with fans as they make their way to ringside. Freddie heads up the steps, as Duce leaps onto the apron. Both members of Smokin' Aces step inside of the ring, both men taking separate corners to display their belts proudly to the cheering Baltimore crowd. After the display, they both hop down, Duce receiving a microphone from Ray Douglas. The crowd quiets down, as Duce brings the mic to his mouth.

Duce: See Freddie, told you I had a plan...

Both men smile as they raise their belts once more. The crowd chanting their team name respectively.

"SMOKIN' ACES!"

CLAP-CLAP

CLAP-CLAP-CLAP

"SMOKIN' ACES!"

Duce: A plan that brought us these CWF World Tag Team titles. I know there are a few folks out there who might think this victory is a bit.... Tainted...

The crowd boos as Freddie chimes in.

Freddie: Tainted?

Duce: Yes my good man. Tainted. Say we took advantage of a tattered friendship.

Freddie: Who us?

Duce: Yes Frederick, but I say we saw an opportunity and we took advantage of that opportunity.

Freddie: An opportunity that any of these other teams would have taken if they were in our shoes.

Duce: That is right, but you see Smokin' Aces are here tonight to say we are fighting champions! We will bring respect and honor back to these titles that were so eloquently dwindled away by the reign of the Lost Boys! We are here to say that we are able and willing to take on all challengers!

The crowd cheers as Duce smiles once more, his platinum teeth sparkling in the lights.

Duce: Which brings me to why we're out here. You see there is about to be a number one contenders match for these belts. And in the spirit of letting all these challengers know that we take them all seriously and will be scouting this match at ringside.

Freddie: Seriously. We're watching you!

Duce: I hope you guys are here to bring your A-Game, cuz whoever wins. When you two step inside of the ring with us, be prepared for your aces to be Smoked!

"Ali Bomaye" plays again as Freddie and Duce exit the ring, retrieving two chairs and having a seat at ringside.

Jim Gunt: Well I guess our champs want to get an up close view at their potential challengers.

Mike Rolash: At least they're sitting over there. Really couldn't take talking to those two during this match.

The Forsaken vs The Coalition vs Revenant & Azrael vs The Danger Boiz

Match

Ray Douglas: Ladies and gentlemen, the next match is a Fatal Fourway tag team match for the #1 contendership for the CWF Tag Team Championship. First to the ring is the team of Revenant and Azrael!

Halestorm's "I am the Fire" starts to play as the lights in the arena dim and the two unlikely companions step through the curtain to a very uncertain reaction by the crowds, who are not sure if they should cheer or jeer. Undeterred from that, they make their way to the ring, ignoring any stretched out hands by the Baltimore fans.

Jim Gunt: Two of the more mysterious figures in CWF are teaming up here and this federation is no stranger to odd line-ups, some of which have actually worked out pretty well.

Mike Rolash: And both of these men have not disclosed their origins, this is starting to become a trend here, CWF is

going to be in deep, deep trouble with the IRS soon!

Jim Gunt: Azrael is just coming off a grueling match with Mia Rayne at our Paradise PPV and we will have to see if that is going to affect him in any way.

Ray Douglas: Next to the ring, hailing from Smithville, Tennessee, Crazy Chris, Dangerous Dan - the DANGER BOIZ!

"Thunder" by Imagine Dragons blasts through the PA as the brother duo jumps through the curtains, striking a pose for the fans and bathing in the cheers from the fans. Clearly pumped for the opportunity tonight, they bounce and run to the ring, each of the brothers taking one side of the ramp to make fans happy by slapping hands.

Jim Gunt: The Danger Boiz are undoubtedly the most experienced team here and also the only one that has had the title in their hands at one point, even though it has been a long time ago.

Mike Rolash: That does not take away from them being the perennial fan favourites, sticking with them even though success has mostly eluded them of late.

Ray Douglas: The third team, the Psychotic Aristocrat Silas Artoria and the Beautiful Psychopath Autumn Raven - the HARBINGERS!

The lights go black and "Arousal" from the "Dark Dreams Don't Die" soundtrack comes on. Dark blue lights illuminate the fog wafting down the ramp from the stage and Silas Artoria and Autumn Raven walk down arm in arm.

Jim Gunt: Now this is a team that has gone through quite tumultuous times here, with pretty mixed results and half of their Coalition breaking away, so this might be the match, where they can change their fortunes again.

Mike Rolash: If they can win this battle today, they are right back in the midst of it, challenging the Smokin' Aces for their title! But we will have to see, how the recent losses may have affected the team's spirits, this can really weight down.

As they pass the spot the Smokin' Aces have chosen as their own, they briefly stop and stare holes into the current champions' skulls.

Ray Douglas: And the final team, The Shadow and Mia Rayne - the FORSAKEN!

The lights go out again. "Mea Culpa" by After Forever starts with its ominous keyboard sounds. As the choir sets in, fog starts to waft around the ring, illuminated only with cold, blue light, the ring itself is dark. As the choirs reach their

crescendo, the light flickers with rising intensity and as the choir stops, the lights go back on and The Shadow and Mia Rayne stand in the centre of the ring, stoic and unmoving under their hoods.

Jim Gunt: Now this is one odd success story, from a group of outsiders that felt just thrown together, The Forsaken have now grown to four with the surprise addition of Dorian Hawkhurst at Paradise and Dorian is a former Impact champion, and so is The Shadow, Ataxia is holding that title right now and now they have a chance to advance towards the tag team titles, so this is shaping up to be quite interesting.

Mike Rolash: These freaks really seem to be working together well, but The Shadow lost to Elisha on the pirate ship and almost got struck by lightning and Mia looks in pretty rough shape after her match against Azrael, so that might spell doom for them right then and there.

The starting line-up for this match is Revenant, Dangerous Dan, Silas Artoria and The Shadow as referee Trent Robbins sends each into their respective corners before the bell rings.

Jim Gunt: And now we are underway!

Revenant goes right for Dangerous Dan, using his weight advantage of 80 pounds to the fullest extent, pushing him into the corner of Autumn Raven, who raises her hands as a sign that she is not interfering, while in the middle of the ring Silas Artoria and Mia Rayne are having a staredown from their corners. Then slowly Mia turns around and raises her arms to her sides as if telling Silas that she is not afraid of him.

Mike Rolash: What is she doing there?

Jim Gunt: I am not sure, but Silas is coming in!

Silas runs off to take advantage of the odd behaviour of Mia, but feeling him running, Mia tags in The Shadow, who goes to the top rope and jumps off over Mia with an immense SHOULDER BLOCK to Silas, stopping him dead in his tracks!

"HOLY SHIT!"

Jim Gunt: Wow, what a move this early on and what a statement!

Mike Rolash: But this did not take long...

Revenant has thrown Dangerous Dan over the top rope and comes barreling down the ring just as The Shadow is

getting back to his feet, landing a CLOTHESLINE FROM HELL, turning the Weaver of Dreams inside out and sending him down right next to Silas.

ONE...

TW-

KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: Good ring intelligence by Revenant, trying to cash in on this early offense there!

Mike Rolash: Looks like his loss to Dorian at Paradise has woken him up a bit and shown him that the grapes are hanging higher in CWF!

The Shadow is not happy about the undead man's surprise attack and subsequent cover and just as he gets to his feet launches himself into a spear at Revenant, but Silas raises his leg just enough to trip up his dark adversary and Revenant takes the opportunity for a monstrous DDT!

Jim Gunt: Wow, after his opening attack, The Shadow has really gone down!

Mike Rolash: Yes, Revenant is really laying waste here!

ONE...

TWO...

THR-

Jim Gunt: I would not have thought I'd ever see Silas come to the aid of The Shadow, but he breaks the pin attempt!

Revenant is right back on his feet, but gets felled by a drop kick to the back of the head by Dangerous Dan that everybody had forgotten outside of the ring, eliciting a huge cheer by the Baltimore crowd.

Mike Rolash: Oh yeah, he's still in here, too!

Encouraged by the crowd's reaction and the fact that three wrestlers are down, Dan climbs up to the top rope and readies himself for a Swanton bomb. He jumps off, but he waited too long and Silas brings up his legs and embeds his knees into Dangerous Dan's spine!

Jim Gunt: Oh my God, his spine could be broken!

Mike Rolash: He goes for the cover!

ONE!

TW-

Crazy Chris breaks the cover and then rolls his brother out of the ring before Trent Robbins makes it clear that he has to leave the ring. Now Silas sees an opportunity to gain the upper hand and drags The Shadow to his feet by the hair. He whips him into the ropes and nails a LARIAT that sends his still groggy opponent over the ropes and to the ground outside of the ring, crumpling in a heap. Without losing a beat he moves on to Revenant and quenches his slow ascent into a vertical position with a knee to the head before casually walking into his corner, tagging in Autumn Raven.

Jim Gunt: The first tag of the match other than Mia and The Shadow's ruse at the beginning!

Mike Rolash: Well, people have been mostly laying around so far.

With only one opponent in the ring, Autumn gives Revenant two hard knee drops before trying to roll the big man over, but the 175 lb weight disadvantage proves too much for the Harbinger and she tags Silas back in, while Crazy Chris is stomping his leg and clapping to get the crowd going and give his brother some extra energy to recover and come back for the tag. Together Silas and Autumn drag Revenant up and as Silas holds the big man up, Autumn goes for the ropes and delivers a MISSILE DROP KICK into the gut of Revenant.

Mike Rolash: Told ya, the Harbingers have something to prove and they are going for it!

ONE!

TWO!

THR-

Jim Gunt: Azrael's first action in the match! And with a hard elbow right on the spine of Silas!

Ref Robbins is throwing Azrael out of the ring, while Silas is writhing on the mat. Both Dangerous Dan and The Shadow are back up on the apron, looking at each other. With a brief nod they both jump up on the top rope and launch themselves off, Dan with an ELBOW DROP to Silas and The Shadow with the HAMMER OF DOOM to Revenant!

Jim Gunt: How fast the tides have turned here! SUPERKICK by Dan to the head of The Shadow, but he manages to duck under!

Instead of going after Dan, The Shadow jumps off and tags in Mia Rayne, who has been chomping at the bits. She comes flying in, leveling Crazy Chris, who just jumped in after being tagged in by his brother, with a vicious clothesline, when a voice from across the ring distracts her.

Azrael: Hello my dear, I saved the straight jacket for you, because you do not belong in a ring!

Mia's expression changes from steely determination to a big, beaming smile.

Mia: Why, thank you, Az, this is the nicest thing you've ever said to me!

As Azrael stands there dumbfounded, Mia turns around to come face to face with Autumn.

Jim Gunt: I don't think that went how Azrael had planned.

Mike Rolash: Haha, no, and he is the only athlete here to not have managed to get into the ring!

Revenant is outside of the ring, using the barriers around the ring to help him move over towards his corner, but inside the ring the ladies are right nose to nose.

Jim Gunt: Even though Mia and Autumn have never faced each other in the ring before, they still have some history with each other, with some exchanged messages to become "gal pals" or something.

Mike Rolash: I think they would have fit together, given they are both positively nuts. I agree with Azrael on that one. They are not looking very "pal" right now, though, Jimmy...

Autumn breaks the staring contest with a loud, resounding slap to Mia's face, which is not going over well with her. A

strong push with both arms sends Autumn flailing into the ropes and catching her with a drop kick, but just as she gets back up to jump on Autumn, Crazy Chris is getting his retribution with a kick into Mia's lower back. But he neither has time to celebrate or plan, because unbeknownst to the active wrestlers in the ring, Revenant has managed to complete his stumble along the ring and has tagged in Azrael, who is spearing Chris into the ring corner.

Jim Gunt: This exploded quickly!

Other than Chris that is still slumped in the corner, Mia, Autumn and Azrael are standing opposite each other, in defensive positions, waiting for the other side to make their first move. Autumn quickly drops down and hits Mia with a leg sweep, while Azrael jumps right in and grabs Mia's left arm into a tight ARM BAR, making Mia yell out in pain, since her shoulder had just started to heal.

Mike Rolash: Azrael has not forgotten!

Fearing for Mia to tap out from the pain, though, Autumn kicks Azrael in the head, forcing him to let go, but she does not waste any time and tries to log in the arm bar herself to give her the upper hand in case Mia would have to give in. In this moment Chris has recovered enough to grab on to Mia's leg and pull with all of his might, breaking the hold, but going with the reaction of Mia not without inflicting considerably more pain.

Jim Gunt: They are focusing on the weakest link in this match right now, Mia's shoulder, which, if you watched Paradise you already know, she had dislocated in the brutal Hope on a Rope match against Azrael.

Mike Rolash: Her biggest advantage right now, though, is the other three fighting each other to be the one to make her give up.

In a flurry of activity Crazy Chris, Azrael and Autumn are punching and kicking each other like a pack of hyenas fighting over the spoils of a successful hunt, all the while Mia manages to crawl amidst the chaos and into her corner, tagging in The Shadow with a loud slap. As her fellow Forsaken steps through the ropes, Autumn brings in Silas and suddenly the flurry of activity in the ring comes to a momentary halt. The Shadow and Silas are staring each other down, so both Azrael and Crazy Chris are trying to take their chances with an attack.

Jim Gunt: Both men come in swinging, but both Silas and The Shadow duck under! RKO by The Shadow!

Mike Rolash: And GERMAN SUPLEX by Silas!

Jim Gunt: And both cover at the same time!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: Uh, what now?

Jim Gunt: Not sure actually.

Mike Rolash: Oh, Rish is coming!

The CWF's CEO is coming out the entrance onto the stage, with a microphone in hand.

J. Rish: The Danger Boiz and Revenant/Azrael have been pinned and eliminated, now it is the Harbingers against the Forsaken for the #1 contendership! Have fun!

With that he turns and disappears backstage...

Jim Gunt: Wow, this is heating up now, only two teams left, but Mia is hurt, so this could turn into a handicap match for The Shadow!

With a wicked grin Silas runs at his opponent right after Rish had made his announcement, hitting The Shadow with a stiff kick between the shoulders, sending him into the ropes. He follows right up with a dropkick that pushes The Shadow over the ropes and to the outside. The Psychotic Aristocrat is right outside the ring, pulling his opponent back up, going for a whip-in, but a REVERSAL sends Silas right into the ring post!

ONE!

TWO!

The Shadow takes Silas and BACKBREAKER!

Jim Gunt: Is it just me or are they kicking this into next gear?

THREE!

Mike Rolash: Yes, they- AAAAH!

The Shadow is flying across the commentator table after Silas uses the momentum of him running at him and tossing him over the table.

Jim Gunt: I did not see that coming!

Mike Rolash: No shit, Einstein!

FOUR!

Silas is pulling equipment out of the way to get to The Shadow, who is trying to extract himself from chairs and wires. Finally he gets him clear and rolls him onto the table before climbing on himself.

Jim Gunt: This is not going to end well.

Mike Rolash: Hey, that's my line!

FIVE!

SIX!

Silas picks up The Shadow and SITDOWN POWERBOMB THROUGH THE TABLE! The Shadow is laying down amidst the wreckage, while Silas rolled off the remains of the table, holding his back from the previous treatment and the impact.

SEVEN!

Mike Rolash: Dumb question, what happens if they both get counted out?

Jim Gunt: Actually not as dumb as you would think, given what we've seen earlier, maybe it'd turn into a singles match between Autumn and Mia?

Mike Rolash: Hm, interesting thought. Something is missing.

Jim Gunt: Hm?

Mike Rolash: Ataxia hasn't scared the bejeezus out of me yet!

EIGHT!

Surprisingly The Shadow is to his feet first, thanks to the apron, with Silas still writhing in pain on the floor.

NINE!

Just in the nick of time The Shadow rolls into the ring breaking the count, but instead of going back out to follow up on Silas, he remains on the mat, catching his breath.

ONE!

Jim Gunt: Technically all he has to do is stay there and see, if Silas can't make it back in time.

Mike Rolash: Didn't think of that.

Jim Gunt: Thinking - that's why I'm here with you.

TWO!

Silas is on his hands and knees, a grimace of pain on his face. Slowly he crawls over to the ring steps and pulls himself up.

THREE!

FOUR!

The Shadow is still on his back as Silas ever so slowly comes up the steps.

FIVE!

SIX!

Jim Gunt: I think Silas is going to make it back in, but how much fight does he have left in him?

Mike Rolash: You can say the same about The Shadow, who is just getting up himself.

Holding on to the ropes, The Shadow is back to a vertical base as Silas comes through the ropes, who tries to reach his corner, but The Shadow grabs his arm and pulls him back into the ring, then hoists him up into a TORTURE RACK!

Jim Gunt: Oh my God, Silas already has a hurt back, this is going to break him in half!

Ref Trent Robbins is right there checking on Silas, if he will give up, but he vehemently shakes his head. The Shadow tries to apply more pressure, but he seems to be feeling the effects from that earlier power bomb! The referee asks Silas one more time, but as he continues to shake his head, The Shadow lets himself fall backwards and turns it into some kind of Samoan drop. Silas arches his back in pain from the impact as The Shadow gets to his feet.

Jim Gunt: Tag with Mia, I think they are setting up the end.

Together Mia and The Shadow get Silas back up and The Shadow lifts Silas up onto Mia's back.

Mike Rolash: Oh no, they don't!

Jim Gunt: Oh yes, they do! COMPLEX MADNESS!

Mia delivers a devastating WIDOW'S PEAK, but cries out as her shoulder gets jolted by the impact. Still she manages to roll herself onto Silas for the count!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: And the winner and new number one contenders for the tag team title, Mia Rayne and The Shadow - THE FORSAKEN!!!

In unison The Shadow and Mia turn towards Freddie Styles and Duce Jones, each pointing a finger at them, which the Smokin' Aces acknowledge with a simple nod.

Mike Rolash: Really? I mean REALLY? Do we really need any more titles on these freaks? How much you want to bet that the next thing is going to be that the lights go-

Suddenly the lights in the arena go out.

Mike Rolash: There we have it. AAAAAH!

When the lights come back on, Ataxia is right next to Mike, holding him in a tight hug.

Ataxia: Aaaah, fraaaaand!

Mike Rolash: GET - OFF - ME!!!

Suddenly the lights are back out and a scream by Mike can be heard. When the darkness lifts, Mike sits in his chair, stiff as a plank.

Jim Gunt: Whoa, Mikey, are you ok?

Mike Rolash (pale and visibly shaken): H-he... kissed m-me on the ch-ch-cheek...

Jim Gunt: Oh boy, next we'll know you'll be in trouble with Mia! OH! There she is!

Mike whirls around in terror, but nobody is there.

Jim Gunt (laughing): Gotcha!

Staking a Claim

Match

Silas is pacing around the backstage, Autumn following behind him. His expression is unblinking, joyless, and almost uncomfortable. He pushes a stage handler to the side, boxes crashing down on him. Coming up behind him is Tara Robinson, microphone in hand.

Tara Robinson: Autumn, after your performance toni--

Autumn Raven: Not the time.

Tara gets taken aback.

Autumn Raven: I wouldn't approach Silas.

She does.

Tara Robinson: Silas, you've had a turbulent time recently. You challenged Amber Ryan to a match, lost the match, and now lost a contendership for the tag team championships at Golden Intentions. What's next for Si--

Silas snatches the microphone and pushes Tara to the side, knocking a catering table over. Autumn freezes, as does Tara, as Silas approaches the latter. He raises the microphone.

Silas Artoria: I'll do the talking.

He spits to the side, ready to bellow. He looks at the camera.

Silas Artoria: WE ARE ON THE ROAD TO WRESTLEFEST, WITH A BRIEF PITSTOP IN PHILADELPHIA FOR GOLDEN INTENTIONS, SO I THINK IT'S FAIR TO GET A GOOD IDEA ON WHAT IS COMING.

A small growl escapes his mouth.

Silas Artoria: When I arrived at this company back in November, I made it a goal that I was going to leave an impression in one form or another. I was not going to go down into a burning sea, swallowed by the tides of obscurity as many others had before and currently now. I've taken on a multitude of tag teams and single competitors, and built myself up from the goddamn ground up to get to my position in this company.

Autumn slowly moves towards Silas.

Autumn Raven: Silas, you--

Silas Artoria: SILENCE!

Silas looks at Autumn dead in the eye, with no sense of sarcasm to be seen or heard. Autumn keeps her eyes on Silas, before she ultimately steps back. Silas nods, and she retreats back further.

Silas Artoria: Before Paradise, before Ryan, there was a lingering question in the air that surrounded the forthcoming event. Mariell--no!

Silas pauses for a moment, thought clouding over him.

Silas Artoria: The champion, held up her belt in the air, stared me down, and begged for a match against me, with said title. I had to think long and hard about that moment, and I opted to cultivate and polish my skills. BUT...

He looks right at the camera, unblinking, and vicious.

Silas Artoria: I've been restraining myself for far too long for too many months, I need to take the damn gloves off now, and be straight up.

Deep breath.

Silas Artoria: CALEDONIA!

He points to the camera.

Silas Artoria: YOU!

He points to himself.

Silas Artoria: ME!

He drops his arm slowly.

Silas Artoria: GOLDEN INTENTIONS!

Another deep breath.

Silas Artoria: I EXPECT AN ANSWER TONIGHT, AND I AM GOING TO GET IT OUT OF YOU!

He throws the microphone to the ground and makes his way past the camera. Autumn looks nervously towards the offscreen Silas, swallows, and follows him.

Distortions

Match

Jim Gunt: Wow, Silas is not a happy camper and he has thrown down the gauntlet right into Caledonia's general direction, looks like he doesn't feel a personal connection to his last target MJ Flair, but is aiming for the top!

"Sex Metal Barbie" by In This Moment plays as Amber Ryan walks onto the stage and down the ramp, carrying her Unhinged briefcase.

Jim Gunt: Well this is unexpected! What could Amber Ryan want?

Mike Rolash: Please be announcing a career as a stripper, please be announcing a career as a stripper...

Jim Gunt: You have issues.

Amber reaches the ring and signals for a microphone.

Amber Ryan: Alright. So.

She looks around, a little unsure what to make of the crowd's reaction. It's a lot more positive than usual, possibly motivated by her two big PPV wins.

Amber Ryan: As you all know, I won this here briefcase at Unhinged. And as you all know, it gives me the right to a title shot any time I want one.

The crowd cheers, with a handful of boos from a section of fans bearing Caledonia signs.

Amber Ryan: Right. Well. Here's the thing. I'm not going to bullshit you all. I thought about cashing it in last week, in my home town of Atlantic City, as soon as the World Title match was complete.

A surprising number of boos. Amber looks annoyed.

Amber Ryan: Hey, I didn't fucking do it, did I? And there's a reason for that. The current World Champion, Caledonia Highlander -

Massive cheers. Amber rolls her eyes, but doesn't look as annoyed as she did.

Amber Ryan: The current World Champion... is one of my closest friends. And Paradise was the biggest night of her life, she won a championship she truly deserved. I couldn't take that away from her. I'm not a backstabber. I'm more of a front-stabber.

Mike Rolash: Really? A freaking Scaramucci reference?

Jim Gunt: That was nearly a year ago, folks. Remember him?

Amber Ryan: Point is... I didn't want to screw Cali over. And I still don't.

The crowd cheers, lightly. Amber holds up a single finger.

Amber Ryan: BUT... I want the goddamn World Title. So here's what's going to happen. I am cashing in my Unhinged briefcase, for a match at Golden Intentions. Amber Ryan vs Caledonia Highlander, for the CWF World Championship!

The crowd goes electric.

Amber Ryan: See you out there... champ. Oh, and sorry, Silas. Well, not really...

Jim Gunt: Well, there you have it folks! The match is on for Golden Intentions! We have our number one contender!

Mike Rolash: Huh boy. This is going to rub some people in the locker room the wrong way...

Ataxia vs. Christian Starr

Match

The lights flicker as we hear this over the PA System...

"AHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHA"

"Dangerous Tonight" by Alice Cooper starts to play as Ataxia enters the arena wearing his cloak of raven feathers, top hat, cane, and raven mask over his usual bag like mask. Ataxia spins the cane around and high fives fans as he walks

down the ringside area.

Ray Douglas: The following contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first making his way to the ring, representing the Forsaken! He is the current CWF Impact Champion! ATAXIA!

He leaps into the ring and whips off the cloak. He takes off the mask, hat and cane. A ring attendant grabs them as Ataxia waits...waving and blowing kisses at Mike Rolash.

Jim Gunt: Looks like your best friend is happy to see you Mike.

Mike Rolash: Me and that bagged face freak are not friends.

Jim Gunt: Well, he seems to have taken a liking to you, at first a hug and a kiss, now blowing kisses...

Mike Rolash: Just leave me alone, all of you!

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

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

HAAAAAIIIII TO THE KIIINNNNG!

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

HAAAAIIIIII TO THE OOONNNNE!

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

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

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

Jim Gunt: This contest is going to be a very intriguing one. Two very different styles meshing with one another here tonight.

Mike Rolash: If that freak would have just minded his business, and let things play out the way they were supposed to between Starr and King, we wouldn't even be here Jimbo.

Jim Gunt: Nonetheless, Ataxia stated on many occasions that this is his home. And he feels Starr is in need of guidance in the right direction.

Mike Rolash: Bullshit!

Payne has climbed out of the ring as Starr takes off his jacket and hands it to the ringside attendant. Starr turns to face his opponent but is suddenly caught by surprise, as two feet come flying right at his chest, sending the King of Wrestling flying backwards into the turnbuckles. Trent Robbins, the official for this contest immediately calls for the bell as Ataxia quickly brings Starr to his feet, unloading with kicks to his chest! Starr slumps down in the corner as Ataxia brings him back up quickly, unleashing more kicks to his chest! Starr drops down to the canvas, rolling out of the ring, regrouping with Payne.

Jim Gunt: Ataxia is making sure Christian Starr learns his lesson here tonight!

Mike Rolash: That psycho caught the king by surprise. Once he gets his footing, this bagged menace of going down!

Jim Gunt: Biased much?

Mike Rolash: You know how I feel about this freak!

Starr is talking things over with Payne, meanwhile Ataxia gives him no time to rest, running the ropes. Ataxia comes flying like a speeding bullet at the two! However Payne pushes Starr out of the way as the Messiah Pariah comes barreling in on Payne, knocking him into the guardrail! All this seems to do is anger the giant, as he begins to stalk Ataxia. Christian Starr slides back inside the ring, as Trent Robbins begins his count.

ONE!

TWO!

Ataxia backs up slowly trying to reason with the big man, tripping on the outside mat and landing on his ass. Robbins threatens to throw Payne out, but he continues towering towards Ataxia.

THREE!

FOUR!

Jim Gunt: Things are really looking scary for the Impact Champion!

Mike Rolash: Serves him right, giving the King of Wrestling a Participation Championship! I wish I could participate in this ass whipping he's about to receive!

Ataxia searches for refuge as Payne continues toward him. Finally finding an escape, the Knight in Burlap rolls under the ring as Payne is just too slow to catch him. Payne looks annoyed as Christian questions his opponent's whereabouts.

FIVE!

SIX!

Starr begins to scan the ringside area, anticipating where his opponent will pop up. Ataxia soon shows his bagged face, quickly sliding back in the ring. But Starr is quickly on him, dropping an elbow on his back for his troubles. The Baltimore fans begin to boo relentlessly, as Starr smiles at them. He gets to his feet, only to drop an elbow to the back of the Knight in Burlap's neck!

Jim Gunt: Christian gaining the advantage off the distraction by Payne!

Mike Rolash: Now the true massacre begins.

Starr brings Taxi up by his bagged mask, Irish whipping him into a corner, reversal by Ataxia! As soon as Starr reaches the corner, he leaps over the top rope landing on the apron! He forearms a charging Ataxia in the face, sending the man stumbling backwards. Starr grabs the top rope, pulling himself to the top and springs off!

Jim Gunt: DIVING FOREARM SMASH! Starr looking to score the victory, he's going for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout!

Mike Rolash: Fuck! I thought that was it.

The King of Wrestling curses under his breath, rising to his feet, he brings Taxi up once again by his mask. Once his adversary is to a vertical base, Starr blast him with a thunderous forearm shot that rings out through the Royal Farms Arena! Taxi shakes it off though, stinging the chest of Starr with a kick! Starr fires off with another forearm shot as Taxi returns a kick! The two engage in an intense battle of give me your best shot as the crowd begins to show their true emotions!

“BOO!”

“YAY!”

“BOO!”

“YAY!”

“BOO!”

“YAY!”

The crowd are to their feet as neither man is letting up!

Jim Gunt: Neither of these fierce warriors are backing down!

Mike Rolash: C'mon King! Knock his head off!

Ataxia: Yeah! C'mon King! Knock his head off!

Mike Rolash: What the fuck!?!

Ataxia: Hi frand!

Mike Rolash: How the...? But....?

Inside of the ring, Starr has gained the advantage backing Ataxia into the ropes! Starr takes a few steps back before charging at Ataxia and clotheslining him over the top rope! The fans show their disapproval of Starr as he begins to talk trash to them. He goes to each set of ropes talking shit, until he notices the Ataxia sitting at the broken announce table, he simply smiles and waves at Starr. A look of bewilderment fells the face of the former Paramount champion as he switches his glares between both bagged freaks!

Jim Gunt: Christian Starr just as confused as we are Mike!

Mike Rolash: I.....

Ataxia: I know frand.... I'd be excited to see me too.

Starr quickly rolls out of the ring, confronting the Ataxia who's at the announcer's table.

Christian STARR: What the hell?

Ataxia: You better pay attention to Taxi there.

The irritation is evident on Starr's face as the Ataxia that he was facing tries to creep up on him, but the monster that is Payne, comes charging in destroying him with a Shoulder Block! The Ataxia sitting at ringside comes to blows with Starr as Trent Robbins is confused on how to handle the situation.

Mike Rolash: C'mon ref throw this match out!

Jim Gunt: I got nothing...

Starr gains the advantage on Ataxia, whipping him hard into the ring apron! He rolls Ataxia back inside the ring, sliding in himself, he quickly runs the ropes, catching a sitting up Taxi with a Sliding Lariat! He hooks both of Ataxia's legs for the pin as Robbins slides in to make the count!

ONE!

TWO!

Foot on the ropes! Starr yells at Robbins to count faster next time, as he pulls Ataxia to the center of the ring. Starr rushes towards the corner climbing to the top, he perches at the top before leaping off and connecting with a DIVING ELBOW DROP! He goes for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

TH-NO!

Frustration starts to set in as Starr begins to argue with Trent about the count! Trent reassure him it was two as Starr looks to bring Ataxia up yet again. He shoots him off into the ropes, ducking his head down looking for a Back Body Drop upon Ataxia's return. Ataxia puts the brakes on dropping to his back and backhanding Starr across the face. Starr stumbles backwards as Ataxia is to his feet. He runs to the ropes springing off the middle set, blasting Starr with the REVIVER! Starr is down as Ataxia tries for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Ataxia doesn't waste time getting back to his feet, bringing him up and sending towards a corner. Reversal by Starr and Taxi crashes into the corner. Starr charges in, but Ataxia is and to get the boot up! Starr staggers backwards in a daze as the Knight in Burlap quickly grabs him for a rear waistlock. He turns, so his back is having the turnbuckle and sends Starr crashing hard into the turnbuckle!

Jim Gunt: Someone get Christian Starr to ER Stat!

Mike Rolash: I really hate you right now.

Starr is out like a light, as Ataxia begins to stalk Starr, screaming for him to get up. Starr slowly rises to his feet, stumbling around trying to figure out where he's at. However Ataxia reminds him as he charges full speed at Starr, he leaps into the air driving his knees into the collarbones of Christian Starr! The impact sends Starr crashing back into turnbuckles!

Jim Gunt: It could be all over for Starr, he calls that The Reckoning! Ataxia's going for the pin!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Mike Rolash: I really hate this guy...

Anything you can do...

Match

The bell rings, and Ray Douglas stands up to make the official announcement.

Ray Douglas: Ladies and gentlemen, your winner – The CWF Impact Champion, ATAXIA!

Ataxia's arm is raised by the referee, and the masked superstar takes his Impact title as he bails out of the ring, with the Impact title in tow.

Jim Gunt: What an excellent non-title contest between the former Paramount Champion –

Mike Rolash: -- The uncrowned king, Jimbo!

Jim Gunt: Well, uncrowned king or not, Mike, it's been a rough few weeks for Christian Starr since losing the title to Jarvis King!

Ataxia's music cuts out as Christian Starr makes it to his feet. The King of Wrestling stands in the center of the ring, obviously frustrated by his recent spate of bad luck, but he flips off the crowd as they boo him.

Mike Rolash: Ha! I love it!

Starr goes to the corner, demanding the Paramount title from the timekeeper, as his music starts to play.

HAIL TO THE KING!

HAIL TO THE ONE!

Starr raises the title aloft, and mounts the corner with a cocky grin on his face.

Jim Gunt: Well, Christian Starr standing tall despite everything, but remember, Jarvis King is the Paramount Champion!

Mike Rolash: Yeah, but how long has Jarvis actually held that title, Jimbo? Who was left laying after Jarvis defended that title at Paradise? Who was making Jarvis King pound the mat, submitting like the little bitch that he is?

Jim Gunt: Well, the fact is...

Mike Rolash: The fact is that it's only a matter of time till things are right in the world, and Christian Starr is back at the top of the mountain where he belo—

Jim Gunt: WAIT A MINUTE!

As Starr gets down from the corner, he turns around is met by a huge boot to the face from the true Paramount Champion, Jarvis King! The Internet Icon's huge Yakuza Kick causes Starr to crumple in the corner to the delight of the CWF fans!

Mike Rolash: WHERE THE HELL DID HE COME FROM?!

King unhooks from the top rope and unzips the black hoodie he is wearing, tossing it to the side as Starr stumbles to his feet. As he turns to face Jarvis King, the Paramount Champion hits him with a huge spinning backfist, sending the former champion to the mat!

Jim Gunt: JARVIS KING IS A MAN POSSESSED!

Jarvis makes a slit-throat gesture and quickly interlaces Starr's legs, stepping over into a crossface, locking in the Royal Mutilation! The former champion claws and scratches at the mat, screaming in agony before he pounds the mat, tapping out to the pain, and to the delight of the Maryland fans!

Mike Rolash: MAKE HIM STOP!

Indeed, after a few moments, Jarvis unlocks the hold as “Hello Timebomb” begins to play. Jarvis stands up, and salutes the crowd with a smile, before he looks to the corner, where his Paramount title lays.

Mike Rolash: ...noooo...

Jarvis walks over to the corner and grabs the title. He looks at it, admiring the gold for a moment before holding it aloft with a smile on his face and maybe, just maybe, the glimmer of a tear in his eye.

Jim Gunt: Jarvis King, the Paramount Champion, holding his title at long last!

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

Caledonia & Amber Ryan & Omega vs Smokin' Aces & Dorian Hawkhurst

Match

Jim Gunt: What a night we have had so far Mike, but tonight's main event is sure to turn the heat up to ten!

Mike Rolash: Five of the top contenders in the company right now other than the former champion herself, and the woman who defeated said woman, MJF, at Paradise for the World championship...Caledonia!

Jim Gunt: Let's send it to the ring where Ray Douglas is ready to get tonight's action started.

The spotlight shines on the middle of the ring as the Baltimore fans fall silent momentarily, allowing Ray his moment.

Ray Douglas: Ladies and gentlemen, it is time for tonight's main event! There will be two teams of three competitors each, and the match will be contended under traditional tag team rules. Introducing first....

“From the Pinnacle to the Pit” by Ghost plays over the speakers and the lights dim in the arena, allowing the Forsaken's newest member to make his way out from behind the curtain without being seen. That is until a spinning spotlight whips around him, illuminating Dorian Hawkhurst from the floor up. The Demon of Sobriety raises his arms in the air, taking in the sounds of mostly jeers coming from the Maryland crowd. He slowly makes his way down to the ring, rolling underneath the bottom rope before sitting right in the corner to await the rest of the competition.

Ray Douglas: First member of team one comes from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, he is the Demon of

Sobriety....DORIAN HAWKHURST!!

Jim Gunt: Dorian shocked the world when he aligned with the Shadow in his match at Paradise, unfortunately for the Forsaken that alliance was still not enough to fell Elisha and Ouroboros that time.

Mike Rolash: The former Impact champion's new alliance with his former foe Ataxia and the rest of the those maniacs may not make the most sense to the common person, but you have to remember known of those guys are "common people".

Jim Gunt: But Dorian will not be able to test out their stable tonight, as he must instead team up with a different team- and a very successful one at that. The brand new Tag Team Champions!

The lights in the arena dim, as orange strobe lights move all across the venue.. "Smiling Faces" by Kevin Gates is blasting throughout the PA system as Duce Jones out onto the stage. The fans cheer with admiration as he stands there and surveys the crowd. Suddenly the song changes to "You Know My Name" by Chris Cornell and for a few moments nothing happens, Duce looking back with an eyebrow up as the seconds pass. When 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.

Duce raises his arms in the air as Freddie pulls the hood back, the two men smacking forearms together before coming down the ramp to a very solid response. The cheering crowd have only a few of them that get lucky, as Jones and Styles clap just a few hands before hurriedly making their way into the ring, making very little contact with Hawkhurst as they go past him and continue to stretch and prepare for the big match ahead.

Ray Douglas: And his partners, the brand new Tag Team Champions, Freddie Styles and Duce Jones....THE SMOKIN' ACES!!

It's the tinkling of the eerie music box that brings the lights down, the crowd murmuring with anticipation, as slowly and silently the big screens seems to crack one by one as shadows to dance across the shattered surfaces. Lights pulsate in red like an erratic heartbeat as Maria Brink's vocals finally signify the arrival of the silhouetted redhead.

"Baby go ahead
I'll be your hatred and your pain
This is killing us all
I don't care if I fall
We're the dying, we are the damned."

Amber Ryan stands at the top of the ramp, the briefcase tightly placed to her side. She looks out to the crowd who mostly cheer in appreciation of the show that they're about to witness but many jeer due to her previous affiliations and

general devil-just-doesn't-give-a-fuck attitude as the music drops away for a brief moment and the vocals almost robotically echo throughout the arena.

"I know I don't belong in this scene
Sex metal barbie, homicidal queen"

Roaring guitar leads Amber down the ramp as few fans extend hands but receive little acknowledgement for their efforts. She circles the ring, messing with whichever ring crew and staff that happen to be within vicinity before methodically and deliberately sliding beneath the bottom rope and crossing to one of the far corners.

Climbing the turnbuckle left handed, she watches out over the crowd to gauge the reaction, finally dropping down and walking over to the side of the ring to hand her briefcase to one of the stagehands.

Ray Douglas: And their first opponent, she is the Unhinged Briefcase holder. From Atlantic City, New Jersey, she is the Distorted Angel....AMBER JAYE RYAN!!

Jim Gunt: Here is the "wo-man with the plan", Mike. Amber Ryan holds all the cards, she and she alone knew when she planned on cashing in that Unhinged briefcase. And the big news of the evening are her announcement that she will be cashing it in at Golden Intentions, so at our next PPV we could once again be seeing a brand new CWF World Champion!

Mike Rolash: It's a very good possibility, even though Amber doesn't seem willing to come in when the champ is weak, which is a commendable approach, not a lot of people would have done that

Jim Gunt: Ya never know, Amber and Cali do have more of a history and friendship than her and Flair.

Voices start to raise through the crowd, a small but growing OMEGA chant breaking out. The lights dim, spotlights converging at the top of the entrance ramp as a "Girl Anachronism" by the Dresden Dolls starts to play, quiet at first, building to a crescendo.

The crowd erupts, some cheers, some boos, a huge WELCOME HOME chant taking over. Omega steps out onto the entrance way, Elijah by her side, resting on his cane. They make their way down the ramp, Omega blowing kisses to the audience, Elijah's eyes locked straight ahead.

Ray Douglas: Coming down the aisle. Accompanied by Elijah. From the Academy. At five foot ten, one hundred eighty seven pounds. A founder of the Insurgency and CWF legend...one and all...OMEGA!

Mike Rolash: This is the first time we've seen Omega compete in a CWF ring in nearly ten years!

Jim Gunt: Why here? Why this match?

"Day and Night" by Billie Piper starts to play over the speaker system, the song barely beginning before the crowd immediately go into an absolute frenzy. White pyros fizzle around the ramp, leading the brand new World championship herself out from behind the curtain. Caledonia Highlander still does not look 100% after the hellacious back and forth battle she had with MJF at Paradise, but as she adjusts the title around her shoulder she once again gets a loud cheer from the crowd. Cali slowly makes her way down the ramp, wincing as she starts to walk up the steel steps and into the ring. Her and Amber Ryan talk to themselves as soon as she enters, the opposing team doing the same as everyone waits on the bell.

Ray Douglas: And finally, the third competitor in team two and the reigning CWF World Heavyweight Champion! Now residing in Atlanta, Georgia, here is....CALEDONIA!!

Jim Gunt: All six competitors in tonight's big main event have finally made their way to the ring, and head official Trent Robbins looks ready for the call.

Mike Rolash: Take it away, Trent!

CWF's head official goes over the rules of the match-up with both teams of three before awaiting each of them to choose a competitor to start the match off. Omega starts the match off for the ladies as Freddie Styles from the new Tag Team champions the Smokin' Aces enters the ring from the other side. After the bell rings Omega immediately goes on the attack, kicking the side of Styles leg and then cracking him with an elbow to the jaw. She attempts an Irish whip but the much stronger Styles holds steadfast, instead whipping Omega herself into the ropes. Where Caledonia tags herself in, just as Omega's body grazes the ropes!

Jim Gunt: The new World champion quickly tagging herself into the matchup, she clearly wants to take things into her own hands.

Mike Rolash: The recent relationship between Cali and Omega has been rocky to say the least, these two once called each other the best of friends.

Jim Gunt: I can't say I blame Caledonia after everything she has been through with the disappearance of her husband, Dan Highlander. But I think she's about to take that aggression out on another new champion, Freddie Styles!

Caledonia hurries in through the top and middle rope, bypassing Omega who looks on in shock and tackles Styles to the canvas. She props up her shoulders and bounces into a frontflip right over him, eliciting a ringing cheer from the capacity crowd. The World champion looks to keep the quick pace up by backing into the ropes and coming at a rising Styles at full speed, just to be caught in mid-jump. Styles hooks the head and legs at the same time, buckling himself and the World champ over with a thunderous Fisherman's Suplex!

Jim Gunt: Caledonia's momentum was actually used to the advantage of Freddie Styles, the veteran clearly showing that he knows what he's doing in that squared circle.

Mike Rolash: He certainly does, Jimmy. But it looks like we're about to see the other half of the Tag Team champions, as Duce Jones has just been tagged into the match!

Freddie Styles drops a knee down to the gut of Caledonia, making sure to keep his opponent down as his partner enters the ring. Styles and Jones give each other a high five before Jones lifts up the World champion, ignoring Trent Robbins who attempts to get Styles out of the ring as he suplexes her over right onto the knees of Styles!

Jim Gunt: Textbook tandem offense by the Smokin' Aces there, showing just why they became the new Tag Team champions at Paradise!

Mike Rolash: And now one of them must get the hell out of the ring, come on ref!

Assisting Cali to her feet, Duce Jones takes her by the arm and pulls her in for a shoulder block, following it up with an irish whip into a neutral corner. With Caledonia clearly still not 100% after her amazing battle with MJF at Paradise, she is prone in the corner as Jones runs in for a Yakuza Ki-NO! Caledonia slides out of the ring just in time, and the Tag Team champion's boot smacks against the turnbuckle hard!

Jim Gunt: Well that was certainly not how Duce Jones envisioned that one...

Mike Rolash: The World champion possibly playing possum there? Maybe Caledonia isn't as dumb as I thought.

Jim Gunt: I'll have you know, Caledonia Highlander is actually one of the most intelligent members of our entire active roster.

Cali paces back and forth on the outside of the ring, taking in deep breaths and exhaling them, turning back towards Jones to pull him out of the ring but receiving two boots to her face for the wait! Jones rolls out of the ring and lands a jab to the already backing up Caledonia, CWF's head official Trent Robbins calling for both competitors to get back in the ring before finally starting his count.

ONE!

TWO!

Looking to follow up on the attack Duce Jones picks Caledonia up off her feet, Half & Half Suplex onto the thin mats below! Jones kips up to his feet, the fans giving him a mixed but mostly cheering response as he raises his arms in the air.

THREE!

FOUR!

Jim Gunt: Impressive suplex there from one half of the tag team champions, but he is going to have to get himself in the ring if he doesn't want to see this one end in a double countout.

Mike Rolash: No shit, sherlock.

Turning his attention back to Caledonia, Duce picks her up and runs her back-first right into the corner of the outside of the ring. The spine of Highlander can be seen snapping back hard, whiplashing her as her head hits against the turnbuckle!

FIVE!

Hesitating momentarily, Duce Jones goes to check on Cali as she holds her neck in clear pain, but he eventually decides better of it and instead rolls back into the ring.

Jim Gunt: Oh no it looks like our World champion may have sustained some extra damage there with that hit to the turnbuckle. After the war MJF and her put each other through just to be the one to hold that pretty championship, her body wasn't at 100% in the first place!

Mike Rolash: What is important is that Duce has made it back into the ring. Now he just needs to tag in Dorian Hawkhurst so we can see some real hot action!

Jim Gunt: Ha. You just called Dorian hot...

Mike Rolash: You son of a bitch.

SIX!

SEVEN!

Duce Jones does indeed look to make the tag out of the match-up, however he doesn't even give Hawkhurst a second look, instead deciding to raise his hand out and tag Freddie Styles back into the matchup. Hawkhurst is fuming on the outside of the ring, his hands up as he stares a hole through the Jones who just ignores him. Finally Caledonia is helped back into the ring by her partner Amber Ryan, but because of that she is prone to a leg drop across the back of the neck by Freddie Styles!

Jim Gunt: Sick! Our World champion is not in a good way here, she really needs to get out of this match before a serious injury causes her to relinquish that title...

Mike Rolash: Oh that would be SO tragic, wouldn't it be?

Styles turns Caledonia over to her back, going for the cover on the fellow champion.

ONE!

TWO!

NO! Omega comes to Cali's aid this time, or so it would seem at first until she begins stomping down on both Styles AND Caledonia with reckless abandonment!

Jim Gunt: Well that's one way to break up a pinfall attempt.

Mike Rolash: As we all know there has been a recent "split" within the friendship of Omega and Elijah and Caledonia, a split that has really left Eris messed up as far as where their allegiance lies.

With both Freddie and Caledonia down, each of the competitors looks to get out of the matchup by crawling towards their corners. It is Cali who first tags out Amber Ryan, but when Styles goes to tag Jones back in, Dorian Hawkhurst has had enough. The new member of the Forsaken shoves Jones hard off the apron!

Dorian Hawkhurst: You think that was bad? Wait until you see what the Forsaken do to you when we take those pretty titles away from you!

Styles looks on in shock at the sight of his team dissolving, but he cannot move fast enough for Dorian Hawkhurst to tag himself into the match and then take out Styles himself with one hell of a clothesline!

Jim Gunt: Well Hawkhurst clearly doesn't play well with others.

Mike Rolash: Unless they're a bunch of messed up misfits like the Forsaken, no.

Pounding his chest in a fit of anger, Dorian Hawkhurst is a man now on his own. He calls for Amber Ryan to come at him and she does just that, running at full speed and getting caught in her tracks. FLAPJACK! Omega charges into the ring from behind, trying to take the legs out from under Hawkhurst. But the big man holds steadfast, angrily turning back around and grabbing Omega from the mat and chucking her all the way out of the ring! She lands awkwardly on the outside, her knee blasting the steel steps on the way down.

Jim Gunt: And now it is Omega who may have sustained an injury or two from that harsh throw from Hawkhurst all the way to the outside. We're the walking wounded here in CWF, this week!

Mike Rolash: After some of the nasty battles we saw at Paradise just one week ago, I'm surprised our superstars can even walk on their own two feet!

The distraction of Omega is enough for Amber Ryan to get behind Hawkhurst, showing surprising strength as she lifts the big man off the canvas and back down with a mighty atomic drop. Amber looks to keep her newly found momentum up by running across the ropes and leaping right into the arms of Dorian. SIDEWALK SLAM!

Jim Gunt: Dorian is on fire right now! The biggest competitor out of the six in tonight's main event is looking dominant as ever!

Mike Rolash: His new allegiance with the Forsaken has brought out the dark side of the Demon of Sobriety, that's for sure.

Scooping up Amber before she can even fully get to her feet, Dorian holds her in his arms like a newly born baby, smiling down at the Unhinged Briefcase holder. He tosses her high in the air backward, looking for a Fallaway Slam that never hits. Amber Ryan lands right on her feet, immediately falling right into fighting stance as a evil smirk comes across her lips! Amber and Dorian come at each other at the same time, the Demon howling as he sprints. CLOTHES-NO! Amber begins to take the brunt of the move but flips through to catch Hawkhurst's head on the way down to DDT him to the depths of hell! With the Baltimore crowd cheering their East Coast favorite on, Ryan goes for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Jim Gunt: Dorian Hawkhurst got his shoulder up at two there, impressive DDT reversal out of that clothesline but still not enough to put away the former Impact champ!

Mike Rolash: Maybe Caledonia can put away the Demon, because Amber just tagged her into the matchup!

Amber and Caledonia make eye contact momentarily, both women turning their attention back to Hawkhurst as he begins to pull himself back to his feet. They attempt to pull up the big man for a double suplex but he kicks Amber hard in the gut, sending her tumbling out of the ring with her leg momentarily hanging up on the ropes awkwardly. Upon arrival outside, the recovered Omega helps Amber and checks on her wellbeing as Caledonia and Dorian Hawkhurst trade right hands to the pleasure of the sold out crowd.

Jim Gunt: Rights and lefts, rights and lefts. I love it!

Mike Rolash: I literally haven't seen one left hand. Boy, you're way out on left field with that analysis, Jimbo.

Jim Gunt: Oh would you just let me the hell alone and call the match, please?

The World champion tires after the much bigger Hawkhurst hits her with a third shot, but she somehow has enough left in the tank to hit a half-hearted dropkick! NO! Hawkhurst swats her down like a fly! He picks Caledonia off the canvas and goes running towards the middle of the ring. And that same ring thunders from the impact of both competitors smacking against it. FALLING OFF THE WAGON! Dorian Hawkhurst holds onto the running sitout powerbomb as a few of the fans count along while most send echoing boos his way.

ONE!

TWO!

Jim Gunt: It could be over here! Will the brand new World champion taste defeat one week after winning the title?

THRE-NO! OMEGA OFF THE TOP ROPE WITH A SHOOTING STAR PRESS BREAKS UP THE PIN!

Mike Rolash: That bitch is cray!

Jim Gunt: Probably not the worst thing Omega has been called as of late, but nevertheless, in the most unorthodox of

ways Omega has once again saved her team from defeat!

The Princess looks to do more than just save Caledonia from defeat however, as she drags her former friend's motionless body by her arm over to their corner. Taking just a step back outside to the apron, Omega tags herself back into the match, waiting for Robbins to give her the nod before re-entering and going right for the top rope. Freddie Styles hurries across the apron, shoving Omega hard from behind. But she front flips and lands right on her feet like a cat! She turns around and gives the death glare to Freddie, before kicking Hawkhurst's body into a roll right towards him.

Jim Gunt: It looks like Omega is calling for Freddie Styles to battle her!

Mike Rolash: Pokemon battle. I love it!

Jim Gunt:?

The Princess screams at Styles, the joy in her face all but gone as she calls him into the ring. Tag! It's Styles and Omega one on one once again, locking up in the middle of the ring. The Tag Team champion begins to grind her down, however Omega uses her speed to her advantage after easily slipping out and heading into a full sprint behind Styles. He turns around just as Omega leaps into the air and takes him out with a Cannonball! Omega goes down for the cover but it is Freddie Styles who somehow gets the pin attempt, as he raises himself up out of nowhere to pull her into a rollup.

ONE!

TWO!

T-SHE KICKS OUT!

Omega is right back up out of the kickout...SHINING WIZARD KICK TO THE SIDE OF STYLE'S HEAD! And he's out like a light! The Princess looks to put away the Tag Team Champion but surprisingly she is tug back out of the match? Yes, it is Caledonia who stands defiantly with her hands out, tapping Omega from behind. But Duce Jones is not going to let the women have their way with his boy, as he enters the matchup and despite the official trying to hold him back, goes right for Omega and hits a huge dropkick! Caledonia grabs Jones as he gets up though, scoop slamming him to the mat.

Jim Gunt: This one is getting out of control quickly Mike, I'm hoping Trent Robbins can regain control before he has to call this one a double disqualification!

Mike Rolash: What would be wrong with that? This night has gone on long enough. I need a drink, man!

Now Dorian Hawkhurst and Amber Ryan have also entered the ring, the Baltimore fans on their feet cheering as the match breaks down into an absolute war. The head CWF official, Trent Robbin's face can be seen getting a shade redder with every punch and kick from the six competitors in the ring, but luckily for the fans in attendance the brawl quickly ends up on the outside of the ring, as Hawkhurst clotheslines Ryan over the top rope and follows her out. On the other side of the ringside area Omega runs across the apron and leaps onto Duce Jones' shoulders for a headscissors, but no- he chucks her right into the steel barricade!

Jim Gunt: Damn! That was vicious there!

Mike Rolash: Maybe good old Byson is coming out a little bit.

Jim Gunt: Byson is not a separate personality of Duce Jones...don't you even watch the man's promos?

Mike Rolash: What is a promo? What is this professional wrestling thing?

After the nastiness this match has turned into, Caledonia and Freddie Styles have been left laying in the middle of the ring. The World Champion has no one left to turn to as her teammates are either down or battling on the outside, but Styles looks up and sees Jones screaming from the apron, his hands out calling for the tag. Caledonia crawls towards an empty corner, raising her hand up and falling in an exhausted heap, as Duce tags in! The new Tag champion calls for Cali to get to her feet, pointing at his knee to say he's about to put her to sleep. D-TRIGGA KNEE...HITS FREDDIE STYLES!

Jim Gunt: Oh my god Caledonia ducks out of the way just in time, and Jones just D-Trigga'd his own partner!?

Mike Rolash: Well there goes the relationship of the new tag champs..

A look of shock and dismay covers the face of Duce Jones as he looks down at his unconscious tag team partner. Jones begins apologizing to Styles, telling him he did not even see him getting up behind Caledonia. But as he does so Caledonia herself is once again getting up and into position behind Duce Jones. The World Champion makes her move, grabbing ahold of Jones and pulling him down like a spider pulling it's prey deep into it's web. BED OF ROSES!

Jim Gunt: The Bed of Roses! The same move that beat Jace Valentine to bring her to the ascent she has now seen. The same submission hold that won her the World Title!

Mike Rolash: And everyone else is pretty well knocked out of this match, this cannot be good for ole Ducey baby!

Duce looks to his right and left, the ropes are way too far away. He props up both of his legs, doing all he can to try to alleviate some of the pain as his mind races trying to figure out of a way out of one of the most deadliest moves in all of pro wrestling. Duce Jones attempts to roll to his side, but Caledonia yanks and pulls, yanks and pulls, the Bed of Roses is locked in and there is no way Jones is getting out. Tap. Tap. Tap.

Jim Gunt: It's over! Another one bites the dust to the Bed of Roses!

Ray Douglas: And your winner of this match by submission....OMEGA, AMBER RYAN, AND CALEDONIA!!

The Gauntlet

Match

As the bell rings, Caledonia releases Duce Jones from the Bed of Roses, and the crowd continues to go wild. Caledonia grabs Amber's arm, and signals for a microphone.

Jim Gunt: Well now! These two just fought a hell of a match together - I guess this is going to be a response to the gauntlet thrown down by her friend and tag team partner, Amber Ryan!

Mike Rolash: Not that her response makes any difference. Amber's got the match, whether Caledonia likes it or not.

Caledonia: Wait a minute.

The crowd waits with bated breath.

Caledonia: Amber - I just want to say, thank you. You could have gone after me in Atlantic City, after I was already worn out. Or you could have waited to spring this match when I was weakened. You would have been well within your rights to do so. But you didn't, in the name of friendship. And for that, I thank you.

The crowd cheers, and Amber smiles.

Caledonia: And I am here to formally say - I accept the challenge. See you in Philly, hon.

The Baltimore fans laugh and cheer wildly for Caledonia's use of the city's signature affectionate nickname, as Cali and Amber shake hands and embrace.

Caledonia: So, without further -

The screech of "Arousal" echoes throughout the arena, and the lights go dim. The entranceway fills with smoke. Silas Artoria strides out onto the stage, alone, an inscrutable and cold expression on his face. In the ring, Caledonia raises her eyebrows as the crowd boos the interruption. Amber simply rolls her eyes.

Jim Gunt: What is Silas Artoria doing out here?

Mike Rolash: Really, Jim?

Silas stares down Caledonia from the rampway. Caledonia sighs.

Caledonia: Oh right. Your challenge. No. Not going to happen. There's your answer. Go home.

Silas Artoria: There was an arrangement-

Caledonia: With the previous World Champion. This belt is under new management. And while Mariella might have been willing to entertain upstarts like you and Autumn Raven, I'm not. I've already fought you. Twice. And I've already beaten you, twice. So has Amber.

Amber smirks.

Caledonia: Where the hell do you get off? Amber beat you clean at Paradise, and now you're claiming that you have the right to a title shot, more so than her? Amber Ryan, who won this shot in a legitimate match, and who's shown as recently as last week that she's stronger than you? Go home, Silas.

The crowd begins chanting "Go Home Silas!" Silas keeps his eyes on her, before closing his eyes, and sighing deeply.

Silas Artoria: Fine.

He backs up the ramp, eyes fixed on the Champion, the Challenger, and the CWF World Title belt.

Jim Gunt: Silas Artoria does not like that answer, and you can bet he'll have more to say - and possibly more to do in the coming weeks!

Mike Rolash: You're probably right, Jim. Amber Ryan and Caledonia both better watch their backs. And as it turns out, I'd be happy to help them...

Jim Gunt: Complaints can be sent to the CWF, c/o Mike Rolash, PO Box--

Mike Rolash: HEY!

Jim Gunt: We're out of time! See you next week!

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